

MONSIEUR GEORGE
DE SCUDERY
Governour of NOSTRE-DAME
de la GARD



MONSIEUR GEORGE
DE SCUDERY
Governour of NOSTRE-DAME
de la GARD

CLELIA,

AN

EXCELLENT

NEW

ROMANCE:

THE

WHOLE WORK

IN

Five Parts,

DEDICATED TO

MADEMOISELLE *de* LONGUEVILLE.

The First Part.

Written in *French* by the Exquisite Pen of *Monsieur de Scudery*, Governour of *Nostredame de la Garde.*

LONDON,

Printed and are to be sold by H. Herringman, D. Newman T. Cockerel, S. Heyrick, W. Cadman, S. Lounds, G. Marriot, W. Crook, and C. Smith. 1678.

THE PARTS

IN

MANY BOOKS

OF

ROMANCE:

WITH

EXCELLENT

CLELIA,

Anne AN Phalips

1690

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XUM

TO THE LADIES.

THIS to the Altar of your perfections (*fairest Ladies*) That the Incomparable Courage of the noble *Clelia* flyes for Protection; nor doth ſhe fear you will prove leſs kind to her then the Rapid ſtreams of a deep River, or the devouring flames of thoſe *fiery mountains* wherewith *Italy* abounds: But 'tis not ſo much the Remembrance of her dangers paſt, as the Conſideration of her pains willingly taken for your *beautiful Sex* in paſſing the Seas, and changing not only her *Language* but her *Country*, that invites her thus chearfully to caſt her ſelf on your Mercies, and earneſtly deſire your kind acceptation, however that you may not think ſhe comes *empty handed* and expects *entertaiment* meerly upon *charity*; Survey her with an indifferent eye, and you ſhall find

her abounding with ſuch *Variety of Delights*, as will eaſily defray her charges: For my part (*Ladies*) the Grand Inducement I had to beſtow thoſe few vacant hours (I ſometimes enjoy) on this work was chiefly to pleaſure you, and withal to endeavor to render the *admirable Clelia* as neatly dreſt in Engliſh, as her Famous Author Monſieur *de Scudery* hath ſet her forth in French. Compare *Mandana* with *Clelia*, the *Princeſs* of the *Medes* and *Perſians* with an *Illuſtrious Roman Lady*, and you will perceive in both ſo many, but withal ſuch different Adventures, as ſhall by the *Truth* of *Hiſtory* and *Illuſtration* of *Fiction* ſatisfie both your *curioſity* and *delight*.

THE

THE AUTHORS DEDICATION TO MADEMOISELLE DE LONGUEVILLE.

MADAM,



Is a Maid that Rome *ador'd, which now ſpying a neerer approach to Divinity in* You, *tranſmits all her Honors, and ſubmiſſively bows to a brighter* Beauty. *She comes to tell you, that if this age pay'd a juſt reſpect to Vertue, we had long ſince Dedicated an Altar to your Highneſs, where every Generous Heart would have ambition'd to be a ſacrifice. And though there are few Princeſſes, whoſe veins wear ſo rich a purple as yours, yet you derive greater Ennoblements from your Merit, then extraction. Many Pillars of State have been carved from your Illuſtrious Stock; but thoſe Excellencies which ſingly adorn'd your* Anceſtors, *are all* Centred, *and comprehended in you, not abridg'd, but bound up in one Fair Volume: Perſons of your Quality are often dazell'd with their own Splendor, and abus'd with the falſe Elogies of others; but nature hath given you the beſt antidote againſt Flattery, I mean to tranſcend it: for that which applyed to others would be complement and Hyperbole, when addreſſed to you, is frigid and poor, and falls beneath the ſublime truth. Your Glorious example has made goodneſs the Faſhion at* Court; *and 'tis yet a Problem, whether that profound Veneration which all render you, be more attracted by that Royal blood which you poſſeſs, or allur'd by your Exalted Vertue; Permit me Madam peculiarly to admire your elemency and condeſcenſion, when you teach your Eyes ſo low a flight, as with humble Raies to warm and cheriſh your inferiors: In this you reſemble the Monarch of Cœleſtial Bodies who ingroſſes not his Treaſury of Light, but communicates his Beams, and illuſtrates the World. All*

that

that have beheld you will atteſt, that a more accurate Idea of Beauty never ſprung from a raptured fancy, then you really enjoy: Never was any informed with a clearer and more vigorous Spirit: never were theſe perfections crowned with a ſincerer Goodneſs: 'Tis here, Madam, that Clelia *takes ſanctuary, and that fair* Roman, *whoſe courage ſcorned the ſwelling pride of* Tyber, *(when ſhe ſubmitted her delicate limbs to the waves, and rode upon that Trydent, which ſways the liquid Empire) now croſſes the Ocean, to tender you a Legitimate duty: I ſhall oblige her to blend my intereſt with hers; Since I have had the Glory to be eſteemed by Madam your Mother, and the* Count *of* Soiſſons *your Uncle; And your Highneſs knows beſt my eminent ingagements to* Madam de Longveuille *and her Family; I value it as no ſmall honour, that ſome of my alliance have been numbred in your Retinue; In fine, I my ſelf have intirely compleated ſeven years under the command of my Lord* the Prince of Carignan *your Uncle, in the Arms of the Great* Charles Emanuel *his Father, whoſe affection I muſt ever eſteem as the choyſeſt largeſs of my Fortune. Theſe incouragements (Madam) have made* Clelia *preſume your ſhelter: ſhe promiſes her ſelf a luſtre from your ſhadow; which though you vouchſafe; my felicity will not be compleat, except you add the permiſſion of being all my Life,*

Madam

Your Highneſſes

Moſt Humble and

Moſt Obedient Servant.

De Scudery.


The
Dangerous
SEA
Countreys
Tender upon R
Obedience
Tender
Tenderness
Sensibility
Great Services
Empressment
Assiduity
Small cares
Mischief
Obloquy
Submission
Perfidiousness
Complacency
Indiscretion
Pride
New


Tender vpon E
Goodness
Respect
Exactness
Generosity
Honesty
A Great hart
The
LAKE
of
INDIFFERENCE
Sincerity
Forgetfulnes
An amorus Letter
Lightnes
A gallant Letter
Lukewarmnes
Pleasing verses
Inequality
Negligence
Friendship
2 4 6 8 10
The Leagues of Friendship

CLELIA.

The First Part.

BOOK I.

NEver was there a fairer day, then that which ſhould have preceded the Nuptials of the Illuſtrious *Aronces*, and the Admirable *Clelia*; and ſince the Sun firſt did crown the Spring with Roſes and Lillies, it never caſt more pure beams upon the fertile Fields of the delicious *Capua*, nor diſplay'd more Luminous Radiations o're the Waves of the famous *Vulturnus*, which ſo pleaſantly watered one of the faireſt Countries in the World: The Heaven was Serene, the River calm, all the Winds were laid aſleep in thoſe dark Caverns, whoſe Intricate *Meanders* they only were acquainted with, and the gentle *Zephyrus* could do no more than fan the fair hairs of the Incomparable *Clelia*, who being now on the point to complete the felicity of the moſt perfect of Lovers, made it appear by her Eyes that the Elements enjoy'd no more tranquillity than ſhe had in her Soul. As for *Aronces*, though he was more joyful then *Clelia*, love being more predominant in him, yet was he not without many Inquietudes, which produc'd a certain agitation of Spirit, thinking with himſelf he ſhould not ſufficiently teſtifie the greatneſs of his paſſion, if the only hope of being abſolutely happy the next day had entirely ſatisfied him; he murmured much againſt the length of the days, though it was one of the firſt in the Spring, and he now numbred the hours as Ages; This pleaſing anxiety proceeding from an amorous Impatience, did nothing diſcompoſe his uſual temper ſometimes clouded by moſt ſtrange Diſtractions of his Spirit, which perſwaded him ſome doleful accident might intervene whereby his happineſs might be retarded as formerly it had been; for e're this he had Eſpouſed his Miſtreſs had not the River on whoſe Banks was ſituated a ſtately Houſe wherein *Clelius* reſolv'd to conſummate his Daughters Nuptials, with ſuch a ſudden violence exceeded its prefixed limits that 'twas impoſſible to ſolemnize any Feaſt there during this terrible Inundation, the Waters continually encreas'd for the ſpace of twelve hours, the Wind, Lightning, Thunder, and a dreadful Shower of Rain ſo multiplying the horrour of this fatal Deluge, that there was generally fear'd a total ruine and deſolation: the water of the River ſeem'd to reach the Skies, and conjoyn'd, with that the Heavens pour'd down, agitated by thoſe impetuous Tempeſts, roar'd as the ſwelling Billows of an angry Sea, or the falling of the moſt rapid Torrents: this violent eruption of the River, much diſordered this Region of delight; for it demoliſh'd Buildings both publick and private, rooted up Trees, covered the Fields with Sand and Stones, levell'd Hills, furrowed the Plains, and changed the whole face of this little Country, but when it had wholly ſpent its fury, 'twas evidently ſeen that this inundation had in ſome places, unburied the ruines of divers Tombs, whoſe Inſcriptions were half effaced, and in others it had diſcovered great Columns of Marble, with many other precious Materials; ſo that this place inſtead of being deprived of its former beauty, received a more additional luſtre from thoſe new acquired Ornaments. 'Twas nigh thoſe ineſtimable ruins that *Aronces* and *Clelia* (conducted by *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* his Wife attended by a ſmall ſelect train, which ſhould be the next day at the Nuptial Ceremonies of theſe two Illuſtrious Lovers) walked with much pleaſure and delight. *Aronces* not now remembring the former Impediments of his Rivals, all things as it were ſmiling at his approaching happineſs, and *Clelia* ſo complying with his deſires, that it was impoſſible the remaining rigour of his deſtiny ſhould wholly ſilence his exceſſive joy, though 'twas ſometimes intermixt, as I have formerly told you with ſome Inquietudes; therefore to acquaint her with the ſweet tranſportments of his Soul, he led her ten or twelve paces from the agreeable company which followed him, imagining what he ſaid to her when ſhe was alone, would make a deep impreſſion in her mind, but after a general, when he would have proceeded to a particular Converſation, and turned his head to ſee whether he could be heard by any but *Clelia*; he ſaw appear at the entrance of a little Wood the gallanteſt of his Rivals called *Horatius*, accompanied by ſome of his Friends; this ſight without doubt much ſurpriſed *Aronces*, but much more *Clelia*, who fearing there might happen ſome ſad accident, left *Aronces* to go to her Father, to oblige him to intercede between *Horatius* and her Lover, that there might ariſe no contention between them: ſcarce had ſhe gone five or ſix paces, but a terrible Earthquake, which is uſual in this Country, began ſo ſuddenly with ſuch impetuoſity, that the Earth opened between *Aronces* and *Clelia*, roaring like the mutinous Waves of the diſturbed Ocean;

there issued from it such an horrible flame, that it deprived them from entertaining their eyes with their beloved Object, *Aronces* only seeing himself surrounded with waving flames, which assuming as many various forms, as are sometimes seen in the Clouds presented to his view the most terrible Object any Imagination can fancy, their blew colour interweav'd with red, yellow, and green, winding themselves in many different manners, rendred the sight of those flames so dreadful, that any but *Aronces* had certainly fainted in such an occasion; for this Abyss which was opened between *Aronces* and *Clelia*, and which had so violently separated them, represented such an horrid spectacle, that it cannot be limned by the most exactest Pencil, and a black smoke having darkned the Sun and obscured the Air as if it had been night; there sometimes issued from this Infernal Gulph a great quantity of tumultuous flames, which afterwards dilating themselves in the Air, were carried as Whirl winds of fire by the winds which now rose from all places; but he was more surprised when he heard all places resound both with Celestial and Subterranean Thunders, which by terrible Convulsions of the Earth seemed to shake the Center of the World, and to remit nature to its first Chaos, a thousand burning stones slung from this flaming Gulph were shot into the Air with fearful hissings, and fell again into the Fields, either nigher or further, according to the impetuosity which carried them, or their own weight made them fall, in some places of the Plain flames boyled as springs of fire, and there exhal'd from these fires such a sulphureous Odor, that it almost suffocated all which were nigh them, and in the midst of all these fires from many parts their flowed divers Torrents which in some places extinguished the flame, and many others were themselves consumed by the fires which opposed them: And to finish this desolation there issued from that Abyss such a prodigious quantity of burning ashes, that the Earth, Air, and River were either entirely fill'd or cover'd with them. In the mean time as the Earth shook more and more, the house where the Solemnities of *Clelia*'s Nuptials were to be kept, was wholly everted, the Hamlet where it was scituated, buried in its own ruins, many Flocks were destroyed, and many men perish'd, and there was never heard of such a dreadful disorder, for those which were on the Land sought little Boats to put themselves on the River, thinking to be safer there, and those which were on the River speedily landed, imagining there was less peril on the shore; those in the Plains fled to the Mountains, and those in the Mountains descended into the Plains, those which were in the Woods endeavoured to gain the Fields, and those in the Fields to shelter themselves in the Woods, every one imagining that the place where he was not, was safer than that where he was.

In the midst of this horrible Earthquake, of these terrible flames, of these dreadful Thunders both Celestial and Subterranean, of those terrible flames, of those Impetuous Torrents, of this sulphurous Odor, of those burning Stones, of that Cloud of flaming ashes which destroyed so many men, and so many Flocks where the Earthquake did not Extend; in the midst, I say, of such an eminent Peril, *Aronces* who saw nothing living but himself, entertained his thoughts on nothing but his amiable *Clelia*, and fearing more her destruction than his own, he endeavoured by all means possible to overtake her: but he was not Master of his own Actions, for when he would have gone on one side, the Earthquake cast him on the other, so that he was forced to leave himself to the conduct of his fortune, which had freed him from such an Imminent Peril; but when this great storm was o'r-blown, those burning flames extinct, the Earth re-stated, the noise silenced, the darkness dissipated after it had lasted the remainder of that day, and all the night, *Aronces* found himself when *Phœbus* rose from his watry Couch on a Mount of Coals and Ashes, from whence he might take an exact survey of this sad Country: but he was much astonish'd when he saw neither the house where he lay, nor the Hamlet where it was, to see a Isle of the Wood quite overturn'd, and all the field spread with men or dead flocks; so that fear now possessing his Soul more then hope, he descended from that Hill of ashes, but as soon as he was descended he saw come forth of one of those Tombs that the over-flowing of the River had discovered, *Clelius* and *Saryna* which were retired thither, for by a fortunate Casualty the Earthquake had not destroyed them, at first *Aronces* much rejoyced to see them, hoping *Clelia* would have followed them from this Tomb, but when he had seen five of their friends, two men and three Women come out of it, he speedily advanced towards *Sulpicia* to whom he was nigheſt; I pray, said he, tell me what is become of *Clelia*; alas, answered this afflicted Mother, I came to demand the same of you, for I knew nothing but that at the same time as she left them to come to her father, I saw *Horatius* followed by those which accompanied her Majesty towards her, and I saw nothing afterwards but Whirl-winds of flames which forced *Clelius* and I to shelter our selves in those Tombs with those which were the nigheſt to us, *Sulpicia* had hardly pronounced those words, when *Aronces* without looking upon either *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, or those which were with them, sought amongst those great Mountains of ashes without precise knowing what he sought for, *Clelius* and the rest did the like, to see whether they could find any sign of the life or death of *Clelia*; but the more they sought the more they encreased their grief, for they found one of *Clelia*'s Maids stifled under those burning coals which fell upon her, and nigh her Body they saw one of her Lovers which partaked of the same Destiny: This lamentable, though sad Object obliged *Aronces* to wish the fate of that unhappy Lover, since he had the advantage to finish his dayes by his Mistress. But as these two persons needed not any ones assistance, they did not stay there, after *Clelius* had ordered two of his Domesticks he accidentally found, to take those bodies from under the the ashes, and to remain there till they heard further from him; whilst they were thus seeking what they could not find, there came many persons from all places, both from the neighbouring woods, from the ruinated houses, and from those new Concaves of the earth, to seek for their friends or kindred, for this Accident had dispersed all Families, some wept for their Fathers, others for their Children, some for their ruinated houses, others for their Flocks, and most for the fear only to have lost what they sought for; for though Earthquakes have been very frequent in this delightful Country, their grief was not the less abated, but amongst so many misfortunes which o'r-spread this unhappy Country,

try, none equalled that of the unfortunate *Aronces*, his affliction was the more powerful because it tied up the Organs of his Speech, and 'twas easie at this time to discern the difference between the grief of a Father, Mother, and a Lover, for though *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* were much afflicted for their Daughter, yet *Aronces* his grief incomparably exceeded theirs; but in fine, seeing their hopes frustrated in not finding what they sought for; they believed *Clelia* might be escaped by a fortunate Accident as well as they; feeding themselves therefore with this fancy a year, they thought nothing more requisite than to return to *Capua*, to see whether some one had not brought her thither, and fortune propitious to their designs presented them the means to perform their intended Journey, by supplying them with an empty Chariot, which the Earthquake having only overturned, they easily disingaged from the ashes, and finding a man who knew how to guide it, they mounted into it, after the least afflicted of the company had given order to carry the bodies of those two Lovers to *Capua*, and obliged the rest to take a short repast at the first convenient Habitation; for 'twas remarkable in this Earthquake, that it extended but from the Town where the Nuptials of *Aronces* were to be kept to *Nola*, and from thence to *Capua*; it had only endamaged some places by the fall of the burning Cinders: the grief of *Aronces* much encreased when he arrived there, and heard no news neither of his dear *Clelia* nor his Rival, but a little after he knew *Horatius* was not dead, being advertised by one of his acquaintance, that an intimate friend of *Horatius* called *Stenius*, had read a Letter that morning from him; so that incited both by a curiosity and Eyes of passion, he went to his house, where not finding him, but being told he was gone to breath himself in a spacious Field behind *Diana*'s Temple at *Capua*, he went thither, *Stenius* as soon as he saw him received him with much civility, though he was his friends Rival, so that *Aronces* hoping he would not refuse to satisfie his demands, thus civilly saluted him: I am not ignorant *Stenius* said he to him, that you are more *Horatius* his friend than mine, neither would I propose you to betray the secret he hath confided to you, but being certainly informed you have received a Letter from him this day: I come to pray, and earnestly beseech you to tell me whether he doth intimate unto you that *Clelia* is living. I demand not, said he, whither he goes, or where he is now, for I know honour forbids you to tell it me, so it doth not permit me to demand it of you, and I have such a good opinion of you, that I am perswaded if I should request such a Courtesie of you, you would easily grant it me; but I would not have the grandure of my affection force me to propound any unjust proposition; but *Stenius* all that I desire is, that favouring an afflicted Lover, you only tell me whether *Clelia* is living, without informing wherein *Horatius* intends to carry her, and to oblige you thereto: pursued he, if you do not satisfie my desires, I shall rest in the opinion that *Clelia* is not dead, but retained in my Rivals power; therefore I believe without infringing your fidelity to *Horatius* you may consent to my propositions: I do not deny, replied *Stenius*, but I have this day received a Letter from *Horatius*, and I confess I have it now about me, but I am much surprised at your strange demands, which I ought not to satisfie, and that I believe you would not your self do, if you were in my place; if I demanded any thing which might prejudice your friend, replied *Aronces*, you would have reason to use the said expressions; but that which I desire of you is to consolate an unhappy Lover, without any way prejudicing his Rival, and if you have ever loved, you would have never refused it me: I know not what I should do as a Lover, replied *Stenius* arrogantly, but I know as *Horatius* his friend, I ought not to acquaint you with any thing wherein he is interressed, and I account it an unworthy action of you to ask a thing which I cannot perform without violating the Laws of friendship, because you shall do it honourably, replied *Aronces*, putting his hand to his Sword, you must as well sustain your fidelity by your valour, as your wilful obstinacy, and you must defend the Letter of *Horatius*, since he will not tell me whether *Clelia* is living; at those words *Stenius* retiring some paces drew his Sword, and before any would separate them, *Aronces* had not only disarmed and vanquished *Stenius*, but had taken from him *Horatius* his Letter, after which he speedily retired to *Clelius* house, where he viewed his Rival's Letter, which contained these words.

Horatius to *Stenius*.

AN Earthquake having put the Rigorous Clelia *in my power, I intend to reside at* Perusia, *where send me all things which he that gives you the Letter requires of you, and to augment my satisfaction, write me what despair possesses my Rival.*

The reading of this Letter was so satisfactory to *Aronces*, as it cannot be expressed: for he not only learn'd that *Clelia* was living, but he likewise knew that his Rival carried her to a place where both honour and nature obliged him to go, and where he had not, it may be, so soon gone, if he had not been drawn thither by the attractive Loadstone of Love, so that acquainting *Clelius* and *Sulpitia* with his intention, he resolved to depart the next day, which he did, with an equipage only proportionable to *Clelius* Son-in-Law, attended but by three or four Slaves, and obliged an intimate friend, whose amity he had contracted at *Capua*; to perform this Voyage, in whose bosom he emptied his most secret thoughts, that if this Journey should happily succeed he might share his fortune; This affectionate friend, called *Celeres*; being then the sole consolation of *Aronces*, they departed from *Capua*, after they had left order with *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, to send them by a safe conduct all things which were necessary to accomplish the Voyage and wished success of *Aronces*; these two friends began and pursued their intended Journey without any Obstacle, though 'twas a tedious way, till arriving one night at the Banks of the Lake of *Thrasymene*, they stayed to consider its Beauty, and truly it merited the curious observation of such gallant Spirits as *Aronces* and *Celeres*, for as there are three fair and pleasant isles, every one fortified by a strong yet stately Castle, and round about the Lake many Villages and Hamlets which rendred these Islands the fairest in the world; but *Aronces* and *Celeres* had scarce the time to consider the grandure and beauty of this Lake, when they

saw come from the Point of this Isle two little Barks, in one of which *Aronces* saw his dear *Clelia*, and *Horatius* with six men with swords in their hands, which defended themselves against ten which were in the other; this Object so surprised him that he could not at first believe his eyes, but *Celeres* having confirmed him, 'twas no deception of his sight, he really believed he saw both his Mistress and his Rival, and it seemed to him that he which was at the prow of the other Bark was the Prince of *Numidia* whom he dearly loved, *Aronces* was at this time much perplexed, because there was no Boat nigher than the space of two miles, as the Guide of the Country told him, which should conduct him to *Perusia*, so that he must resolve to go thither, for as these two Barks fighting with one another went still further from him, as if they would have gone to the second Isle of the Lake, he imagined if he should have enterprized to swim, 'twas impossible his horse to overtake them, *Horatius* causing his men so diligently to ply their Oars; so that seeing no likelyhood to assist his Mistress, unless he went speedily to the place where he was informed he might find many Boats, therefore he spur'd his horse towards part of the Lake which runs into a great Wood, which he must of necessity pass to go to an Habitation where his Guide assured him he might be supplied with Boats, but as he went thither he look'd towards the two Boats which fought, and saw to his great grief that they still went further from him, and that he must loose sight of them before he could come to approach them: as he was now buried in a deep Sea of distracted thoughts, and rode with a swift pace towards that part of the Coast, where he was informed he might procure Boats, his Friend whose spirit was not so possessed as his, heard a noise of Arms and Horses, which made him turn his head to see whether their men followed them, but he saw neither their men nor their Guide; for as *Aronces* and he had rode very fast, the Wood deprived them of their sight, so that calling to *Aronces* that he should take care of himself, and not lightly engage himself, he told him what he heard, his melancholy not permitting him to hear it; but he had scarce acquainted him with it, when a Slave covered with blood came from amongst the Trees running towards them, and addressing his Speech to them; I beseech you, said he, whosoever you are, assist the Prince of *Perusia* which Traitors would assassinate; at these words, *Aronces* lifted his eyes to Heaven, to demand as it were, what he should do in such an occasion, when so many puissant reasons made him unresolv'd; but he was not long considering of it, for he saw an ancient man of a gallant presence, whom the Slave told him was *Mezentius* Prince of *Perusia*, who retired back, defending himself from six men which pursued him, one of which, which seemed to be the Captain so vigorously assailed him, that he was ready to thrust his Sword through his Body; for though *Mezentius* was valiant, he was not in a posture to resist these Assailants, being hurt in two places, and having but a Trunchion of his Sword to put by their thrusts, the other part being broken by the weightiness of their blows; such a compassionate Object dispelled the irresolution of *Aronces*, so that he cast himself with an incredible valour before the Prince of *Perusia* and his Enemy, who was ready to fix his heart, and *Celeres* so powerfully seconded *Aronces*, that at the second blow he gave the Captain of the Assassinats, he dyed his Sword with his blood; *Mezentius* looking upon these Strangers as Protectors the Gods had sent him, and not knowing they knew who he was, told them for their encouragemen that they served a Prince who knew how to recompence them, but they had not need to be prompted to perform Heroick Actions, their valour making it sufficiently evident when they had their Swords in their hands.

In the mean time, as those six men which assaulted *Mezentius* were very resolute, and the principal of them, one of the valianteſt in the World; *Aronces* and *Celeres* were at first involved in much danger, but after *Aronces* had killed one and hurt two, he set so vigorously upon him, which appeared to be Master of the rest, warding all his blows, and not letting slip any advantage, whilst *Celeres* and their men which were now arrived, fought with the others that he forced him to flie, and so strictly pursued him, that he push'd him against some great Trees the wind had overthrown, so that not having any power to retreat further, he thrust his Sword through his body, and saw him fall dead at his feet: But as he was in this Estate, one of those which fled before *Celeres* who pursued them, wounded *Aronces* in the thigh, thinking to pierce his body, but he was chastised for his presumption by him who received it, who discharged such a weighty blow on his head, that he o'rthrew him dead at his feet.

In the mean time *Mezentius* who was very old, was so weakned by the effusion of his blood from those wounds he had received, that he was constrained to alight from his Horse, and to lean against a Tree, supported by that faithful Slave, who had spoken to *Aronces* and *Celeres*, on the other side the Protector of that Prince not being able longer to endure the agitation of his Horse, because of the hurt in his thigh, was much afflicted, seeing he could not further prosecute his intended Journey, but hoping the service he had rendred this Prince, might claim an acknowledgment and protection from him, he went, though with much difficulty, towards this Prince, who was then accompanied by many men of Quality which were come from divers places of the Wood, when he would have entreated him to send some of his men to help a distressed Virgin of a noble Extraction which was forcibly carried away; this Prince was so suddenly bereaved both of his Sight and Speech, that *Aronces* not being hearkned to by any, they being all imployed to recover the fainting speech of this Prince, was reduced to a most deplorable condition; so that without considering either his hurt, or the pain thereof, he went on foot followed by his Friend to the Lake, to see whether he could yet see those Barks he had seen, but Night now began to Curtain the whole Hemisphere, and so many thick Mists o'r-spead the Lake, that they could hardly see the Islands which were there, and further from seeing the two little Barks, so that the unhappy Lover wholly immerged in grief, and not regarding his hurt, a man of Quality conducted by *Mezentius*, his Slave came to him, who told him, that the Prince a little after he had left him, coming to himself, had commanded that they should take as much care of him to whom he owed his life, as of his own person, and 'twas for that reason he sought for him, and *Sycanus*, for so was this man named; further intreated him that he would be pleased to go into a Boat which was about fifty paces from them

them to be transported to the next Island, where he should be accommodated with all necessaries whatsoever, for in fine said *Sycanus*, as there is but one Chariot to carry the Prince to *Perusia*, and that 'tis too late for you to ride thither in the condition you are in, you had better to go to the Castle in the Island, where I offer you on the Princes part all that depends on me, it being under my command. *Aronces* hearing *Sycanus* his proposition, joyfully accepted of it, but withall desired him that instead of going directly to the Isle, he would permit him to seek upon the Lake for two Barques which he had seen a little before he had the happiness to lend his assistance to *Mezentius*, telling him more easily to induce him thereto, that he was obliged to succour a Noble Virgin which was in one of those Barques, but *Sycanus* answered him, that he being not in a condition to go himself, whilst he went to the Island, he would go with his Friend in another Boat to endeavour to satisfie his desires, though with little hope of success, because of the greatness of the Lake, the time that was elapsed, since he saw the two Barques, the thickness of the mists and the approaching night; *Aronces* answered that he had been told by Marriners, that they could see more clear in the night upon the water when there were mists, then when there was none, and that he would go himself, so that not being able to be diverted from his Intentions, he caused the Boat wherein he was to be rowed more than three hours upon the Lake before he would consent to be landed at the Island, to have his hurts dress; but in the end knowing that which his love prompted him to was irrational, and *Celeres* having whispered to him, that if he would think to live, to deliver *Clelia*, and to revenge himself of his Rival, he should permit *Sycanus* to command his men to land them at the Willow Island; for by that name 'twas called to distinguish it from two others which are in the Lake of *Thrasimene*. As *Sycanus* was accomplish'd with all Noble Qualities, and was link'd in marriage with a Lady whose virtue and merit far surpassed those of her Sex, *Aronces* and *Celeres* were received into this Castle with as much Civility as Magnificence, *Aronces* being as well attended there as if he had been at *Perusia*, for as this Isle had many Inhabitants, and *Sycanus* usually resided there, it was furnish'd with very expert Chirurgions, and all things else both necessary and delicious; the apartment of *Aronces* was most magnificent; for as *Perusia* was then one of the richest Cities in *Italy*, except those on the Sea-Coast, and *Sycanus* being descended from one of the greatest and most Opulent houses of *Perusia*: this Castle was not only pleasantly situated, but richly adorned: the Chamber where *Aronces* was lodged, was in that Isle which nigh superview'd all the Lake, and from whence he might see the place where he had seen *Clelia*, though he could not bless his eyes with a sight of her, but he was not the only person which found assistance in this Island, for his wound was hardly dress't when one advertised *Sycanus* that there was a Barque landed, in which there was a man of a gallant Deportment, who was much hurt, and who demanded the favour of him to pass the Night in one of the Fisher's Cabins, that his hurts might be look'd too: but as *Sycanus* was too generous not to assist those which were unhappy when it lay in his power, he went himself to offer to this unknown all the assistance he required, and he so freely offered it him that he accepted of it, and was conducted to the Castle, and lodged in the Apartment far enough from *Aronces*; so that *Celeres* being with him to endeavour to consolate him, he did not know till the next morning; about three hours after the Sun was risen, that there was arrived an hurt Stranger at the Castle, he heard it from *Sycanus* his Wife which was called *Aurelia*, and who demanded of him when she gave him a Visit, if he was accommodated in the Apartment they had given him, because it look'd over a little Port where there was alway some noyse, for in fine, said she obligingly to him, as the Protector of the Prince; *Mezentius* may command some priviledge, if you are disturbed in that place where you are, we will give you another Lodging when we dislodge the other Stranger the gods have sent hither to be succoured as well as you: what, Madam, replied *Aronces*, is there arrived any more unhappy than I; yes Generous unknown, replied *Aurelia*, and he is more unhappy than you, because his hurts are more dangerous; O, Madam, replied *Aronces*, he may be more hurt than I, but he cannot be more unhappy: as *Aronces* had thus said, *Celeres* came into his Chamber to tell him that the Prince of *Numidia* was in the Castle, and that he had heard by one of his men that he was wounded fighting against *Horatius*, who had stollen away *Clelia*: I beseech you (Madam) said *Aronces* addressing his Speech to *Aurelia*, permit me, I pray, you to deprive my self of the honour of your presence, that I may go to the Prince of *Numidia*'s Chamber, to whom I am very much obliged, and from whom I may happily learn something which imports me more than you can imagine, you are in such a bad condition to go, replied *Aurelia*, that I believe you ought not to enterprise it, without the permission of your Chirurgeons; O, Madam, replied *Aronces*, if you knew the Interest I have to see the Prince of *Numidia*, you would then be assured that I ought to consult none but my heart in this incounter, after that *Aurelia* affectively hearing that *Aronces* would go to the Prince of *Numidia*'s Lodging, went to that of the Princess of the *Leontines*, whom divers Interests did at this time retain in that Castle, but she went not thither before she had told *Celeres* that it was for him to perswade *Aronces* not to destroy the cure she had resolved to have for the welfare of a man which had saved the life of the Prince *Mezentius*, and who merited if no reason had invited us thereto, that we should interess our selves both in his safety and recovery.

Celeres according to her directions would have induced *Aronces* to have sent him to the *Numidian* Prince who was named *Adherball*, to demand of him what he knew of *Clelia*, but 'twas impossible for him to divert his intended resolution, for after he was dress't, and had advertised the Prince of his coming, he went thither leaning on two Slaves, he was scarce come into the Prince his Chamber, when he said to him, pardon me, Sir, if the ardent desire I have to be satisfied by you what is become of *Clelia*, and her Ravisher against whom I saw you yesterday fight on the Lake, hinders me from giving you new demonstrations of that friendship we contracted at *Carthage*? Alas, my dear *Aronces*, replied *Adherball*, sighing, the Ravisher of *Clelia* after he had reduced me to the estate in which you now see me, caused his men to row so diligently that I soon lost sight of him, for my men seeing me hurt would not obey me,

me, when I commanded them to follow *Horatius* with all the speed they could possible, and they took more care for the preservation of my life, than the performance of my commands, though they have exposed my life it may be to more danger by not obeying them; for in fine, my dear *Aronces*, now that I am in a place where no reasons oblige me to disguise my thoughts; I have loved *Clelia* since I first saw her at *Carthage*, and the commencement of our friendship proceeded from my love to her, imagining that if I should acquire your esteem, it might much conduce to the furtherance of my affection: *Aronces* was surprised at *Adherbal*'s expressions, and finding him to be his Rival whom he only supposed his friend, he changed colour on a sudden, which *Adherbal* who did not know that *Aronces* loved *Clelia*, attributed to his friendship, not any way suspecting his love, so that obligingly resuming his discourse, I must ingenuously confess, said he, that after I had the happiness to be acquainted with you, if I had not loved *Clelia*, I should have esteemed *Aronces*, whose great merits command respect from all those which know him; it appears by your words, replied *Aronces*, that you do not well know me, and I am perswaded if you knew me better you would be of a contrary opinion; but as we are both in a condition not to give any great testimonies either of love or hatred, what thoughts soever sways our Soul, I think I had best leave you in repose and retire my self, and after *Aronces* had saluted *Adherbal* with a more reserved Civility than before; he returned to his Chamber, in such a despair as evidenced the greatness of his affliction; he was no sooner in his bed but *Sycanus* brought him a Noble man called *Cilicies*, whom *Mezentius* had sent to him with Complements both from himself and the Princess *Aretale* his Wife, so that *Aronces* being necessarily obliged to conceal his grief both from *Sycanus* and *Cilicies*, desired them to inform him who were those which would have assassinated *Mezentius*; though you are a Stranger, replied he which was sent from the *Perusian* Prince, it is not possible but you have heard ere you arrived at the *Thrasymenean* Lake, that *Porsenna* King of *Chusium*, and the Queen his Wife, have been retained Prisoners there these three and twenty years, by the Prince *Mezentius* his Father-in-Law: therefore without particularizing the cause of their long Imprisonment, I shall tell you in few words, that a Noble man called *Thrachon*, Native Subject of that unhappy King, being perswaded that it was lawful to act all manner of Crimes to deliver an Innocent Prince, had laid an *Ambuscado* in the Wood, where he obliged *Mezentius* to hunt, leading him from his men till he was to come to the place where he had set those which should assail *Mezentius*, who was strangly surprised when he saw him which he thought would defend him, put himself at the head of those Assassinats and assault him; and *Mezentius* now believes contrary to the opinion of all, that *Porsenna* was acquainted with this Conspiracy which plotted against him, so that all those which interess themselves in the life of this great Prince, fear some violence will be acted against his Person; is it possible he should so ill requite the care the gods have had for the conservation of his life, replied *Aronces*, as to put to death an innocent man, and if I was in estate to go to demand of him any recompence for the service I have done him, I should intreat him to limit his resentments, and to do me likewise the favour, as to command some of his men to inform him of one called *Horatius*, who hath stollen a Noble Virgin called *Clelia*, is now within his Dominions, and to oblige him so set free that admirable Person: Attending the time till you are able do it your self, replied *Sycanus*, *Cilicies* shall tell him all you desire, and I am perswaded you can demand nothing of a Prince whose life you have so generously saved, but will be easily granted you; for my part, replied *Cilicies*, if the generous *Aronces* did not order me to do it, I should acquaint the Prince with his desires, for I am confident he ardently wishes the power to recompence the services he hath performed to him, and that he will be very glad to know the means wherby he might make any retaliation. In fine, after those obliging words of *Cilicies*, *Aronces* told him all the divers Interests he had prompted him to demand both for *Porsenna*'s safety and *Clelia*'s liberty, and not willing afterwards to suffer any constraint, he appeared so distempered both to *Sycanus* and *Cilicies*, that believing their presence did add some grief to his wound, they immediatly departed: they were no sooner out of his Chamber, but looking upon *Celeres* with eyes which would inspire pity and compassion in the most obdurate hearts; and now my dear *Celeres*, said he unto him, what think you of the cruelty of my destiny, you, who know all my disgraces and all my adventures, and who have been accustomed to see me unhappy? Is it not true pursued he, that you did not forsee that which is now arrived to me? For not mentioning many misfortunes which have happened to me even from my birth to the time when I esteemed my self to be ascended to the supream top of all felicity, by espousing the Incomparable *Clelia*; and when all my Rivals were not in a capacity to resist my divine fortune, a dreadful Earthquake o'rthrew all my happiness, and snatch'd *Clelia* from my hands to put her in my Rivals, and to finish my Capricious Destiny: I saved a Princes life who will destroy *Porsenna*, whose life is dearer to me than my own, I kill'd him who had conspired his liberty; I saw *Clelia* with my own eyes in *Horatius* his power, and I find a Prince to be my Rival, whom I believed my Friend, and that I should have never suspected to have loved *Clelia*; I can do nothing now but patiently endure my affliction, since I am not in a condition, neither to pursue *Clelia*'s Ravisher to protect *Porsenna*, or to discover my true quality to *Adherbal*; for there is no reason I should tell him whom I am, as long as we are not capable to prejudice one another, in case we should be enemies, as there is great likelihood we shall be: his Complaints had lasted longer, had not *Sycanus* entred into his Chamber, with *Nicius* and *Martia*, from whom he expected the greatest assistance in his Affairs; he received them with all imaginable joy, and *Sycanus* demanded his pardon, because he had not treated him according to his quality; what *Nicius* (said *Aronces*, fixing his eyes upon him) do you believe it requisite to oblige the generous *Sycanus* to conceal a Secret of such importance, as my Birth? Yes Sir, replied *Nicius*, and I am so satisfied of his fidelity, that is in this Castle, that all the King *Porsenna*'s Friends assemble to consult together, what is best to be done for his liberty and your discovery; I pray Sir, (said *Sycanus* to *Aronces*) do not so much injure one, who passionately desires to serve you, as to suspect his fidelity; for I am perswaded without the least scruple, that by serving

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King *Porſenna*, I importantly ſerve the Prince of *Peruſia*, judge then what I ought to do for him, who hath ſaved his life; for my particular, ſaid *Martia* to *Aronces*, I can aſſure you, *Sycanus* hath much intereſt in your happineſs, and I may very well ſay, the fortune of two Kingdoms, is ſo inſeparably tied to yours, that they would be both deſtroyed, if you do not ſave them, by ſaving your ſelf; after this, *Aronces* having ſaid many obliging things to thoſe who ſpoke to him, they began to conſult on the liberty of *Porſenna*, and the Queen his Wife, and the diſcovery of *Aronces*; but they could not conclude any deciſive reſolution, till three Noble men of great account in this Realm, (and which were much addicted to *Porſenna*'s intereſt) arrived at this Caſtle.

In the mean time *Sycanus* told *Aronces*, that there was a Princeſs in his Houſe, whom it would be convenient to make uſe of, becauſe ſhe had great power with a man which was in much favour with the Prince *Mezentius*; but replied *Aronces*, may we confide in this Princeſs, ſince ſhe is ſo well acquainted with one of *Mezentius* his Favourites, we may Sir, replied *Sycanus*; for the Princeſs of the *Leontines* is ſo averſe to him, that if ſhe ſhould be leſs generous than ſhe is, ſhe would be faithful to thoſe, which intreat her not to diſcover, that they truſt to her ſecreſie, and this Princeſs having as much vertue as beauty, will never think of obſtructing your deſigns, for not knowing your Birth, but hearing the generous action you performed in ſaving the Prince *Mezentius* his life, ſhe was ſo much diſpoſed to ſerve you, that ſhe made *Aurelia* promiſe her, (whom ſhe entirely affecteth, and who will ingage for her fidelity) to obtain your permiſſion, that ſhe might give you a Viſit. If I was in a capacity to anticipate it, replied *Aronces*, I would now intreat you to bring me to her Apartment; but ſince I am not, I muſt commit the conduct of this Affair, both to yours and *Aurelia*'s diſcretion: after that *Sycanus*, *Martia* and *Nicius* left *Aronces* in the hands of his Chirurgions, which then came to dreſs his wound; on the other ſide, the *Numidian* Prince, who really loved *Aronces* for his great deſerts, and whom he looked upon as *Clelia*'s adopted Brother, of whom he was amorous, continually ſent to know the ſtate of his health, and made a propoſition to him through exceſs of friendſhip, to permit him to lie in his Chamber, that he might have the conſolation to entertain him without diſturbing his repoſe; but *Aronces* refuſed it,, not willing, as he pretended to be troubleſome to him, though he was ſwayed to this denial by a jealous reſentment, he could not conceal. In the mean time, *Sycanus* having told the Princeſs, that *Aronces* would receive her viſit with much ſatisfaction, ſhe reſolved to go thither when night began to blind the World, in the company of *Martia* and *Aurelia*; but to wing the hours till the long expected time, ſhe diſcourſed with *Nicius*, *Martia* and *Celeres*, whom *Sycanus* had brought thither, even in thoſe things which have the moſt equality; for in fine, ſaid ſhe to *Aurelia*, I have lately had an experience which ſtrongly fortifies the reaſons may be alledged to prove the powerfulneſs of it, and I doubt not, but the deſire I have to ſee *Aronces*, proceeds from that forcible inclination of which we are as ignorant, as of the true cauſes of the winds, and which blows as ſtrong a gale in many occaſions, and to prove the verity of my expreſſions; conſider the Prince of *Numidia* and *Aronces*, both arrived here at the ſame time, of whom I have received almoſt an equal deſcription, for *Sycanus* hath informed me, that the Prince of *Numidia* is tall, of a fair proportion, and though of a brown complexion, of a very pleaſing aſpect, interwoven with the rays of an haughty Spirit, and a maid who attends me, whoſe genius is excellent at copying ſhapes and faces, when ſhe hath ſeen them hath told me, ſhe thought *Aronces* was the exacteſt piece ever nature drew, that the air of his looks expreſſed both grandeur and nobleneſs, his hair light, his eyes blew, every feature agreeable, and his whole compoſure heroick, and if I have known *Aronces* hath performed a glorious action, by ſaving the *Peruſian* Princes life, I know likewiſe, that the *Numidian* Prince hath equalized it by endeavouring to reſcue a noble Virgin, who had been forcibly taken away, they are both hurt, both of incredible valour, both ſtrangers, and both unknown, and I believe both unhappy, becauſe a deep melancholy ſits inthroned in their faces; but there is ſome difference between them in my ſpirit; for though I know *Adherbal* is a Prince, and do not know the extraction of *Aronces*, yet I have no intention to go to ſee the *Numidian* Prince, but an impatient deſire to viſit *Aronces*, and I am ſo addicted to ſerve him, that I do not doubt, but that he is the Prince *Adherbals* ſuperiour in all noble qualities, as I am not ſufficiently acquainted with the *Numidian* Prince, to judge equitably of his merits, replyed *Celeres*, I dare not preſume to give any character of him, but Madam, I can aſſure you, you will never have reaſon to change that favourable opinion you have conceiv'd of *Aronces*. In effect Madam, he hath all the natural endowments that can be deſired in an accompliſhed man, and I deſire thoſe who know him better than I do, to find any defect in him, or to make the leaſt wiſh to his advantage, for firſt *Aronces* is of a moſt pleaſant diſpoſition, and his knowledge far exceeds that profeſſion he hath practiſed all his life, his ſoul towring above all common motions, his heart ſeated beyond the reach of fear, yet hath he a tender and compaſſionate ſpirit, he entirely loves and reſpects his friends, and believes humanity ought to reſide in all men, and that Princes ſhould not diſpence with themſelves, from having particular vertues, though they are obliged to have others, which are peculiar to them, he hath affability mix'd with courteſie, and an inexplicable charm in his diſcourſe, flowing from him with ſuch eloquence, and pronounced with ſuch grace and Majeſty, that it charms the attention of all his auditors, and to define him in few words, he is one whom detraction it ſelf cannot mention without Epithetes of applauſe and merit, and a ſubject fit for nothing but admiration.

I may very well ſay, ſaid the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, that the inclination I have for *Aronces* whom I do not know, is not ill grounded, though it appears blind to me, but the miſchief is, it ſometimes doth not accord with reaſon, for my part, ſaid *Aurelia*, that which we often call inclination is not: and that the reaſon for which it inclines more to one ſide than another, is, that it can never find ſuch an equality betwixt perſons, as not to put ſome diſtinction between them, ſo that as it is the property of the ſpirit to diſcern and chuſe, it always elecſeth that the heart is moſt affected to, and that as we commonly attribute to the cæcity of our inclinations, is indeed an effect of a more perſpicuous illumination. There is doubtleſs much ingenuity in what you ſay, replied *Celeres*; but it ſhall never

perſwade

perſwade me, that the inclination is an effective thing, where reaſon hath no operation, for it is ſometimes found that our reaſon prompts us to one thing, and our inclination to another, and though we know that which we love, merits leſs than that we hate, it doth not at all alter our affections; as I have more experience in the world added *Martia*; being elder than all thoſe before whom I ſpeak, I have noted an hundred times ſuch prodigious effects of this blind Inclination that I cannot doubt the power of it; for I have ſometimes ſeen men of tranſcendent parts love women which have neither Beauty to attract their eyes, nor Vertue to allure their hearts; and women of great eſteem to favour men which are by all rejected, and to deſpiſe others who merit much eſtimation: I, and I have my ſelf ſometimes been ſwayed to the friendſhip of ſome perſons more than others, not being able to give any reaſon for it, and I very well diſcern'd that if they had been deficient in Noble Qualities, 'twould not have changed my contracted Amity, therefore I have always put a diſtinction between thoſe I have loved by Election, and thoſe I have affected by Inclination. I believe ſometimes it doth not chuſe replyed *Sycanus*, for thoſe which are of a lively Imagination and a penetrating ſpirit, ſo ſpeedily determine of that they would eſteem, that they do not perceive the proper operations of their Spirit, and aſcribe that to Inclination which doth not appertain thereto, and that which moſt authorize thoſe who attribute all to the Inclination, is, that ſome men indiſcreetly chuſe thoſe which are not amiable, and every one who cannot comprehend how reaſon ſhould be capable of ſuch grand miſtakes, had rather ſubmit to a blind inclination than to confeſs it is ſometimes blind it ſelf, ſo that by this way we may cloak one bad Election with a ſeeming excuſe, for the greateſt part of men believe they are but half-juſtified, if they ſay they could not reſiſt their Inclination, for my part, replyed *Aurelia*, though I am perſwaded of the grand Potency of the Inclination, I ſhould not believe I were juſtified if it made me commit an Errour, but I ſhould believe my ſelf to be more excuſable, if I ſhould commit a fault by the force of my Inclination than by defect of knowledge: After that the Princeſs of the *Leontines* went to *Aronces* his Apartment, conducted thither by *Celeres*, and followed by *Sicanus*, *Martia*, and *Aurelia*; this Enterview was received on both parts in a manner beyond expreſſion, for although perſons which are endowed with all the advantages of a gallant Spirit, are commonly mute at the firſt ſight, their tongues not performing their uſual Functions, it hapned not ſo with the Princeſs of the *Leontines* and *Aronces*, for their converſation was as free as if their knowledg had been of a long continuance, and they were as well acquainted at this firſt reception with one anothers deſerts; as if they had been already united in a ſtrict Bond of Amity; the Princeſs of the *Leontines* applauded his Heroick Action in ſaving the Princes life, and he highly commended the honour ſhe vouchſafed to viſit him; but theſe praiſes were without affectation, and which ſavouring not of flattery, did not perplex thoſe which received them, and they both found, though they much endeavoured to reſtrain themſelves, that they had both ſome great ſubject of Inquietude, ſo that imagining their grief might proceed from one cauſe, they had many inducements to deſire one anothers friendſhip, and if the Princeſs of the *Leontines* departed from *Aronces* much admiring him, he remained with the ſame admiration for her; 'tis true, that as his Spirit was pre-occupied with many things which ſtrangely diſtracted him, ſhe was no ſooner gone, but his grief reſuming its former place (which her preſence had a little diſpers'd) he thought on nothing now but how he might compaſs a remedy to put a period to his afflictions: The Princeſs whoſe diſturbed thoughts admitted more relaxation than thoſe of *Aronces*, was no ſooner return'd to her Chamber, but an urgent curioſity incited her to deſire *Aurelia* to impart unto her both the birth and adventures of *Aronces*: That which you demand of me, ſaid *Aurelia*, is of ſo great a conſequence, that I dare not preſume to tell you what I know of them without the permiſſion of *Aronces*, though they much require your knowledge; and likewiſe knowing but part of his Adventures, I cannot entirely ſatiſfie your deſires, but I will promiſe you to entreat *Sycanus*, to oblige *Aronces* to permit them to be imparted to you; and *Aurelia* inviolably keeping the promiſe ſhe had made the Princeſs, did ſo much urge her Husband to deſire this favour of *Aronces*, that he at laſt eaſily conſented thereto, and very well knowing how important it might be to acquaint her with *Aronces* his Adventures, he communicated his Sentiments to *Nicius*, *Martia*, and *Celeres*, who giving them a favourable approbation, they went together to *Aronces* his Chamber, to perſwade him to licenſe their diſcovery to her, at firſt he could not reſolve to give his conſent (his nature contradicting him) but after *Sycanus* had alledged many perſwaſive Arguments and Allegations to prove the neceſſity of it, he at laſt willingly without the leaſt oppoſition granted their deſires; 'tis true, the mind of this Princeſs could not be herein ſo ſoon ſatisfied as ſhe deſired, for the *Peruſian* Prince the more to honour him who had ſaved his life, ſent the Princeſs his wife to viſit him, with *Tiberius* the only Favourite of the Court, amorous of the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, who arrived at this time at the Willow Iſland, after *Sycanus* had conceal'd *Nicius* and *Martia*, in an Apartment, having given ſtrict order no perſon ſhould enter there, and an expreſs command to all his Domeſticks, not to declare that there was any Stranger in the Caſtle beſides *Aronces* and the *Numidian* Prince (their diſcovery ſo much importing *Aronces*) he brought to the Caſtle, the *Peruſian* Princeſs followed by five or ſix women, and conducted by *Tiberius* (not any of their Attendants knowing *Nicius* and *Martia* were there) and *Sycanus* having before advertiſed the Princeſs that the *Numidian* Prince was in the Caſtle, ſhe believed his quality required the firſt viſit, but 'twas moſt remarkable, that *Adherbal* who did not know *Aronces* was his Rival, mentioned none but him ſo long as their converſation laſted, exaggerating thoſe Noble Actions he had performed at *Carthage*, where he was firſt acquainted with him.

But after many Encomiums of the generous *Aronces*, tell me his birth ſaid the *Peruſian* Princeſs to him, to the end that the Prince whoſe life he hath ſaved may eſteem him according to his quality, *Aronces* of himſelf is ſo illuſtrious, replyed the *Numidian* Prince, that if his condition ſhould not be meritorious, he would deſerve the treatment of a Kings Son; 'tis true, his birth was ſo variouſly reported at *Carthage*, that I cannot give you any aſſurance of it, but

but what I certainly know is this, that he was educated by a Noble Roman, who being exiled by *Tarquin*, came to seek an Asylum at *Carthage*, where I first had the honour of his acquaintance, and I cannot be perswaded but he is of noble blood, for his thoughts do so transcend the Capacity of the Vulgar Intellects, that it would be a mere Solœcism to imagine he can be less than of a Royal Extraction. I believe, said the Princess of *Perusia* to him, that I shall hear your Eulogy from the mouth of *Aronces*, as I have heard his from yours, in expectation whereof I shall now take my leave, after I have offered unto you, all those things which are necessary for you: The Prince of *Numidia* answered to this Complement with much Civility, entreating her not to believe the Character *Aronces* gave him, for as his thoughts were unknown to him, he presupposed that according to his obliging disposition, he would have given an higher Encomium of him than he deserv'd, so that the Princess having staid a quarter of an hour with the *Numidian* Prince, whom *Tiberinus* freely offered to assist to the utmost extent of his power, she went towards the Apartment of the Princess of the *Leontines*, but having met her by the way, some reciprocal Complements having past on both sides, she brought her to *Aronces* his Chamber, who received the visit of this Princess with as much civility, as if he had not known she would be a grand Obstacle to all his Designs; at first her grateful language expressed how much she was obliged to him for saving the Prince her Husbands life, assuring him of the grandeur of his acknowledgment for such a signal Service, and that he had given express order to make an exact enquiry throughout all his Dominions; for the person he so much desired. *Aronces* returned thanks to this Princess with a joyful Emotion which sufficiently demonstrated, that the liberty of this person did much tend to his entire satisfaction: the Princess of *Perusia* likewise told him, that the *Numidian* Prince had related many things to his advantage, and that necessarily he was the most affectionate of all his friends; for in fine said she to him, though you deservedly merit all those Praises he hath attributed to you; I am of opinion that I may very well draw from them the consequence I have drawn, seeing that there are few persons who praise with excess, if friendship doth not thereto oblige them. I have without doubt, replyed he, received many Demonstrations of the Amity of the *Numidian* Prince whilst I resided at *Carthage*; but I am really perswaded he will one day repent of them when he is better acquainted with me, neither do I flatter my self with the vanity of those applausive expressions he hath bestowed on me, and I am strongly perswaded that he is a Prince whose deserts are incomparable, and who is endued with those qualities, which as much distinguish him from common men, as his birth is superior to them: After these words *Aronces* held his peace, for in those Sentiments which lay concealed in the innocence of his heart if he had been less generous, he had not given such an advantageous Character of this new Rival which much augmented his Inquietude, seeming to him he might justly complain of *Clelia*, for detaining such a Jewel from him: But whilst the Princess of *Perusia* entertained *Aronces*, *Tiberinus* spoke to the Princess of the *Leontines*, who being opposite to his affection, could hardly contain her self from shewing that mortal Enmity her Soul had contracted against him; for *Aurelia*, she conversed with those Ladies which accompanied the *Perusian* Princess, and *Sycanus* entertained *Celeres*: but in fine, the Princess having performed her visit, after she had received a magnificent Collation at the Apartment of *Aurelia*, she returned to the Boat which had wafted her over the Lake, conducted by *Aurelia* to her Chariots, which attended her on the other side of the Lake; but she was no sooner gone when *Nicius* and *Martia* came from those places where they were conceal'd and the Princess of the *Leontines* spoke to *Aurelia*, to solicit her to remember her promise, so that *Aurelia* having spoke to *Sycanus* of it, and *Sycanus* to *Aronces*, he was resolved for many important reasons, that the next day after Dinner *Celeres* should go to the Chamber of the Princess of the *Leontines*, to recount unto her all that she desired of the fortune of *Aronces*, whose adventures he knew almost to the least circumstances, but to the end he might make a better recital of them, he went this Night to the Prince of *Numidia's* Lodging, from whose mouth he learn'd the love he had for *Clelia*, and all the Occurrences thereupon, this Prince telling it to him, to the end he should tell it to *Aronces*, he being denyed the liberty to speak to him: so that *Celeres* being fully instructed either by *Aronces*, the Prince of *Numidia*, or his own observations, in all that which might content the curiosity of this Princess, he went the next day to her Chamber, where she with much impatience expected his coming, there being only with her *Sycanus* and *Aurelia*, he had scarce entred her Lodging, where she importunately solicited him to begin his discourse, which after a little consideration he perform'd in this manner.

The History of Aronces *and* Clelia.

I Cannot tell, Madam, whether my words may seem impertinent when I tell you that 'tis not possible for you to comprehend the present fortune of this Prince, if I do not intermix in my relation some particularity reflecting on the King his Fathers life. What, said the Princess of the *Leontines* interrupting him, is *Aronces* a Kings Son? Yes Madam, replyed *Celeres*, *Aronces* is Son of the most Illustrious King of all *Etruria*, and the unhappiest King of the Earth, for the King *Porsenna* is his Father: I pray you, replyed the Princess of the *Leontines*, if it lyes in the sphere of your knowledge, to acquaint me with the adventures of *Porsenna* as well as those of *Aronces*, not concealing any thing from me, if it please you, for though I reside some time in this Country, I have heard them but very confusedly, because I have had so many unquiet thoughts which have disturbed my Spirit, that I had not any curiosity to inform my self of the misery of others, when I had no power constantly to support my own: Since you command it, Madam, and that you desire of me is necessary to instance you of the deplorable estate of the Prince *Aronces*, I must deduce my discourse further than I at first intended, and tell you that the precedent King of *Clusium*, *Porsenna's* Father, waging War against the Prince of *Perusia* now regnant, gained a famous Battel but the sequel proved unfortunate: for the Prince his Son under whose

Command his Troops were Victorious too far, pursuing those he had vanquished, was taken prisoner, so that *Mezentius* believing to have had as much advantage in this occasion as his Enemy, the Victory produced no peace between these two Princes, but the War continued as before.

In the mean time, *Porsenna* who was one of the faireſt Princes in the World, and who is now one of the ancienteſt Illuſtrious Kings in the Earth, was uſed with as much Civility as one in his condition could expect, though he was kept with as much exactneſs, as if inſtead of being a Priſoner of War he had been a Priſoner of State; he was therefore put in a Caſtle about ſix miles from *Peruſia*, and which is ſo advantagiouſly ſcituated, that one hundred men may defend it againſt one thouſand; but for his good or ill fortune, I know not which to term it, the Princeſs *Nicetale* the firſt Wife of the Prince of *Peruſia* being very ſick, was ordered to go for the recovery of her health to an Air leſs ſubtle than that of *Peruſia*, and her Phyſicians finding none more commodious for her than the Caſtle in which the Prince *Porſenna* was kept, adviſed her to go thither, for as it's very great, and that it hath one Tower, which is ſo far divided from it, ſhe might reſide in the Caſtle without the knowledge of any of his Guard; but going thither ſhe carried along with her the Princeſs *Galerita* her only Daughter, who was then about fifteen years old, and who was of ſuch a piercing and prodigious beauty, that ſhe could not be ſeen without admiration; the Prince *Porſenna* whom *Nicetale* viſited many times in the Tower where he was kept, would not ſee her without being ſenſibly told, that he became more captive of the Daughter, through the love ſhe gave him, than the Father by the Laws of War: *Nicetale* being a Princeſs of great Spirit, no ſooner perceived the paſſion that the young *Galerita* had produced in *Porſenna*, ſhe joyfully countenanced it, for ſhe being naturally inclined to Peace, pitch'd upon this productive love, as the only means which might eſtabliſh it between the King of *Cluſium* and the Prince of *Peruſia* her Husband, and far from oppoſing its continuation contributed much to the progreſſion thereof, by the frequent viſits ſhe vouchſafed this Illuſtrious Captain, who ſeeing the bloing youth of the Perſon whom he loved, and not ſeeing her without the Princeſs *Nicetale*, judged that to acquire the love of *Galerita*, he might firſt gain the friendſhip of *Nicetale*, and indeed he had ſuch an aſcendant over her, that ſhe loved him as if he had been her Son.

In the mean time he managed his love ſo diſcreetly, that the young Princeſs of *Peruſia* knew that he had for her, that as ſhe had heard term'd love, and ſhe likewiſe felt, that ſhe had for him I know not what tenderneſs that ſhe never yet had for any Perſon; but in the end without expatiating my ſelf to tell you with what Gallantry and addreſs this loving Priſoner perſwaded his love to her which had produced it; I ſhall only tell you that he acquainted her with it by writing, and obtained *Nicitales* permiſſion to ſpeak to her of it, which in the high eſteem ſhe had for him, received this confeſſion of his love for her Daughter in a moſt obliging manner, for ſhe then unlock'd to him the ſecret of her heart, telling him that ſhe knew that the touching of the Eſtate of the King of *Cluſium*, and that of the Prince of *Peruſia* was without doubt the way to put him in a capacity to give law to all *Etruria*, and to diſpute the power with the famous *Vulturnum*, and with proud *Rome* it ſelf, but knowing the reſentments the King of *Peruſia* had againſt the King of *Cluſium* his Father, ſhe was ſtrongly perſwaded that he would never conſent to hearken to any terms whilſt he was in priſon, or that if he did hearken to it, he would never give his Daughter to his Priſoner; 'tis therefore, ſaid ſhe to him, we muſt contrive a way to render you happy, and to give the Peace to two Eſtates, which cannot ſubſiſt in War: Alas Madam, what expedient, may a Prince find overwhelmed with ſo many different chances, as I highly eſteem your vertue, I will propoſe to you a propoſition, which according to all appearances may effect happily your deſign, if you follow my advice.

But generous *Porſenna*, purſued ſhe, before I tell it you, you muſt ſolemnly ſwear to me, and do not promiſe me that which you will not inviolably keep, I promiſe you Madam, ſaid he to her, that I will never violate my word I give you, and that I will not make uſe of the priviledge that may be granted to Priſoners not to perform their promiſe, but likewiſe promiſe me, that you will not command me to diſreſpect you, or not to affect *Galerita*: on the contrary replied *Nicetale*, I intend to put you in a poſſibility always to love her, and to permit her to love you innocently, till the expiration of her life; but to make this deſign ſucceed happily, I muſt ſteer my courſe ſo, that you may depart from priſon without any ſuſpition, that I was privy to it: you muſt therefore ſaid ſhe, not go to *Cluſium*, for fear you ſhould not be there Maſter of your ſelf, but you muſt go to the King of *Cera*, who remaining neuter during this War, is very fit to be a Mediator between the King of *Cluſium*, and the Prince my Husband; but before it's put in execution, you muſt promiſe me, that in caſe by your ſolicitations and addreſs, you can neither conclude a Peace between theſe two Princes, nor to oblige them to conſent, that you may eſpouſe *Galerita*, you will come back to reaſſume your chains; for it is not juſt, knowing your valour and good fortune in the War, I ſhould put ſuch a valiant man as you in the head of an Army, which muſt fight againſt *Mezentius*, for though he is ſometimes violent and unjuſt, I am his Wife, and ought to eſpouſe his intereſt againſt all the World, think therefore if you are capable to accompliſh my deſires, as *Porſenna* was amorous, and *Nicetales* propoſition was equitable, he promiſed her with joy to perform all the deſired, on condition, ſhe would likewiſe promiſe him to uſe all her power, that he might eſpouſe *Galerita*; ſo the agreement being fully concluded, they reſolved that this Princeſs ſhould return to *Peruſia*, and he that commanded the Caſtle, abſolutely depending on *Nicetale*, ſhould give him leave to eſcape, and *Porſenna* through an intereſt of love was obliged to wiſh the abſence of his beloved object, as *Nicetale* deſired paſſionately Peace ſhould be concluded before the beginning of the Spring, ſhe haſtened her return to accelerate the execution of her deſign, but as ſhe now look'd upon *Porſenna*, as a Prince which ſhould eſpouſe her Daughter, ſhe permitted them to have ſome particular conference the day which preceded her departure, whilſt ſhe entertained below a Lady of Quality which had arrived there that Morning; ſo that *Porſenna* in this manner bid adieu to that young and fair Perſon, the Grandeur of whoſe Spirit, equalling her great Beauty, made her to tell things moſt judicious to the Prince whom ſhe

was

was about to leave: for after he had made to her a thousand Protestations of fidelity, she told him she would not oblige him to so many things, as the Princess her Mother had, in case that he could not make a pacification between the King of *Clusium* and the Prince of *Perusia*, she would only desire him not to bear Arms against the Prince her Father; but *Porsenna* having answered her, that if he was free, honour would force him to fight for his Father; and both love and honour equally engaging him to her, if he could not conclude a Peace, he would come back to re-assume his Irons, which seemed to him much lighter than those with which love had chained him; in fine Madam, this separation was so tender and sensible, and those which have related this Adventure, say, that it was scarce credible, that so young a Person, as *Galerita* should have power to draw her self from his conversation with so much judgment and address, and assuredly this particular entertainment much encreased the Princes affection. In the mean time, *Nicetale*, after she had reconfirmed her promises to him, and he had renewed his to her, returned to *Perusia*, leaving a secret order with him which commanded the Castle, who was the Son of the Princess *Galerita*'s Governess, to favour *Porsenna*'s escape in four or five days, but so privately to act it, that he might not in the least appear culpable of it; this man over whom his Mother had as much power by her address, as by that which nature gave her, disposed himself to hazard his Fortune in hopes to advance it, and executed it so happily, a few days after, the Princess *Nicetale* was returned to *Perusia*, that *Porsenna* saved himself, as if he had suborned some of his Guards who went with him, neither did *Mezentius* know any thing of *Porsenna*'s love to *Galerita*, nor the Intelligence of *Nicetale* with *Porsenna*. In the mean time, this Prince according to his word went to *Cera*, from whence he sent to the King of *Clusium* to intreat him to endeavour to conclude a Peace with the Prince of *Perusia* by proposing his Marriage with the Princess his Daughter, and he to whom this imployment was committed, being a man of Quality very fit to perform this Commission *Porsenna* fully instructed him of all the reasons which might oblige the King his Father to consent to his Propositions, charging him that if he would not effect it, to tell him that he was not free, but in appearance, and that he would return to the Prison of the Prince of *Perusia*, when his hopes were frustrated of espousing the Princess *Galerita*, and to give Peace to two of the most considerable Estates of all *Etruria*; at first the King of *Clusium* was strangely irritated against the Prince his Son; because he went to *Cera*, and not to him, and vented his anger against his Proposition, but *Porsenna* having secretly wrote to those which had some credit over this his Father's Spirit, that they might induce him to make Peace, they knew so well how to represent to him, that his people were weary of War, and the advantage that the Marriage of his Son with the blooming youth of the *Perusian* Princess would bring him, that in the end he resolved to send to offer Peace to *Mezentius*, whose courage was much abated at *Porsenna*'s flight, for he knew not the conditions, on which he departed from his Irons, but having a fiery heart, and a vindicative spirit, he would not resolve with himself to hearken to any Proposition of Peace, nor Alliance with a Prince whom he hated, and that which fed this humour, was, that the Princess *Galerita* was much affected by a Prince of this Court, named *Bianor*, who forgot nothing that might hinder that the Peace should deprive him of his Mistress; that which rendred his credit so great: was that *Mezentius* was amorous of his Sister, who is now that Princes Wife, and who was then very beautiful and ambitious, so it was not without great difficulty, that *Nicetale* made him consent to her desires, but she could not have done it, unless having divulged the advantageous Proposals of Peace by the King of *Clusium*: the people were no sooner advised of it, but they murmured at him, and so highly began to testifie their aversion to War, that *Mezentius* knowing very well, he could not without danger excite a revolt in his Estates, (having given a great charge to *Bianor* to appease the Person whom he loved) he consented in the end to treat with the King of *Clusium*.

In the *interim* there passed few days, but *Porsenna* wrote to *Nicetale* and *Galerita*, to pray the first to remember her promise, and to give a thousand testimonies of love to the latter: but in the end, after a long Negotiation, the Peace was concluded, and the Marriage of *Porsenna* and *Galerita* resolved on, on condition *Porsenna* should remain at *Perusia*, as long as his Father lived: *Mezentius* imagining that the King would renew the War, in despight of the Alliance, if he retained not the Prince as Hostage, it is true, this Article was easily accorded to, for though the King of *Clusium* very much loved his Son, he was not sorry for this advantageous absence, which reunited in his Person all the obedience of his Subjects, so that the Marriage was happily concluded in despight of the Clandestine Machinations of *Bianor*, and the natural aversion of *Mezentius*; but hardly had *Porsenna* and *Galerita* the leasure to contemplate the happy Sun-shine of their good fortune, when it was eclipsed with grief; for the sage and prudent *Nicetale* died a little after the Celebration of the Nuptials, and she dyed with much regret, because she knew the secret aversion *Bianor*'s Sister entertained in her heart against *Porsenna*, and it was principally because she saw him adored by all the Court, and very much loved by the People. In the mean time the death of *Nicetale* put such a great consternation in all her House, and in the Princess her Daughters, that there were few in the one and the other which were not entirely swayed by grief, so that in this great disorder, it unhappily fell out, that one of the Women of this Queen, which had been alwayes favourable to *Porsenna*'s Rival, found all the Letters the Prince had written to *Nicetale*, during his residence at *Cera*, by which he entreated her exactly to keep her word, and to oblige the Princess her Daughter to keep the promise she made him to espouse none but him; so that this Person being seised of these Letters, to evidence to *Bianor*, that if she had not had the power heretofore to serve him nigh *Galerita*, it was not for want of address, but because an invincible obstacle opposed her intentions, but shewing all those Letters to *Bianor*, she excited a great confusion in his Spirit, which made him resolve to revenge himself both of *Porsenna* and *Galerita*, for as he knew *Mezentius* was jealous of his Authority, that he was violent and vindicative, and that he noted, he did not very much affect *Porsenna*, he believed that when he knew the commerce which had been between him and the Princess his Daughter, he would be much exasperated against him, & having

consulted with his Sister thereupon, she confirmed him in his design, for not seeing now that it was impossible *Mezentius* should espouse her, being a Widdower, and that he was very amorous of her, she imagined it would be most advantageous to effect her Marriage with that Prince, and the only way to excite his anger, both against *Porsenna*; and the Princess *Galerita*: So that this Maid reasoning as an Ambitious Person, and [illegible] as a Vindicative Lover and an Ambitious Rival, they absolutely resolved to shew the Prince of *Perusia* all *Porsenna*'s Letters, but as they were not absolutely assured what impression they would make in *Mezentius* Spirit when he saw them, they would not give them to him with their own hands, but laid them on the Table of his Cabinet, where he found them without knowing who put them there; he was strangely astonish'd to see them; for as he well knew the writing of *Porsenna*, and easily comprehended their Contents, he would not make appear his astonishment nor anger, because he would be better satisfied of them, though those Letters almost learn'd to him all that which was passed, the Article only excepted which might justifie *Nicetale*, for it was not positively written in the Letter that he should return to Prison if the Peace was not concluded, because he judged *Nicetale* would understand it, if he did but express in general terms that he would not violate his promise: *Mezentius* then being willing to be better instructed in that which was but dubiously mentioned in the Letters, sent to find out the Lady who had been the Princess his Daughters Governess before her Marriage, judging that this secret might be known to her, she being very much belov'd by *Nicetale*, but the better to palliate his Design, he shewed to her all *Porsenna*'s Letters to *Nicetale*, without expressing the least resentment of anger, to have learn'd the Intelligence which had been between the Princess his Daughter, and *Porsenna* during his Imprisonment; but on the contrary he said to her the more to deceive her, that he had not the curiosity to know particularly all the passages between them, and who were those which had contributed to unite their affection, but to the end, to know to whom he owed that obligation of Peace which his People enjoyed by the Marriage of those two Persons; *Mezentius* thus speaking with a feigned dissimulation, and the Lady believing in the estate things were, his designs were consonant to his words, disguised nothing from him, and recounted to him all that was passed; but though she told him that *Porsenna* was set free on a limited condition to come back thither if he espoused not *Galerita* by concluding Peace, but he believed it not, but believed 'twas this Ladies invention, and judged 'twas her Son which had facilitated the flight of that Prince, though she did not acquaint him with it, but told him that *Nicetale* had suborned some of his Guards, but she principally aggravated the Grandure of *Porsenna*'s love to *Galerita*, and that powerful inclination of *Galerita* for *Porsenna*, seeming to her that nothing was more proper to mollifie the heat of a Prince which was himself susceptible of Loves flames; but scarce had this Lady finish'd her Speech, but *Mezentius* unmasking his anger, what, said he to her, beholding her with a terrible aspect, which would make the constantest Person tremble? Have I then put my Daughter to you, to teach her to love my Enemy and those that my Valour had subdued? Was it to inspire her with such degenerate thoughts that I preferred the care of her Education to you before many others? Sir, said she unto him, I have but obeyed the Princess *Nicetale*, and I do not see that this obedience hath had a preposterous Event, since you have for your Son in Law, the Son of a great King, and which merits to be greater as much by the qualities he possesses, as by his highness of his birth, If I could resuscitate *Nicetale* to punish her for her treachery and perfidiousness, pursued he, I would do it with all my heart: but since 'tis not possible, you shall answer for the fault she hath committed, and I will so severely punish you for your Treason, that you shall wish your death all the rest of your life; this Lady would have then allayed the fury of this violent Prince, but the more she spoke the more it excited his anger, and at this instant they came to advertise him that *Bianor* had something of consequence to impart to him, so that he having commanded some of his Attendants to carry that Lady to her Chamber, and not to let her speak to any person, he hearkned to *Bianor*, who assured him that he had news that the King of *Clusium* was upon the point of expiration: *Porsenna* not knowing of it, from whom he would conceal it, to the end he should not depart from his Court; for fear he should be retained there by his people, who would never consent that their Prince should reside at *Perusia*, hardly had *Bianor* learn'd unto him the Estate of the King of *Clusium*, but he took a resolution to satisfie three passions instead of one, for he pretended to satisfie his vengeance in arresting *Porsenna*, and declaring his marriage void, he easily pretended to satisfie his Ambition in usurping his Estates after the death of the King his Father, and he pretended to satisfie his love by espousing *Bianors* Sister, on pretext to revenge himself of *Galerita* and to dis-inherit her, because she had had a secret love with the Prince she had married, when there was war with the King his Father, so that confusedly reasoning with all the preoccupation of a person which had love, ambition and anger, he considered neither justice nor resentments of nature, nor the sequel of his resolution, hinting on nothing but to execute his unjust designs, he therefore acquainted *Bianor* with all his intentions, communicating to him all that he would act against *Porsenna*, and for *Sextilia* his Sister, and as *Bianor* had an artificial spirit, he more stirred up *Mezentius* anger, and offered himself to execute his commands whatsoever they were, so that the Prince of *Perusia* without deferring a moment, gave all the orders necessary, to arrest at the same time *Porsenna* and *Galerita*, and it was so speedily resolved on, and so diligently executed, that *Porsenna* was already returned to the prison where he had been, and *Galerita* and her ancient Governess, were already in the greatest Isle of the Lake, that you may see from your windows. And they did not yet know in the City whether they were arrested or no, and *Mezentius* was at first so happy in his unjust actions, that all succeeded according to his desire; for he had cruelly revenged himself both of *Porsenna* and *Galerita*, and saw himself in an estate to possess the person whom he lov'd, and he hop'd *Clusium* would soon obey him, for he knew the next day that *Porsennas* Father was dead, and that the Grandees of the Realm were divided, and he had the good fortune, that though the people of *Perusia* very much lov'd *Galerita* and *Porsenna*, they revolted not because *Bianor* published many things disadvantageous to these two illustrious

persons

persons, so that they at first, not being able to discern truth from falshood, they opposed not the injustice of *Mezentius*, who a few days after espoused *Sextilia*, in hopes to have a successor, which would deprive *Galerita* from having the power one day to possess his Kingdom, but to satisfie either his ambition or revenge, he promised protection to one of those parties in *Clusium*, to endeavour to oppress the other, and sent into that Realm a manifesto filled with impostures and false reasons, to palliate *Porsennas* imprisonment.

In the interim, *Biamor* being amorous of *Galerita*, powerfully sollicited his sister to perswade the King to nullifie the marriage of *Porsenna*, that he might espouse her, for he imagined (induced thereto by love) that *Nicetale* had a greater hand in this match than *Galerita*; so that conceiving some hope, he gave no repose to *Sextilia*, who to satisfie her brother, forgot nothing that was possible to endeavour to make void the marriage of *Porsenna*, and so far perswaded *Mezentius*, that he went in person to induce her to desert that Prince, and to tell her that she was forced to marry him, more by her Mothers command than her own inclinations, and that he would not only put to death *Porsenna*, but her self also if she repugned his will, making likewise to *Porsenna* the most unjust propositions that could be imagined; for he offered him his liberty, if he would yield to him the half of his estate, and consent to the nullifying of his marriage, telling him he was in a place where he could not be too prudent to refuse any thing: but whatsoever he could say to that Prince, or the Princess his daughter, he could not shake their constancies, and they both told him, they would never forsake one another, so that *Mezentius* now remained satisfied, in hope that time would alter their opinions, and thought on nothing but how he might entirely usurp the estate of that unhappy King, who though unhappy as he was, was not so much as the Queen his wife; for Madam, I must tell you, that two Months after her Imprisonment, she began to fear her self to be with child, at first she imagin'd it proceeded from a simple effect of her Melancholy, but as she had her ancient Governess with her, this Lady to whom age had given much experience, told her that without doubt her fear was really grounded, so that she finding her self in the saddest condition can be imagin'd, seeing the horrible threatnings of *Mezentius*, believed that there could be no assurance for the life of *Porsennas* child; and her Governess was of advice at first, that if *Mezentius* knew her estate, he would not insist on the rupture of the marriage, but considering he had told her, he would put to death both her and *Porsenna*, she could not hope that a Prince which had the cruelty to threaten his own daughters death, would spare the life of a child that he looked upon as the child of a Prince whom he esteemed his enemy: this Lady likewise who was her only consolation, told her that after *Mezentius* had reduc'd things to the estate where they were, he would not be capable to be mollified by the consideration of a child, which was but in conception, and who had nothing but tears to bow his obdurateness, when he should come into the world, so that they thought it was expedient to conceal that indisposition, which produced their fear, but the thing at first appeared so difficult to them, that their consolation ended in tears.

But after a little mature deliberation, they believed that if they could gain his wife, who commanded the Castle, it would not be impossible to conceal so great a secret; for as she was the only person which had the liberty to see this young Queen (except two slaves which served her) they should fear nothing, if they could procure her to be of their intelligence, so that all the care *Galerita* used was to entirely to acquire that Lady who was called *Flavia*, and who is sister to *Nicius*, here present; but to speak truly, it was not difficult for the Princess to oblige her to serve her, and to be faithful to her, for she being naturally tender and compassionate, had a particular inclination to love *Galerita*, who knew so admirably how to acquire their spirits of those from whom she would obtain any thing, that it had been very difficult for *Flavia* to resist her intreaties, who much deplored the misery of so fair and vertuous a Queen, but *Galerita* deferred the discovery of it, as long as she could possible, to see if the Prince of *Perusia* could desist from his injustice, but hearing by some of her Guards, that he always appeared more inveterate against *Porsenna*, and that he used all the means possible to usurp his estate, and that when *Clusium* was submitted, he would assuredly put to death this Prince, she determin'd to confide on *Flavia*, to whom she learnt her present Estate, and the fear *Mezentius* should know it, but she told it her with such melting language, and tender considerations to procure her fidelity to assist her in saving the life of of an innocent Babe, which did not yet enjoy the light, that this vertuous woman, which had no obdurate heart mingled her tears with *Galeritas*, and would not promise her (without evaporating many sighs) the accomplishment of all her desires, so that the true cause of her indisposition might be conceal'd. But without troubling my self to recite impertinent particularities, I shall tell you in few words, that *Galerita* having feign'd to be seiz'd with a greater malady than really she was, to obtain that her Guards should come no more into her Chamber, and *Flavia* (who was very much belov'd by her Husband) being wholly gain'd by her, and they having gain'd the Physician which should see *Galerita*: the design was in the end conducted with so much precaution, judgment, and sense, that the true cause of *Galeritas* indisposition was not in the least suspected, and she had the advantage to salute the times with a Successor to *Porsenna*, it being not then known, and the generous *Flavia* acted her part so handsomly, that the Son of the Queen of *Clusium* came into the world, without being publickly known, and was taken out of her Chamber without being discovered, for having foreseen what she would act, she had so order'd it that the Queen of *Clusium* having seen from her Chamber a little child, she had which was very fair, and that one of her slaves held in his arms desired to see it, so that insensibly she had used the Guards of this Princess to enter daily, and go out with that person which carried *Flavias* young Son into *Galeritas* Chamber, and which carried it sometimes divested and sometimes wrapt up in sumptuous swath bands, as if it were asleep in her arms, to the end to use this artifice, when it should be necessary, and as *Flavia* was his wife who commanded the Castle, none which depended on her were suspected by *Galeritas* Guards, so that when this Queen was in estate to have need of the address of *Flavia*, she caus'd her which had accustom'd to bring the Son of this Lady to the Chamber of the Princess to come thither with the same swadling clouts wherewith she used to envelope it, when she carried it asleep thither,

thither, having taken a great bundle of flowers in going through a Garden, which ſhe carried as if it had been really the child ſhe uſed to carry in her arms, ſo that being entred in this manner into *Galeritas* Chamber with *Flavia* who followed her, and having ſtayed there till the Queen had given *Porſenna* a Son, ſhe departed afterwards from thence with the child of this Queen, whoſe face was covered leſt the fallacy ſhould be diſcern'd, and this young Prince was carried to the Apartment of *Flavia*; from whence ſhe caus'd it to depart the ſame night, to commit it to the care of *Martia* her Siſter in Law, to whom without any fear ſhe confided this ſecret, becauſe ſhe had always had ſo great a dependance on the ſervice of the precedent Princeſs of *Peruſia*, that there was nothing to be fear'd, but as of neceſſity, that this child ſtould be carried in a Bark to the other ſide of the Lake, to tranſport it to the houſe of *Martia*, which was ten miles from thence.

There was a few days after ſome noiſe diſpers'd of that which *Galerita* fear'd ſhould be known, and it ſo ſuddenly receiv'd an augmentation, that *Bianor* hearing of it made it known to *Mezentius*, and this Prince caus'd to be arreſted the Phyſician, which had aſſiſted the Queen of *Cluſium*, and by moſt cruel threatnings, he obliged him to confeſs the truth, but hardly did he know it, but fury wholly poſſeſſing him, he commanded an exact ſearch ſhould be made for *Galeritas* Child, he cauſed *Flavia* and her husband to be arreſted, and chang'd all the Guards of the Queen his daughter, and ſo rigorouſly treated this Princeſs, that ſhe now fear'd *Mezentius* would kill her Son if he came into his hands, 'tis true, ſhe long time fear'd this miſhap would arrive, for knowing the humour of *Mezentius*, and having underſtood from *Flavia*, that ſome noiſe was diſpers'd of the birth of this young Prince, ſhe oblig'd her to command *Nicius* and *Martia* on her part, to ſeek ſpeedily a pretext to perform a voyage to carry this young child from the eſtate of a Prince, whoſe violence and injuſtice ſhe equally fear'd; ſhe gave *Flavia* precious ſtones of a very conſiderable value to give to *Martia*, that ſhe might make uſe of as occaſion ſerved during the exile of her Son, and *Flavia* having inſtructed *Nicius* and *Martia* of *Galeritas* intentions, return'd not to the Iſle where ſhe was kept, till ſhe had ſeen *Nicius* and *Martia* depart to ſeek an Aſylum for *Porſennas* ſucceſſor, at firſt they had a deſign to put themſelves under the protection of thoſe which held the part of that unhappy King in his eſtate, but *Nicius* who is very prudent, learning how that eſtate was divided, and that the faction *Mezentius* protected was the moſt powerful, it would be dangerous to truſt this young Prince to men, which in the low eſtate to which they were reduced, would make uſe it may be of that occaſion to make an accommodation with *Mezentius*, inſtead of defending him againſt him, as the Son of their King, ſo that to put him in more ſafety, *Nicius* and his wife, leaving *Cluſium* on the right hand, they embarqu'd at a Port, which was not above ſix miles from the famous City of *Cera*, with intention to paſs to *Syracuſa*, where *Nicius* had heretofore reſided a long time, ſeeming to them that the Iſle of *Sicily* was a ſafer retreat for the young Prince, which they conducted, than any other place they could chuſe; for as *Rome* was at this time under the dominion of a violent Prince, that they ſpoke of nothing but exile, *Volternum* was not far enough, *Tarentum* was then divided, *Capua* was too delicious to ſojourn for the afflicted, and *Syracuſa* ſeem'd a City where they might remain, without informing who they were, becauſe of the great reſort of ſtrangers thither from all parts, this City having the commerce of *Africa* and *Italy*, as well as *Greece*, *Tarentum*, and a great part of *Etruria*, but to conceal better ſo great a ſecret, *Nicius* and *Martia* reſolved to ſay that this young Prince was their Son, and without having any other company with them, ſave his Nurſe, and two moſt faithful ſlaves, they embarqu'd as I have told you, with intention to go to *Syracuſa*, but Madam, before I relate the iſſues of their voyage, I ſhall briefly tell you, that *Mezentius* not only acted all I have told you, after he had known that *Galerita* had a Son, but he ſwore he would declare war to all Princes, and all Republicks, which gave him a retreat, and that *Porſennas* party in *Cluſium* being ſuppreſſed by the others, *Mezentius* had the power to perſecute impunely that unhappy King, and men of the greateſt knowledge are perſwaded, that if he had not had a Son, his life had been in great danger, but as *Mezentius* ſaw, that if he put him to death, it would give a pretext for a new war, which he would not undertake, ſince thoſe which had the Prince in their power would uſe his name to revenge the death of the King, he ſpar'd his life, and ſeeing himſelf ſo abſolutely maſter of *Cluſium*, as he hop'd, for thoſe that he had protected againſt the faithful Subjects of *Porſenna*, had ever been there of the greateſt Authority.

In the *Interim Bianor* endeavour'd to conſolate himſelf by the great credit he had with *Mezentius*, and by the hope that *Galeritas* child would periſh, and *Porſenna* die in Priſon, and that he ſhould one day enjoy his Miſtreſs.

But to return to *Nicius* and *Martia*, they were no ſooner embarqu'd, but the wind which was at firſt favourable, ſuddenly chang'd, and became ſo outragious that for fear of ſhipwrack, they muſt leave their intended courſe, and abandon themſelves to the wind, which was ſtronger than the Pilots art, who conducted them: and the Sea was ſo tumultuous, that the waves often paſſed from one ſide of the ſhip to the other, with ſuch impetuoſity, that they nigh overwhelm'd all that were there, and theſe waves meeting ſometimes together in ſuch a manner that they form'd within themſelves great foamy mountains, that the other waves bore away in wheeling about, and they ſaw a kind of fight between them, which threatn'd ſhipwrack to all the veſſels which were then on the Sea: This Tempeſt became moſt dangerous to that Ship in which *Nicius* and *Martia* was, for the wind after it had toſt it in divers manners, puſht it towards the Cape of *Lylibeum*, ſo that as there is no greater danger for veſſels when the Sea is angry, than to be nigh the Land, *Nicius* and *Martia* had much reaſon to fear the loſs of their Veſſel, but that which more confirmed it, was, that they ſaw the Pilot, who was very skilful, after to have unprofitably uſed his art to reſiſt the impetuoſity of the winds, and the tempeſtuouſneſs of the Sea, had left the helm and fell on his knees to make vows to *Neptune*, declaring by this action, that he no more hoped there, but in the aſſiſtance of the Gods, yet they appear'd in his face, that he did not hope to obtain that he demanded, for he had all the marks of deſpair in his eyes.

In the mean time, in the middle of this tempeſt, this young Prince which was *Nicius* and *Martias* principal fear,

peaceably slept in his cradle, without knowing his life was in peril, but though he feared not, *Martia* and *Nicius* feared for him, and there was other vessels in this place, which were exposed to perish, as that of *Nicius*: and by fortunes capriciousnesse, the tempest had brought together in a little space many ships, which held divers wayes, when it began, for there was one of *Carthage* which being parted from *Syracusa* to return to its Country had been constrained to leave its course, there was another from *Tarentum*, two from *Ostria*, and one from *Corinth*, so that the wind seemed not to have formed this little Fleet but to destroy it, these Vessels then fearing to be rocks to one another, and to beat by clashing together, performed all which they could to separate them, but as usually the sea being angry disperseth the Fleets, it seemed to have brought these ships together, and would not separate them, till they should be broken by one another, and had covered the shore with their ruines: but Madam, the better to comprehend the marvellousnesse of this adventure, you must know that there was in this vessel that went to *Carthage*, an illustrious Roman family, who to fly the persecution of *Tarquin* the proud, which now reigns in that famous City, had taken a resolution to seek an asylum in *Africa*, because there is no great commerce between *Italy* and it, except it be casual by the way of *Sicilie*; and *Clelius* who was chief of it saw him self unfortunate, and more unfortunate than *Nicius*, for he had an onely son in the Cradle, that was exposed to perish as well as he, it is not that *Clelius* feared death, through a resentment of weakness, but that having all the generosity which true Romans make profession of, he lookt upon his losse, and his sonnes as a gain to *Tarquin* whereof he was enemy and he did not consider the losse of all his family and his own. His wife, who was named *Sulpicia*, was not so troubled by the apprehension of death, as by a resentment of glory, who desired, that if they perisht, the enemy should not hear of their shipwrack, so that *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, without concealing themselves during the tempest, as usuallyall passengers do, which are in vessels, came on the poop, to look upon this terrible agitation of the waves, which momentarily exposed them to perish, at least just gods (said then this generous Roman, lifting up his eyes to heaven) if ye have resolved my destruction, save my Country, and to die like a true Romane, let me rather make vows for it, than for my self, do then, you just gods I entreat you oppresse *Tarquin* the proud by his own tyranny, let him be trampled under the Throne to which his crimes have carryed him, and let the cruel *Tullia*, which passed over her fathers body to mount the same Throne dye cruelly, let all his family be exterminated, let the name of the *Tarquins* be an horror, and since *Rome* hath no more legitimate Kings, let it I say be free, and let it never have tyrants, *Clelius* having thus spoken, and *Sulpitia* by her suppliant action seemed to joyn her prayers with her husbands, a gust of this enraged wind bearing *Nicius* his vessel on theirs, split them both in an instant, and covered all the sea with their ruines; the *Carthaginians* were seen mingled with the *Romans* and the *Romans* with the *Sicilians*, who in particular used all themeans they were able to save their lives, but amongst others *Clelius* who could swim admirably, and who had a strong heart, incapable of disturbance by the sight of any certain death, endeavoured to swim to discover his wife or his son, amongst that masse of planks, which there floated, and men clinged unto them to save their lives, but as the violence of the waves, soon dispersed the splinters of the ships, *Clelius* without finding his son or his wife, was constrained to think on his own safety; and having discovered the point of a rock which overlookt the sea, where he might retreat in such a pressing necessity: he that endeavoured to gain it in despight of the impetuosity of the waves, in hope all the vessels which he had seen in the beginning of the tempest were not perished, and that some of them would take him from the rock when the sea was a little calm; but as *Clelius* vigorously did swim to attain that rock, he saw on his right hand, a cradle which floated, and a young child, which without appearing affrighted at the horrible peril where he was, smiled assoon as he perceived him, this pitiful object sensibly touching the heart of this generous *Roman*, and at that instant not thinking there was any other Child but his in any of the vessels which were shipwrackt, believed it was his son and did swim with more swiftnesse to go to succour that Cradle, which the waves so rudely tossed, but approaching it, he knew distinctly, that it was not his child; for he had different swadling clouts and very remarkable which gave him no doubt of it; nevertheless, *Clelius* incited by a compassionate feeling, and wishing his child were in the same estate, who might find one which would succour him, continued swimming towards the cradle of the young Prince of *Clusium*; for it was Madam the son of him whom *Clelius* saw in imminent danger, and which would have infallibly perished without his assistance: this illustrious *Clelius* did swim with so much force and address, for to take hold of a corner of the Cradle of that young Prince whom he knew not; but that which was most cruel, was, that the waves which pusht it, carried it from the point of the rock, that he lookt upon as an Asylum; nevertheless having found this Cradle, he sustained it with one hand, and swimming with the other, he turned his head to the rock, where afterwards arrived with much difficulty, and assoon as he was there, he put the Cradle of this young Prince, on the highest part of that rock, and seated him by it, to behold the place where he was shipwrackt, but looking on it, he saw his own sons cradle which floated, and which being intangled among the planks, that the Sea tossed in a strange manner, appeared to him ready to be drowned, so that not having the power to resist his paternal pity, weary as he was, he left the young child which he had found, and cast himself again into the sea, to endeavour to save his, but going thither had the misfortune to see that a gust of wind having pusht the prow of one of those broken ships, between him and his son, just as the cradle had been disintangled from the planks which supported it, hindred him from seeing any more the cradle or the planks; for at that time there fell a shower of rain so abundant, that *Clelius* could hardly perceive the rock, where he had left *Porsennas* son, when he believed to have seen his own son perish, he would return to him which heaven had given him, and having nothing else to do, he regained that Refuge, but when he was there, he sometimes believed, that he and this child would likewise die there,

there; for after the ceſſation of this terrible ſhower, he ſaw two veſſels which had not been ſhipwrackt, inſtead to approach the place where he was, did all that they might to eſtrange themſelves from it, for as the Pilots knew that rock, they would not by any means poſſible approach it; ſo that *Clelius* finding his deplored eſtate, judged that it may be, if he enterpriſed to ſwim to gain thoſe veſſels, it would not be impoſſible for him to do it, if he went alone without enterpriſing to ſuſtain the Cradle; but as he would not forſake the child which heaven had put into his protection, he could not reſolve to do it; for he was no ſooner on the rock, but the wind changed, and puſhed thither ſuch an abundance of foam, that if *Clelius* had not held the Cradle of this young Prince in his arms, he had been drowned in the ſea. *Clelius* being in this deplorable eſtate, believed when he ſee his ſon periſh, he did not doubt of his wifes death, his generoſity hindred from thinking of preſerving his own life, and he ſaw little appearance to preſerve that unhappy infant; but in the end, one of theſe *Carthaginian* veſſels which had not periſhed, being puſhed in deſpight of him towards that rock and *Clelius* having made divers ſigns, was in the end perceived by him which commanded it, which being capable of humanity, had taken a particular care to ſave the moſt of thoſe men he could, which were ſhipwrackt, and in the end, the wind having ceaſed on a ſudden, it was eaſie for him without danger to approach the rock: and *Clelius* put himſelf again in the water, charged with the Cradle of the ſon of *Porſenna* to gain the veſſel, where he had the joy to find again his dear *Sulpitia*, that a faithfull ſlave had ſaved her by bearing her upon the water, and making her to board the ſhip where he found her. This interview had ſomething very delightful: for *Clelius* was much comforted by finding his wife, and *Sulpicia* was very joyfull to ſee again her huſband, ſhe believed at firſt ſhe had recovered her ſon, when ſhe ſaw *Clelius* with a child in his arms, but ſhe was ſoon diſabuſed, and in the end they both comforted themſelves for the loſſe of their child by him fortune had given them, and by the conſolation they had to ſee one another, after they had believed never to have ſeen one another again, and it ſeemed, that in the ſhipwrack, where they had believed to have loſt all, they ſaved that which was of moſt value; for they found a part of their veſſel run on ground on a heap of ſand, where the richeſt things which they had were, and *Sulpicia* ſtrugling in the water had ſeiſed on a plank of another broken veſſel, upon which was a casket faſtned by divers cords wound round about it in that turning which was made at the time of the ſhipwrack; ſo that this faithfull ſlave of *Clelius*, who had ſaved *Sulpicia*, having found her ſuſtaining her ſelf by this plank, which was ready to ſink by the weight of this casket, ſupported her, and brought her to the veſſel where *Clelius* found her (for it was very nigh) bringing likewiſe in his hands the casket which was faſtened to the plank, imagining without examination, that it was hers, ſo that after *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* had had the leaſure to meditate on the accident which was arrived, they found that their loſſe was leſſe then they thought of in this occaſion; for they had found a child in ſtead of theirs, and ſtones of an ineſtimable value in that Casket.

In the mean time, *Clelius* believing that he could not better acknowledge the favour that the gods had afforded him by ſaving his life, than in having a particular care of that child he had found, prayed *Sulpicia* to nouriſh it in ſtead of hers, and to love it as her own, and as they both felt the grief they had for the loſſe of theirs; they would have reſtored this child to thoſe which had loſt it, if they were not periſht themſelves, but they could not hear of them, for the misfortune was, that thoſe of the *Carthaginian* Veſſels ſaved none but thoſe which were with *Clelius* and the other veſſels, which were nigh that in which *Porſennas* ſon was ſhipwrackt, ſuccoured thoſe which eſcaped there, but as the tempeſt ſeparated them, and their wayes being different, *Clelius* could learn nothing of the birth of this child, neither of what country he was, nevertheleſſe his hope was, that the veſſel which had ſaved him, went thither where he had a deſign to go: he obliged the Captain, to whom he owed his life, to bring him to *Carthage*, where he had a deſign to paſſe the time of his exile, to the end ſaid he, that I may not have my ſpirit troubled by the recitall of *Tarquins* tyranny. But to make *Sulpicia* love the child better, the gods had given them, he deſired he ſhould have the name of *Aronces*, which was the name of the child he had loſt; but he would not ſay, when he came to *Carthage* that *Aronces* was his ſon, though he had for him a paternal affection, for fear that ſhould obſcure his knowledge, and not knowing whether he ſhould have other children, he would not diſguiſe the truth, but he would carefully keep the Cradle, and the ſwading bands in which this child had been found, and likewiſe imagined that the ſtones he had found in that Casket might conduce to his knowledge: And he had for this child which was unknown to him, all the cares which his high birth rendred him worthy of, but whilſt *Clelius* rendred to him all the offices of a true father, *Nicius* and *Martia* which had been ſaved by a *Syracuſian* veſſel, were in ſo ſtrange a deſpair for the loſſe of this young Prince, which was truſted to their care, that they durſt never declare his death to the particular friends of *Galerita*, though they were ſtrongly perſwaded he had periſhed; for as things were then, if this young Prince had been in their power, they durſt not in any wiſe have revealed his birth, and they remained at *Syracuſa*, where they learnt that *Porſenna* was more ſtrictly kept, that *Biennor* perſecuted *Galerita*, and that *Sextilia* had no children. But to return to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, you ſhall know Madam, that they lived at *Carthage*, where their vertue ſoon gained them many friends, and the young *Aronces* comforted them ſo well for the loſſe of their ſon, that if they had had a deſire to deſtroy him to reſuſcitate the other, they could not reſolve to do it, and indeed I have heard them ſay, he was amiable even from his Cradle, and that he ever appeared to have ſomething ſo great in him, little as he was, that it was eaſie even then to imagine that he ſhould be of illuſtrious extraction, he was likewiſe more dear to *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, becauſe they were four years without any children, but in the end *Sulpitia* had a daughter, which was called *Clelia*, but a daughter ſo fair, that they ſpoke of her beauty even at her birth, I ſhall not trouble my ſelf Madam to exaggerate to you all her firſt attraction, though I have heard *Aronces* ſay, ſhe teſtified ſo much ſpirit, even before ſhe could ſpeak, for as I have things of more importance

importance to tell you, I shall not weary your patience by a recital of that nature, and I shall content my self to assure you, that if *Clelius* forgot nothing to bring up the young *Aronces*, *Sulpicia* likewise forgot nothing to bring up the young *Clelia*; neither shall I trouble my self Madam, to tell you many particularitis of the Grandeur and Magnificence of *Carthage*, to make you comprehend that these two Persons could not be better in any place of the Earth; since it is true, they found in it all they might find in the most political Republicks, and in the most flourishing Monarchies; but as it is not that of which I must treat, but it is the life of *Aronces* you must know: I shall tell you in two words, that *Carthage* is one of the richest and fairest Cities in the World, and that as all the *Africans* have a natural inclination to delight, though they are a warlike People, all pleasures were found in this Magnificent City, as much as in any place of the Earth.

Moreover, as *Carthage* is dreadful to her Neighbours, it is never without the residence of men of Quality from all bordering Estates, and it hath in its Neighbourhood a Prince which is called the Prince of *Carthage*, because he derives his descent from an Aunt of *Dido*, which did likewise reside there, before he imbroyled himself with this Republick: the Prince of *Numidia* here present, was at this time there, and there was no Prince in *Africa*, which desired not to send his Children to *Carthage*, so that *Aronces* saw even from his Birth, Persons whose conditions were proportionable to his, for as *Clelius* was much esteemed in this City, and *Aronces* was of a pleasant disposition, and a dexterous wit, he easily familiarised himself with the *Carthaginian* and *Numidian* Princes, they being all of one Age; the Prince of *Carthage* so entirely affecting his Conversation, (that when he went to a City under his power called *Utica*, not far distant from *Carthage*, he always accompanied him) *Aronces* by this means being very little in *Clelia*'s company, whom he then considered, but as *Clelius* his Daughter to whom he was obliged both for his life and education; and it is as natural for those of fifteen or sixteen years, to seek those which are elder, he having nigh compleated a lustre more than *Clelia*, did not at this time much esteem her, the pleasures he found with the *Carthaginian* and *Numidian* Princes diverting his eyes from that amiable Object, whose Beauty (as he hath since confessed to me) began then to emit those rayes, which have since wounded his heart, but he so well behaved himself towards *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, that they loved him as if he had been their Son, and expended for him, as if he had been their Child; but Madam, that you may the better understand my Narration, you must know that the Prince of *Carthage* hath a man of Quality depending on him, named *Amilcar*, whom he much loved, and which is the most agreeable and accomplished man in the World, who contracted so great a friendship with *Aronces*, that it is reported *Amilcar* was no more loved by the *Carthaginian* Prince, than *Aronces* was of *Amilcar*.

And this young Prince having taken a resolution to travel unknown, *Amilcar* desired that *Aronces* should accompany him, (and *Clelia* having consented thereto) *Aronces* being then sixteen years old, and the young *Clelia* twelve, departed with the Prince of *Carthage* and *Amilcar* to see *Greece*; but that which was most remarkable, was, that at their return, the Tempest having cast them in *Sicyly*, in stead of returning to *Carthage*, as they intended, they resolved to see *Rome*, and the greatest part of the principal Cities of *Tuscany*, and these two opposite Voyages requiring some time to perform them, they were four years before they returned to *Carthage*. *Aronces* being twenty, and *Clelia* sixteen when they finished their peregrination; but before I tell you what passed between *Clelia* and him at their first enterview, it will be requisite to acquaint you, that at their departure from *Rome*, where the violences of *Tarquin* continued, the Prince of *Carthage* who travelled unknown, encountred an Illustrious *Roman*, named *Horatius*, whom the unjust *Tarquin* had banished, who without knowing where to pass the time of his exile, acquainted himself with *Aronces*, who very well understood the Latine Tongue, because *Clelius* who loved his Country, even to sacrifice his life for it, would not have *Aronces* ignorant of that Language: *Horatius* having a desire therefore to leave it some time to go into a strange Country, was very glad to find one endowed with so many rare qualities, which spoke his Language, and who having learn'd his design, proposed to him to go to *Carthage*, where he assured him he should find *Clelius*, whose name and vertue *Horatius* very well knew; for his Father and his, had been alwayes friends, though they had been Rivals, and *Aronces* having an Inclination to serve *Horatius*: not only because he appeared to have much Spirit, but because he was a *Roman*, and Son to one of *Clelius*'s his Friends, entreated *Amilcar*, to pray the Prince of *Carthage* that this illustrious exile might accompany him, and find an *asylum* with him, and *Amilcar* following his natural generosity, and willing to satisfie *Aronces* whom he loved, easily obtained of the Prince of *Carthage* that which he demanded, who became from this time *Aronces*'s particular Friend, he not foreseeing that which should one day divide them: but Madam, before I declare the Arrival of this Illustrious Troop at *Carthage*, you must know, that leaving them at *Capua*; I shall somewhat enlarge my Discourse, and tell you, that during the four years of *Aronces*'s absence, *Clelia* was mounted to such a transcendent height of perfection, that there was nothing spoke of at his Return, but her Beauty at *Carthage*, and she had had so many attractive Graces, that she took all hearts captive, and made them do vassalage and homage to her. He who had the greatest Authority in *Carthage*, and who was named *Mahurbal*, was become so amorous of her, that he was not in estate to observe the Laws of the Country, acknowledging no other than those love had imposed upon him; but as he is a violent man and very rich, he imagined that if he did but demand *Clelia* of her Father, he should without doubt obtain her, and if *Clelius* had been a *Carthaginian*, he had easily given him his Daughter, but as he had a *Roman* heart, and had not renounced his Country, he could not resolve to give *Clelia* to a man which was not of his Country, and without disguising his thoughts, he would have at first explicated himself, when this Marriage was proposed to him; though it appeared to be very advantagious for him, for without doubt *Mahurbal*'s Authority was greater there than any others; for the Prince of *Numidia* who was captivated by this fair Person, durst not openly testifie his love, for as he was than an Hostage with the *Carthaginians*, by reason of a Treaty his Father had made with this Republique, he had

been very, imprudent, if he had declared himself his Rival, who held him in his power, and which it may be upon sleight pretexts, would have arrested him, or at least made him depart from *Carthage*, and estrange himself from his beloved Object, to whom he only endeavoured to make his love appear, though he knew very well, that *Clelius* had said, he would not marry his Daughter, but to a *Roman*, yet he doubted not, but if he could touch *Clelius* heart, to make him alter his resolution, and to prefer him before that Puissant Rival, who so highly declared himself, for he believed that a *Numidian* Prince ought to be more considered by *Clelius*, than a man which had but a limited Authority, and which had it not for ever.

Thus you see Madam, in what estate things were, when the Prince of *Carthage*, *Aronces*, *Amilcar* and *Horatius* arrived there, but as Fortune from very inconsiderable beginnings discloseth those Events which oftentimes prove remarkable: *Aronces* revisited the Fair *Clelia* in such a gallant manner, that it much contributed to that passion, which since hath tormented his life, for be pleased to know Madam, that as *Carthage* hath been heretofore begun to be builded by the illustrious *Dido*, in a place which was bought of the *Phenicians* which then inhabited there, and since finished by them, it hath ever remained as a mark of dependance of that proud City to that of *Tyre*, for there is built there every Year a Magnificent Vessel, in which they send to the *Phenicians* the tenth part of the Republique Revenue, with the tenth part of the Booty and Prisoners that are taken in War, they likewise exchange every Year two Virgins chosen by lot, and those which come to demand this tribute bring two *Phenicians*, and receive two *Carthaginians*, which are always most advantagiously married in both Countries, as this Ceremony is famous, there is in one day destined to the renewing the Alliance of these two People, which is spent in nothing but publick rejoycing, for there hath ever been two men of Quality sent from *Phenicia*, which come to receive this Tribute, and which usually make a Magnificent Feast to the principal Magistrate of the City, in that proud Vessel, and assoon as they are returned to Shore, they ply their Oars, and hoist their Sails. And as *Maharball* ought to perform this Ceremony, and to renew the Aliance with the *Phenicians* and *Carthaginians*, he to content his passion, obliged the *Tyrians* which were to make this sumptuous Feast, to invite thither the principal Ladies of the City, so that at the going out of that famous Temple of *Dido*, where this Alliance was to be renewed, all the Ladies conducted by *Maharball*'s Sister, which is a vertuous Person, were brought the two *Carthaginians* which were to go into *Phenicia*, and received the two *Phenicians*, which were to remain at *Carthage*; but as this Feast was indeed made for *Clelia*, she was there with her Mother, *Clelius* not daring to oppose her going where so many other Ladies were, though *Maharball*'s passion displeased him, she being induced thither more by reason than inclination, for *Clelia*'s heart was not yet submitted to loves flame, neither had any of her Adorers made any impression in it, and it might very well be discerned, that she did affect nothing but glory, it giving an augmentation to her Beauty; but to relate the real truth of things, I believe she loved it not too much, at least, I have not seen a fairer in my life, in whom there appeared less affectation.

In the mean time, we arrived at *Carthage* the day of this Feast advantageously for the *Phenicians*, and very gloriously for our selves; for Madam, two dayes before the Vessel in which we were, had taken two of the Isle of *Cyrene*, with whom the *Carthaginians* had some contest, there being War between *Sicyly* their Confederate, and this Isle: but without reciting all the particulars of this action; I shall tell you in few words, that the Prince of *Carthage*, *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, and *Horatius* did highly signalize themselves in this occasion, and that we took in the end these two Vessels, in which we found a very rich Booty, though those of the Isle *Cyrene* were not rich, they having before taken it in a *Sicylian* Vessel which came from *Corinth*: So that we took in this occasion a considerable Prize, whether by the richness of the Merchandize, or the number of the Slaves: but not to obscure the glory of *Aronces*, it is certain, that all those which were in our Ship, agreed that he had more contributed to this Great Action, than any other, and as I have told you, we arrived very opportunely for the *Phenicians*, to whom the tenth part of our Booty belonged, and very agreeable for our selves, for when our Vessel entred into the Port *Clelia* and three or four other Ladies were on the Poop of that Magnificent Ship that the *Carthaginians* sent to *Phenicia*, and she was there entertained by *Maharbal*, and by the *Numidian* Prince; when we approach'd it the Prince of *Carthage*, *Aronces*, and *Amilcar* knew what was the Feast they made, and told it us, but when they were nigher and might discern the Beauty of *Clelia*, they were extremely surprized at it, and *Aronces* was sometime without knowing her, but as he was at first known by *Clelia*, she so obligingly saluted him, that he knew very well, that this fair Person was that dear adopted Sister, with whom he had passed his minority; so that he took much part in all the praises that the Prince of *Carthage*, *Amilcar*, *Horatius* and I attributed to her Beauty; but if *Aronces* was sensible of her Glory, *Clelia* was likewise of his, when that the Prince of *Carthage* followed by *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, *Horatius* and I were in the tributary Vessel where all the Ladies were, to render account to *Maharbal* of the Prize he had taken, for as the Vessel was not his, but belonged to the Republique; the glory only of this action appertained to him, which he would have given entirely to *Aronces*, to whom he gave all the praises, speaking to *Maharbal* in presence of *Clelia*, that he made him be looked on with admiration by all those which understood him; but as *Aronces* hath without doubt all the modesty of a truly brave man, he departed from the place where they spoke so advantagiously of him, and approaching *Sulpicia*, he demanded of her news of *Clelius*, he not being there, and a little after, not being able to hinder himself from speaking of the Beauty of her admirable Daughter, he rejoyced with her to see her so fair, and afterwards seeking occasion to speak to her in particular, whilst *Maharbal*, the Prince of *Numidia* entertained the Prince of *Carthage* and *Amilcar*, he testified to her his joy to see her endowed with such excelling Features, *Clelia* on her part, who knew how her Father loved *Aronces*, received him with as many testimonies of friendship, as if he had been her Brother, as *Clelius* had desired her to stile him, and that *Aronces* should call her his Sister, so that when he was nigh her, this charming Virgin thus said to him,

him, before he could frame himself to speak to her, the admiration of her beauty having for some time suspended his speech: Tell me my Brother, said she to him, hath not absence made you forget *Carthage* and *Greece*, and *Italy*, have not they made you hate *Africa*? but before you answer me, added she smiling, remember I pray you, that though I was born at *Carthage*, I boast my self to be a *Roman*, for fear that without thinking of it, you put it before *Rome*, and prefer some other Country to my true Countrey. I now remember said *Aronces* so little of all I have seen during my voyage, that I cannot tell how to render you an account of it, for in the end my dear sister (if it is permitted an adopted brother to tell you my thoughts) you are the fairest creature I ever saw, and if *Rome* knew your beauty, I am perswaded it would wage a bloodier war to draw you from it, than that as *Greece* heretofore made against *Troy*, for to reconquer that fair Princess, whose name shall last as long as the world; at least, I know well, added he, that the most famous beauty of *Rome*, which is that of a person of great quality called *Lucrece*, is not comparable to yours; for all I see replyed *Clelia*, smiling, you are become such a flatterer, that I dare no more name yon my brother, but for to tell me something, that I may hear without blushing, pursued she, tell me, I conjure you, if you are satisfied concerning *Rome*, and if *Tarquin* ever merits by his violences the attribute of proud *Rome* is assuredly replyed *Aronces*, the first City of all *Italy*, and it deserves to be the worlds *Metropolis*, since it may boast to be your true Country, but for *Tarquin*, he is so absolute there, that though all people murmure secretly against him, there is no appearance that his tyranny should soon finish, for hardly doth he know that any one is against his Interests, but he exiles him, or puts him to death: As *Aronces* had thus sayd, they saw enter in the vessel where he was, the tenth part of the slaves that the Prince of *Carthage* had taken, and that he had sent as an homage to the *Phenicians*, which gave a thousand praises to him in receiving them; but *Clelia* hearing the Prince of *Carthage* say, that those slaves belonged to *Aronces*, she put an obliging war to him in demanding an exact account of his conquests; it is rather for me replyed he gallantly to demand of you an account of yours, which are assuredly more illustrious than mine; for I do not doubt, but if I saw all those which have been inslaved by the attractive lustre of your eyes, since my departure, I should see them in a far greater number, than those the Prince of *Carthage* attributeth to me, at least I know you may vanquish the vanquisher of others, If you enterprise it: After that *Amilcar* approaching, *Aronces* demanded of him, shewing *Clelia* to him, if he did not fear to be shipwrackt at the Port? and the conversation being become generall, I gave my verdict as well as *Amilcar*.

But Madam, I must ingeniously confess unto you, she is the fairest nature ever made for wonder, and in her alone are concentred all those graces (may be imagined) to compleat a perfect beauty, the brightness of her hair adding a lustre to her sparkling eyes, and the circumference of her face framed after such exact rules of proportion, that no pencill is able to delineate her mouth for shape, shaming the imitation of the best artists, and the livelicst colours, (though tempered with the hands of the most exquisite Painters) are but dull shadows, and imperfect Representations in comparison of that perfect mixture of red and white, which tinctures her complexion; but she is furthermore imbellish'd with all the Charms of a tempting beauty, for she hath a gallant and modest ayr, a lofty yet lovely Countenance, not any imperious deportment, but such an affable behaviour, that she commands both Love and Respect from all those who behold her, and though she hath a firm and bold spirit above those of her sex, she hath such an engaging sweetness that none can resist, and that grandeur of spirit which makes her despise the greatest perills if she be threatned with them, hath imprinted a certain timerous modesty on her visage, which heightens her unparallel'd Features.

Clelia being adorned with all these superexcellent embellishments of Nature, gave so much admiration to *Aronces*, *Horatius*, and to me, when wee saw her in that vessel which was going to *Phenicia*, that she was the sole subject of our discourse the Remainder of that day, for *Horatius* he spoke of it less then me, for besides that naturally hee doth not love to declare his thoughts, I have known, that he felt himself so wounded with *Clelias* beauty at this first sight, that he would not hinder his spirit from being wholly possessed with that fair person whom he alone contemplated, without communicating his Resentments to any persons, as for *Aronces*, he was more happy then *Horatius*, for as he resided in *Clelius* his house, he passed there the rest of that day and all the night, but he lodged no more there, because the Prince of *Carthage* would absolutely that he should lodge in his Pallace, and that he should be depending on him, and that *Aronces* having nothing but what *Clelius* had given him, was not sorry to find such an illustrious way to subsist by his own virtue receiving the benefits of so great a Prince.

In the mean time, after *Clelius* had imbraced *Aronces* with a Paternall affection, he had likewise much joy to see *Horatius* which was son to one of his deerest friends, and prayd *Aronces* to love him as if he had been his Brother, and commanded *Sulpicia* and his amiable Daughter, to take a particular care of him, for when *Clelius* entertained *Horatius* of the present Estate of *Rome*, he found such a Sympathy in his thoughts, and that he so much hated *Tarquin*, and the fiery and cruell *Tullia* his wife, that he loyed him much more for it, so that *Aronces* who very much esteem'd *Horatius*, and which was very much beloved by him, performed all that he could imagin to render his Exile less rigorous; but as freindship is not alwaies dispensed by exact Justice, though I had less merit then *Horatius*, I had a greater part in the affection of *Aronces*, being his entire Confident so soon as we arrived at *Carthage*, we knew the next day *Maharballs* love for *Clelia* without knowing the Prince of *Numidias*, which as I have already told you, made it appear but to her which caused it, but as he soon noted the credit that *Aronces* had with *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, and their admirable Daughter, he endeavoured by all meanes to gain his friendship, in which without doubt he had much part, and since that time, as Liberty is much greater at *Carthage*, then *Rome*; the Prince of *Numidia*, *Aronces*, *Horatius* and I were almost alwaies with *Sulpicia*, and we had the Advantages, not to be often importuned by *Maharballs* presence, because as he nigh sustained the weight of the Republique, it was

impossible for him absolutely to renounce his duty, to satisfie his Love; and relying on his Authority, he easily dispensed with all those petty cares, he thought unnecessary. And since none imbarqued from *Carthage*, without his provision, he did not fear *Clelius* would go from thence, nor that any man of quality in the City durst be his Rivall, as for the Prince of *Carthage*, he turned eyes another way, *Amilcar* seemed to have two or three designs instead of one, and the Prince of *Numidia* was not in estate to dare to oppose him openly, he lookt upon *Aronces* as one unknown, which durst not turn his eyes towards the Daughter of a man, to whom he owed his life, and he considered *Horatius* and I as two strangers which would not stay at *Carthage*, and which would not make an enemy of him which should protect us. *Clelia* being by these considerations importuned by him, and we were more happy, for though *Mabarball* hath Spirit, it is an incommodious spirit, he having a formed eloquence with an insupportable slowness, and which would enforce attention from his auditors, as if his discourse contained much ingenuity, who believes himself to be above all, he knowes who boasteth himself to be of a great house, great spirit, and great heart, and who is the violentest man in the world; but in despight of all his violence, the Prince of *Numidia* was his Rivall, tis true, he was in so discreet a manner, that no person perceived it but *Clelia* only, and he had perswaded *Mabarball* that the reason which so often induced him to *Sulpicias* house; was, that he was charm'd with her Language, and indeed the Prince with so much assiduity studied the Roman language to have only the power to speak of his Love to *Clelia*, (as I have known this morning by himself) and to vent his passion the first time to that fair person, for as he had lately left a man which depended on *Clelius*, who taught it him, he feigned to entertain himself alone with her, whilst *Sulpicia* spoke to other Ladyes to have forgotten some instructions he had given him, so that he made divers questions to her saying, he should be very much obliged to her if she would be his mistress, as the language you learned said she to him, is nigh as strange to me as you; (though I have learnt it from my Cradle since I do not ordinarily speak it, I should teach you my errours instead of correcting yours. As I principally learned that Language, sayd he to her, because I know you love it; and that for to speak it with you, I ought chiefly to speak as you, since I would be understood but by you alone, refuse not mee therefore the favour to clear my doubts, and to assist me to express my self when I entertain you, for it is certain, that how fair and copious the Language of your Country is, I find it poor and steril, every time I would tell you I love you, and I beleeve, tis rather because I have not found terms enough to declare it to you, then any defect of boldness: But in fine cruell *Clelia*, since you will not teach me to tell it you better I now tell it you, and tell it you with a resolution, to tell it you when any occasion presents, and with a resolution carefully to seek it, I will take such a particular care to shun you, replyed *Celia*, that if it is true you love me, you will more then once repent what you have sayd, it hath been so long that I have repented for not discovering my Love to you sooner, replyed the Prince of *Numidia*, that I can hardly believe I shall ever repent to have told you that I love you, for in fine you cannot inflict any punishment upon me, for which I am not prepared, I demand of you therefore the favour, added he, to tell me only if you have as much aversion for me as *Mabarball*, that which you have told me, replyed she, hath so much exasperated me, that I cannot now tell whether there is any other person in the world then you which displeaseth me, ah rigorous *Clelia*! cry'd he, you carry too far your hatred by not being willing to tell me that you hate me lesse then a man that I know is very odious to you, and to make me beleive that I am the only person to whom you are averse, see then Madam what was the declaration of the Prince of *Numidia's* Love, and in what manner the admirable *Clelia* received the discovery of his affection, she kept her word as she said, to avoid his particular conversation; but she had the generosity to do it so carefully, that none should perceive it for fear they might divine the cause, and that *Mabarball* should not have occasion to treat this Prince with any severity, as she told it to one of his friends, to the end to make him comprehend, that if she did not openly testifie her hatred against him, 'twas not that he ought to conceive more hope; since, twas but by a bountry which was entirely dissentaneous from all his pretentions.

In the mean time *Aronces* seeing the admirable *Clelia* every day, and seeing her with much familiarity, was taken in the snares of her beauty, and not being one moment ignorant of the nature of that affection which began to cloud his Liberty, as usually those are which have had no passion, he really imagined in what fears and disquietudes this Love would involve his Soul, for though he was much esteemed by *Clelia*, and tenderly affected by her Parents, he little expected ever to attain that happiness he so much desired, and his birth being unknown, it would be esteemed an high presumption if he should levell his thoughts at *Clelia*, but what considerations soever he used to oppose this new born passion, proved too weak to resist those Charms shot from such a tempting beauty. On the other side, *Horatius* was at first so powerfully touch'd with *Clelia's* perfections, that I am assured, he loved as soon as his eyes surveyed those inimitable Graces Nature had bestowed upon her, he not then imagining Love had stole his Heart, but contrary to *Aronces*, called that Esteem and admiration which might have admitted the term of Love, and these two Rivalls not being acquainted with one anothers affections; spent their time in an amicable familiarity, the Prince of *Numidia* much esteeming them, and *Clelia* had three Lovers which knew not themselves to be Rivalls, and of whom but one had disclosed his amourous intentions; I put not *Mabarball* in this number, for his passion was so generally known, that no person could be ignorant of it.

In the mean time, The Nuptialls (of the two *Phœnicians*, exchanged for the two *Carthaginians* the day we arrived there) were solemnized, and as these marriages were performed at the Republicks expences, there was a great Feast made, and nothing but publick acclamations of joy during the space of eight days; but I confess Madam, *Clelias* Conversations was to be preferred before those Festivall delights, she having a spirit suiting the pleasantness of her disposition. I remember one day amongst the rest, *Aronces*, *Horatius*, and I were with her, with two Ladies of the City, the one named *Sozemisba*,

nisba, and the other *Barce*, for it is certain we could not better spend our time then with *Sulpicia*, the ground of this discourse proceeded from two men which had married the two *Phenicians*, one being amourous of her whom he had espoused at first sight, and disaffected her soon after the Nuptialls, the other which had espoused her, which was destin'd to him not being amourous, was become amourous since his marriage, so that this event being singular and agreable, they at first examined this fantasticall adventure; for my self sayd, *Clelia* I cannot conceive that it is possible to one to love, that he hath not the leisure to know, I easily imagine that a great beauty pleaseth at first sight, but cannot conceive how Love should be produced in a moment, and I am strongly perswaded that one cannot at the first time that they see a person, as amiable as can be imagined, feel any thing in his heart but some disposition to love, as you have never been in Love, replyed *Horatius*, tis not very strange that you do not know how this passion possesses hearts, and it is certainly true, that one may love at the first sight if they see a person that is capable to be beloved, and I confess that if they should love her at first sight the love would not be, it may be, strong enough to give a long inquietude, and that it would finish as speedily as it begun; as at first a spark cannot make a great fire if care be taken to extinguish it, so Love hath need of entertainment to increase it; but as this spark is fire, though it casteth no great heat nor light, so Love at first is Love, though it is but newly begun. It is certain replyed *Aronces*, that Love as friendship may be born in an instant which usually is preceded by many good Offices, but I am perswaded that that Love which hath no sudden beginning, and which is advanc'd by great esteem and very much admiration, is more strong and solid then that which is tumultuously born without knowing whether the person beloved hath either virtue or spirit, for I have heard say, that there are men which become amorous of women, with whom they had never changed a word; and there are some sayd *Sozomisba* which have loved women having never seen them, and which have even loved a picture; for those added *Barce*, I think they may be rather rank'd with those which have no reason, then in the rank of those which have Love. Indeed replyed *Clelia*, tis not so strange to see a man very amorous of a fair picture, as of a woman which hath neither Beauty spirit or virtue, as there are some which are; For my particular, replied I, I find the fair *Clelia* hath reason, and that it is the greatest folly imaginable to love that which is not amiable. I am of your opinion, replyed *Horatius*, but be likewise of mine, and confess that all great passions have a violent beginning, and that there is nothing which more demonstrates an ardent and durable Love, then when it is born in an instant without consulting our reason, I easily am of your opinion, replyed *Aronces*, that one may begin to have love at the first sight of an amiable person; but I will not confess that those which have this first thought of passion more violent than others, love more or longer, for 'tis rather an effect of their temperament, than the grandeur of their passion, so that ordinarily those which are of a hot nature love not so constantly as others, because not having power over their own dispositions, they must necessarily change Love as other things, and it consequently follows, that those which love the speediest are not the most constant: But in fine, said *Clelia*, it matters not whether they change or no, 'tis not of that I intend to speak, for that I maintain is, that one cannot have Love at the first sight they see a woman: I assure you Madam, replyed *Horatius*, I know a man which from the first day he saw one of the most admirable persons in the world, had I know not what in his heart which entirely possest it, which gave him joy and inquietude, desires, hope and fear, and which in fine, rendred him so different from himself, that if it was not love he had in his heart, it was something which very much resembled it. I know another, replyed *Aronces*, without suspecting *Horatius* his Passion for *Clelia*, which hath long time had esteem and admiration without loving a marvellous person; 'tis true, I am perswaded, that the reason which then hindred him from it was, that he believed himself not permitted to love that which he should adore: but beginning to love, replyed *Clelia*, hath he left adoration, for if so, I find that which he adored ought to wish he should not love it, these two Resentments are not incompatible.

Madam, replyed *Aronces*, and though we might adore things we love not, because they surpass our knowledge, we do nevertheless love that which we adore; for my self, replyed *Barce*, between those two thoughts, I should love him better which belongs to a mistress than him which appertains not but to a Goddess, and the tenderness of the heart is so to be prefer'd before the admiration of the spirit, that I put no comparison between those two things, indeed added *Sozomisbe*, tenderness is a quality so necessary to all manner of affections, that they cannot be agreeable or perfect if it is not there, I comprehend well said *Clelia*, that we may say a tender amity, and there is a notable difference between an ordinary and a tender amity, but said *Sozomisbe*, I have never heard of a tender amity, and I ever figur'd it to my self, that this affected and significative term was consecrated to perfect amity, and that it was only speaking of it, we might fitly imply the word tender, so many men use it now replyed I, that we know not a truer signification of it. I would therefore hinder, said *Clelia*, that that word which signifies a thing so sweet, rare, and agreeable, should be prophan'd though *Celeres* hath said every one useth it. For my particular, replied *Sozomisbe*, I promise you always to make use of it, if you can make me understand its true signification: I promise the same thing added *Barce*, for I ingenuously confess unto you, that though there passes never a day but I tell some of my friends that I love them tenderly, and some friends accost me in the same Language, I confess it may be that it appertains not to me to use it: As I am perswaded, added *Aronces*, that there is a species of an amorous tenderness which puts as much difference between the Loves of those which have it or have it not, as ordinary tenderness puts to amity, I shall be infinitely obliged to the fair *Clelia*, if she will define tenderness, and decipher how I may know it, and what value it sets on friendship, to the end I may prove in the sequel of it, that tenderness joyned to Love, much augmenteth its estimation; as I have naturally a tender Spirit, replyed *Clelia*, I think it appertains to me more than any other, to speak of tenderness and that *Barce* with all her Spirit, cannot do it so well as I.

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I have already confeſſed, replyed that fair perſon, that I do not well know how to make uſe of this word, neither do I preciſely know, whether I have any tenderneſs or not, therefore I ſhall be infinitely obliged if you pleaſe to tell me the difference between an ordinary and a tender amity; it is ſo conſiderable, replyed *Clelia*, that I may very well ſay, there is leſs between the indifferent amity, than between theſe two. For in fine, that which hath no tenderneſs, is a kind of a tranquillous friendſhip, which gives neither great contentments, nor great inquietudes to thoſe which are capable of them, they have even friendſhip in their hearts, without expreſſing any ſenſibility; depart from them without being melancholy, they think not of them if they ſee them not, they render them courteſies without great joy, and they receive them without much acknowledgment, they neglect all petty cares, the evils of thoſe they love touch them not, generoſity and oſtentation hath as much part in all they act as friendſhip, they have a certain Lethargy of heart, which makes them not feel the joy to be beloved of thoſe they love, they put little difference between the converſation of other perſons, and thoſe to whom they have promiſed amity: In fine, they love with ſo much lukewarmneſs, that the leaſt conteſtation there is between them and their friends, they are ready to infringe their promiſed friendſhip: Furthermore they are not enough ſenſible, neither of the good or evil of thoſe to whom they have promiſed friendſhip, for uſually they coldly oppoſe thoſe who defame them, and praiſe them themſelves without order or aggravation, and we may ſay they love as if they loved not, ſo lukewarm is this ſort of friendſhip, and uſually their affection is very much intereſſed, and if any one ſeek the cauſe of it they would be found but in themſelves. And indeed we ſee every day that thoſe friends without tenderneſs abandon thoſe to whom they have promiſed affection, as ſoon as fortune frowns on them, there is likewiſe ſome of them which cannot ſuffer the long ſickneſs of thoſe they love, and which deſire to ſee them with aſſiduity, when they are not in eſtate to divertiſe them. That which you now ſay, happened once to me replyed *Sozonisbe*, for I had a languiſhing malady, which made me know there are few tender friends, in the beginning when I fell ſick, purſued this fair perſon, they had very great care of me, but when the length of my ſickneſs had made me become melancholy, and that I demanded no remedies, but of thoſe which came to ſee me, inſtead of then demanding news of me, or to tell them of it, I was ſoon in a very great ſolitude, and I knew that thoſe whom I eſteemed my beſt friends derided at me in effect, a man one day of my acquaintance was asked how long it was ſince he ſaw me, he anſwered, that till he was become ſo experienced to find ſome remedies to cure my melancholy, he would not ſee me, and the ſame queſtion being demanded a Lady, ſhe ſaid cruelly that unleſs ſhe knew the vertue of all vegetables, ſhe could not make me a viſit which would be pleaſing to me, and that it was better to leave me at quiet, than to weary themſelves by importuning me. 'Tis true, ſaid *Aronces*, what this fair *Sozonisba* hath ſaid, and it is true, added *Horatius*. becauſe we uſually content our ſelves to deplore their miſhaps without comforting them, judge then I pray, added *Clelia*, if friendſhip without tenderneſs is a ſweet thing, and if I have not reaſon not to account them friends which have not a tender heart, as I have expreſſed to you, for in fine it is not that only which makes the ſweetneſs of amity, and which makes it conſtant and violent together, tenderneſs hath yet that of more particular, that even aſcribeth to it, I know not what character of gallantry which rendring it more divertiſing, it inſpireth civility in thoſe which are capable of it, and there is as great difference between a tender friend and an ordinary friend, as between a tender friend and a lover, but better to define tenderneſs. I think I may call it a certain ſenſibility of heart, which never ſoveraignly operates, but in thoſe which have noble ſouls, vertuous Inclinations, and well weighed ſpirits, and which makes them when they have friendſhip, to have it ſincerely and ardently, and to feel lively the griefs and joys of thoſe they love as their own, 'tis this tenderneſs which obliges them to love better to be with their unhappy friends, than to be in a place of divertiſement: it is this which makes them excuſe their faults and defects, and to praiſe with exaggeration their leaſt virtues, 'tis this which makes them do great ſervices with joy, which makes them not neglect the leaſt cares, which renders particular converſations more ſweet than general; which entertaineth Confidence, which eaſily appeaſeth any diſorder, which happeneth amongſt friends, which uniteth all their deſires, which makes complacency, equality as agreeable to thoſe which have it, as to thoſe for whom they have have it, and in a word comprehends all ſweetneſs and affection of friendſhip, and in effect it's this alone which puts joy there, and which by a particular priviledge ſavours nothing of the irregularity of Love; but reſembles it in many things elſe, thoſe which have but a ſtupid and common friendſhip, take only the care to keep the faireſt Letters of their friends; but thoſe which have a tender friendſhip, keep with pleaſure even their leaſt notes, they hearken to an obliging word with a joy, which obliges thoſe which told it them, they take pleaſure in the leaſt things, and by an inexplicable charm thoſe which have a true tenderneſs in their hearts, are never troubled to aſſiſt thoſe for whom they have friendſhip, if they ſhould be ſick or melancholy, judge then what difference there is between friends without tenderneſs and tender friends. Ah Madam, replied *Aronces*, if I would as well define the tenderneſs of Love as you have deciphered that of friendſhip, I ſhould aſſuredly make this company confeſs, that there is Love without tenderneſs as well as friends: 'Tis true added *Horatius* and the fair *Clelia* hath admirably repreſented that precious and delicate part of friendſhip few are acquainted with. For my particular ſaid *Barce* ſmiling, I confeſs in my life I never fitly uſed the word tenderneſs, if it be true that it muſt have poſitively ſeat in the heart as *Clelia* hath ſaid, to have it right, that is to ſay, to love tenderly. It is not ſo with me, added *Sozonisbe*, for it ſeems that I have an heart made in the manner as it ought to be, to boaſt of tenderneſs. For my part, replyed I, which have had more Love than friendſhip in my life, it more imports me to know what that amorous tenderneſs which puts a difference between Lovers, than that which is between friends, I would therefore deſire the fair *Clelia* to permit *Aronces* to give his judgment of it: though I have leſs intereſt in that kind of tenderneſs,

replyed

replyed she, then you have in that I have spoken of: I voluntarily consent that *Aronces* tell it you: If tis true you do not know it. Since you then permit me Madam sayd *Aronces*; I will boldly say, that tenderness is a quality more necessary for Love then friendship, for it is certain that that affection which is produced by the help of reason, and which is conducted and governed by it, may sometimes act in the hearts of those in which it is as if they had tenderness (though naturally they had it not) but for Love which is ever incompatible with reason, and which at least can never be subject to it, it hath absolutely need of tenderness to correct its brutality stupidity and inconsideration. In effect, a Love without Tenderness hath nothing but impetuous desires which can be confined to no bounds nor limits, and a Lover which hath a like passion in his Soul, considers nothing but his own satisfaction without considering the honour of the person belov'd, for one of the principal Offices of true tenderness is, that it takes much more care for the person it loves then its own, and a Lover which hath it not would do all that which might please him without any Reservation, and he would demand in a rude and uncivill way the greatest favours, as if they were due to him as a Tribute in effect, those freer Lovers, which are enemyes of tendernes, and who defame it, are ordinarily insolent, uncivill, full of vanity, ease to anger, difficult to appease, indiscreet when they are favour'd, insupportable when they are misused; They believe the greatest work of Love they can give; is alwaies to wish to be made happy; for without that they know not neither favours nor graces: They are not contented with favourable regards, sweet speeches, and all those petty things which so elevate the beatitude of those which have tender souls, they are Lovers I say which read but once the Letters of their Mistress, whose hearts have not joyfull emotion when they receive them, who neither know how to rave, speak idly, nor sigh agreeably, and are utterly ignorant of a certain pleasing melancholy which proceeds from the tenderness of an amorous heart, and which is sometimes more pleasing then delight. These are Lovers I say of great noise, which makes all the prooves of their Love consist in excessive expences, and which feel nothing of all those delicacies, this passion inspires their jealousie, even as more brutall then that of the Lovers which have a tender heart, for they often pass from hating their Rivalls to hate their Mistresses, when on the contrary, those Lovers whose loves are mingled with tenderness, somtimes so respect their mistresses, that they restrain their anger against their Rivalls in some occasions, because they cannot do it without exasperating them. For my self sayd *Horatius*, I cannot discern Tenderness from Love in an amorous heart, for that passion when it is violent, so strongly operates in those hearts it possesses, that all the quality of their souls become as it is, or at least assume some amorous impression. Tis true replyed *Aronces*, that love entirely possesseth the heart of a Lover, and it is likewise true, that he which hath an heart naturally tender, shall love more tenderly, then he which shall be of a temper more fierce and rude, and I maintain, to love well, a Lover must have a naturall tenderness, before he hath Love, and this precious and rare quality which is so necessary, to love well, can be hardly acquired, and it is truly a gift of the Gods, of which they are never prodigall, we may gain more spirit, we may correct our vices; and acquire all vertues; but we can never acquire tenderness, we may without doubt sometimes disguise our selves; but it cannot be long, and those which have tenderness, know not how to deceive; In effect, all the words, all the regards, all the cares, all the actions of a Lover, who hath not a tender heart, are entirely different from those of a Lover, which hath tenderness, for he hath sometimes respect without having a kind of sweet submission, which pleaseth much more, of civility without agreement, of obeysance without sweetness; and even Love without a certain delicate sensibility, which alone causeth all the punishments and all the felicities of Lovers, and which is in fine the truest mark of a perfect Lover, I likewise put for a foundation, that a tender Lover knows not how neither to be unfaithfull, cozening, vain, insolent, nor indiscreet, and not to be deceived neither in Love not freindship, we must as well examine if a Lover or a Friend have tenderness, as if they have Love or Friendship.

As *Aronces* had thus spoke, the Prince of *Numydia* entred, and a little after *Maharball*, so that the subject being changed by their coming, all the company after a little discourse went away with that violent Lover of *Clelia*. At our departure from thence, I went with *Aronces* to the Prince of *Carthage*, but though the incomparable *Amilcar* had this night there all the merriness of his pleasant disposition, and that all those which were with the Prince of *Carthage* confessed they never had heard from him more agreeable things. *Aronces* appeared to be very melancholy, and his melancholy was so generally noted, that *Amilcar* demanded of me if I knew not the cause of it, so that having observed him more carefully, I noted that *Aronces* was not where he would be, so that when we were retired, for we then lay together, I pressed him to tell me the cause of his melancholy, at first he would disguise the truth from me, but in the end when I did not think to ask him any more about it, because I beleeved he would not tell me, he stayd himself after he had walked sometime, and looking stedfastly upon me, thus sayd, You are not very inquisitive, said he to me, to demand that which you would know and you have sure little desire to redress my melancholy; since you press me no more to tell you the cause of it, no *Aronces*, cryed I to him, fixing my eyes on him, nothing but to demand of you, to tell me whether you are amorous, your expressions almost betraying it; for in fine, I prayd you with tenderness to tell me that which caused your grief and you refused it me: Nevertheless, a little after that you were angry, I demanded no more of you, that you refused me, and I find you are even now disposed, to pray me to hearken to that you would never tell me, but in an instant, it is therefore I conclude with reason, and it seemeth to me that you are amorous, since tis true that there is nothing but Love only which can frame such a fantasticall thing as this: Tis true *Celeres*, sayd he to me, I am amorous, and though you tax me with Injuries, you must be the only confident of my Passion, and I tell you that which it may be shall never be known to the admirable person whom I adore, though I see her daily, you love *Clelia* then sayd I to him; for it seemeth to me that tis but she alone you daily frequent,

quent, yes *Celeres*, I love *Clelia*, replyed he, and I love her ardently and so tenderly, that according to all appearances, I shall become the unhappiest man in the World; but it seemes to me sayd I to him, that if I was in your place I should account my self very happy, for in fine, as you have been brought up in *Clelius* his house, you live with *Clelia* with the same Liberty as if she was your sister, and her Father and Mother look upon you in effect as if you were her Brother; tis true *Celeres* replied he, but they look not upon me as her Lover, and I am strongly perswaded, that if they looked upon me as such, they would hate me as much as they love me. And they would think to have right to accuse me of an horrible Ingratitude and terrible presumption. In effect I owe my life to the generous *Clelius*, and I know not to whom I owe my birth, he found me in the sea, he saved me from an eminent peril, he hath carefully educated me, and I owe to him all my virtue, and I should be without doubt the basest of all men if I should voluntarily do any thing which might displease him; but though I am assured he will take it ill, that one unknown dares lift his eyes towards his admirable daughter; I cannot hinder my self from doing it, and I feel I can never desert her love seeing my self likewise destin'd to live without hope I must prepare my self for imaginable torments, and I know nothing more cruel, then to have power to love without having Ingratitude. You have a soul so great, and an heart so well made, replied I, that *Clelius* cannot doubt but your birth is illustrious, and if it was so replied he, I should not be in hopes to possess *Clelia*, though she affected me, for since *Clelius* refused her to *Mahabal*, who is of an high birth, rich in possessions, and who hath the cheifest authority in one of the first Cities in the world, he would refuse an unhappy man, that he alwaies lookt upon as an ungrateful, and who it may be would be lookt upon by *Clelia*, as a man who thinks to enrich himself by marrying her, and not to render himself happy by the only possession of her person; likewise my dear *Celeres*, my hopes are destitute of all releif, for if *Clelius* remains in his wonted opinion he will never give his daughter but to a Roman, and if he changes it, he will give her apparantly to *Mahabal*, but to tell you truth, I do not much fear, it, and I have likewise cause to complain that I am not a Roman, and if perhaps I should be of a birth proportionable to my thoughts, *Clelius* would refuse me *Clelia*, as he hath refused her to my Rivall; but alas! I am far from that Estate since I know my extraction, and that according to all appearances, I shall never know it, nevertheles I love *Clelia*, I love her without hope; and I love with a resolution not to tell her of it; and not to murmure if she is angry to be beloved of me, in case she denyes my passion, judge then my dear freind, if I have no cause of melancholy. For my self replyed I, I am perswaded; that too great prudence is often needless in Love, without considering those things you have done, I would act divers wayes, for I would strive against my passion as much as I could, and if I could not vanquish it, I would seek to perswade my self by all that which might flatter it, and I would forget nothing of all that which might agreeably deceive me. For the first, replyed *Aronces*, I am resolved to do it, though I am perswaded I shall do it unprofitably; but in fine, I owe that to the generosity of *Clelius*, and it behoves me if he hath something one day to reproach me of, that I have at least nothing to reproach my self, but for the last, I shall never be in a capacity to follow your counsel for fear from seeking agreeably to deceive my self, I seek in despight to render my self most unhappy in effect, there are many instances which makes me believe that *Clelius* shall never know my birth more than I, and there are others where I believe that I and he shall learn that I am Son of some Enemy to *Rome*, or some friend to *Tarquin*, I strangely deplore the misfortunes which happens to my friends, replied I to him, but I can never take pity of those they make themselves, therefore you may not expect any compassion from me, when you weave the web of your own miseries, after that as 'twas late we lay together, but I should falsifie the truth, if I say we slept, for *Aronces* did not sleep at all, and he waked me divers times to speak to me of his passion, but in fine Madam, as he hath a marvellous generosity, he effectually fancied with himself, to oppose his Love with all the power he could possible: and he forgot nothing to do it, for he went as little as he could to the places where *Clelia* was, he sought *Clelius* in particular, without seeking his admirable daughter, and he so strongly attach'd himself to the Prince of *Carthage* and *Amilcar*, that there was no person but believed he had more Ambition than Love. *Horatius* though he was both his Friend and his Rival perceived not his Love for *Clelia*, the Prince of *Numidia* likewise suspected it not, and *Clelia* did not imagine it, and because she would avoid to give any occasion to the Prince of *Numidia* to mention his Love, she had given such a generâl order not to leave her alone, that if *Aronces* had been bold enough to declare his affection to her, he would not have found an opportunity to have done it, so that as nothing more augments a breeding Love than the difficulty to tell it, *Horatius* on this side soon became as amorous as *Aronces*; but as he naturally loved to conceal all things; he declared nothing of his passion either to *Aronces* or to me, these two friends were likewise Rivals without having cause to complain of one another, they being both ignorant of their Loves, for the Prince of *Numidia* as he looked upon *Aronces* as if he had been *Clelius* his brother, he gave to him many testimonies of friendship, without discovering his passion to him, to the end that being his friend he might favour him when occasion should present. For *Mahabal* the less correspondency he found in *Clelias* heart, the more his passion augmented, and the more reasons *Clelius* obliged him to prove that he ought not to think of marrying his daughter at *Carthage* since he had an intention to go speedily to *Rome*, the more obstinate he was to compass his design, so that *Clelius* and *Sulpitia* were extremely afflicted to see themselves in the power of an amorous person to whom they would refuse all that which might give any satisfaction to his Love. On the other side, though *Sulpitia* testified to have much friendship for *Horatius* because *Clelius* would have it so, 'twas true, that in the bottom of her heart she had a secret disposition not to render Justice to his merit, because he was son to a person of whom *Clelius* had been very amorous, and whom he thought heretofore to have married, so that *Sulpitia* yet retaining some resentments of jealousie which perswaded her that her Husband did not love *Horatius*, but because he had yet some agreeable remembrance of the love he had for his Mother, had without doubt less disposition to love him than *Clelius*, and she loved more tenderly *Aronces* than *Horatius*,

tius, for *Clelia* she esteemed them both; but as she was equitable, she saw that if there was any equality between these two men as reflecting on the qualities essentially necessary for virtuous persons, there was not so much for the agreement of the humour as that of their person, being certain that *Aronces* as much excells his Rivall, as his Rivall exceeds all others, so *Clelia* leand, by choice, on the side of *Aronces*, and having lived with him from her infancy, as if he had been her brother, there was between her and him a greater familiarity then between *Horatius* and her, though *Clelius* commanded her to live with him, as if she had been his sister, things being then on these terms there was some factions at *Carthage* which are unnecessary to mention wherein the illustrious Prince that *Amilcar* followed, had some part, so that the interest of his affairs obliging him to retire to *Utica* which depends on him, he went thither followed by his creatures, so that *Aronces* finding this occasion to separate himself from *Clelia* for to endeavour to heal himself by his absence, followed him likewise, for *Clelius* voluntarily consented that *Aronces* to whom fortune seemed to have not left any establishment should seek one nigh a great Prince, so *Aronces* departed from *Carthage* with his consent, he not imagining he went from thence to endeavour not to have more Love for his admirable daughter, but that which is most remarkable, was, that the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horatius* who knew not that *Aronces* was their Rivall, did all what they could to hinder him from following the Prince of *Carthage*; for as they both knew he was much their friend, and that they noted he was very well beloved by *Clelia* they imagined they should looose much in loosing him, and that when the time should come when they might discover the passion they had in their souls, they should be much assisted by him; but in fine, the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horatius* without telling the true reason which obliged them to counsell *Aronces*, not to go with the Prince of *Carthage*, and *Aronces* without telling them why he did not follow their counsells, we departed as I have before told you: *Aronces* not having entertained *Clelia* in particular, for he bid her adieu in the presence of *Sulpicia* and *Horatius*, and I who knew only the secret of his heart alone, perceived the reluctancy which he had to depart from *Clelius* his house, for we entred in again three times upon such pretences, that at last he was constrained to say he had forgotten that which obliged him to reenter, so litle true resemblance he found in the pretences he invented to see *Clelia* once more, but in the end, Madam, we went to *Utica*, where *Aronces* became more amorous, and by consequence more miserable then at *Carthage*, where there arrived many things since our departure. For you shall know Madam, that *Maharball* who had a passion in his soul the most violent in the world, not suspecting that the Prince of *Numidia* who was his Hostage had any design, for *Clelia* spoke to him of nothing but his Love, of the Injustice of *Clelius*, and the cruelty of his Daughter, conjuring him to counsell them both to change their thoughts. For in the end, said he, to the Prince *Adherball*, if it be not a terrible thing to hear *Clelius* say he would not marry his Daughter till he return to *Rome*, he which hath been exil'd so long from it, he which is *Tarquin*'s mortal enemy, who raigneth with so absolute an authority, that tis not credible any power can pull him from the Throne on which his cruelty hath so firmly seated him, yet *Clelius* pretends not to marry his Daughter but when he shall return to *Rome*, or at least not to marry her to any but a Roman, it must then of necessity be, that he will give the faireſt and propereſt person on the earth to a banished Criminall, or at the most to an unhappy Exil'd: Judge then if I have no reason to complain of *Clelius*, and if I may not beleive, that either he or *Clelia* have a secret aversion against me, which they dare not testifie to me because they are under my power, but to hinder these things, pursued he, I pray you when you find a fit occasion to endeavour to make them take better thoughts for fear they force me to act those things which will not be pleasing to them, the Prince of *Numidia* hearing *Maharbal* speak in this manner, was so surprized and astonished at it, that the agitation of his heart appeared in despight of him in his eyes, and it being discernd by *Maharball*, he endeavoured to recall himself; but he wholy discovered it by his words, for as he would not tell *Maharball* that *Clelius* was to blame, and that he durst not tell him that he had reason, he took a mean; which perswaded him to whom he spoke, that he was his Rivall; in effect, he so aggravated the Love the Romans have for their Country, the Injustice they had to put a vast difference between strangers and them, and to perswade him, that as *Clelius* had sought an Asylum in the City where he had the greatest authority, he was obliged not to violence him in a thing which ought to be done freely with many other reasons which served not; but to evidence to *Maharball* that this Prince was amorous of *Clelia*; and that he had chosen an ill Confident, so that this thought exciting a grand disturbance in his spirit, he left the Prince of *Numidia*, and without any delay went to *Sulpicias* house, where after some generall conversations, he found occasion to speak particularly to *Clelia*, and he endeavoured to perswade her that it should be very strange to her that *Clelius* should pretend to marry her, but when he returned to *Rome*, or at least not to marry her but to an unhappy exile, when he might give her the first rank in one of the cheifest Cities in the world, Sir said *Clelia* to him, it is not for me to examine my Father the reason why he refused the honour you do him; and it implyes I know that I should commit a great offence by not obeying him, for to oblige me with blindness to follow his desires, but to the end, that all your hatred should not fall on him, I ingeniously confess that I should obey him with an extream grief if he should command me to espouse an *Affrican*, and so destroy my hope of seeing *Rome*. For it is true that there is in my heart so strong a Love for my Fathers Country, that would render me very unhappy to take from me the hope of dying there. If I dye not soon at *Carthage*, replyed *Maharball*, there is no appearance you will ever live at *Rome*, alas sir, replyed *Clelia*, as long as it is under the power of *Tarquin*, I shall not go thither, but I should be very sorry to looose the hope of it, therefore I intreat you not to persist to oblige my Father to consent to your desires, and to have the generosity to enter in his thoughts, and to beleive that if he were a Roman, he would prefer you before all other Romans, and since, added this discreet mayd, he refuses you a thing which is so little advantageous for you, that you ought rather to thank him then to complain, for in the end, if he accords to that which you seem to desire, every one will reproach you, for your preferring the daughter of an unhappy Exile

before so many fair persons which are at *Carthage*, and whose alliance may be more suitable and agreeable for you. No, no, unjust *Clelia*, said he to her, do not seek to perswade me that there can be any thing more agreeable or glorious then the conquest of your heart, for it cannot be, and permit me to tell you, that if you were as prudent as fair, you might tell the unjust *Clelius*, that *Tarquin* is more powerfull at *Rome* than ever, and that according to all appearances, he will not permit him to return thither, that it is very dubious whether fortune hath sent more Romans to chuse exile then he hath put to death, and if it was not so, it would be easie to consummate your Nuptialls at *Carthage*, if it were for any other then *Maharbal*, and tell to him I pray you that he may be happy if he will, and that he may render himself miserable if he renders me so. Ah Sir, replyed *Clelia* generously, I know not how to threaten my Father, but I can tell him that if my life is an obstacle to the tranquillity of his, I am ready to sacrifice it for his content so that taking from you the cause of your Love, I might take away your hatred against him. As *Clelia* had thus spoken, the Prince of *Numidia* entred, and seeing *Maharball* with her, he blusht for anger, and he seeing the change of his countenance was confirmed in those thoughts he already had, and the better for to clear his suspition, he continued to speak low to *Clelia*, whilst *Aderbal* spoke to *Sulpicia*, and to the other Ladyes which were with her; but as he is naturally violent, he could not suffer this long particular entertainment without testifying much anger, so that *Maharball* not doubting but that he was his Rivall, took a resolution to distrust him instead of confiding in him, as he had designed, and as the generall affairs of the Republick gave him not so much leasure as his passions required, he must of necessity go from thence and leave his Rivall with his Mistress, and in effect, though *Clelia* sought carefully to avoid speaking particularly to the Prince of *Numidia*, since he had discovered his Love to her, she did not do it this day with the same care, for she had her spirit so distracted with *Maharballs* expressions, that she thought of nothing else, so that she not taking notice of it, the Prince of *Numidia* came to her, and began to speak to her as a man which had some particular thing to tell her, *Clelia* coming to her self, turned towards him and prayd him not to oblige her to fly him, as she would ever do, if he continued to speak of his Passion, for in the end, sayd she to him, if you persevere in it, you will force me to take a resolution not to consider you as you are a great Prince; but to look on you as a man which esteems me not, since he takes no care but to displease me. Would to the Gods Madam, said the Prince of *Numidia* to her, that I had never told you I loved you, this wish without doubt is a wish very extraordinary from a passionate Lover as I am, but tis true that I now do nothing but strive to repell the passion I have in my soul that you might be ignorant of it, though I know t'will continue till Death. But Madam, that which makes me speak as I do, is, that I must advertise you that if you do not soon depart from *Carthage* you expose your self to be the unhappiest person in the world, and that offering you an Asylum in the Court of the King my Father, I fear you will not go thither, because I have discovered to you my Love. Nevertheless I swear and protest unto you, that though I am more amorous then *Maharball*, I will never be so unjust as he.

Clelia hearing the Prince speak in this manner, was extreamly surprized at it, for she knew well that he knew somthing where she had an Interest, and spake to him with more affability then usual, to the end to oblige him to tell her, that which made him use this Language, and in effect the Prince recounted to her the conversation whith he had with *Maharbal*, continuing in pursuit to offer her an Asylum in *Numidia*, and protested to her with as much Generosity as Love, that if he should be constrained to make war to defend her, he would do it with much joy; *Clelia* thankt him very civilly for the offer he made her, assuring him nevertheless that she beleived that her Father would not nor ought not to accept it, adding further, that for all that she should remain much obliged to him for it; but *Aderball* not holding himself refused for what *Clelia* said to him, spoke the next day to *Clelius*, and so lively represented to him the grandeur of *Maharballs* Love, his authority, and the violence of his Nature, that he made him easily comprehend that his sojourn at *Carthage* was very dangerous, but after that he offered him that which he had already offered to *Clelia*, so that *Clelius* who knew not that this Prince was amorous of his Daughter, admired his generosity, and gave him innumerable prayses, but after all Sir, said he to him, when he had left praysing him, it would not be just it may be to begin again the war between *Numidia* and *Carthage*, for a thing where my unhappy family have only interest, you are in a hostage for a treaty of peace which is not yet entirely executed. Likewise Sir, I should expose you to be evill treated by *Maharball*, and if I should involve the King your Father in new wars with this Republick; and therefore since *Carthage* is no more an Asylum for me, I must endeavour to depart from it, and to go seek one farther of, where *Maharball* hath no power to hurt me, for I have long had a great desire to approach *Rome*: the Prince of *Numidia* was not fully satisfied with these reasons, but told *Clelius* that it would be difficult for him to go by sea, and that it would be easier for him to go by Land into *Numidia*, but whatsoever he could tell him, the generous *Clelius* believed not, that seeing the terms in which were the things between these two States, he ought to accept the offer of *Aderball*, and having an effectuall desire to approach *Rome*, it was more easie for him to be generous, and to refuse the Prince of *Numidia*, who found himself in a strange perplexity, so that he saw himself necessitated to desire her absence, whose person he loved, and to be separated for ever from her, but he found himself yet in a greater inquietude, for as he observed *Maharball* more narrowly, he discovered that he had a design to arrest *Clelius*, making him to be accused for machinating somthing against the Republick, and to have secret Intelligences with the Prince of *Carthage* with whom *Arouces* was then, for things were very much imbroyled since the departure of this Prince. That which obliged *Maharball* to contrive this design, was, that he hoped that being Master of the life of *Clelius*, he should soon gain *Clelia*, whom he thought would not refuse to marry him to give life and liberty to her Father; so that the Prince of *Numidia* believing that the design of *Maharball* might succeed, and that he should see him possessed of *Clelia*, if he should not advise *Clelius* speedily of it, he ballanced it not long, and went to see *Clelia* at the same time, though he believed this advice would accelerate his departure,

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tis true, that in the force of his passion he had a design to follow her without telling her any thing of it; but in fine Madam, to hast my self to tell you that which passed, you shall know that the Prince of *Numidia* after he had told *Clelia* the most passionate things that can be imagined, spoke to *Clelius*, to whom he had made known so precisely the unjust design of *Maharball*, that after he had consulted with *Horatius* and *Sulpicia* about it, he was resolved that they should think no more of any thing but to depart speedily from *Carthage*, the occasion presented it self very favourable, for there was a *Syracusian* vessell ready to set sayl, so that *Clelius* secretly treating with him who commanded it, he promised to receive him and all his family into his ship, the next night which preceded his departure, and in effect without troubling my self to tell you the unprofitable particulars, it suffices that you know that in despight of all the foresight of *Maharball*, the care of the Prince of *Numidia*, *Clelia* and *Horatius* came to so good a conclusion, that this illustrious *Roman* family embarqu'd one night without being perceiv'd, so that this vessel of *Syracuse* departed from the port at the break of day. *Maharball* not knowing any thing of it till night, for as he believed *Aderball* was amorous of *Clelia*, he suspected not he would have assisted her flight, so that having seen him all the day, this Prince had dextrously hindred him from going to *Clelius* his house, to the end he should not follow *Clelia*, with hope to find her. For the time had been so favourable, that there was no appearance that any other vessell could joyn that which carried this fair and admirable Virgin, but though the Prince of *Numidia* constrained himself as much as he could that he might not appear too melancholy, he was so pensive that when *Maharball* came to know the departure of *Clelius* and his family, he doubted not but *Aderball* was acquainted with it, he learnt likewise his departure in such a manner, which much excited his anger; since he knew not that *Clelius* was departed; but when he sent at night to his house to arrest him as a Criminall, he used the flight of *Clelius* to authorise this violence, for he assembled all the *Suffells*, (for so they call those who share the Government of the Republick) and told them it did evidently appear he was a Criminall, because he was fled.

In the mean while, as he was most violent, he heard something from *Aderball*, which made him believe he was acquainted with *Clelius* his flight, so that he secured his person, publishing that he had a hand in all that *Clelius* had plotted with *Aronces* and *Amilcar*, *Maharbal* seeking by this means to revenge on his Rivall the insensibility of his Mistress, and it may be, he believed likewise to find *Clelia*, because he imagined that the vessel of *Syracusa*, in which she was embarqued should not be used, but to depart from *Carthage*, and should land her, to go to seek an Asylum where *Aderball* would meet her as soon as he should be free, so that in this opinion the Prince was kept very exactly, and treated with much rigour. *Maharball* likewise sent divers vessells after that, which had conveyed away his Mistress, though with little hope; for besides that he believed not, she took the way of *Syracuse*, it had been so long since her departure, that there was no hope to find her again. Nevertheless as tis the property of Love not to neglect any thing; *Maharball* had rather do an hundred unprofitable things then to miss one which might serve him.

But whilst this irritated Lover knew not on whom to revenge the unhappy succes of his Love, and that he revenged himself on another Lover which was no better used then he, during I say that, that the unhappy *Aderball* suffered an unjust Imprisonment, and that he endured incredible evills.

Aronces who knew nothing of that which passed at *Carthage*, knew that absence could not heal him; and repented himself for leaving *Clelia*, for in the Estate in which things then were, there was no means to think of returning to *Carthage*, so that *Aronces* was so sad and melancholy, that his grief could hardly receive any increase; but melancholy much more invaded his cogitations, when a slave brought him a Letter that *Clelius* had written him upon his departure, and that he had trusted to that slave which gave it him, at first he had much joy because he hoped to have news of *Clelia*, but he had in pursuit an unequalled desparation when he saw that, that Letter which was given him contained these words, if my memory deceive me not.

Clelius *to* Aronces.

Divers important reasons make me depart from Carthage, *to come nigher* Rome, *I know not whether I shall chose* Syracuse *or* Capua *for my Asylum, but in what place of the world soever I am, I shall be alwaies ready to receive you as if you were my son, in case the changes of the Court wherein you are, oblige you to leave it, and if the Gods hinder me from making a second shipwrack on the same sea, where they put you into my arms, you may assure your self of a house in all places where I shall have one for my self. I mention nothing of* Sulpicia, Horatius *and* Clelia, *for they know not of my writing to you.*

After that *Aronces* had read this Letter, he gave it me to read, and told me many touching things which would excite compassion in your heart, if I should relate them to you, *Amilcar* a little after, coming into his Chamber, learnt us the Imprisonment of the *Numidian* Prince, the fury of *Maharball*, and confirmed the flight of *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, *Horatius*, and *Clelia*, and likewise told us *Maharballs* design to arrest *Clelius*, and that they had carried their most precious things along with them, and this design had been so discreetly carried that not any one suspected it, but as *Maharball*, added he, used the Prince of *Carthage* his name to prosecute *Clelius*, though there is great likelihood he acted rather the part of an incensed Lover, then of a good Citizen I come to assure you on the Princes part, that he will recompence you for all the misfortunes *Clelius* hath suffered, and that there is nothing in fine, but you may expect from him. For my particular pursued he, I offer you all that which is in my power, and I think you may assure your self to be happy, *Amilcar* added in pursuit many obliging things where I might take part, and where *Aronces* and I answered with all the civility and acknowledgment that we ought to have for such generous offers, but though *Aronces* strangely constrained himself, it was impossible for him to conceal his extream melancholy; Nevertheless at first he was not astonished at it, for as he knew that *Aronces* loved *Clelius*, as if he had been his Father, he imagined twas a grief which proceeded from his tenderness for him. But as he saw him daily become more melan-

choly, he ſuſpected ſomething of the true cauſe of his ſadneſs, and drawing me apart he prayed me to tell him, if *Aronces* was not amorous of *Clelia*, ſo that not judging that it was diſadvantageous to my friend to confeſs the truth to *Amilcar*; I told him that I believed he was not deceived, and that I extreamly feared that his grief for her abſence would bring him to the margin of his grave. As *Amilcar* dearly loved *Aronces*, he did all that which he could to divertiſe him, he which is the moſt divertiſing of all men, by his grief was too ſtrong to be over power'd: and I can aſſure you that ſince he knew the departure of *Clelia*, there paſt not a minute but his grief augmented: that which rendred it more powerful was, that he knew that reaſon would have him oppoſe his paſſion, and remain with the *Carthaginian* Prince, where he found all that he could wiſh for in his preſent eſtate of fortune, for as this Prince very much eſteemed him, he might hope a conſiderable eſtabliſhment with him; *Amilcar* dearly loved him, this Court was moſt ſplendent and delectable, and conſidering the ſtate of things, the Prince of *Carthage* would ſoon ſet on foot a great deſign, the happy ſucceſs whereof would put him in a capacity to accumulate honour and riches on all thoſe which ſhould be followers of his fortune, as *Aronces* one day told me (aggravating his misfortune) that he was the moſt unfortunate of all men, for in fine my dear *Celeres*, ſaid he to me, after he had confeſſed to me, he was reſolved to leave *Africa*, and to go to find *Clelia*. I I do not believe there is a more miſerable man than I, and whoſoever conſiders the deplorable condition in which I now am, ſhall without doubt find that ſince Love makes men unhappy, there never hath been no Lover which had ſo little reaſon to hope to be beloved or to continue to love. Firſt *Clelia*, purſued he, knows not that I love her, and I ought not to make it known to her, whilſt I know not who I am.

Moreover, *Clelius* ſeeming to be reſolved not to give his daughter but to a Roman, 'tis aſſured that I ought never to pretend thereto, ſince according to all appearances I am not a Roman born, if it ſhould be ſo, it ſhould be then of ſome unhappy Roman, without virtue or quality, for if there had been any man of quality exiled which had been ſhipwrack'd, and who had loſt a Son in the Sea, *Horatius* would have told it *Clelius*, having told him all the ſad accidents which hapned at *Rome* ſince his departure, be it thoſe which he hath ſeen with his own eyes, or that which he heard from others; but though I know not whence I am, yet it ſeems I certainly conjecture that I am not a Roman, and that conſequently I can never pretend to *Clelia*, you are ſo ingenious to perſecute your ſelf, I told him that if you would as much ſeek to aſſwage the evil which torments you, you would quickly come to the end of it. Ah *Celeres*, cryed he, if you knew the nature of the evil of which I ſpeak, you would ſoon ſee it is immedicable, for if I remain here I ſhall dye the moſt deſpairing of all men, and if I go to find *Clelia*, as I will infallibly, I ſhall without doubt act the moſt irrationalſt thing that can be, ſince I ought not to tell her I love her: If I would not reward *Clelius* with Ingratitude to whom I owe all things, and ſo I ſhall leave a great hope of fortune to undertake a voyage to go ſee a perſon whom I adore, with intention never to tell it her, and with a ſtrange deſire to tell it her a thouſand times a day if I could; Judge then *Celeres* if I am in a happy condition: Nevertheleſs I muſt and will part, for my Love perſwades there is no miſery which equals abſence, when abſence is not ſtrong enough to deſtroy Love. I therefore find my ſelf ſo perplexed, when I think *Clelius* will demand of me that which ſo ſoon obliges me to return to him, for ſhall I tell him a lye if I tell him that I am exiled? and that I am unworthy the care he hath taken of me? and likewiſe if I ſhould tell him that my friendſhip towards him could not permit me to ſtay longer, and ought I not to fear, that when he demands the cauſe of my return that he would hate me, and that he will force me to depart for ever from the perſon whom I love? But after all, let happen what pleaſes the Gods, for I declare to you I cannot do otherwiſe. In Effect, Madam, *Aronces* relying on *Amilcar*'s friendſhip, told him all that which I could not deny him, and cauſed ſo great compaſſion in him, that he commanded him in the name of the Prince of *Carthage* to go to *Clelius*; but for to diſſemble his return, *Amilcar* obliged the Prince to charge *Aronces* to negotiate ſomething at *Syracuſa*, for to endeavour to diſunite *Sicyly* from the intereſt of *Carthage*, and *Amilcar* to finiſh his generoſity, made him ſuch Magnificent preſents, that he put him in a conditlon not to want the aſſiſtance of *Clelius* when he ſhould return to him. So Madam there being a ſhip of War prepared for us, we parted from *Utica*, and took the way of *Syracuſa*, with intention if we did not find *Clelius* there, to land nigh the mouth of the River *Vulturnus*, to go by land to *Capua*, which is but twelve miles from the ſea. I ſhall not tell you Madam, what was *Aronces* affliction when he went to take his leave of the Prince of *Carthage*, and ſeparated himſelf from *Amilcar*, for I cannot expreſs unto you, all that the tenderneſs of friendſhip and the violence of Love made him feel in this encounter, but 'tis true that when he was ready to depart, he began to fear he ſhould be more unhappy, when he ſhould be with *Clelia*, than when he was from her: but he changed his thoughts when we were embarqued, for as the wind was favourable he had a joy that I cannot expreſs in the thought, that every moment he approached nigh *Clelia*: 'Tis true that this favourable wind laſted not long, for the next evening we ſaw a far off a light cloud riſe out of the ſea, which without terrifying us we fixt our eyes on it, but we were ſuddenly aſtoniſhed when we ſaw the Pilot who guided us, affrighted at it, and begun to give orders to all the Mariners of our Veſſel to the end they ſhould prepare themſelves for a great tempeſt, at firſt we believed he abuſed us, and we could not comprehend that a thing which had nothing terrible to look upon, ſhould be the forerunner of a dreadful tempeſt, but hardly had we the leiſure to think the Pilots ſuppoſition was but ill grounded, when we ſaw inſenſibly the ſea cover'd with great billows of foam which did the ſame effect over this immenſe ſea, as flocks diſperſt over great vaſt plains, a little after we heard a roaring which was ſomething terrible, though it ſeemed to come afar off, and a little after we heard a clash of Thunder on our left hand, which by a ſudden flaſh of Lightning, gave us a happy preſage, for you know Madam, the *Etrurians* which are the moſt skilfulleſt people in the world in matter of Divinations, have learnt us, that when the Thunder goes from the left to the right 'tis a happy preſage, but when it goes from the right to the left 'tis an in-auſpicious Omen. Nevertheleſs though *Aronces* and I knew this ſign was not unhappy, we ſaw a little appearance of good luck, for it ſeemed this

Clap

Clap of Thunder had been a ſignal to unchain the winds, and the ſea roared horribly, and all the waves claſht ſo rudely againſt each other, that they utterly deſtroyed our hopes, and truly Madam, I cannot tell you in what extreams we then were, when the night ſtealing on us on a ſudden, expoſed us to the fury of the waves and winds as long as it laſted, ſometimes our ſhip climb'd the Clouds, and in a moment ſeem'd to deſcend into a profound Abyſs, and the tempeſt turned it in deſpight of the Pilots art, and put us every moment in eſtate of ſhipwrack, likewiſe all the Mariners left their Offices, and the Pilot ſupplicated himſelf on his helm, and invoked *Neptune* with a high voice, expecting ſuccour but from him alone, for *Aronces* I confeſs his conſtancy gave me it, for after he had remitted himſelf to the conduct of the Gods, he had as much tranquillity in his ſoul, as if he had not been in danger, and for to give you a ſenſible mark of his conſtancy, I ſhall tell you that in the middle of this terrible tempeſt, he ſpake to me of *Clelia*, and told me that if he dyed, as there was great appearance, he ſhould dye with grief not to have made known to that fair perſon the love he had for her. But in fine Madam, as the tempeſt began at the ſetting of the Sun, it diminiſht at break of day, and that glorious celeſtial Luminary bringing back the calm with the Light, we ſaw a little after the waves by little and little to abate, but we perceived at the ſame time, that we were ſo nigh a great veſſel, that we might diſcern it was a veſſel of War, our Pilot who ſeemed not to be deſtin'd this voyage, but to anounce us evil news, told us that the tempeſt was paſt, but that we were no leſs in danger, becauſe the Ship we ſaw was a cruel Pyrates which did nothing elſe but interrupt the commerce of *Sicily* and *Carthage* by the continual prizes he took. At theſe words, *Aronces* taking the word to anſwer him, as 'twas your part to command during the tempeſt, ſaid he to him, it is for you to obey during a combat, therefore make us board this veſſel, for as it hath been beaten by the tempeſt as well as ours, we fight with equal advantages; and we ſhall fight it may be better than Pyrates, at firſt the Pilot made a difficulty to obey, and would at leaſt reaſon on the thing, but *Aronces* having abſolutely commanded him to follow his Orders, and to endeavour to gain the wind that we might be the aſſailants, he obeyed with fear and ſo well played his part, that we got the wind of the Pyrate: 'Tis true that as he was accuſtomed to vanquiſh, and that our veſſel was leſs than his, he perſiſted not in endeavouring to gain from us this advantage, and ſeeking to board us as we did him we joyned together, and we ſaw on an inſtant the enemies deck fill'd with armed Soldiers, which by their countenance only might intimidate thoſe which ſaw them, for as they were men which a long time had been continually inur'd to War and the Sea, they were more ſwarthy and blacker than *Africans* though they belonged to the Iſle of *Cyrne*, and they had ſuch a ſavage and fierce ferocity on their faces, that 'twas eaſie to judge they paſſed all their life in ſlaughter and blood, they had likewiſe the ruſticity of Seamen, the cruelty of Soldiers determin'd in their eyes, their hair long black hanging negligently, their habits were not uniform but different, becauſe they were ſuch as they had took from thoſe they vanquiſh'd, but for their arms they were magnificent, and it appeared ſo well by their countenance that they were accuſtomed to fight and overcome, that I believed we ſhould be vanquiſhed; for we had not ſo many men as we ſaw in their veſſel, and they were not without doubt ſo warlike.

Aronces thought to dye with honour, rather than to have the victory; when he ſaw that multitude of Enemies which ſo reſolutely expected him: The Captain of thoſe Pyrates put himſelf at the head of the others when our veſſel joyn'd, he was well advanced in age, he had many hurts on his face which disfigured him, but he was ſo magnificently armed, and he had ſo fierce a countenance, as disfigured as he was, he was eaſily known to be the Maſter of thoſe which inviron'd him. As we were in this poſture Madam, and ready to grapple, we heard that cruel Pyrate inſolently command ſome of his men, that they ſhould prepare chains ready to chain us, adding, that it would not be difficult for him to vanquiſh us; but as ſoon as he had pronounced theſe words, *Aronces* who felt himſelf outraged, caſt at him a Javelin he had in his hand, and leaping into the Enemies veſſel followed by me and ten or twelve others, we began the terribleſt fight which was ever ſeen, I ſhall not exactly particulariſe it, becauſe I have many other things to tell you, but you muſt know that *Aronces* gave ſuch teſtimonies of ſuch a prodigious valour, that I may ſay, he only merited all the glory of this great action: At firſt he aſſailed the Captain of the Pyrates, being cloſed together they were both ready to fall in the ſea, when they heard a great noiſe at the other end of the veſſel, which ſuſpending the fury of theſe two fierce Enemies, made them retain and leave one another, and they turn'd their heads towards the place where the noiſe was, but *Aronces* was aſtoniſhed when he ſaw *Clelius* and *Horatius* with ſome others loaded with chains, who did all they could to take Arms from the Soldiers which would reinchain them, this ſurpriſing object making *Aronces* believe that *Clelia* was this Pyrates captive, heightned his courage; but that which augmented it was that this fierce Pyrate againſt whom he fought, no ſooner ſaw ſome of his men endeavouring to re-inchain *Horatius* and *Clelius*, but he commanded them to kill them inſtead of troubling themſelves to remit them to their Irons, and in effect the cruel miniſters of ſuch a bloody man put themſelves in duty to obey him, and would effectually have done it, if *Aronces* after he had given him a reverſe blow on the head which ſtun'd him, had not gone directly to thoſe which would have killed *Clelius* and *Horatius*, if he had not relieved them at that inſtant; but as he at firſt killed the one and hurt two other, he had the advantage to render to *Clelius* that which he owed to him by ſaving his life, and he likewiſe ſaved his Rivals, thinking he had only ſaved it to his friend. Nevertheleſs, this cruel Pyrate being come from his ſtupification, came again to the charge, followed by his men; but as *Clelius* and *Horatius* had taken ſwords from thoſe *Aronces* had hurt, they ſeconded him, and I likewiſe whilſt the reſt of our men fought at the other end of the veſſel: The Pyrate then ſeeing that which he little expected, gave command to rally all his men; and to caſt all the priſoners and the captives into the ſea, to the end that thoſe which kept them might come to fight, ſo that *Aronces* hearing this terrible command, and *Clelius* crying to him, that it was not ſufficient to have ſaved his life, if he did not likewiſe ſave *Sulpitias* and *Clelias*. *Aronces* performed actions I cannot repreſent to you, for he kill'd or hurt all thoſe he met, and

and that which wound up his courage to such a prodigious height was, that he heard *Clelia's* voice which endeavoured by her complaints, to attenerate the hearts of those mercileſs Pyrates, which would have caſt her into the ſea, ſo that precipitating himſelf in the middle of thoſe which environ'd the Captain of thoſe Pyrates, he thruſt his ſword through his body, and after he had ſeen him fall down dead, he went to the place where he heard the voice of *Clelia*, and he arrived ſo happily that he hindred her from being caſt into the ſea, by killing him that would have committed that barbarous action. 'Tis true *Horatius* followed him very nigh, but 'twas *Aronces* that ſaved the life of that admirable Virgin and her vertuous Mother; but in exchange *Horatius* ſaved *Aronces* by killing a man which would have wounded him behind, and as the death of the Pyrates Captain had abated the hearts of the others, and that the moſt part of our men followed us and fought very valiantly, the Pyrates ſaw themſelves conſtrained to render their Arms, and to receive chains from them to whom they would have given them, ſo that by this means *Aronces* ſav'd *Clelius* his life, his wifes, and the admirable *Clelias*, *Horatius* and many others, and ſaw himſelf Maſter of the richeſt booty that was ever taken in one veſſel, without having received one hurt, though he had been in great danger, but that which was the ſweeteſt victory was, that he received a thouſand praiſes from *Clelius*, and as many thanks from *Clelia*, and after he had cauſed the dead to be thrown into the ſea, chain'd all the vanquiſh'd, and commanded to have a care of the wounded, and eſtabliſhed Orders in theſe two veſſels. *Aronces* made *Clelius*, *Sulpitia*, and his admirable Daughter come into ours, and left me with ſome ſoldiers in that we had taken, for my part I would have had *Horatius* have ſtaid there likewiſe, but he ſo reſiſted it, that he followed the object of his paſſion, we ſuſpecting nothing of his Love: But in fine, Madam, we knew afterwards that this cruel Pyrate that we had met, had taken the veſſel in which *Clelius* and his family were embarqu'd at *Carthage*, and that when we had found him, he had reſolv'd to take the way of *Cumes*, for to go to ſell *Clelia* to the Tyrant *Alexideſme* who now reigneth there, and whom you know Madam, to lead the moſt irregular life of any man in the World. We knew likewiſe, that this Pyrate after he had carried into his veſſel all that which was in that of *Clelius*, had treated with thoſe he had commerce for all the prizes that he had taken, and that which was admirable was, that he found there all that which belonged to *Clelius*, even to the Cradle in which *Aronces* was found on the Sea by that illuſtrious *Roman*.

In the mean time we conſulted on the way we ſhould take, and for to hold this council, our veſſels were joyn'd together.

I perſwaded this illuſtrious company to ſeek a Retreat at *Capua*, where I promiſed *Clelius* and the others to give them for their Friends all thoſe I had there, and to render them all the Services I might, nevertheleſs as *Aronces* told *Clelius* that his return was cauſed by ſome Orders that the Prince of *Carthage* had given him to go to negotiate ſomething for him at *Syracuſa*, he was reſolv'd that it ſhould be there that we ſhould go to land, and that we ſhould paſs afterwards from thence to a port nigh the place where the River *Vulturnus* caſts it ſelf into the Sea, for as you know Madam, *Capua* is but twelve miles diſtant from that place, and in effect the thing was ſo executed: we were ſome days at *Syracuſa*, from whence we ſent back the Veſſels the Prince of *Carthage* had lent us, *Aronces* feigning to tender him an account of his Negotiation though he writ to him but to thank him, as likewiſe to *Amilcar*, but that, Madam, which was moſt fair to *Aronces*, was, that he would not attribute to himſelf that rich booty he had taken, and that he would content himſelf with the benefits of the *Carthaginian* Prince. *Clelius* ſaid he had not any part therein, *Horatius* ſaid the ſame, and I maintain'd as the others that *Aronces* alone had right to diſpoſe of that prodigious riches, ſo that after a long conteſtation where we all declared it to him; Since tis ſo, ſaid he to us, I give all the right I have to——he would ſay *Clelia*, but fearing to diſcover his love, after he had a little recollected himſelf, inſtead of ſaying *Clelia* he ſaid *Clelius*, and in effect he would in deſpight of him that he ſhould diſpoſe of this precious Prize; tis true he diſpoſed of it in a manner worthy of his generoſity, for he gave a great part of it to *Horatius*, to have means to ſubſiſt during his Exile; he conſtrained me likewiſe to accept of a great part of this Booty: He gave one part to the poor Romans exiled by *Tarquin* which were retired to *Syracuſa*, and made an offering of the reſt to that famous Temple builded on the top of the renowned Mountain *Erice*: but in fine, Madam, without ſtaying my ſelf to tell you a hundred unneceſſary things; I ſhall tell you in two words, that we paſſed from *Sicily* into *Campania*, and from thence to *Capua* where we had a favourable reception, for the chief Magiſtrate of the City that we call *Mediadaſticks* was my Uncle, ſo that by this means I was happy enough to find occaſion to render ſome ſervices to the perſons of the world I wiſhed moſt to ſerve, ſo that in a few days *Clelius*, *Aronces* and *Horatius* were not treated as ſtrangers in our City: *Sulpicia* and her admirable daughter likewiſe found amongſt our Ladies ſo much ſweetneſs and Civility that the firſt was conſtrained to remit ſomething of her Roman ſeverity, and to ſuffer *Clelia* to accommodate her ſelf to the cuſtom of the place where ſhe was and to the honeſt liberty of our manner of life, 'tis true, *Madam*, that twas not very difficult for her to do it for tis certain that tis not without reaſon that our City is called the delicious *Capua*, in effect one may ſay that as nature hath placed in our Country all that which might render a life delectable, it hath likewiſe inſpired into the Inhabitants Inclinations which carry them to pleaſure and joy to the end to make them enjoy all the benefits ſhe hath afforded them, for one may ſay there is nothing in this place but delight, and that the care which it had to entertain the publick tranquillity, hath no other motive than to hinder the diſturbance of the publick and particular pleaſures, ſo all the World thinking to divertiſe themſelves one may ſay all the World divertiſeth it ſelf, the Ladies are there fair gallant and magnificent, the men are ingenious for pleaſure, feſtival days and extremely liberal, and there is there led a life ſo ſweet, calm, and delectable, that there are no men ſuch enemies to ſociety which have no grief to depart from thence, and not any ſtrangers which may not facilly accuſtom themſelves thereto, but how agreeable ſoever our City was, and though this fair Troop received all manner of civility, there was none but *Clelia* there which found any ſweetneſs or delectation; for *Clelius* hearing that *Tarquins* authority was greater,

greater, and that although he was generally hated by all, that did not hinder him from reigning peaceably, had a most sensible grief: *Sulpitia* who had the same zeal for her Country, had likewise the same affliction, and *Horatius* joyning the resentments of an exiled Roman, with those of a Lover who durst not say he loved, found himself very unhappy, but *Aronces* believed that he was much more, and knew not sometimes if he ought to esteem himself more miserable for not knowing his birth, or that *Clelia* was Ignorant of his passion, but he found some sweetness as well as *Horatius*, to think that *Clelia* was in a place where the violence of *Maharbal* need not be feared, and those two Rival friends left not to have some pleasing hours in the conversation of *Clelia*, they lived with more friendship at *Capua* than at *Carthage*, because *Horatius* owing his life to *Aronces*, and *Aronces* his to *Horatius*, the acknowledgment bound with a more stricter knot their affections, they told not one another of the passions they had in their souls, for as I already was the confident of *Aronces*, and that *Horatius* was not of the humour to have any, they discovered not to one another their Love, and they told it not even to her which caused it; so that though they had most agreeable hours with her, they had some also very troublesome, for *Horatius* thought not that an Exile could handsomly make a declaration of Love. *Aronces* could not imagine that one unknown might be favourably treated, for *Clelia* though by a natural and generous inclination she interest her self in her Country, nevertheless as she had never seen *Rome*, that she was fair and young, and that all pleasures courted her, she found her self sufficiently happy, but that which principally made her felicity was, that looking upon *Aronces* as her Brother, and believing that he had nothing but friendship for her, she accustomed her self to live with him, with a confidence infinitely sweet, and which left not to afflict *Aronces* as obliging as she was, because that the more he knew the sweetness of *Clelia*, the more he believed it was dangerous to tell her that he loved her; so that excepting me, he took an extreme care to conceal his passion: Nevertheless these two secret Lovers daily frequented *Clelias* company, to whose house all the virtuous men and fairest Ladies every day resorted, 'tis not but that the beauty of *Clelia* gave resentments of jealousie and emulation; but she was so *a la mode* and there was so many in *Sulpitias* house, that those which would see and be seen, could not otherwise satisfie their curiosity; for there were few persons in any other houses, or if there was any other company it was ordinarily neither great nor delectable: *Aronces* one day took pleasant notice of it, for knowing Madam, that being in a fancy to endeavour to heal himself, we went many days from quarter to quarter, from street to street, from door to door, from visit to visit, to the end to divert his spirit from the object which so entirely possessed it, but in what place soever we went we heard nothing spoken of but *Clelia*, for in one house we were demanded if we had been at her house, and in another if we were going thither, one of my kinsfolks told us she came from it, and one of my friends told *Aronces* that he came from thence: In another place there was a man who said she should no more be called *Clelia* but the *Fair Roman*, and in the house of a Lady who was of a brown complection, there was one of her Gallants who highly praised the beauty of *Clelia*, though she was yellow haired, in another place we found a Lady which needs would find some fault, saying she was too fair, and I can assure you that for four or five days we went into no place where we heard not *Clelia* spoken of, and we went every where, where persons of quality might go, but at the last house where we went the last day that *Aronces* had destin'd to these visits, where we knew not what we sought, there was a Lady who finished to make known to that Lover, that it was in vain to seek any place where he should not hear *Clelia* spoken of, for he heard her more spoken of in this place than in any other: But Madam, before I recount to you this conversation, you must know to understand it with pleasure, who this person is which we meet with, and I believe you will not be angry if I describe her to you, since 'tis certain that she whereof I speak who is called *Aricidia* is an in-imitable person. In effect, all that which is particular to her, cannot be seen in any other: For in fine: I must tell you for her honour, that without being of illustrious extraction, without having any beauty, and without youth she is considerable above all those which are great in *Capua*, and that she is at all Feasts publick and private, but that which is most strange is, that she is continually in conversation with all the young persons of quality, and with all the fairest Ladies: In effect. Those men which make such a tumultuous garboyl, when they find that a fair woman hath her Nose a little too big, too little Eyes, the Chin too short, or Lips too pale, and can hardly suffer those which have passed four Lustres, have not their eyes troubled to see always *Aricidia*, though she never had any beauty, and though she hath fifteen Lustres to count as the Romans, or that she can recount near twenty Olympiads according to the calculation of the Greeks, you will demand of me Madam, without doubt by what charms a person to whom Nature hath refused all the Graces ordinary to her sex, whom time hath deprived of youth and whom fortune hath not endowed with great favours; for to render her so considerable and so much desired, and I shall answer you 'tis by a great goodness, and by a natural grandeur of Spirit which being joyned to a long experience of the world, and to an agreeable humour that without taking care of her self, she divertiseth all those which frequent her, for as she is without ambition, as she hath a great and noble heart, that she knows not how to flatter, that she is not interested in any manner, that she clearly sees things, that she recounts them pleasantly, and that she knows all that which passes in *Capua*, there is no person which doth nor desire her, and when there happens any remarkable occurrence, there is no body which wishes not to see her, to know that which she thinks, says, or knows of it; so that if she could be in twenty places at one time, she might be there, she goes likewise every where without being troublesome, because she is never in any place but where she is desired.

Moreover, though she hath something in particular in her Physiognomy, and very pleasant in her manner of speaking, she hath not any pleasantness of profession: In fine, she hath a certain jovial sincerity, which makes her say things which surprise and which please, and the truth is that she hath a solid vertue, though it is not savage. In effect, she says things that she thinks not of. she sees the weakness of others without contributing thereto, and without being ever the confident of any Love, she knows

all

all the Loves of the City, ſhe blameth the tatling Goſſips, ſhe flatters not the Gallants, ſhe gives pleaſantly her opinion of thoſe that pretend to be fair when they are not, ſhe endeavoureth to reconcile the differences of families, ſhe is in friendſhip with all the husbands and wives, and without doing that but which ſhe thinks ſhe ought to do, ſhe pleaſeth men which are oppoſite in all things, ſhe is a good friend and is both officious and free, all the greatneſs of the earth cannot make her change her opinion, when ſhe thinks ſhe hath reaſon; and to define her in few words, I may ſay *Aricidia* is a living mortality, but a Moraliſt without ſadneſs: and who believes that the pleaſantneſs of innocent Raillery is not uſeleſs to virtue; but the moſt incredible thing is, that though ſhe knows all the maliciouſneſs the world is capable of, ſhe is nevertheleſs incapable of it, and though ſhe hath an infinite ſpirit, ſhe cannot find any invention to prejudice any, though ſhe finds a thouſand when ſhe would ſerve her friends. In fine, *Aricidia* hath found the art to pleaſe and give divertiſements to all the youths without incurring any blame, for though ſhe is not young ſhe is ſometimes at Balls, ſhe ſees all the great feaſts, ſhe is in the moſt gallant walks and the merrieſt company, and *Aricidia* is compoſed of ſo much delight, that I may boldly ſay ſhe cannot be parallel'd, and I even maintain that it would not be advantageous for her to be fair, for if ſhe were ſhe goes to an hundred places where ſhe would not go, ſhe ſays things that ſhe would not ſay, and her phyſiognomy which retains more the audacity of my ſex than the timidity of hers, addeth a far more force to her words, and gives a liking to her diſcourſes, as I have ſaid already ſhe is ſo deſired in all places, that the days ſhould be longer for her than others, if ſhe would content all thoſe that deſire her: *Aricidia* being then ſuch as I have repreſented to you, came into a houſe where *Aronces* and I entred juſt as ſhe ſpoke of *Clelia* to five or ſix perſons which were there, and that ſhe ſpoke of her with earneſtneſs, ſo that when we entred ſhe changed not her diſcourſe; on the contrary ſhe no ſooner ſaw us, but knowing we were *Clelia's* friends, ſhe addreſt her ſelf to us with that familiarity which is natural to her.

You come very fitly, ſaid ſhe to us, to maintain my argument againſt a man you ſee with me, who ſays that *Clelia* would be fairer than ſhe is, if ſhe was a little more coy: Ah *Aricidia* cryed that man, which is named *Gennius*, tell at leaſt to *Aronces* and *Celeres*, that which I at firſt ſaid of the great beauty of *Clelia*, before you tell them what I have wiſhed thereto: I ſhall tell it replied ſhe, after I have delivered my advice thereupon, for I find it ſo unreaſonable that I cannot endure it: The beauty of *Clelia* is ſo reſplendent and perfect, replyed *Aronces*, that I cannot well comprehend of what addition it is capable, I think, added I, that without ſeeking to deny it, you had beſt demand it of *Aricidia*: I voluntarily conſent to it, replyed *Gennius*, ſo that ſhe will not conceal the praiſes I have given *Clelia*: For to content you, replyed ſhe, I ſhall then ſay, that you are of my opinion: that all the lineaments of *Clelia's* face are admirable; that ſhe is of a moſt rare complection, hairs very fair, of a courteous behaviour, and that ſhe is in fine one of the greateſt beauties in the world, but after that purſued ſhe, raiſing her voice, I ſhall ſay I do not believe ſhe can ever cauſe any love in you, becauſe ſhe doth not imitate all faſhions, or to ſay better all the ill favoured countenances of theſe which think themſelves fair, and which do not one action where there is not an affectation which ſtrangely diſpleaſeth, but to the end you may excuſe him, added ſhe, turning her ſelf towards *Aronces* and me; I muſt tell you that I have ſeen him heretofore amorous of one of thoſe Ladies who frame all their looks, who place their hands with art, who turn negligently their heads, who have an artificial languor or a borrowed joy, who fit their lips to the mirrors when they dreſs themſelves, and which laugh in ſuch a manner, that they ſhew all their teeth when they be white. Ah *Aricidia*, cryed *Gennius*, you treat me cruelly, I treat you yet too well anſwered ſhe, ſince there are ſuch men as you are, which detract from thoſe which are fair; for if all theſe forgereſſes of affected ſimperings ſhould not be praiſed by their Gallants, they would ſoon leave them, ſince it is certain they make none, but to attract Lovers, and we ſhould ſee no more that which is ſo unpleaſing to the ſight; in effect I ſee nothing which ſo much undervalueth beauty, as affectation and the ſo great care in deſiring to appear fair; for in the end added ſhe, there is nothing more baſe, than to ſee a woman which hath naturally great eyes and open, which always cloſes them half to have them more tempting, and there is nothing more inſupportable than to ſee the care that certain women have continually to make their lips of a roſeate colour, and to ſee the fantaſtical and extravagant remedy that they uſe thereto, is there any thing more inſupportable, than to ſee women who riſe twenty times out of their places, without having any thing elſe to do but to conſult their glaſſes, if they have forgot nothing of their tricks they have accuſtomed to do, and which have ſuch a fancy to look on themſelves, that they not only look on themſelves with earneſtneſs in all the glaſſes they find, but in the Rivers and Fountains, and even in the eyes of thoſe which ſpeak to them, but that which is yet true is, that when they cannot ſee themſelves, they ſeek an hundred affected inventions, to make themſelves to be ſaid ſuch as they believe themſelves, and that which oftentimes they are not, for ſometimes they ſay they have not ſlept, to the end it ſhould be maintained that it appears not in them, another time that they have an ill countenance, to the end it ſhould be ſaid they have a fair teint in another occaſion, that they are ill favouredly dreſt, to the end it ſhould be ſaid well, and they bear an affectation even to the ſmalleſt things. In fine, thoſe perſons which make ſo many fooleries, and ſo many faſhions, are ordinarily of thoſe that haſten to take the new modes, and which take them with exceſs, for if there be two or three Ribands worn, they take an hundred, and if the dreſſing is a little long, they wear their hair down to their girdle, if a little ſhort they ſhew their ears, and they perform in fine, ſo many diſagreeable things, to thoſe which have not a depraved taſt that they cannot be endur'd, and that which is moſt rare is, that thoſe women which ſpend their days, to compoſe all their actions to pleaſe, horribly diſpleaſe all honeſt men except certain perſons which have particular fancies, as *Gennius*, yet I know not added ſhe ſmiling, if he is of the ſame humour he ſays, and if he will not find as I, that *Clelia* is admirable, principally becauſe ſhe hath no affectation.

It is certain, added the Lady in whoſe houſe we were, that though *Clelia* doth not any action but what

what pleaſeth, 'tis clearly ſeen that ſhe doth not think upon any thing ſhe doth, and that ſhe hath formed her ſelf ſo great an habitude to have a good preſence, that it is not poſſible for her to have an ill one. That which ſeemeth to me worthy to be noted in *Clelia*, ſaid *Aronces*, is, that though ſhe hath no affectation, ſhe does nothing of all that which other women do; who make profeſſion to be fair. She hath I know not what noble audacity which ſets off her beauty, which hindreth not any one from doubting but that ſhe knows what is hers; but ſhe hath it in ſuch a manner, that 'tis apparent ſhe believeth to have ſomething more conſiderable, and that it is not by that alone by which ſhe merits eſteem, ſo that I know not how *Genutius* can find that this admirable perſon is defective in any thing.

It is ſometimes pleaſant to diſpute with *Aricidia*, replyed he, that you ought not to think it ſtrange, if I have contradicted her in ſomething, 'tis not, added he, that I am conſtrained to confeſs that I am not altogether any enemy to certain little affectations which give a gallant air to ſome women, and I know ſome that if we ſhould take away thoſe particular additions they have to heighten their beautie, and ſhould hinder them from doing all thoſe little things which I know not how to name (but which may admit the terms of mines and fooleries) we ſhould leave them nothing to entertain our ſight: And on the contrary, there are certain beauties ſo plain that they cannot pleaſe me: For to ſpeak ſincerely, I would have a woman conceit her ſelf fair before I tell her of it, becauſe I am perſwaded that ſhe will not believe me, if ſhe ſays not it her ſelf, and to ſay in a word what I think, a woman in my opinion is not perfectly lovely if ſhe loves not her ſelf, and if ſhe deſires not to be beloved.

In fine, ſaid *Aricidia*, half angry to ſpeak, truly you love wanton Goſſips more than others, becauſe it is more eaſie to be favoured by them, and that in the humour you are in, you are not fit to make difficult conqueſts. But to return to *Clelia*, I maintain that ſhe is more amiable than fair, though ſhe is the faireſt maid I ever ſaw.

As long as *Aricidia* ſpoke, *Aronces* ſet his eyes as fixtly on her, as if ſhe had all the youth and beauty of *Clelia*, for he took ſo much pleaſure in hearing what he loved, commended; that even his very eyes participated with the joy of his ſpirit. There were nevertheleſs ſome moments in which he had ſome ſecret ſpight, in that he could not find any ſubject whereby he might withdraw part of his heart from that beautiful perſon, for in the deſign which he had to draw it wholly if he could from her; there were alſo ſome moments in which the praiſes were given to *Clelia*, offended him: But theſe inſtances were not of long durance, and in deſpight of himſelf he was glad to hear her commended, and he praiſed her himſelf more than he intended to do.

In the mean while, having endeavoured five or ſix days to go into ſome place where he ſhould not hear *Clelia* ſpoken of, which he could not find; *Aronces* propounded to me at our going out of the Ladies houſe where we had ſeen *Aricidia*, to go and take a walk in a place which was very pleaſant; for Madam, you muſt know that there is near *Capua* a great Meadow which is one of the delightfulleſt walks in the world: That which principally beautifies it is, that there are many ſmall Rivulets which water it, and that it is bordered on both ſides, with four rows of Trees, which compoſe the pleaſanteſt Umbrage that I ever ſaw, and this place not being far from *Capua*, we might with convenience after our viſit go thither, and in effect we went thither, with an intention to hear no more ſpeech of *Clelia*. But Madam, admire the chances of Fortune in certain occaſions, and to be ſurpriſed by that which ſurpriſed *Aronces* and I, ſuffer me to tell you that as ſoon as we were come near this Medow, *Aronces* rebeginning this diſcourſe fetching a deep ſigh turned himſelf towards me, and looking ſtedfaſtly on me; in fine he told me, I am now in a place where I ſhall not have *Clelias* name mentioned, except it be by you or I. You ſpeak of that, I told him, as if you were diſpleaſed to hear that incomparable Maid named, or to have any remembrance of her. Nevertheleſs I know it is not ſo. Alas ſaid he, would you not have me forget *Clelia*, ſince I am bound to baniſh her from my heart? But in fine *Celeres*, ſaid he to me again, let us ſpeak no more of it, and contribute what you can to my recovery, and to unſlave my Spirit from ſo lovely an object, ſpeak to me of quite contrary things, and let us entertain each other as if we were ſtrangers. Since you will have it ſo, ſaid I, I muſt entertain you with the pleaſantneſs of this meadow, which is altogether fit for penſive thoughts. It is very true, replied he, that there was never a more pleaſant nor convenient place to entertain ones ſelf, but becauſe I will not think of *Clelia*, I muſt not be my own company keeper, for all my cogitations would be but of her.

After that Madam, *Aronces* held his peace, and I did ſo likewiſe, ſo as it were forgetting that we were together, we fell both into a profound penſiveneſs, we even ſeparated our ſelves by ſome ſteps, and if I durſt ſpeak of a love which I had in my ſoul, in diſcourſing to you of that of *Aronces*, I muſt confeſs that that which agitated his thoughts did alſo mine, and as he had his Spirit poſſeſt but by *Clelia* only, mine was alſo, but by the beautifulleſt perſon of *Capua*, which is called *Fenice*.

But after we had gone two or three hundred paces without looking or ſpeaking to each other, we heard at our right hand ſome body ſinging near the Ruines of a Caſtle, which are a little beyond the meadow, where there is an admirable Echo, inſomuch that we coming again together, we reſolved to go ſee who were at the Echo.

In the mean while, after he who ſung had made an end he held his peace, that thereby he might be anſwered by the Echo: After which we heard divers voices of men and women which were ſpeaking, and becauſe we were far from them, we heard but a confuſed noiſe, which would not permit us to diſcern, neither what was ſung, nor conſequently what was anſwered: But Madam, that which was rare, was, that as ſoon as we were within a diſtance that we might diſtinctly hear, we underſtood that it was *Horatius* which ſung, and that having made there ſome verſes in commendation of *Clelia*, which was amongſt thoſe Ladies which hearkned the laſt when we would underſtand him, inſomuch that *Aronces* and I heard diſtinctly theſe ſix verſes which I ſhall now rehearſe unto you, which extolled *Clelia* above all the faireſt of *Capua*, in ſetting forth her praiſes by the faireſt of all, and which was leſs accuſtomed to praiſe the beauty of others. They were theſe.

The Carthaginian Beauties led the way,
And ours like they, to her do homage pay
Toth' Splendor of her eyes all beauties rear,
Which makes her raign securely every where;
Yea even Fenice *publickly doth say,*
That nothing is so fair as Clelia.

So that *Aronces* who withdrew himself from *Capua*, not to hear the fair *Clelia* named, was strangely surprised, for after *Horatius* had said,

Yea even Fenice *publickly doth say,*
That nothing is so fair as Clelia.

The Eccho repeated the name of this fair Virgin six times, so that looking upon me in a manner where there was some astonishment and grief mixt together: For any thing I see, said he to me, I must depart the world if I will no more hear *Clelia* named, for seeing the Ecchoes speak to the trees and fields of her; I believe I shall find no place which speaks not to me of her. Since 'tis so, said I smiling to him, I think you may better speak to her your self, than only to hear her spoken of by others; as I had said these words, we were so nigh that fair Troop, that *Aronces* had no time to deliberate with himself whether he should go to them or no, for the amiable *Clelia*, having turned her head on one side knew us and called us, 'tis true, I am perswaded that *Aronces* who saw that *Clelia* was in this Troop, would nevertheless have approach'd her, though she should not have called him, though he intended to estrange himself from her, so that advancing towards this gallant troop; the first thing that *Aronces* did after he had saluted her; was to praise him which had praised *Clelia*, for my self, I confess I avoided with address to praise those verses though I knew the ingenious malice of it, as much as any person in the company, for Madam, though by these six verses *Horatius* intimated that *Fenice* was the fairest person in *Capua*, and that it was advantageous for her, 'tis nevertheless true that there was malice in this praise, and that he reproached the defect, she hath not to find any thing fair, and 'twas easie to judge that he preferred the beauty of *Clelia* before *Fenices*, so that I being amorous of her, shunned as I have told you, to praise those verses of *Horatius*, and I spoke of the Eccho to a man in the company, for fear some one should tell *Fenice* that I had praised a man which had praised one other more than her, and which blamed her in such an ingenious manner, but my foresight was unprofitable: as I shall soon tell you, for this adventure made a quarrel between *Fenice* and me, but to return to *Aronces*, he not only praised *Horatius*, in a manner whereof he praised *Clelia*, but he even praised her in so gallant a manner, that his prose was far better than his Rivals verse, and this same man which some days before had resolved to do all things possible not to love, changed his opinion on a sudden, and resolved in an instant with himself always to love her, and no more to oppose his passion, and to forget nothing that might make him love her, so that being delivered from the care of striving against himself, he had his spirit more free, his humour more joyful, and he was so pleasant that night, that he infinitely pleased all the company, which insensibly engaged themselves to examine the reason, wherefore the most part of fair women are covetous of praise and often very unjust, for said *Aronces* after many other things, they think some women are deform'd when they are beautiful.

For my part, said *Clelia*, my curiosity should be to know if effectually those which have the humour as you say are truly prepossessed, or if they say things otherwise than they think them. There are divers sorts of them, replied *Horatius*, for I am perswaded that there are Ladies which know others to be fair though by an emulative resentment they say they are not, but I am likewise of opinion that there are some which so love themselves that they hate all others, and in whom effectually they find nothing that is fair.

For my particular, said a Lady in the company, who hath much spirit but is not fair, I think it not strange if envy make them speak which pretend to be fair against those which are, but I cannot wonder enough to see them which have no interest in beauty, which because they are not fair, would not have others so, and which are likewise as difficult to please as if they had the fairest attractions in the world, the fairest complections, and all the charms which may be desired in an amiable person. As this Lady had thus spoken, *Aricidia* whom we had seen that day, came where we were with three women of quality, and three men, so that as *Aronces* and I had sought this place for its solitariness, we had the pleasantest company I ever saw, for except *Fenice* the most amiable of our Ladies were there, but as the subject of our conversation was then very curious when these two companies joyned, this Lady who spoke last, said they should oblige *Aricidia* to give her advice upon the subject they had before spoken of, so that after we had learn'd her what it was, she began to blame the fair ones which would only arrogate to themselves that title, but she blam'd them in a very pleasant manner, for it wanted but little that she related not all the histories of the City to those which have already some knowledge of them.

For my part, said she, I have been heretofore astonish'd to see a fair woman and of as much spirit, which for to dispraise another said the most ridiculous things that may be, for she found her too white and too brown: She likewise said she had eyes too sweet, mouth too little, and if my memory deceive me not, I think I heard her one day say she had lips too incarnate; what is this? thought I when I heard her speak so, am I a fool or wise, have I good eyes or hath she bad who speaks thus? but after a little consideration I found the cause of her injustice, for I knew there was a Lady which was fair flaxen-hair'd, who had eyes sweet, mouth little, and lips of a blushing red, who had taken a Lover from her, so that after that I sought no more the cause of her prejudicate opinion, likewise when I find some of those scrupulous beauties who think none fair but themselves, I examin'd what interests they may have to the fair and brown in general, I and what they might have in particular of those of which they spoke, and after that I did not want much to find the reason which made them unjust. In effect, I lastly saw one who because she had great eyes, maintained that little eyes could not be agreeable, and I saw another which on the contrary, said that it appertained only to little eyes to make great conquests, and they only had I know not what of gallant and agreeable, which was fit to wound hearts, and that ordinarily great eyes open, were stupid and without agreement.

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In another occasion, pursued *Aricidia*, I found a woman which contrary to them I have told you of, blamed in others that which she had, and praised that she had not, but she so faintly praised and blamed it, that after I had well examin'd her, I found that she blamed and did not praise it, but to the end to be contradicted, and that they might praise that she had, and blame that she had not: but usually I have already said we must know all the life of a fair woman, for to have power to divine what sort of beauty she may praise, 'tis not but jealousie may hinder her from finding any thing fair; but it more often happens, that there are more remote causes which procure this injustice: For in fine, all the company know a woman which would be very fair if she was fat, to whom I have heard say that a Rival she hath would be fairer than she is now, if she had ten or twelve fits of a Fever which might penance her body, and I know likewise one which because that a Lady is anothers Confident, whom she believes to have a design on the heart of a man, that she would have for her gallant found strange defects in her, though she had not any, so that when I met with these critical choosers of beauty, I enquired who loved such an one? whether her Husband or her Lover betray her not, whether she is jealous, whether she is envious, whether she is wicked, whether she is frantick? I should never Madam, bring my discourse to a period if I should relate to you all those pleasing things *Aricidia* said on this subject, but not being to trespass upon your patience, I shall desist from mentioning them, but shall only tell you that night beginning to cloath the earth with her sable mantle, the company returned to *Capua*, and *Aronces* and I returned thither with *Clelia* and her company, but to tell you the truth, I was not a little surprised when that being returned to my Lodging, where I desired *Aronces* to lodge, I found that instead of not being willing to hear *Clelia* spoken of, he would not speak to me of any other thing.

In effect, if I thought to tell him four words on any other subject, he would not answer me but began to speak to me of *Clelia*: so that not being willing to contend with him; As far as I see, replied I smiling, you have changed your thoughts since our last Visit, for you desired to depart from the City not to hear *Clelia* spoken of, and you now speak nothing but of her. No, no, *Celeres*, said he to me, I have not changed my thoughts, but the truth on't is, I was not the same I thought my self to be, and that though I said I would not love *Clelia*, I was resolved always to love her, and to speak of her all my life: but if it is so, replied I more smiling, you must seek another Confident than me, and I likewise must seek another than you, for if you have resolved always to speak to me of *Clelia*; at what hours and time may I speak to you of *Fenice*? 'Tis true he that's one Lover is not fit to be anothers Confident; but cruel Friend, you are not amorous in such manner as I am, you love *Fenice* when you see her, pursued he, and you do no more love when you see her not, and your passion for her is rather a voluntary amazement than a true passion: 'tis therefore not very difficult for you not to speak so often of *Fenice*, and to let me speak of *Clelia*.

Have you then absolutely resolved, said I to him, not to think more of banishing her from your heart? On the contrary, I have taken a resolution, replyed he, to conquer hers if it be possible, and to acquaint her that she is the only Saint, at whose Shrine I offer up my Devotion. In high thoughts, Madam, was *Aronces* at this time, and *Horatius* as I have since known, seeing *Clelia* give a favourable censure of those Verses; the Maid on a sudden when she oblig'd him to sing to the Echo, where we found him resolved to discover his Love to *Clelia* on the first occasion which presented, and these two Corrivals though friends, not in the least imagining one anothers love, jump'd on one design when *Clelia* without thinking of it gave them the means to execute it: For know, Madam, she being desirous to have those Verses *Horatius* had made, and which she could not retain in her memory, *Horatius* having but twice sung them, demanded them of him the next day; but as he would make use of this occasion, instead of giving them to her at that time, he could tell her he would send them. On the other side you must know Madam, that as things change very much, by passing from one mouth to another, principally if it is to recount little news of *Cabala*, where one word alter'd changeth all: It hapned that *Aricidia* having told some company where she was, and that which passed at the Echo, those which heard it mis-related it to others, and those others worse to others, who told *Fenice* it was I which had made those Verses at the Echo, but instead of telling her this Song was for *Clelia*, they only told her 'twas against her; so that being much incensed against me, she complains of me with much inveterateness, in a place where *Clelia* arrived a little after she departed from it: So that *Clelia* who is wholly composed of goodness, was very sorry that the praises *Horatius* had attributed to her, had been the ocasion of a quarrel between me and so fair a person; therefore willing to acquaint me with the complaints of *Fenice*, that I might justifie my self, and foreseeing she should not see neither *Aronces* or *I* all that day, because she knew *Sulpicia* spent the remaining part of the afternoon in a place where we did not go. She wrote a Letter to *Aronces* to oblige him to advertise me of the anger of *Fenice*, for as she had been educated with him, and that *Clelius* would have her live with him with the same familiarity of a Sister, she made no difficulty to write to him, which she had done before in divers occasions, so that following those motions of goodness she had for me, she wrote a Letter to *Aronces* as I have already told you, which was somewhat nigh these terms.

Clelia *to* Aronces.

'AS I know you love *Celeres* as much as I esteem him, and that I dare not write to him, I believed I ought to acquaint you that *Fenice* accuses 'him wrongfully of an Injury he hath offered her in 'praising me, to the end he may appease that fair person to whom I willingly yield the Priority of Beauty; 'and I consent that *Celeres* should make some Verses, 'in which he should as much prefer *Fenice* before me, 'as *Horatius* by his Flatteries hath placed me above 'her, for I declare, it's not by the small beauty I have I 'would be esteemed, but there is something in my 'heart that merits praise more than my eyes, and in 'fine there remains no more but to call you my Bro-'ther, that delightful name my Father hath com-'manded me to give you, may hide those blushes 'which stain my Cheeks when I write unto you. A-'dieu, let not *Celeres* hate me for a quarrel I have in-'nocently

'nocently caused him and use all the power you have 'over him to hinder him from complaining of me.

See then Madam, the Scheme and nigh the words of *Clelia's* Letter that *Aronces* received as he was ready to depart, but as he received it in a time when his passion violently transported him, and in a time when he had resolved to discover it to her which caused it, he believed he ought not to let slip this occasion which presented it self, and that without staying to see *Clelia*, he ought in answering her to tell her clearly that he was amorous of her, and in effect without any hesitation, and without one raze in all his Letter he wrote with a strange precipitation, all the inspirations of his passion, for 'tis certain, this Letter was rather a production of his heart than spirit, but after he had wrote it, he gave it to a discreet and faithful Slave, with order to attend *Clelia's* return, and to give it her without *Sulpicia's* seeing it, so that this Slave being very exact, executed it without much difficulty, for those which were with *Aronces* were in *Clelius* his house, as if they depended on him; so that 'twas very easie for this Lovers Slave to perform the command of his Master, and *Clelia* believing he wrote to her to inform her of *Celeres* quarrel, took the Letter without difficulty, but as she thought 'twas a simple answer to hers, she read it not at that time, because she was called at that instant to go to her Father, and their conversation being somewhat long, she forgot *Aronces* his Letter in her pocket, and did not remember it until she was retired into her Chamber, and when one of her Maids had given her another which she said one of *Horatius* his Slaves had brought, so *Clelia* believing that he had sent her those Verses she demanded of him, and that Letter putting her in mind that she had one from *Aronces* which she had not read, she put her self in estate to read them both, but as she had without doubt much more inclination towards *Aronces* than *Horatius*, she opened his Letter first where she was astonished to find these words.

Aronces *to* Clelia.

'YOu have given *Celeres* such singular demonstra-'tions of your Nobleness, that if I did not hope 'you had the same for me, I would not speak to you 'of him, and had rather give new matter to that high 'Vertue which gives so many Charms to your Beauty: 'but charming *Clelia*, as there cannot be testified more 'Nobleness than in pardoning a Crime in which ones 'self is solely interested: I must acquaint you that I 'have committed one which reflects on none but you, 'to the end that taking the generous resolution to 'pardon it, I may afterwards innocently commit it all 'my life. For not to draw a Vail over my thoughts, 'the Crime I have committed is, that I love you more 'than you would be beloved, and the glorious name 'of Brother you bestow on me, is so little agreeing 'with my thoughts, that I can no longer accept of it, 'permit me then to bear the title of your slave, if 'you will accumulate glory on me, but to the end my 'passion offend you not, know you have such an abso-'lute power over me, that I shall not desire any thing 'but what you will not refuse me: In fine I love you, 'but in so pure a manner, that if you could see my 'heart, you would never have the injustice to deface 'your Image from it; I know amiable *Clelia* that I am 'unfortunate, an unknown One, but if you knew my 'flame and the purity of my thoughts, you would 'not be offended to be beloved in the manner I love 'you; take then the pains to know them, and con-'demn me not without it I pray you. But to the end 'I may know if you consent to my demand, I de-'clare to you that if you answer me not, I shall believe 'that you favourably entertain my love, and that I 'shall have nothing but to render you thanks for it: 'but on the contrary if you take a resolution to treat 'me rigorously, I had rather receive a cruel Letter 'than receive none. I pray you make me not despair, 'for in the passion I have for you, I cannot lose hope 'without losing my life.

The reading of this Letter so much surprised *Clelia*, that she could not tell what she felt in reading it; for as she much esteemed *Aronces*, and had much inclination towards him, she could not entertain a disobliging anger against him: Nevertheless, her natural modesty checkt her to do it. 'Tis true, as she knew her Fathers thoughts it was followed with some momentary grief, to see it was not permitted her to give any reasonable hope to the person in the world she believed most worthy of her if she had known his birth, and if her Father had not had an intention never to marry her but to a *Roman*; so that this astonishment, anger, and grief so much possessed her Spirit, that she thought not to read *Horatius* his Letter, and if her distraction had not made her open it without thinking on it, she would have slept without seeing it, but having opened it without any design to do it; and seeing the Song she demanded if *Horatius* was not there, and that it was only a Letter, she read it, but not without less astonishment than she had done *Aronces*: For in fine Madam, I can shew you a Copy of it that I will read to you, seeing you will not be ignorant of any thing in which *Aronces* is interested.

Horatius *to* Clelia.

I Send you not those Verses you demanded of me, because having perused them I found they did not merit your sight, and (if I dare say so) they were even unworthy of me: but there is another reason which hinders me from obeying you; for in fine, amiable Clelia, *I foresee I go to be so cruelly used by you, that you would not sing a Song which I made. 'Tis not but that I use all means possible not to be rigorously treated, but I sensibly feel that when I tell you now I love you, you will soon divine it, 'tis therefore I had rather declare it to you my self, to the end you may have some obligation to me to have concealed it so long from you: Know then, divine* Clelia, *that the first minute I saw you was the first of my passion, and that the last of my love will be the last of my life; I know I have not great quality enough to merit you, but I know I have divers things which may hinder me from being ill used: For in fine, I am a* Roman, *I am beloved by* Clelius; *my love and hate runs in the same current as his, I am an Exile as he is, I am unfortunate, and I love you more than can be imagined; dispose therefore absolutely of my destiny, but if it is possible banish me not from your heart as I am from* Rome, *if you will not be more unjust than the Tyrant which banish me thence, and render me infinitely more unhappy by this second and more rigorous Exile, than I am by the first.*

Clelia having finished the reading of this Letter, was

was much perplexed to resolve what she should do, for she found something so various in this mishap which had made her receive two declarations of love in one moment, that she knew not what to imagine of it. That which most troubled her was, that *Aronces* and *Horatius* were friends, and that they might both say they had obligations to her, so that having thought a little thereupon, it came into her mind that that which gave her so much inquietude was not it may be but a simple gallantry agreed on between them to perplex her, for in our *Cabalia* we make an hundred malicious intents one to another in divers occasions: *Clelia* therefore finding some sweetness in believing it, to draw her self from that perplexity where she was, made as if she really believed it, and hath since ingenuously confessed to me, that though the Letter of *Aronces* much vexed and afflicted her, yet she felt in her heart that she sustained it more agreeably than that of *Horatius*; but after she had confirmed her self in this belief more by her will than reason, she took a resolution to answer those two Letters as if she had certainly known that these two friends desired to deceive her; but as she was not assured of it, she determined to write to both of them obscurely, to the end not to breed any contention between them if her thoughts deceived her, and not to discover to them that they had both discovered their Loves to her, if it was true they loved her. For in fine, (said this admirable Maid to her self) if *Aronces* and *Horatius* have plotted this invention, they will understand what I shall tell them, and know that they have not deceived me, and if it is not a deceit, and that they have written to me without one anothers knowledge, I shall not embroyl them, and I shall not find my self in the necessity to answer seriously to two Letters, wherein I shall find my self perplexed to do it, for I should answer it may be too roughly to *Horatius* and too mildly to *Aronces*: After this *Clelia* taking a resolution to draw her self speedily from this perplexity, answered to those two Letters by two Notes that I shall tell you, for I think I never saw any of *Clelia's* writing that I have not retained, I so much esteem her: This Madam, was her answer to *Aronces*.

Clelia *to* Aronces.

YOur deceit hath not succeeded, and he with whom you have contrived it, shall have no more joy than you to believe it would deceive me, believe me Aronces *it suffices not to have spirit to be a deceiver, but a certain maliciousness of which I believe you incapable, therefore enterprise no more to deceive me, and to prove that your design both effectually ill succeeded, I protest unto you, your Letter hath not angred me one moment, after this I think I need no more explicate to you my thoughts, and that you believe that I believe you are not amorous of me.*

You see Madam, what was *Clelia's* Note to *Aronces*, and so what was that she wrote to his Rival.

Clelia *to* Horatius.

VVHen two have joyned to contrive a Cheat it is easier to be found out; pretend not then I conjure you, that yours hath happily succeeded, and to testifie unto you, that I believe not to be so well with you as you may be evil with me, I pray send me the Verses I have demanded of you, but I likewise pray you to be strongly perswaded that you can never enterprise any thing that less resembles truth than what you have undertook: for in fine, to speak sincerely I live after such a manner in the world, that one must have lost ones sense and reason, if he think to procure my friendship and not my hatred, by disclosing his affection to me in an amorous Letter.

I am assured Madam, you know that though these two Notes were written on one subject and by one person, and that this person had an equal design in writing them, that that which addressed to *Horatius* was clothed with more rigorous and severe language than the other, but I must tell you the effect they produced in the minds of those which received them the next day: imagine then Madam, that when *Aronces* received that which appertained to him, there was a strange emotion in his heart, for as he writ to *Clelia* that if she answered him not, he would believe she was favourable to him, he thought seeing she wrote to him, he was going to receive his arrest of death, and that which made him think so was, that *Clelia's* Slave by the orders of her Mistress, had given him this Note without staying for an answer, so that he opened it with an extreme Inquietude, but when he had read it his spirit was a little more setled, but he was much perplexed to divine what *Clelia* would say, when she told him that he had contriv'd with another this deceit: Nevertheless after he had well considered on it, he believed that *Clelia* had purposely premeditated it, not to be obliged to evil treat him, and that it was I that she made him seemingly think which had part in this pretended deceit of which she spoke in her Note; so that looking upon this Artifice of *Clelia* as an obliging procedure for him, he found himself more happy than he hoped. He likewise received me with much joy when I entred into his Chamber a quarter of an hour after he had received this Note, but as I was sufficiently troubled at the anger of *Fenice*, I hearkned not to him so attentively as he would have me, so that being angry at me; Ah cruel friend said he to me, you interest not your self in my fortune: You take so little part in mine, said I to him, that I have more cause to complain of you than you have of me, for after you have told me you are not so miserable as you thought your self, you demand not of me how I stand with *Fenice*, but for to make you see you are happier than I to read the Letter I leave you, that this fair person hath wrote on the adventure of the Echo, for I am pressed to go to a friend of hers to adventure to oblige her to justifie me to her. After I had left *Fenice's* Letter in his hands I left him, but departing from his Chamber, I met *Horatius* who entred there, and who appeared to have something in his spirit which made him melancholy, for he took no notice of me: In effect Madam, you must know that *Clelia's* answer had highly perplexed him, for he knew he had not mentioned his love to any one, nor the Letter he had wrote to her, so that he knew not what to think of that she wrote to him, seeing that on whatsoever side he looked on the thing, he found nothing of true semblance.

In the mean time, he felt I know not what in *Clelias* words, which made him believe that he had not any part in her heart, he was notwithstanding perswaded that he might have right to pretend thereto,

if

if it was not engaged; ſo that now thinking on what he never before thought of, he ſought to find, if it was poſſible, whether *Clelia* lov'd any one, but after he had examin'd it, he found that if this fair perſon had ſome particular affection in her heart, it muſt neceſſarily be for *Aronces*, and that it muſt conſequently follow *Aronces* lov'd her; for he ſuſpected her not to love without being belov'd. This thought was no ſooner formed in his imagination, but it excited in him a great diſturbance: In effect, as *Horatius* is generous, and that he had many Obligations to *Aronces*, he had a ſtrange agitation of heart, when he thought he might be his Rival, it likewiſe raiſed a War in his Spirit, and he effectualy took a reſolution to reſiſt his paſſion, if he learnt *Aronces* loved *Clelia*. So that endeavouring handſomly to clear himſelf, he went to *Aronces* his houſe, and he arrived there as I told you when I departed from thence, ſo that he had the Letter of *Fenice* in his hands I had given him and *Clelias* anſwer, but as ſoon as *Aronces* ſaw *Horatius* enter he concealed *Clelias* Letter, and ſtill kept *Fenices* in his hands, for in this inopinate occaſion he thought on nothing but his own intereſt and not mine. 'Tis true, that this Letter was writ in ſuch a manner, that the Author of it could not be known if one did not know the writing, neither for whom it was, it having no ſuperſcription, and the reproaches of *Fenice* were in ſuch a nature, that one would not divine the cauſe of them: *Horatius* then entred into *Aronces* his Chamber, with an intention to diſcover by a familiar diſcourſe if he loved *Clelia*, and endeavour to divert his love if it was ſo, he ſaw ſome emotion in his countenance, becauſe his mind was then diſquieted, and according to the nature of love which make Lovers fear the ſlighteſt things in certain occaſions, he feared that *Horatius* ſhould ſee *Clelias* Letter, and know it, ſo that this diſguiſed Lover ſeeing ſome agitation on *Aronces* face, and ſeeing a Letter in his hands which was written in Tablets, he held open without thinking on it, he ſo little dreamed of me, and ſeeing they were made in a manner as Ladyes ordinarily uſe to write to men, he demanded of him after ſome complements if thoſe Tablets came from *Clelia*, *Horatius* having not any other deſign than to ſpeak to him of that fair Maid on all ſorts of ſubjects, to note either by his actions or words, if there was any ſuſpicion that he was amorous of that fair perſon. But *Horatius* had hardly demanded this of *Aronces*, but this Lover which was unprepared was much ſurpriſed at it, becauſe it was true as you know that he had one of *Clelias* Letters about him, and would not hinder himſelf from telling him this Letter was not from her, ſo as *Horatius* noting it, and not doubting but thoſe Tablets were *Clelia's*, he ſpoke to *Aronces* beleeving it ſo; by your favour, ſaid he to him, do not conceal the truth from me, and tell me if the Letter you have in your hand is not from the admirable daughter of *Sulpicia*, as I do not doubt of it, ſhew it me I pray you, for as I am perſwaded ſhe writes as well as ſhe ſpeaks, I have a great deſire to ſee one of her Letters, at leaſt I very well know her Character is the faireſt in the world, for I have ſeen verſes of her writing: at firſt *Aronces* believed, that telling a ſecond time to *Horatius* that this Letter was not from *Clelia*, and telling it him very ſeriouſly he would believe it, and would preſs him no more to ſhew it him, but it hapned otherwiſe, for *Horatius* reiterating his intreaties with much earneſtneſs, perſwaded him he ſuſpected ſomething of his paſſion, ſo that fearing extreamly he ſhould know it, and for fear he ſhould acquaint *Clelius* with it, with whom he had a moſt inviolable amity, reſolved to ſhew him *Fenice* his Letter, to make him a falſe confidence by ſhewing it him, to the end to fruſtrate his conceived opinion that he was amorous of *Clelia*, if it was true he thought ſo that the better to conceal his paſſion. I know not *Horatius*, ſaid he to him, giving him the Tablets he held, from whence it comes you will not believe me, but to evidence to you, you have wronged me by ſuſpecting the verity of my words, ſee if this writing is *Clelia's*, but after you have ſeen this Letter do not ſpeak of it I pray you, though I am reſolved not to have any commerce with the perſon who writ it, therefore *Horatius* tell none, yet nevertheleſs I will not be indiſcreet without any exception, that you have ſeen a Letter of this nature in my hands. As you tell me not her name who wrote it (replyed *Horatius*, after he had read it) I can hardly be unfaithful to you if I would. For what can I ſay to thoſe to whom I would tell it, but that you have ſhewed me a Letter: Since I know nothing elſe but that it is from an incenſed Lady, who wrote to you with ſuch an high indignation, that I believe ſhe will eaſily be appealed when you will, and that ſhe hath more diſpoſition to love than hate you, whatſoever it be ſpeak not of it, I pray you, ſaid *Aronces*, for in the thoughts in which I now am, I am aſſured I ſhall never mention love to that perſon: Whilſt *Aronces* thus ſpoke, *Horatius* had an extream joy to believe that he was not an amorous of *Clelia*, for though his friend told him he would never have any commerce with the perſon, whoſe Letter he had ſeen, he harkned to that as the diſcourſe of an angred Lover, who believed ſometimes to hate when he loved moſt, he doubted not but *Aronces* had a great engagement to this Lady, whoſe Letter he had ſeen, ſo that believing he was not expoſed but to be a mans Rival to whom he owed his Life, and whom he very much loved, he expreſſed a great reſentment of joy by the only imagination of it, and leſt that miſhap he greatly feared might happen to him, he reſolved whilſt *Aronces* loved another to tell him that he had the ſame for *Clelia*, though he loved not to declare his ſecrets, for as he knew him to be very generous, he thought that after he had once made him his confident, he would not become his Rival, ſo that caſting an obliging look on *Aronces*, For to demonſtrate to you how dear your friendſhip is to me, ſaid he to him, I have almoſt ſtolen from you your ſecret, but I will voluntarily declare mine to you: know then, continued he, that time hath worn out many months ſince love ſeized my heart, and I every day feel my hatred againſt *Tarquin* increaſes, becauſe I look on him as the cruel cauſe of thoſe puniſhments which are prepared for me. *Aronces* hearing *Horatius* ſpeak in this manner, imagined he had ſome Amoretta's at *Rome*, and did not fully comprehend that he hated *Tarquin* more than ordinarily, becauſe it was his exile which had cauſed his paſſion for *Clelia*, ſo that willing to teſtifie to *Horatius*, that he would obligingly eſpouſe his Intereſts, he commiſerated his cruel paſſion, prying to tell him his adventure: Alas my dear friend, ſaid he to him, my adventure is declared in few words, for as ſoon I ſhall tell you that I love without being beloved, I ſhall tell you all which hath happened to me, ſince I was amorous. But hath not abſence, replyed *Aronces*, healed you of a love which hath

been

been so ill rewarded: as he thus spoke, and that *Horatius* was about to tell him that he was not absent from the person whom he loved, and that he would have named *Clelia* to him; *Clelius* entred into *Aronces* his Chamber, and broke off the conversation of these two Rivals, which knew not themselves to be so, and they could not renew it this day nor a long time after, for as *Aronces* would not render secret for secret to *Horatius*, he rather avoided than sought him: *Horatius* on his side had his spirit so clouded with grief, that though he had a design to confide in *Aronces*, he could not do it, no occasion presenting it self. In the mean time, as he believed *Aronces* to be engaged in another love, he clearly submitted his heart to *Clelia*.

But to return to the two Letters these Rivals had writ her, and the answers she returned to them; you must know, that three days were fully completed before *Aronces* had the happiness to see *Clelia*, though he sought for her in the resolution he had taken not to oppose his love, and had resolved to tell her that that which he writ was positively true, for *Horatius* though he resolved to love *Clelia*, he feared to see her lest she should be displeased when he should tell her the contents of his Letter were true: but at last by a fortunate occasion these two Rivals met together after Dinner at *Clelius* his Gate with one design, to see *Clelia*; *Horatius* said nothing particularly to *Aronces*, because he had with him a friend which he had found at *Capua* called *Stenius*, whom he had brought to entertain *Sulpitia*, that he might discourse with her daughter, so that being entred without discovering their hearts to one another, they seemed as two men which had great friendship together, but they were very much troubled when they approached *Clelia*, and this fair person seeing them both at once, and seeing in their countenances an equal agitation, confirmed her self in her conceived opinion, that they both had contrived together those Letters they had writ to her, it happened that *Horatius* noting *Aronces* his change of Countenance looked on him, and *Aronces* doing the same thing looked on *Horatius*, so that *Clelia* believing they made some intelligent sign to deceive her, determin'd with her self to tell them they were not come to their end: and thus smiling said, you see well said she to them, in the manner with which I receive you both that you have not deceived me, and that your fallacy hath not succeeded: therefore do not enterprise it once more, if you will not have the shame to be discovered, for if you could not deceive when I did not distrust, judge then if you can do it now you have rendred your selves suspected.

Aronces and *Horatius* hearing *Clelia* speak in this manner were strangely surprised, for her words agreeing with her writing, they knew by this both had written, and that both their Themes were love, since she used the same terms to them both, and not having power to hinder their surprisals, and their astonishments, they changed colour, looked on one another, and afterwards looked on *Clelia*, as if they had desired to see her thoughts in her eyes, or what they should answer her: On the other side, *Clelia* seeing the agitation of their spirits, knew she was deceived, and blushed by a modest thought mingled with confusion; but she did not judge it fit to retract what she had said, and she continued to make war to them, as she had begun, for after *Aronces* was come from his astonishment; For my particular Madam said he to her, I protest unto you I had no desire to deceive you, and *Horatius* very well knows I never proposed any deceit to him. I confess what you say, replyed he, but confess likewise I never proposed to you in my life to deceive the fair *Clelia*, to the end that as I shall make yours, you may make my justification, the path which you tread to justifie your selves will render you more culpable than you imagine, replyed she, therefore if you will believe me, divide the controversie between you, concerning the crime I accuse you. At least amiable *Clelia*, replyed *Aronces*, with precipitation tell me, if *Horatius* his crime is in the nature of mine?

I pray you Madam, added *Horatius*, yield not to *Aronces* that he demands of you without doing the like to me, and without telling me if the fallacy of which you accuse him, is like that you accuse me of.

If I should consent to your demands, replyed *Clelia* prudently, I should give you honour to have deceived me, since I should take the pains to tell you a thing I suppose you know; but in fine, whether your terms be equal or no speak no more of it, for in the humour in which I am, I cannot tolerate such abuses; take then some care to make me forget those you have done me, and never propound it more to me, if you will not have me fear or flee you, as if I had contracted much hatred against you.

I know not, replyed *Aronces*, what *Horatius* hath done or said which hath angred you, but for my part Madam I protest unto you, that if I have incurred your displeasure, I am disposed to displease you all my life. Those which have begun a thing, added *Horatius*, do not so easily leave it off, therefore Madam, you ought not to think it strange if I make use of *Aronces* his expressions, and assure you if I am criminal I shall be so till death. I shall suffer the rest of the day, replied *Clelia*, seeming to believe that in effect you have deceived me, but I declare to you my patience extends no further, and that if to morrow you thus speak to me, I shall effectually act as if the deceit had succeeded.

As *Clelia* had finished these words, one of *Horatius* friends entred, and I entred a little after with *Fenice*, with whom I had made my peace since I left *Aronces*; 'tis true the better to confirm her I was not very sorry to accompany her to *Clelias* house, to the end she might hear from her mouth, that twas *Horatius* had made the Song which was the occasion of our quarrel, she accusing me to have done it, and I turned their discourse in such a manner, that I finished to *Fenice* my justification, but I was much surprised to see *Aronces* and *Horatius* both melancholy that they which used to be very civil, had some disposition to contradict one another: I assure you Madam, this I tell you surprises you, for after I had told you that *Horatius* had a design to discover if *Aronces* was his Rival, to the end to endeavour to vanquish his passion, I am assured I say Madam, that you are astonished to see this exasperation at first principally in *Horatius* his Spirit, but I may say he is not culpable, because it is so natural not to love a Rival, that what obligation soever he had to *Aronces*, he would not look upon him as his Rival, without feeling in his heart an extreme agitation. *Aronces* on his part, not doubting but that *Horatius* loved *Clelia*, had a most sensible grief, and as reasonable as he was, he would not hinder himself from telling me afterwards, that he

was as much incenſed againſt *Horatius*, as if after he had made him the confident of his paſſion, he was become his Rival, he therefore endeavoured to overcome the tumultuous reſentments of his heart, and in effect thoſe two Rivals departed from *Sulpitia's* houſe, as if they had nothing in their ſouls, which had begun to change their thoughts; but the moſt remarkable thing in this adventure was, that *Aronces* and *Horatius* both took an equal deſign, for *Horatius* reſolved to acquaint *Aronces* with his affection, and *Aronces* to precede *Horatius*, reſolved to diſcover firſt his paſſion for *Clelia* to him, ſo that thoſe two Rivals inſtead of flying one another, departed together from *Clelia's* houſe as I have told you; and having propoſed to one another to walk, they went into a publick Garden where every one had the liberty to go, but they were no ſooner there but both being deſirous to uſe one anothers confidence, they hindred themſelves ſometimes by their own impatience, and as ſoon as they were in the Garden, *Aronces* thus ſaid to *Horatius*, As I infinitely eſteem you, I ſhall be very glad to acquaint you with the moſt important affairs which have hapned to me in the whole courſe of my life: I pray, ſaid *Horatius*, let me firſt finiſh my diſcourſe, for there is no reaſon you ſhould deprive me of that advantage ſince I firſt begun to unlock to you the greateſt ſecret in my heart. When I have told you I am amorous of *Clelia*, interrupted *Aronces*, then tell me what you pleaſe. Ah *Aronces* cryed *Horatius*, you have prevented me, and I have nothing now to tell you, but that I fear I ſhall be conſcious of ingratitude towards you, and ſhall not have enough power over my ſelf as not to be your Rival. What *Horatius*, ſaid *Aronces*, is it true that you love *Clelia*? Yes, ſaid he, I love her, and it was to endeavour to diſcover if you loved her, that I came to your houſe that day *Clelius* interrupted us, and when I entred into your Chamber, I had taken a reſolution if I could diſcover you to be my Rival, to vanquiſh my paſſion by all means I could poſſibly uſe; but truly I cannot tell whether my inclination induced me to do it, for ſince I have known you love *Clelia*, I have ſo terrible an agitation in my heart, that I do not know whether I ſhould love *Clelia*, hate you or hate my ſelf, neither would I infringe our friendſhip or deſert her: Ah *Horatius* cried *Aronces*, that which you would do is not poſſible; for if we both love *Clelia*, we muſt neceſſarily hate one another: I am ſo much obliged to you, replied *Horatius*, that I think not that the Love I have for her, and the friendſhip I have for you ſhould be incompatible: If that which you ſay is true, replied *Aronces*, it is for you to yield *Clelia* to me, for it muſt conſequently follow you love her leſs than I, ſince it is true that I believe it not poſſible to look upon you three days as my Rival without hating you. 'Tis not, ſaid he, that I am leſs generous than you. but 'tis aſſuredly that my love is powerful: Ah *Aronces*, replyed *Horatius*, I oppoſe my ſelf to that which you ſay, for you cannot have more Love than I, but it is that owing to me not ſo much as I owe to you, you are not ſo obliged to love me. No no, anſwered *Aronces*, it is not by that reaſon, for if I have defended your life you have likewiſe defended mine. I declare likewiſe to you that you owe no more to me than I to you, and if you renounce the pretenſions you have for *Clelia*, I would count it as a thing you are not obliged to do. Would to the Gods, replyed *Horatius*, I was in eſtate to do all which you ſay, for I ſhould do it by another motive, but it is impoſſible for me to change my affection, and permit you to love her. It is true I am no great obſtacle to you, ſeeing that if I am not deceived, I have not much room in *Clelia's* ſpirit: Ah *Horatius* cryed *Aronces*, you are not only the moſt accompliſhed man in the world, but you are a Roman, and I am an unhappy unknown which cannot hinder you. Notwithſtanding I hope, though I have no ſubject of hope, expect not likewiſe I can ever ſuffer you to love *Clelia*, though many reaſons oppoſe my Love. If you will (replied *Horatius* after a little conſideration) ſtrive to divert the current of your affection, I will do the ſame things. If I ſhould conſent to your demands, replied *Aronces*, we ſhould find our ſelves in ſome days in the ſame eſtate we are now, ſince I am aſſured that I cannot ceaſe to love *Clelia*, ſo that all I can do is to recal my generoſity to hinder me from hating you, or to hate you leſs than one ordinarily hates his Rival, for as I am ſincere my thoughts muſt fall in the compaſs of my words, let us then love *Clelia*, purſued he, ſince our deſtiny will have it ſo, and be perſwaded that there is nothing but my love to her can make me hate *Horatius*. I am of opinion, added this illuſtrious Lover, that if you be not more happy than I, I ſhall not hate you, and I am likewiſe perſwaded that if I am not more happy than you, you will not hate me, and I may likewiſe ſay that *Clelia* in diſpoſing her heart, ſhall put in yours and mine, either hatred or friendſhip according as we ſhall be either happy or unhappy, and we may draw from hence this advantage, that if *Clelia* loves you, her affection will conſolate you for my hatred, and if I am preferred before you, I ſhall likewiſe comfort my ſelf for yours. As theſe two Rivals were thus arguing, fortune conducted me where they were, and having noted ſome alteration in their countenances, I preſſed them ſo much to tell me what had diſtracted them, that I became the depoſitory of the promiſes they had made not to oppoſe one another with *Clelia*, by any other way than endeavouring to make themſelves beloved: they likewiſe promiſed one another not to diſcover it to *Clelius*, and to expect to heal themſelves when *Clelia* had choſen one of them, and in effect they lived a little while with the ſame civility as they had formerly done, but I am aſſured their thoughts differed in their hearts, and if their generoſity had not reſtrained them, they would have quarrelled more than once on very ſlight pretexts, they overſwayed their thoughts as I have told you, and lived ſo well together, that if *Clelia* had not already known their loves, it had been difficult for her to know they were Rivals, but they both took a different reſolution to act with *Clelius*; for after *Horatius* had diſcovered his love he continually preſſed her to be favourable to him: and *Aronces* on the contrary reſolved with himſelf to tell *Clelia*, that he would not deſire hope, nor demand any thing but the only favour to be believed her Lover; though he pretended not to be beloved, but to be put in the number of thoſe whom *Clelia* called her tender friends, to diſtinguiſh them from many others, which had not ſo advantageous a place in her heart; ſo that *Clelia* finding *Aronces* leſs importunate than *Horatius*, avoided him leſs than his Rival, but ſhe particularly forbad them both never to ſpeak of love to her, and though *Aronces* better obeyed her than *Horatius*, he more perſwaded her, and the importunity of the firſt did ſo evi-

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dence the discretion of the second, that he was less unhappy.

As things were in this estate, there arrived at *Capua* a Roman called *Herminius*, who merits much estimation, and is endowed with all those qualities which complete a perfect man; but Madam, as I have not the leisure to play the Painter in describing him to you, having many things to acquaint you with, by which you may draw his Character: it shall suffice to tell you that as he was a Roman, and exiled by *Tarquin*, and one of *Horatius* his acquaintance, *Clelius* no sooner knew that he was at *Capua*, but he presently offered him all that which depended on him, and prayed *Aronces* to contract a friendship with this illustrious Roman; he brought him likewise to *Sulpicia* and his daughter; which had no great difficulty to resolve with themselves to use him civilly: But Madam, you must know, that *Herminius* was so touched with *Clelia's* merit, that though his affection was confined in *Rome*, and that it was not ordinary for them which have a violent love, to have at the same time a violent friendship: 'tis true he had an earnest desire to acquire some place in the admirable *Clelia's* heart, and if *Horatius* had not told us he knew his adventures, and that he had performed heroick actions for his Mistress, we had nigh believed he was amorous of *Clelia*, for he praised her with a certain exaggeration which seemed to be peculiar to love, he sought her with an extreme care; he was ravished with joy when he was nigh her, and was much afflicted when he saw her not, and so ardently testified to desire her friendship that *Aronces* and *Horatius* did not more passionately desire her love.

In the mean time, though he endeavoured to divertise her in an hundred several manners, he essayed to divine that which might please her; *Horatius* nor *Aronces* had no inquietude, because they knew he was amorous at *Rome*: *Clelia* likewise and all those who saw him in *Clelias* house infinitely esteemed him. In the mean time, this admirable virgin lived in such a manner, that she had no lover but he was obliged to conceal himself under the name of a friend, and to call his love friendship, for otherwise they had been banished from her house, and *Aronces* and *Horatius* inrolled themselves under that title, if it was not in certain inevitable occasions, where this last strangely importuned *Clelia* by his continual complaints; for my self which was amorous of *Fenice*, I was likewise *Clelia's* friend, and I remember one day among the rest, that *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, *Fenice* and I were with *Clelia*, where there was many other persons in conference with *Sulpicia*, for you must know this day was one of the most agreeable in the world, seeing the manner to which tended our discourse, in effect, as *Herminius* was a gallant of Friendship and commonly entertained *Clelia*, with some expressions reflecting on tenderness: *Aronces* told him he could not chuse a person which knew the nature of true tenderness better than *Clelia*; adding that if he could so far prevail with *Clelia* as to define it, he should be the happiest friend in the world, her definition of it much exceeding all others; If it is true, replyed she, that I can so perfectly decipher it it is because my heart dictates it to me, and it is not therefore difficult to tell the Notions of it; but from thence I must not draw this conclusion, added this fair person, that all those I entitle my friends are my tender friends, for I have them in several degrees. In Effect, I have half friends if I may so speak, that I call by another name, agreeable acquaintance, and I have some which have made a farther progress, and which I number in the Catalogue of new friends. I have others which I simply call my friends, and I have some that I call my customary friends, I have others which I name solid friends, and others which I name particular friends: but for those I beautifie with the title of tender friends, they are but few in number, and they are before so firmly seated in my heart, that they can hardly make any farther progress, and I so distinguish all sorts of friendship that I do not confound them. By your favour amiable *Clelia*, cryed *Herminius*, tell me where I am I conjure you: You are yet in new friendship, replyed she smiling, and it will be long before you go farther; at least, replyed he smiling as well as she, I should not be very sorry to know how I might go from New amity to Tender.

I am of opinion, replied *Aronces*, that few men have ever seen a description of that Country, it is a voyage many men would undertake, replied *Herminius*, and who may deserve to have the way, by which they may be conducted to that amiable place, and if the fair *Clelia* would do me the favour to teach me it, she would bind me in an indissoluble obligation to her: May be you imagine, replied *Clelia*, that there is but a short walk between new amity and Tender, tis therefore, before I engage you there I will promise you to give you the Map of that Country, that *Aronces* believeth hath none. I pray you Madam, said *Aronces* then to her, if there is one that gives it me as well as *Herminius*, *Horatius* and I entreated the same favour. *Fenice* likewise pressed her to give her the Map of that Country which no person had yet described, we then imagined *Clelia* would have wrote some agreeable Letter, which would lay open her thoughts, but when we pressed her she told us she had promised it to *Herminius*, and that she would send it him the next day: and as we knew *Clelia* writ very gallantly, we had much impatience to see the Letter, we presupposed she would write to *Herminius*, and *Herminius* himself expected it with such an ardent desire, that he writ a Note next morning to *Clelia*, to summon her of her word, and as it was very short, I believe it contained nigh these words.

Herminius *to the fair* Clelia.

AS I cannot go from new amity to tender, if you do not perform your word I demand the Map you promised me, but demanding it of you, I engage my self to depart as soon as I have received it to take a voyage, I imagine so agreeable, and that I prefer you before the sight of all the earth, though I should be to receive a Tribute from all Nations in the world.

When *Clelia* read this note, I have since known she had forgot the promise she made to *Herminius*; and that having hearkned to all those entreaties we made her, but as a thing which then brought us some delight, she had thought we would not remember it the next day, so that at first the Note of *Herminius* surprised her, but as at this time a pleasing fancy entertained her thoughts, she imagined it would be delightful to others, and without any further consultation, she took the Tablets and wrote that she had agreeably designed, and she so speedily executed

it, that in half an hour ſhe had compleatly begun, and finiſhed her deſignment, after which having wrote a Note ſhe ſent it to *Herminius*, with whom *Aronces* and I then were; but we were aſtoniſhed when that *Herminius* after he had ſeen that *Clelia* had ſent to him, ſhewed us a Map effectually deſigned with her hand, which taught us how we might go from new amity to *Tender*, and which ſo reſembled a true Map, that there was Seas, Rivers, Mountains, a Lake, Cities and Villages, and for to make you ſee it more clearly, behold a Copy of that ingenious Map, that I carefully kept from that time.

At theſe words, *Celeres* gave a Map which follows in the next page, to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, who was agreeably ſurpriſed at it: But to the end ſhe might know better all the devices of it, he explicated to her *Clelia's* intention, which ſhe had done to *Herminius* in the Note, which accompanied that Map, ſo that after the Princeſs of the *Leontines* had it in her hands, *Celeres* thus reſumed his diſcourſe.

You doubtleſs Madam, very well remember that *Herminius* prayed *Clelia* to inſtruct him how he might go from new amity to *Tender*, ſo that he muſt firſt begin by the firſt City, which is ſituated at the bottom of the Map, to go to the others, for to the end Madam, you may be fully acquainted with *Clelia's* deſign, you ſee ſhe hath imagined tenderneſs may proceed from three different cauſes, either from a great Eſteem, Recognizance or Inclination, which hath obliged her to eſtabliſh theſe three Cities of *Tender* upon three Rivers, which derive their names from them, and to make three different ways to go thither, ſo as we ſay, *Cumes* on the *Ionian*, and *Cumes* on the *Tyrrhene* Sea, ſhe makes us ſay, Tender on Inclination, Tender on Eſteem, and Tender on Recognizance.

In the mean time, as ſhe hath preſuppoſed that that Tenderneſs which is produced by Inclination, hath not need of any conformation. *Clelia* as you ſee Madam, hath not placed any Village along the banks of this River, which runs with ſuch a rapid courſe, that there can be no lodging along the ſhore for to go to new Amity to Tender, but for to go to Tender on Eſteem it is not ſo, for *Clelia* hath ingeniouſly put as many Villages, as there are ſmall and great things which contribute to the protection of it by eſteem of this Tenderneſs, of which ſhe intends to ſpeak: In effect you ſee that from new Amity we paſs to a place called great ſpirit, becauſe it is that which ordinarily begins eſteem.

In purſuit, you ſee thoſe agreeable Villages of pleaſing verſes, amorous and gallant Letters, which are the ordinary productions of the greateſt ſpirits in the beginning of Friendſhip, and for to make a greater progreſs in that way, you ſee Sincerity, Great Heart, Honeſty, Generoſity, Reſpect, Exactneſs, and Goodneſs, which are all againſt Tender. To make it evident that there cannot be true Eſteem without Goodneſs, and that we cannot arrive to *Tender* on that ſide if we are not endowed with that precious quality. After all that Madam, be pleaſed to direct your eyes to new Amity, to ſee by what way we may go from thence to Tender on Recognizance, ſee then I pray you, how we muſt go from new amity to complaiſance, and from thence to that Village named Submiſſion, and which is almoſt joyned to another called ſmall cares, ſee I ſay, that from thence we muſt paſs by Aſſiduity to make us underſtand, that it is not ſufficient to have that ſmall obliging care which give ſo much Recognizance, if we have them not aſſiduouſly. From thence you ſee we muſt paſs to another Village called Empreſſment, and not to do as thoſe ſlow people which will not haſten a moment what entreaty ſoever is made them, and which are incapable to have this impreſſment which ſometimes ſo ſtrongly obligeth, from thence you ſee we muſt paſs to great ſervices, and for to note there are few men which render ſuch; This Village is leſs than the others, from thence we muſt paſs to Senſibility, to make us know that we muſt be lively touched with the leaſt afflictions of thoſe we love, afterwards to arrive to Tender, we muſt paſs by Tenderneſs, for friendſhip attracts friendſhip. In purſuit, we muſt go to obey Divine, there being nothing which more engageth the heart of thoſe whom it obeys, then to do it blindly, and for to attain in the end to our deſired Port, we muſt paſs to conſtant friendſhip, which is without doubt the ſureſt way to arrive to *Tender* on Recognizance: But Madam, as there are no ways which we may not ſtray from, *Clelia* hath made as you may ſee that if thoſe which are at new Amity go a little more on the right or left hand; they will likewiſe deviate, for if we part from great ſpirit, we go to neglect and we ſee oppoſite to that Map, that if we continue this deviation, we go to inequality, from thence to lukewarmneſs, lightneſs, oblivion, and inſtead to find our ſelves at *Tender* on eſteem; we are at the lake of indifferency which you ſee marked on the way, and which by its calm ſtreams without doubt lively preſents the thing of which it bears the name in this place: On the other ſide, if we go from new amity to take a little more on the left hand, we go to indiſcretion, perfidiouſneſs, pride, miſchief, or obloquy, and inſtead of finding our ſelves at *Tender* on eſteem, we are at the Sea of enmity, where all the veſſels are ſhipwrackt, and which by the agitation of its waves, fitly agrees with that impetuous paſſion *Clelia* would repreſent: ſhe likewiſe makes us ſee by theſe different ways, that we muſt have many noble qualities to oblige her to have a tender friendſhip; and that thoſe which have bad ones can only acquire her hatred and indifferency, and ſhe willing to deſcribe to us in this Map that ſhe never had love, nor would ever have any thing but tenderneſs in her heart, makes the River of Inclination caſt it ſelf into the Sea which is called the dangerous Sea, becauſe it is dangerous for a woman to exceed the limits of friendſhip, and ſhe makes in purſuit that beyond this Sea is that we call *unknown Lands*, becauſe in effect we know not what they are, and that we believe no perſon can go further than *Hercules* his pillars, ſo that in this manner ſhe hath moralized friendſhip by a paſtime of her fancy, to make us underſtand in a peculiar manner, that ſhe never yet loved, nor could ever receive any.

Aronces, *Herminius*, and I found this Map ſo exquiſite, that we perfectly underſtood it before we departed; *Clelia* inſtantly prayed him for whom ſhe had made it not to to ſhew it but to five or ſix perſons whom ſhe deſired ſhould ſee it, but as it was not but a ſimple delight of her ſpirit, ſhe would not have it fall under the cenſure of thoſe ſtupid perſons, which neither know the beginning of it, nor are capable to underſtand the new gallantry, but ſhe could not be obeyed, becauſe there was a certain conſtellation which ſo reigned, that though we intended to ſhew this Map but to few perſons, it made ſuch a noiſe in the

the world, that there was nothing spoke of but this Map of *Tender*; all the ingenious wits of *Capua* writ something in praise of this Map either in Verse or Prose, for it was an excellent Subject for an ingenious Poem, gallant Verses, very agreeable Letters, and very pleasant Discourses; but *Clelia*, said they, set too high an esteem on it, and there was no person who was not demanded whether he would go to *Tender*? It furnished some such an agreeable subject of entertainment, that there was nothing more fit to exhilerate our spirits; at first *Clelia* was angry that there was so much spoken of it, for in fine (said she one day to *Herminius*) do you think I imagined, this spective fancy had any thing pleasant, but for our *Cabala* in particular to become publick, and that I made to be seen but by five or six persons which have noble spirits, should be seen by two thousand who scarce have any, and who hardly understand the best things? I know well pursued she, that those which know it began a conversation, which gain me only time to imagine this Map will not find this Gallantry Chymerical nor extravagant, but as there are strange men in the world, I extremely fear that they will imagine I seriously considered of it, that I have trifled away many days to find it, and that I believe to have designed an admirable thing, but it is a momentary folly, that I look upon as a toy, which hath it may be either some gallantry or novelty for those whose Spirits are well tuned to understand it, *Clelia* had therefore no reason to disquiet her self, Madam, for 'tis certain that all in general commended this new invention, which displayed the way how one might acquire tenderness from honest persons, except from some dull, stupid, malicious, wicked, whose approbations were indifferent to *Clelia*, whether they praised it or no, yet it commonly drew some delight from the most stupid of those men: for there was a man among the rest who demanded to see this Card with a strange obstinacy, and after he had heard many praise it, he dully demanded for what use it served, and for what profit was this Map? I know not (replyed he to whom he spoke, after he had diligently folded it up) if it will serve to every one but I know it will never conduct you to *Tender*.

The Destiny of this Map, Madam, was likewise so happy, that those which were too stupid to understand it, used to divertise us in giving us subject to deride their follies, but it seemed particularly to *Aronces*, because it prejudiced *Horatius*; for Madam, you must know that this Lover which as I have told you, troubled *Clelia* with his continual complaints, speaking to her one day of this Map, and willing to make use of it to speak of his passion, Alas Madam, said he to her, I am more unhappy than all those which approach you, since 'tis true that I do not see the way which may conduct me where I may go in that ingenious Map you have made: for I cannot touch your Inclination, I have not sufficient Merit to acquire your Esteem, I can never oblige you to any Recognizance, and in fine I know not what way to take, and to say things as I think them, I know not if I may go where some other more happy than I is already arrived, and if that Countrey where you say no person hath yet been, is not known to some of my Rivals; for Madam, from whence proceeds this durity of heart towards me, if you have it not Tender towards some others, you have naturally a gentle spirit, a sensible heart, I very well know you esteem me, you are not ignorant of my passion, you likewise know *Clelius* honours me with his friendship there is no disproportion of quality between us, and if fortune changes at *Rome*, I shall have riches enough to make a Roman happy: But after all Madam, added he, I am perswaded that far from having the power to pass to *Tender*, I shall never arrive there. Ah would to the Gods some unknown be not already arrived near those *unknown Lands* to hinder me from going thither, and that your heart is not already too much engaged to love him, of whom——You have done well *Horatius*, said *Clelia* interrupting him (her anger planting blushes on her cheeks) to remember me that my Father loves you, for if it was not by that consideration, I would treat you in such a manner that it would be in effect easie to know, that you will never arrive to *Tender*, but the respect I bear him somewhat retaining me, I content my self to tell you two things, the first is, I absolutely forbid you ever to speak to me in particular, and the second is, that that unknown of whom you speak, is not in these *unknown Lands*, because no person is yet there; nor can never be there, but to the end you do not imagine I conceal the truth from you, I declare to you he is at *Tender*, and that he shall always be there both by esteem and recognizance, for he hath all the merit one can have, he hath saved my life as well as yours, but the difference that is between you and me is this, that I am very acknowledging and you very ungrateful. In the interim, it seems to me not very judicious to appear ungrateful, when one desires to obtain favours from any one.

Horatius would have answered something, but *Clelia* would not hearken to him, and *Aronces* being arrived he was constrained to depart from her, and to leave his Rival with her, but hardly was he departed but *Aronces* gave her account of divers small Commissions she had given him the day before, for she had prayed him to oblige *Aricidia* to recount to him that which passed in a great Assembly where she was, he was likewise charged to procure flowers to make Garlands for a great Feast, which hath some resemblance with the Feast of the *Terminales*, so solemnly celebrated at *Rome*, and he had promised to give her some of *Sappho*'s verses he had translated, for he very well understood the Greek, and she knew it not; so that willing to quit himself of all those things she ordained, he made at first a pleasant Narration of that Assembly where *Aricidia* had been; for in fine Madam said he to *Clelia*, I will declare to you the very words of *Aricidia*, tell *Clelia* said she to me, after I had acquainted her with your desires, that the Assembly was not fair because she was not there, and that there never had been one where there was so much melancholy: For all those Ladies which professs Gallantry, were unhappily this day there for all the jealous Husbands were there, and above half of their Gallants were wanting, in pursuit *Aronces* promised *Clelia* that she should have the next day four bushels of Flowers to make Garlands, and began his Version of *Sappho*'s Verses, whose memory is very famous through all *Greece*, which were very amorous as ye may judge by four Verses which I shall tell you, which remains in my memory.

Love is a pleasing Malady,
For which my heart no cure can find:
Yet if I could get Remedy,
I'le rather dye than cure my mind.

But after *Aronces* had given her account of the Commiſſions ſhe gave him, and that *Clelia* ſmiled at all that *Aricidia* told him, that ſhe had thanked *Aronces* for his flowers and that ſhe had praiſed the Verſes he had given her, he ſaid to her half ſmiling, at leaſt Madam, permit me to hope that if I continue I ſhall ſoon paſs from that agreeable Village which is called Little Cares, and that if I cannot go to Tender on eſteem, I may one day arrive to Tender on Recognizance, not daring to pretend to go to the third, nor to think there is ſomething above Tender; for thoſe happy *unknown Lands* I can deſcry but at a diſtance, I find my ſelf ſo comforted by being ſtrongly perſwaded that others cannot go thither no more than I, that I ſhall think my ſelf happy when I ſhall arrive to Tender.

Clelia remembring the expreſſions of *Horatius*, could not conceal her bluſhes, and *Aronces* fearing to have incurr'd her indignation demanded pardon of her, not knowing wherefore he demanded it: are my wiſhes too much to deſire Madam, ſaid he to her? if they are ſo, divine *Clelia*, I crave your pardon, but I demand it not having power to do penance for ſuch a crime; no, no, *Aronces*, ſaid ſhe obligingly to him, I do not condemn you for deſiring my friendſhip, but on the contrary, am very well pleaſed you eſteem me worthy of it; but to deſcend a little nigher, I aſſure you you have as much part as your merit or obligations may claim: for in fine, I owe my ſelf to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*; and likewiſe to you, and I aſſure you whilſt you do not force me to change my thoughts, and conceal my friendſhip and my recognizance, I ſhall be very glad to evidence to you in any occaſion that I am not ungrateful.

But Madam, replyed *Aronces*, what may I do to preſerve my ſelf in that glorious eſtate where you make me believe I am? you muſt live with me as you did formerly replied ſhe; But Madam, replyed he, you deſire an impoſſibility, for the means to live long without entertaining you of that I dare not tell you but by my ſighs and regards? I am reſolved, purſued he, to endeavour to obey you to oblige you if I can to deſiſt from ſuch an unjuſt command, for to teſtifie unto you *Aronces*, ſaid ſhe to him, that I have a tender friendſhip for you, and that I will preſerve it if I can by all means poſſible, I will unlock my heart to you, and rely on your diſcretion: Ah Madam, ſaid *Aronces* to her, but I fear this confidence will afflict me and not at all oblige me, I know not if you are equitable, replyed ſhe, but I am aſſured I ſhall not be unjuſt: If you do me juſtice, anſwered he, permit my love; and that I tell it you and you will be ſatisfied that I love without hope: if the Gods had diſpoſed your fortune and mine otherwiſe than they are, replyed ſhe, I ingeniouſly confeſs to you, you are the only perſon on which I could with my Father had fixt his eyes; but *Aronces*, things are not on thoſe terms, for not to flatter you, if you are not a *Roman* you muſt not pretend to *Clelia*, and there is great likelihood you are not a *Roman*, neither that you ſhall ever know your extraction, content your ſelf then to have acquir'd my friendſhip without pretending further; for if my Father ſhould diſcover that you had other thoughts than thoſe of a Brother, he would complain of you, he would forbid me your ſight, and I ſhould without doubt obey him, though I ſhould do it not without ſome difficulty: But Madam, replyed *Aronces*, I will only tell you I love you, and *Clelius* ſhall not know it, but better to keep this ſecret, replied ſhe, you muſt not tell it neither to me nor my Father; but *Aronces* purſued ſhe, this ſecret is no ſecret as you imagine, for *Horatius* who knows it may tell it to others, if he hath not already done it, and it may be for ſome reaſon he may acquaint *Clelius* with it: *Horatius* without doubt hath cauſe to deſire my unhappineſs, replyed *Aronces*, but I have ſo good an opinion of his Vertue, that I do not ſuſpect he will perform any diſhonourable Action, and I believe he will only imploy his merit to eclipſe my love: Though it ſhould be ſo, ſaid *Clelia*, ſeeing he knows you love me, I muſt give him no occaſion to believe I ſuffer your love, and I conjure you to confirm your Reſentments; if I could do it Madam, replied he, I would, but it is not poſſible, I and all that I can do is to leave you to take a free election, love me then or love me not, ſuffer my love or reject it, nothing ſhall oblige me to murmure againſt you, but nothing ſhall oblige me to alter my ardent affection, if you will not permit me to entertain you with it, added he, I will do it, but I am aſſured my vital faculties will fail when ſpeech is forbidden me, and you may, it may be, repent rather to have deſired my death, than to hearken to my Love, *Aronces* propounded theſe words with ſuch a paſſionate and reſpectful air, that *Clelia* remembring that hazardous attempt he performed to ſave her life, had not the power rigorouſly to treat that man ſhe had ſeen ſo valiantly kill thoſe which would have caſt her into the Sea, and ſhe took a mean and told him without doubt all that decency and modeſty dictated to her, in ſuch expreſſions which ſavoured not of any ſeverity, which evidenced to *Aronces* that only *Clelia's* Vertue retrieved her, and that he had no ſubject to complain of her, though he had not obtained the liberty to ſigh, but after he had left her, *Clelia* had ſome diſcourſe with her Mother, which gave her more boldneſs to abandon her heart, to the inclination ſhe had for *Aronces*, for as *Sulpicia* tenderly loved him, that ſhe had a ſecret averſion for *Horatius*, and that ſhe feared that *Clelius* had a deſign to give his Daughter to the laſt, ſhe confided to *Clelia* all the ſecret of her Soul, and made her underſtand that ſhe paſſionately deſired ſhe ſhould eſpouſe *Aronces*, and that ſhe ſtrangely feared *Clelius* would make her marry *Horatius*; 'tis not, ſaid ſhe, but that he is an honeſt man, but in fine, I have ſome ſecret reaſons which would afflict me if you ſhould eſpouſe him, and I ſhould be very glad if *Clelius* would turn his eyes to *Aronces*; I know very well added ſhe, that we know not his birth, but I know we are not ſtrangers to his Vertue, and that if he was not born at *Rome*, he hath at leaſt the heart of a *Roman*, yea, of a generous *Roman*: Moreover, *Clelius* owes his life to him and we likewiſe; I have likewiſe diſcovered without teſtifying any thing more of it, that he hath more affection for you than he ſhews, and I believe I ought to tell you my true thoughts for fear if he had been ignorant of them, you would have blindly conformed yours to thoſe of *Clelius*; I pretend not purſued *Sulpicia*, to make you diſobey him, but I would have you empty your addreſs to diſengage *Horatius* from the deſign I perceive he hath for you, that you make no rudeneſs to *Aronces*, and that you endeavour handſomly to make known to *Clelius* that you have ſome averſion towards *Horatius*, and that you have none for *Aronces*, for as I know he loves you, if you do as I direct you he will not conſtrain you, but above all my Daughter, added this prudent

dent Mother, had your spirit always no estate to obey him without any reluctancy, if he would have you recede from my directions, for I intend not to employ but address only, to make him consent to my desires: You may judge Madam, that *Clelia* easily promised to her Mother to perform all her desires, and to give her one secret for another; she acknowledged to her that *Aronces* and *Horatius* loved her, but by a sentiment of modesty she could not resolve to tell her the sequel of the discourse which passed between these two Lovers and her. In the mean time being become more bold after that *Sulpicia* had told her she was more severe to *Horatius* and more affable to *Aronces*, to whom in the end she accorded the permission to tell her sometimes the thoughts he had for her, but she always forbad him the hope to be happy, without the consent of *Clelius*; but Madam, though *Aronces* lived with *Clelia* with much reservedness, *Horatius* nevertheless noted there was a greater familiarity between them than was usual heretofore; so that as *Clelius* more severely intreated him, since he mentioned that ingenious Man, it was not for that alone, but that his Rival had made a great progress in her heart, so that consideration much exasperating him, he felt a strange disposition in his Soul, to forget what he owed *Aronces* and to hate him, his natural generosity opposed the injustice of his love, but it was in the end constrained to yield to it; 'tis true that this particular friend he had which was named *Stenius*, contributed to incense him, for as he was a man which naturally lov'd these things which were more troublesome than agreeable, he had no sooner perceived that *Horatius* delighted not to hear that *Aronces* was favour'd by *Clelia*, but that he did nothing but tell him whatsoever his imagination fancied, for sometimes he said she cast a favourable eye on him at the Temple, another time that she praised him with exaggeration, or that she had whispered to him, and there was never a day but that he made some new observation of this nature, and that he told not his thoughts to *Horatius*; so that this Lover remembring that *Aronces* and he had mentioned that they should not hate one another, and break their friendship till *Clelia* had chosen one of them, I now believed it was time to desert his friendship: Nevertheless to be fully satisfied therein, he sought the occasion to find *Aronces* without going to his house, for in despight of the tumultuous resentments of his soul, he conceived he should act a strange part if he should go to quarrel in his own house with a man who had saved his life; but knowing that *Aronces* every morning recreated himself in the publick prementioned Garden, he went thither and there found him alone: As they yet retained some civility, *Aronces* instead of shunning him staid for him at the end of an Ally, for by a resentment of goodness and generosity, since he received some innocent testimonies of *Clelia's* affection, he commiserated his Rivals condition, and he would have alledged many reasons to him to cure his passion, only to mitigate the grief he foresaw he would have, when he should know *Clelia* had preferred his affection before his, but whilst he had this generous thought: *Horatius* whose heart was touched with jealousie, saluted him with a constrained civility, and taking the word, No, *Aronces*, said he to him, is it not time to cease to be your friend, and is not *Clelia* so favourable to you, as to put a difference between us? You demand it of me in such a fierce love, replyed *Aronces*, that I am perswaded if *Clelia* should much hate me, I should be obliged in honour not to tell it you; but lest you should think that the fear to make you my enemy makes me thus speak, I therefore tell you because I am sincere that I am not happy, but after that I leave it to your choice to be my friend or my enemy: As it is not there to be modest, replied *Horatius*, I know not whether I should be your friend or your enemy, because I do not positively know how you stand with *Clelia*; 'tis for you precisely to tell it me, for as I am a *Roman* I place sincerity above all other Virtues: though I know not my birth, replied *Aronces*, I know how to seat all Virtues in their right place, therefore as I am perswaded that after that you have told me, it is more just to be fierce than sincere, I say to you that I ever promised to tell you in what terms I should be with *Clelia*, and that I have not never pretended to know the like from you, you may therefore learn it from her mouth or divine it if you can, and it is for me to tell you once more that I give you your choice either of my hatred or friendship: If I may chuse, replied *Horatius*, I would chuse the last, because I owe my life to you, but it not being in my power, I gladly accept the other, and not to be altogether ingrateful (said he with a piquing rallery, putting his hand to his Sword) I must put my self in estate to give you that you preserved me, *Aronces* seeing him in this posture put himself in the like, and these two fierce Rivals began a Combat which had ended but with their lives, if *Clelius* and I had not casually arrived at this Garden as they had their Swords in their hands, you may judge Madam what was *Clelius's* surprise, when he saw two men whom he dearly loved, and whom he thought loved one another, to be in estate to kill one another, and he was so troubled at it that he ran as swift as I to separate them, for we both arrived together, fury having so transported them that they knew us not, but when we were two paces from them, *Horatius* seeing his blood run down from an hurt he had received on his left side became more furious: and casting himself on *Aronces*, Oh! too happy Rival, said he to him, since thou hast vanquished *Clelia* it will not be difficult to vanquish *Horatius*, *Clelius* hearing these words stayed himself one moment to look upon me, so he was so much surprised, but without staying my self or him, I put my self in estate to separate these two valiant enemies, and I did it more voluntarily because the advantage was on *Aronces* his side, and in effect *Clelius* being joyned to me, in despight of his astonishment we separated them without much difficulty; for as soon as *Aronces* saw *Clelius*, he retired some paces and put himself out of a fighting posture, so that having seized them both, and there being arrived other men which came to us and assisted us, we took from them the power to continue their Combat.

In the mean time, as *Horatius* was hurt and *Aronces* was not, *Clelius* accompanied the first even to his house, and *I* followed *Aronces* as my particular friend, but before they departed, *Clelius* looking upon them both thus said. What fury possest you? and whom ought *I* to quarrel with? for my self *I* have nothing to say, replyed *Aronces*, but that *Horatius* put his hand first to his Sword, and that *I* am not the assailer: yes, yes. *Aronces*, (replied *Horatius* in estranging himself from him) *I* am at once both culpable and unhappy, *I* am it may be more unhappy than you, replyed *Aronces*, but *I* am doubtless more innocent.

After

After that, *Clelius* not daring to examine the ground of their quarrel before so many Men, because of those words he heard at his first arrival to them: those two Enemies went with *Horatius*, as I have told you, and I went with *Aronces*, who was as much afflicted, as if his enemy had vanquished him, for he imagined what the event of this combat would prove, in effect, though *Horatius* was hurt and vanquished, he would tell nothing to *Clelius* of the subject of his quarrel with *Aronces*, because he had heretofore promised him never to tell him he loved *Clelia*; but he imagined a part of the truth, and was strongly perswaded in the opinion that *Aronces* and *Horatius* were amorous of his Daughter, but the better to know it, he return'd to his house, and taking *Clelia* aside, without telling *Sulpicia* of it, because he noted she did not love *Horatius*, I never believed (said he to her to affright her) that you had been capable to breed a quarrel between my two Friends, and I should never have thought the Daughter of a Roman so little esteemed glory as you do.

By your favour Father (said she to him) tell me what baseness I have committed? and what quarrel I have caused? You are the cause (replied he) that *Horatius* and *Aronces* have fought, and that one of them it may be, is in danger of death: What (replied hastily *Clelia*, who would not retain this first motion) have *Aronces* and *Horatius* fought? and is one of their lives in danger? Yes Daughter (said he to her) and you are doubtless the cause of this disaster.

Clelia would then have demanded of her Father, which of the two were hurt? but seeing her Father much disturb'd, and that he attentively lookt upon her, she durst not ask that question; but *Clelius* knew that she interested her self in the conversation of one of those two enemies, for a crimson tincture shadowed her cheeks, which sufficiently confirmed him, that she was not altogether insensible either for *Aronces* or *Horatius*: In the mean time, as he did not certainly know for which of them two she had a tender heart, because he had not named him which was hurt, he resolved subtilly to discover it, and concealing the truth, he told her that it was *Aronces* which was wounded, and that she had merited blame for what she had done.

Clelia hearing *Clelius* his words, was so much afflicted, that 'twas easie for her Father to know, that she had rather it had been *Horatius*, but though she said nothing whereon he might ground this conjectural opinion, her eyes betrayed the secret of her heart, and though she had power enough to hinder her from weeping, *Clelius* saw that it was only her prudence retained her tears; so that seeking no further confirmation, 'tis sufficient *Clelia*, said he to her, I know all the secret of your heart, and you will be glad when you know 'tis *Horatius* which is hurt, and not *Aronces*; for I am very certain you prefer *Aronces* before *Horatius*, and that you affect rather an unknown person then a Roman, yet I know not whether you suffer them both, though you love one better then the other: Ah *Clelia* cry'd he to her, Maids of your quality do not thus live at *Rome*; but to the end you may elevate your heart, and to add more confusion to your weakness, remember that your blood is of the most illustrious in the World, that the Nobility of your Race is ancienter then *Rome*, and if the famous City of *Alba* yet subsisted, that Crown should be your Hereditary right.

But without seeking these marks of greatness from the Tombs of those Kings from whom I am descended, and in the ruines of a State of which I might have been the Master; to the end to screw up your thoughts to a sublimer pitch of greatness, it suffices you are my Daughter, to find very strange that you should be capable of that weakness I reproach you: I know Sir, replied she, that I ought to take all things at your hands, therefore have I suffered you to accuse me without cause, but after all, as I am obliged to justifie my self, permit me to tell you that I am not culpable.

What? (replied *Clelius*) do you say that *Aronces* and *Horatius* are not amorous of you? and do you think to perswade me that you do not love *Aronces* better then *Horatius*? I do not positively know (replied *Clelia*) if those you say are effectually amorous of me; but if 'twere so I should not be culpable, since I never had any design to countenance their affections, and for the difference you say I put between *Aronces* and *Horatius*, I am not in that very criminal; for in fine, I saw *Aronces* as soon as I injoyed the light: you have commanded me from my infancy to love him as a Brother, and to give him that Title, you have always loved him with a Paternal affection, I have seen him esteemed by all those who knew him before I knew *Horatius*, 'tis not therefore strange that I have more disposition to have friendship for him then the other, though I have lived with an equal civility towards both of them.

If you have always lived so (replied *Clelius*) wherefore should they quarrel? wherefore should they fight? wherefore should *Horatius* be hurt? and wherefore should he say to *Aronces* in my presence, that he was more unhappy then he? I know not (replied she) the cause of their quarrel, but I very well know I contributed nothing to it, that I have no subject to complain of *Aronces*, and that if I had not feared your displeasure, I should have long since acquainted you that I had reason to accuse *Horatius*, because he persisted to give me marks of his pretended passion, though I had forbid it him; if you had defended it as severely to *Aronces* as *Horatius*, replied *Clelius*, things would have never come to these terms, and if you had not made a secret of that Gallantry, order should have been taken to prevent these things.

In the mean time I have to tell you, that though *Aronces* hath merit, I forbid you to look on him but as one ungrateful, that hath forgot all that he owes me, and I command you to dispose your self to live better with *Horatius*, if he escapes; for to tell you clearly my intentions, if he doth not esteem you unworthy of him, after that which hath happened, he is the only Man in the World that I can consent you espouse: He is an accomplished Man, a Roman, and Son to a Friend I very much loved; and in fine, he is *Tarquin*'s Enemy, which is the greatest inducement for me to desire his Alliance; for *Aronces* I know he is endowed with transcendent qualities, but since he is both unknown and ungrateful, I will not only forbid him to look upon you, but command you never to speak to him till you are *Horatius* his Wife.

After these words *Clelius* left *Clelia*, grief seizing all the faculties of her Soul, after he departed from her

her Chamber, he went to find *Sulpicia*, to whom he made ſtrange reproaches, accuſing her not to have taken ſufficient care in the tuition of her Daughter, ſince ſhe ſuffered her to put ſome diſtinction between *Aronces* and *Horatius*; for after all, ſaid he to her, if ſhe muſt put any between them, it muſt be for the diſadvantage of *Aronces*, and not *Horatius*: *Sulpicia* hearkned to her Husband's words with an extreme deſpight, becauſe they confirmed her in the belief that his friendſhip towards him principally proceeded from his former affection to his Mother, ſo boldly taking his Daughters part, whoſe innocency ſhe knew, ſhe took *Aronces*; in effect ſaid ſhe to *Clelius*, if *Aronces* is not a Roman born he hath a Roman heart, and if *Clelia* had not lived well with him, ſhe ſhould have diſobeyed the command that you and I injoyn'd her; if ſhe had ſuffered him as her Brother, replied *Clelius*, I ſhould have had nothing to reproach her, but ſhe hath endured him as a Lover, and hath without doubt treated *Horatius* as an enemy; by your favour (ſharply replied *Sulpicia*) blame not me indirectly by blaming *Clelia*, and be perſwaded that ſhe is altogether innocent, that ſhe loves glory and virtue, that ſhe hath not derogated from her birth, but you are ſo oppoſite to the pretenſions of *Aronces*, becauſe you do not know his Father, and favour thoſe of *Horatius*, becauſe his Mother hath been of your acquaintance.

At theſe words *Clelius* feeling himſelf touched to the quick at this reproach of *Sulpicia* (becauſe in effect there was ſome truth in it) felt in his heart ſuch a diſpoſition to anger, that for fear he ſhould not overpower himſelf, he departed not only from her chamber, but out of the houſe, and went to *Aronces* for whom he had yet a tender affection, but againſt whom likewiſe he was much angred, though he was reſolved to ſpeak to him rather like an angred Father than an enemy, for *Aronces* received him with his uſual reſpect, but with ſuch a profound ſadneſs imprinted on his Face, that it eaſily appeared that his Soul was much diſquieted; as ſoon as he was entred, *Aronces* thus ſays to him with as much ſubmiſſion as if he had been his Father, I doubt not but you believe you have cauſe to complain of me, for that which hath paſſed between *Horatius* and I, but I proteſt unto you, he hath been the Aſſailer, if he had not forced me to act what I have done, the reſpect I bear you would have obliged me to ſuffer any affronts from him.

I am willing to believe, *Aronces* (replied *Clelius*) that *Horatius* hath committed moſt wrong in that which reflecteth on your quarrel, and I am very much deceived if I do not make you confeſs, that you have been more culpable towards me, then he can be towards you; for in fine, you know *Aronces* what I have done for you, you know I found you in the Sea, that I expoſed my life to ſave yours, and afterwards far from treating you as a ſlave the gods had given me, I educated you as my Son, and that there might be nothing deficient on my part to your advantage, I deſired my Wife to love you as if ſhe had been your Mother, and commanded my Daughter to love you as if ſhe had been your Siſter; but O horrible and unparallel'd ingratitude! you uſe the familiarity I have given you in my houſe to cloak your affection to *Clelia*, and you pretend to enforce her from me, that ſhe might not obey my commands, I therefore declare to you by a tender reſentment which yet reſides in my heart, and to teach you to acknowlege thoſe obligations you have to me by a grateful recognition to you for ſaving my life, I ſay, that if you will ingeniouſly confeſs all that which is paſſed between *Horatius* and you, and ſwear to me never to pretend any thing to *Clelia*, nor once to ſpeak to her till ſhe ſhall be eſpouſed to *Horatius*, I will preſerve my friendſhip toward you, and I will bury in oblivions grave the cauſe you have given me to complain of you.

Would I had the power (ſaid *Aronces* to him) to ſhew you all that which hath paſſed in my heart, for if it were poſſible for me to do it, you would eaſily ſeal my juſtification, and my infelicity would (it may be) receive a great diminution, but ſeeing you cannot divine my thoughts, permit me to tell them you, and do me the favour to believe that I will conceal nothing from you, I will then ingeniouſly confeſs to you, that I have received continually from you all things I could deſire, and more then I could ever expect, and I have been, and I am yet linkt to you in ſuch a chain of gratitude, that nothing but death ſhall be able to untie, and if I could but once reproach my ſelf to have committed any thing voluntarily which might merit your indignation, I ſhould eſteem my ſelf the moſt ingrateful and perfidious of all Men; but generous *Clelius*, that love which hath made a deep impreſſion in my Soul, and which irritates you againſt me is not of this Nature: What have I not done to reſiſt and baniſh this paſſion from my heart, and for being juſt to you, *Clelia* hath reaſon to tax me with injuſtice, for I have been ſometimes ſo tranſported beyond my ſelf, that I have wiſht with a ſtrange deſire, neither to admire love or eſteem her; but my wiſhes were ſtill in vain, for I obſerve, love, and admire her, more than my tongue (too weak an inſtrument to blazon forth her perfections) is able to expreſs; but as I live without any hope to be happy, demanding no reciprocal affection, I cannot ſee how I ſhould be conſcious of any injuſtice towards you, and though my perſon ſhould be your captive, yet I muſt tell you that the reſpect I bear you, only hinders me from deſiring to ceaſe to be miſerable, and I muſt therefore ingeniouſly confeſs to you, that I am not capable to ſee *Clelia* in *Horatius* his power without contributing to my own Tragedy: neither give her to me purſued this afflicted Lover, and I conſent thereto; neither give her to *Horatius* if you will not give death to a Man whoſe Life you have ſaved.

I very well know my words do not fall in the compaſs of Reaſon, and that you have ſome ſubject to impute injuſtice to me, becauſe I ſeem to impoſe Laws on him from whom I ought to receive them, I would not have unript my thoughts to you in this occaſion, if I had not imagined to oblige you to compaſſionate my feebleneſs, I might have told you if I would, that as unknown as I am, there is ſomething inſhrined in my heart, which may merit the particular eſteem of *Clelius*; but I declare to you without murmuring againſt you, that if you never give her me, I ſhall without doubt complain of fortune, but never of *Clelius*: and if *Horatius* ſhall not be more happy than I, I ſhall not believe my ſelf to be the moſt unfortunate of all Men.

That which you ſay (replied *Clelius*) is ſo diſſonant from Reaſon, that I cannot give you any poſitive Anſwer, and all that which I may or ought to tell you is, that my Daughter is under my power; that the Romans are not only Maſters of their Childrens

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fortunes, but of their lives; and as *Clelia's* Father I shall bestow her on whom I please, and I shall never give her you, but according to all likelihood shall bestow her on *Horatius*, and I expressly forbid you either to see her or speak to her.

After that *Clelius* departed from *Aronces*, and left him in such a grand despair, that I think there was never any Lover whose afflictions equalled his; at least, I know that when he told me his discourse with *Clelius*, so many marks of despair were seated in his eyes, that I feared he was not able to support such a cruel adventure, and that his grief would act his lives Epilogue: who ever saw (said he to me) any misfortune equal to mine? for in fine, I have not the consolation to accuse any one of those miseries which have drowned me in a Sea of desperation; for I know *Horatius* ought not to yield *Clelia* to me, and that *Clelius* ought not to prejudice *Horatius* by giving her to me, whose birth he knows, and I suffer an affliction so much the greater, because I do not find it altogether unjust; and I am so miserable, that even the affability of *Clelia* towards me gives a continual augmentation to my despair, for if I was not beloved of *Clelia*, and had no hopes of gaining her affection, it seems to me, I should not so much hate my Rival, nor so much murmure against *Clelius*, and despair it may be would then somewhat mitigate my passion; but alas *Celeres*, I am not in this estate, for on *Clelius* and *Horatius* his parts I see an absolute impossibility to accomplish my designs, and on *Clelia's* I see such a seeming correspondency of affection which renders me more miserable, but not enough to make me happy; in effect, she would it may be without any repugnance obey *Clelius*, if he should command her to love me, but she doth not so much affect me as to disobey him, if he commands her to espouse *Horatius*; and the sweetness she expresses to me, doth increase my misfortunes; I should not therefore be the less unhappy by the cruelty of *Clelia* (added he) and all that I can desire for my consolation is, that my Rival should always be hated by her, and that she will always affect me with a correspondent affection: thus you see, Madam, the affliction of *Aronces* in this troublesome conjuncture; nevertheless as he durst not go to *Clelius* his house, after that he had told him, and that he desired to know *Clelius* his thoughts in this occasion, he prayed me to go to *Sulpicia's* house, but as I was known for *Aronces* peculiar Friend, I found that *Clelius* had given order to all his Servants to tell me that *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* were not there, so that the unhappy *Aronces* found himself in an unequal'd despair; *Clelia* on her side was not happy, for she sufficiently loved *Aronces*, sensibly to feel the privation of his sight, and she had a great aversion towards *Horatius*, to imagine she could never espouse him without an extreme displeasure: on the other side *Sulpicia* who had a jealous thought in her Soul; who hated *Horatius*, and tenderly loved *Aronces*, was not without Inquietude: for she would not directly oppose her Husband, neither would she suffer that he should pretend to give his Daughter to the Son of a Woman, which had heretofore given her such a cruel jealousie; for *Horatius*, he was more unhappy, for besides as he was hurt, he knew that he was not affected by *Clelia*; 'tis true, he had the consolation to know he was by *Clelius*, and to think this Father would employ all his Authority in his favour, if he escaped the hurt he had received, which was less dangerous then *Clelius* had told his Daughter.

In the mean time, as Love is ingenious, it made *Aronces* find the invention to write to *Clelia*, but he was astonisht when she defended him by a Letter to continue his writing to her, this rigorous command was without doubt conceiv'd in the most sweet expressions imaginable, but for all that 'twas a rigorous command, and rude, and it was done in such a manner, that *Aronces* very well knew *Clelia* would have him obey it, and he was during some time depriv'd of all consolation, till that *Herminius* who more lov'd *Aronces* then *Horatius* though he was a Roman, somewhat asswaged his grief, for as the true ground of the quarrel between *Aronces* and *Horatius* was now divulg'd, and the prohibition he had made his Daughter never to see him. *Herminius* made a Complement to that unhappy Lover, and pitied his condition as a Man which had a tender Soul, who knew the most sensibility of Love, who deplor'd all those which were miserable, and who used all means he could possible to comfort them, and he so much endeavoured to comfort *Aronces*, that his endeavours proved effectual; for as he said he had been at *Sulpicia's*, and that he had entertain'd a long time her admirable Daughter, he extremely pressed him to tell him if she did not mention him in her discourse; if I should tell you she spoke to me of you, replied *Herminius*, I should tell you a lie, but if I tell she carefully avoided to speak of you, I shall tell you a thing which is more advantagious for you then you imagine: For in fine, I so clearly know that, that hindred her from speaking of you, was, that she felt she could not do it without expressing more inclination towards you then *Horatius*, that I cannot doubt of it: for I have seen her blush at her own thoughts, I have seen her seem not to take notice what was spoken of you, yet I have seen her attentively hearken to it, and I have seen some marks of despight, when *Stenius*, who as you know is *Horatius* his Friend, hath said something to her to his advantage. Ah, ah *Herminius*, cryed *Aronces*, you would alleviate my miseries, and seek to diminish that malady which cannot be healed, I protest unto you, replied *Herminius*, that I speak to you with all the sincerity of a Roman: after that *Aronces* relying on the probity of *Herminius*, pray'd him to repair oftner to *Sulpicia's* house, and faithfully to relate to him all that he heard *Clelia* say, reflecting on *Horatius* or himself, but he durst not entreat him to say any thing to her on his part; for knowing the modesty of her humour and prudence, he judged that she would never discover the secret of her heart to a third person, and in effect, *Herminius* did all that *Aronces* desired, and for some days he was the most agreeable Spy in the World for his Friend, for he always reported to him some favourable observation he had made to his advantage; for my part I had likewise pray'd *Fenice* to report to me all that she heard *Clelia* speak of concerning *Aronces* and *Horatius*, that she then more frequently visited; so that either by *Herminius* or me, *Aronces* heard every day something which pleased him; he was therefore much troubled to know that *Stenius* saw her more often then ordinary: but after all he had some consolation in that he learnt by us that his Rival was not in estate to entertain her when he was forbid her presence.

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In the mean time *Clelius* daily visited *Horatius*, and *Aronces* doubtless had no consolation, but that *Herminius* and I gave him: But Madam, we were not always in power to give it him as accustomed, for neither *Herminius* nor I had any thing one day favourably to tell him, so that there are none more suspicious then a Lover, and an unhappy Lover, he no sooner saw us but he knew we had doleful things to tell him. In effect, as he demanded of me if *Fenice* had not seen *Clelia*, I told him coldly no; and as he demanded of *Herminius* if he knew nothing of *Clelia*, he answered the same thing, so that this equality of Answer being suspected by him, he lookt upon us with eyes, which demanded us so many things, that once without having a design, told him more then he would know, for he saw grief in mine, and he noted that *Herminius* turned his head aside not to encounter his, and not having power to remain long in this incertainty; I pray said he to us, tell me speedily that you will not tell me, for if you do it not, I shall go to *Clelia's* house in despight of the defence of *Clelius*, and I will perform so many things contrary to reason, that you will repent not to have made known to me my misfortune: at first we would have concealed the truth, but there was not the means, and we were constrained to tell him that which we knew; for my particular I told him that *Fenice* having been at *Clelia's* house, was very much surprised to see her so reserv'd to her, and to hear her speak of him in a manner which made her judge that she thought to have cause to complain of him: for *Herminius*, he told him something which was more displeasing; for he not only informed him that *Clelia* had spoken in such a manner, that it evidently appeared her spirit was irritated; and moreover, that she had in an obliging manner inquir'd of *Horatius's* health, at the same time that *Stenius* came to her: So that *Aronces* having these two things, had almost sensible Dolour, and therefore not being able to live in such a cruel uncertainty, he was absolutely resolved to speak to *Clelia*, to know from her self what oblig'd her to vary in her thoughts concerning him. That which pusled me in this business was, that I did not know why *Clelia* gave such cold entertainment to *Fenice*, for to think it was because I lov'd *Aronces*, and that I likewise was lov'd by him, it were equally to wrong both the wit and generosity of *Clelia*, so that I knew not what to think of it. But in fine, Madam, after *Aronces* had conjectur'd an hundred ways to speak to this admirable person, he did so well that he met with one, it is true that he had it by the contribution of fortune, for there being a Person of Quality dead at *Capua*, and the custom requiring that his Wife should be visited, *Aronces* had the time so exactly watcht when *Sulpicia* should make her visit, thereby to order his own, and that he might do what he had before intended; and he so well fitted all things that he came to the door of this mourning house, at the same time that *Sulpicia* and her Daughter arrived there: so that I being with him, and that I knowing his design, I led *Sulpicia*, which received us very civilly, and *Aronces* presented his hand to *Clelia*, who as soon as she saw him blusht, and received him not with such a sweetness as her Mother, or if she had any it was very cold, and which had nothing of that obliging disposition she was wont to have for him; In the mean while there arriv'd to facilitate to *Aronces* design, that as we traversed a Court which belongeth to the house where we were, and that we were under a magnificent Portal which is at the lower end of the stairs, there happened I say, that *Sulpicia* met with a Kinswoman of the deceased, which was going out when we entred in, and who following the custom of some Women, which always tells more then they are ask'd, related unto her not only the sickness of her Kinsman, but besides all the distempers which had heated his blood, and had caused the disease which ended his life: In fine, continuing her discourse, and relating what remedies had been given him, how he had disposed of his means, and generally what had befallen this Man, since ten or twelve years to his last breath: so that our design not permitting us to leave these Ladies with whom we were, I gave attention to this long Narration, during which time, *Aronces* entertain'd *Clelia*: At first she would have approached *Sulpicia*, but as she endeavoured to do it, *Aronces* opposed himself with such a comely and civil manner, that she could not manifest all the rigour she intended for him; I am nevertheless perswaded, she was not angry to be constrained to speak to *Aronces*, who no sooner saw *Sulpicia* ingaged to hear the Ladies discourse, which she had met, said by your favour charming *Clelia*, I pray tell me from whence does it proceed, that you not only forbid me to write to you, but you speak of me as if I had offended you, and that I were not as innocent as miserable, though I am the unhappiest of all Men: I thought (replied she blushing) that you were in so good a correspondency with *Fenice*, that you did not care if you had none with *Clelia*.

What Madam, (replied he greatly astonished) do you believe that *Fenice* hath a part in my affections, *Fenice* whom I scarcely ever see, *Fenice* which is fervently loved by the dearest of my Friends, and *Fenice* in fine, which is not considerable to me, but because I know by her partly what you do or say, since I have no more the liberty to be my self a witness of your actions, and the admirer of all your words. Can you believe, Madam, that a heart which adores you can be able to adore another; and is it not sufficient that *Clelius* is offended with me, that it hath debarred me to see you, and that you have forbid me to write to you, and that I fear my Rival shall be happier then I, without your accusing me with an injustice which never had its equal: I know not, *Aronces* (said she) whether you love *Fenice* or not, but I know you have received Letters from her, and that you have been enough conversant to have some familiarity with her, yet said she (not giving him leisure to interrupt her) that brings no alteration to your fortune, for since my Father hath forbidden me to let you love me, and that he hath commanded me to receive the affection of *Horatius*, there will be no other change in the thing, but that I shall obey him with less repugnance then I should have done.

What Madam, (said *Aronces*, with a mortal anguish in his eyes) will you obey *Clelius*? will you no more suffer my affection? and will you entertain my Rival? Ah! if that be so, you have nothing to do, but to prepare your self to rejoyce for my death: for in the thoughts in which you are, it will without doubt cause you joy; but because I may at least have the comfort to die justified, accuse me exactly of my supposed crime, tell me when *Fenice* was loved by me, when we were familiar together,

and if I destroy not all these impostures, esteem me as the basest of all Men, take from me wholly all hopes, that is to say, take away my life; speak then Divine *Clelia*, continued he, but speak without turning away your fair eyes, that they may see in mine all the innocence of my heart, and the fervour of my Love.

Clelia hearing *Aronces* speak in this manner, began to doubt of what had been told her concerning him, so that looking upon him with a more gracious eye then before, by your favour *Aronces*, said she to him, justifie not your self, for I had rather be in wrath then in sorrow, wherefore because 'tis upon necessity that I must lose you, leave me in the belief that 'tis I which have lost you: No, no, Madam, replied he, I will not indure this injustice, and I must be absolutely justified.

As *Aronces* ended these words, and that he was in hope to appease *Clelia*, *Fenice* followed by two of her Friends, came down stairs at the foot of which we were, insomuch that *Aronces*, who did not think that she had been there, and who knew that *Clelia* had newly accused him to have born her some affection, was so surprised by the sight of her, that it was not in his power to conceal those marks which demonstrated the agitation of his spirit.

Nevertheless, as he intended to clear *Clelia* of her doubt, he saluted *Fenice* with more reservedness then ordinarily, insomuch that this person not knowing what was the reason of the diminution of his wonted civility, and calling to mind the cold entertainment that *Clelia* gave her the last time she saw her, she could not hinder her self from making some reproaches for it: Ah *Aronces*! (said she to him) 'tis too much to be at odds both with you and *Clelia*; 'tis not added *Fenice*, but that her beauty deserves your regards, but she ought not to be possessor of all your civilities, *Aronces* and *Clelia* were so surprised by what *Fenice* had said, and she passed by so suddenly, that they had not the leisure to answer her, yet they both began to give her a reply, but as I have said already, *Fenice* gave them not the leisure to end it; nay, they were not able to say any thing to each other, and I could not go after *Fenice*, who had not seen me, because *Sulpicia* ended her discourse which she had with that Lady, which had stayed her, by this means, *Aronces* thinking to clear himself, found himself in a new labyrinth, for the alteration of his countenance, and what *Fenice* had told him, renewed the suspicions in *Clelia's* heart, insomuch that although he spake to her as he went up the stairs, she gave him no Answer, and she hath even acknowledged that she hardly understood him, you may then judge Madam, that when they were in this mourning Chamber, it was not easie for him to entertain her, and when *Sulpicia* departed, *Clelia* carried her self so dexterously, that she engaged me whether I would or not to lead her; it is true that *Aronces* was not prejudiced by it, for he found in *Sulpicia* whom he accompanied, so much kindness, that it did in some measure comfort him, yet she nevertheless told him but very displeasing things, for she confirmed him in the belief which he had, that *Clelius* was very angry with him, and that he would not be easily reconciled: it is true, that she testified to him a great deal of sorrow for it, which did infinitely oblige him.

But as she went about to joyn *Clelia's* thoughts with hers, and to make him know, that she also was very sorry for it: Ah Madam, said he to her, the equity of *Clelia* is far inferiour to yours, and I am far from having any subject by which I might equalize her goodness with yours.

Certainly you take the modesty of my Daughter (replied *Sulpicia*) as a Token of indifferency: but I assure you, she gives your virtue its deserved praise, and that if my perswasions could be ever able to cause an alteration in *Clelius* his thoughts, you should see what testimonies she would give of the esteem she hath of you: *Aronces* durst not tell her what *Clelia* had told him, for fear of angring that fair person to whom I spoke, but as soon as I desired to know of her for what reason she would put *Aronces* to despair, by treating him so cruelly: *Aronces* (replied she) it may be, is not so innocent as you think him to be, and you may chance to be a better Friend then you think for, in speaking to his advantage; *Clelia* told me that, in such obscure terms, that as I knew not, that she thought *Aronces* loved *Fenice*, I was far from understanding what she meant, and I likewise answered so ambiguously, and our conversation was so mysterious, that we parted without understanding one another; so that when *Aronces* and I were alone together, we knew not what to imagine, for he was so astonisht that *Clelia* should accuse him of loving *Fenice*; and I was so affrighted at it when he told it me, that I knew not what to think of it, and the grief which *Aronces* had for it was so great that it could not be exceeded: for my part I knew well after that which he had told me, that it may be I was a better Friend then I thought, for believing that *Aronces* was amourous of *Fenice*, whom I loved, she was perswaded that I did more then I ought in speaking in his behalf.

In the mean time, we in vain searcht from whence should proceed *Clelia's* jealousie, the cause of which was very far off, for you must remember, that when I told you, that when *Horatius* endeavoured the first time to know whether *Aronces* was in love with *Clelia* or no, he found him with a Letter in his hand, which *Fenice* had wrote me, of which *Horatius* knew not the writing.

Now Madam, it happened that during the time that he had kept his Chamber for the hurt which he had received—— *Stenius* fortunately shewed him a Song which was written by *Fenice*, which he saw sometimes, so that *Horatius* remembring it to be the same hand as that which he had seen in his Rivals hands, he began to imagine that *Aronces* loved in two places, and that I was his Confident only but by *Fenice*, so that relating this whole Adventure to *Stenius*, he began to exaggerate the injustice of *Clelia*, to prefer a Man to him which only gave her a divided heart.

So that *Stenius* effectively believing that *Aronces* had some intelligence with *Fenice*, and thinking to tender *Horatius* a good office, he went without informing him of it to *Clelia's* house, and he so contrived his discourse, that he gave this fair person to understand, that I was *Aronces* confident near *Fenice*, though I went for her Lover, or if that was not that *Aronces* betrayed me, he even assured her, that he had seen a Letter from *Fenice* to *Aronces*, and he did it without making any scruple of the likelyhood of this lie, because *Horatius* had effectually told him that he had seen one in *Aronces* hands, it was not a considerable falshood to change one circumstance of this thing, so *Stenius* did what he intended, since he had

had put jealousie in *Clelia's* heart, which procured *Aronces's* miseries, for it was not possible to imagine what was the cause of *Clelia's* illegal proceeding, so that he found himself most wretched, principally because *Clelius* had forbid him his house, that *Horatius* did mend daily, that *Clelius* saw him assiduously, and that it was divulged through the whole Town, that he had promised him *Clelia*; *Aronces* knew well in himself, that being as he was so much obliged to *Clelius*, he ought not to contradict his design in disposing of his Daughter, and that equity permitted him not to seek means to destroy *Horatius*, since he lookt on him as a Man which he would have espoused to *Clelia*, so that love and equity counselling different things, he found himself greatly perplext, but in the midst of so many misfortunes, he resented *Clelia's* jealousie more then all things, so that the excess of his passion fram'd in his Cogitations the most elegant propositions in the World, though he was so equitable; for although he knew that I was sufficiently in love with *Fenice*, he would shew her some publick incivility, because *Clelia* knowing of it, should no more believe he lov'd her, he even would have me not see her during some days, and he would in fine, satisfie *Clelia*, not considering whether the remedies which he would employ were lawful or not: But at last, after we had well considered what might be done for him; we resolved that he should desire *Herminius* to speak to *Clelia*, and to desire her from him, to tell him what caused his anger, and I perswaded him also to imploy *Aricidia*, to perswade *Clelius* that he should not be so obstinate as to give his Daughter but to a Roman, for I was strongly perswaded, that if *Clelius* gave her not to *Horatius*, he would willingly bestow her on *Aronces*, though he was unknown; and in effect Madam, we went to *Herminius*, and *Aricidia* who promised us to perform our desires. But as diligence in this occasion was requisite, because *Horatius* was to go abroad (as it was reported within two or three days) *Aricidia* went the very next morning to see *Clelius*, and *Herminius* promised to go to see *Clelia* in the Afternoon. But to begin by the conversion of *Aricidia*, who had so much affection for *Aronces*, I shall tell you that this officious Woman was no sooner with *Clelius*, but entring in discourse, I know not said she to him, whether you will take in good part what I shall tell you, but I am sure I have no interest in it, but that of your Families repose, *Aricidia* is so accustomed, replied *Clelius*, to be a Promoter of the contentment of her Friends, that I am perswaded she can never have but good intentions: Since it is so, replied she, do me the favour to answer me, and that sincerely; I promise it you, answered *Clelius*, and I promise it fairly, for I can never do no otherwise: Tell me then I conjure you, replied she, is it not true, that *Aronces* is one of the most accomplisht Men in the World, that he is most couragious, most witty, most virtuous, and the most agreeable, and that he is, in fine, a Man whom you esteem above all the rest in the World, and which hath been most belov'd of you, I acknowledge it, answered *Clelius*, but since it is so, replied she, why have you relinquisht your love, and what hath he done to merit your hatred: He hath had the impudence to love my Daughter, replied *Clelius*, he hath been so ingrateful as to forget he owes me his life, and that 'tis I which have made him what he is, but I shall make him know, that the Romans know well how to punish the ungratefuls. Go not so fast *Clelius*, said she to him, and take heed that the Romans in thinking to punish the ungratefuls, expose not themselves to ingratitude: 'tis true, you have sav'd *Aronces's* life, but he was but a Child, so that it may be said, that he did not see what you did for him, but you beheld with your own eyes what he did for you, when he sought to save your life, as you have your self told me, so you must not count what he owes you, without counting also what you owe him, and you must precisely tell me, why you will match *Clelia* with *Horatius*, who never sav'd your life, who though he hath a great deal of worth, yet is far short of *Aronces*, and wherefore you refuse her to the latter; I could tell you, replied *Clelius* in two words, that 'tis sufficient that *Aronces* not knowing his birth, to make me take it very ill, that he durst have an intention to my Daughter, but as without doubt you will tell me that he hath so noble a mind, that 'tis not possible to doubt of his quality; I have another reason to tell you, which admits of no answer; for, in fine, *Horatius* is a Roman, and by all likelyhood *Aronces* is not; Ah *Clelius*, replied she smiling, this is not so strong a reason as that which you alledge not, and for my part I cannot endure the humour of the Romans which set themselves so boldly above all the rest of the World, for when all is done, Virtue belongs to all Countries, and of what place of the World soever *Aronces* is of, I esteem him as much as a Roman; believe me *Clelius*, added she smiling again, be not more curious then your Fathers were, who for to get Wives, ravisht those of their Neighbours; and be not more then one of your Kings who married a Corinthian Slave, though he was so great a Prince, not considering she was not of *Rome*, and for to shew that 'tis not sufficient to be a Roman, to have all things to discover to be lov'd by you, is not *Tarquin* a Roman, and the Son of Roman Parents, yet I have heard you say, he hath not the heart of a true Roman, that he is the Tyrant, and not the King of *Rome*, that he is an ambitious, a cruel, and a Parricide, that his Wife is an inhumane Woman, which hath passed over her Father's body, and that she is the wicked'st person of her Sex; after which, durst you maintain that 'tis good reason to alledge unto me that *Aronces* is not a Roman, and that *Horatius* is of *Rome*, for as there are Romans without Virtue; I maintain there may be virtuous persons, which are not Romans, therefore you must not say, you ought to prefer *Horatius* to the prejudice of *Aronces*, since the latter hath more worth then the other, and that you are more obliged to him, and that he is more esteemed by *Clelia*: if you had received your birth at *Rome* (replied *Clelius*) you should see what 'tis to be born a Roman, and you should know what is that invincible band, and that love to our Countrey which bindeth all its Citizens to each other, as for *Tarquin* I look upon him as a Monster which hath usurped the Soveraign Authority, which belonged not to him, and I neither consider him as a lawful King, nor as a Roman.

But since *Tarquin's* Vices (replied *Aricidia*) make him not to be considered by you as a Roman, let the same reason induce you to esteem *Aronces* by reason of his Virtues, as if he were one: No, no, *Aricidia* (replied *Clelius*) you shall not perswade me, since I am resolved *Horatius* shall be the possessor of my Daughter, and that *Aronces* never shall, and in effect

ſince he is not a *Roman*, and that he is ungrateful, I muſt not look upon him as a man capable to wed all my intereſts, for in fine *Aricidia*, I will have a Son-in Law, whoſe love for his Countrey and hatred againſt the Tyrant of *Rome*, ſhall be in the ſame degree as mine, it is therefore that I find in *Horatius* the accompliſhment of all my deſires.

In the mean time, as I foreſee it will be difficult for *Aronces* to ſee *Horatius* crowned with the title of happineſs, whilſt this paſſion predominates in him, I ſhall therefore oblige him before I reſolve on this marriage to return to the *Carthaginian* Prince, and command him not to return hither till he hath eradicated this paſſion from his heart.

Have you then poſitively promiſed *Clelia* to *Horatius* (replyed *Aricidia?*) No, ſaid *Clelius*, becauſe I would have him deſire her, but have only fed him with hopes, and I am reſolved ſo ſoon as he hath left his Chamber, to ſalute him with this agreeable news: but do you know, (anſwered *Aricidia*) that it will be as pleaſing to *Clelia* as *Horatius?* I believe it, replyed he, and preſuppoſe that her will is regulated by mine. In truth (replyed *Aricidia*) I did not believe you ſo dileſteemed him, and that no Chymera of a *Roman* could come in competition with the tranſcendent qualities of *Aronces:* for in fine, if *Rome* only were illuminated by the Sun, it might plead by that priviledge to have more vertuous perſons than any other City: but as you know the Sun ſpreads his beams through the whole Univerſe, and there are vertuous men in all parts of the world, I have heard ſay, continued ſhe, that in all *Greece* there were but ſeven men which above all the reſt were called wiſe, yet the *Greeks* think they are well furniſhed with wiſdom, and you pretend that all *Romans* are wiſe; believe me *Clelius*, if you would diligently peruſe the ancient Records of *Rome*, you ſhould find it ever ſince its being infected, with vices, and if there be any difference between *Romans* and others, it is that their Vertue is more rude and ſavage, and I am fully perſwaded that ſince you will not be perſwaded by me, that the over-ruling quality of the *Romans* is obſtinacy, for if that were not, you would yield to my reaſons, to your prayers and to your ſelf, for I am aſſured that during what I have ſaid of *Aronces*, your heart hath confirmed that I had reaſon, and that you were to blame.

Clelius hearing *Aricidia* ſpeak, and knowing her franchiſe, would no longer diſpute againſt her, and being reſolved to refuſe her, he would do it with civility, wherefore he gave her thanks for the intereſt ſhe took in his Family, but he ſtill ſpoke to her ſo fiercely of *Aronces*, that ſhe knew there was nothing to hope for, and knowing it would be to no purpoſe to delude him, ſhe gave him no hopes; on the other ſide, *Herminius* found *Clelius's* ſpirit ſo exaſperated, that ſhe would not ſo much as let him ſpeak to her of *Aronces*, and ſhe took it ſo ill that ſhe ſhould employ others to ſpeak to her ſtill of one thing, for though he had been well with her, this very occaſion had been ſufficient to cauſe a diſgrace from her, for the more ſhe eſteemed *Herminius*, ſhe ſo much the more took it ill that he ſhould juſtifie *Aronces*, ſo that this miſerable Lover was in unſpeakable deſpair. I had for my part ſome vexation, for as *Fevice* hath humours and is a little unjuſt, ſhe taxed me of *Clelia's* coldneſs, and of *Aronces* want of civility which they had ſhewed her when ſhe ſaw them together, and ſhe pretended that in conſideration of her I ſhould fall out with them, ſo that we had a great conteſtation, which did almoſt cure me of my amorous diſpoſition: But to return to *Aronces* who was far more miſerable than before, becauſe *Clelius* who being deſirous that he ſhould retire himſelf from *Capua* before *Horatius* ſhould marry *Clelia*, went to tell it him, and in effect told him ſo roughly, that he could not give him an anſwer, for as he was redevable to him for all things, and that he ſtill conſidered him as his Father, he durſt not be violent againſt him, and withal knowing very well that it would have been to no purpoſe, he therefore endeavoured by all the tendereſt words he could expreſs, to compaſſionate his heart, and when he ſaw that he could not work upon him, he conjured him to permit him to have the liberty to dwell with him, and if he would not, at leaſt to ſuffer him to take his leave of *Clelia*: but whatſoever he could ſay he could not obtain any thing of what he demanded, ſo that *Aronces* being tranſported with anguiſh, and not able to contain it in his ſoul; Ah pitileſs *Clelius*, cryed he, wherefore did you ſave me my life, or why at preſent do you kill me; 'Tis no matter, ſaid *Clelius*, you muſt depart, and it muſt be without a ſecond quarrel with *Horatius*, as alſo in not ſeeing my Daughter, Ah *Clelius*, replied *Aronces* haſtily, I ſhall not ſatisfie you in any thing, except I have a command from *Clelia* to depart without aſſaulting *Horatius*, 'tis not but that I know the reſpect which I owe you, but my reaſon is weaker than my love, and if ſhe which cauſes it does not command me to let my Rival be happy, I know not whether I ſhall not diſobey you, ſince you muſt be commanded by *Clelia* to depart, replied *Clelius* fiercely, going away ſhe ſhall command it you, but it ſhall only be but by a Letter, for I declare unto you that that ſhe ſhall not go out of her Chamber till you have left *Capua:* You may judge Madam, in what condition *Aronces* was, who a while after repented, for what he had haſtily ſaid to *Clelius*, yet notwithſtanding his love, he knew well that this illuſtrious *Roman* was not much to blame in giving his daughter rather to *Horatius* of whom he knew the birth, than to one whoſe true quality was unknown to him, and he ſaw alſo that he had no occaſion to complain of his Rival, and it is that which hath made him the more miſerable: But that which was to him moſt inſupportable, was *Clelia's* anger, for he feared that the hatred which he thought *Clelia* bore him, ſhould induce her to love *Horatius*, which above all things in the world he feared, and indeed he could not in the condition he was then in, harbour ſweeter thoughts in his fortune, than to think that *Clelia* ſhould hate his Rival in marrying of him: In the mean while, *Clelius* according to what he had ſaid to *Aronces*, made *Clelia* write a Note in which were only theſe words.

IF within three days Aronces *leaves* Capua, *and that without ſeeing* Horatius, *I ſhall pity his misfortune, and if he obeys not the Command which I make him to depart, none ever hated ſo much as I ſhall hate him.*

You may eaſily think Madam, in what a deſpair *Aronces* was then, after he had read theſe cruel words, it was ſo great that I thought his anguiſh would have deprived him of his life: But in fine forcing himſelf with an extreme violence, he anſwered *Clelia* in this manner.

Aronces

Aronces to Clelia.

I Will, Madam, depart within three days if my grief will ſpin my life ſo long as to obey you, but I will not go but for to dye of love and deſpair, and I aſſure you that the end of my life ſhall antidate your Nuptials, and I ſhall never have the grief to hear that my Rival hath poſſeſſed you, but you ſhall it may be, ſoon know the death of the moſt faithful of Lovers.

This was Madam, the anſwer of *Aronces* to *Clelia*, who ſaw it not ſo ſoon; for as it had been her Father which was the cauſe of her writing, he hindred *Aronces* Letter from being delivered unto her, for fear it ſhould mollifie her heart; for although *Clelia* was angry with him, *Clelius* nevertheleſs perceived that ſhe hated him not, and that ſhe had not any affection for *Horatius*. Things being in this manner, I ſaw *Aronces* an hundred times almoſt reſolved either to kill *Horatius*, or to dye himſelf, and if I had not in part retained his violences, I know not what he would have done; there happened a thing which did much embroyl theſe two Rivals, for as *Aronces* was going penſively along through a ſtreet which is near *Horatius* Lodging, this Lover was going forth as being the firſt time, and expreſly to ſee *Clelius*, to whom he was going to make his firſt viſit, for to thank him for the good will he bore him, though he had not yet promiſed him any thing, ſo that theſe two Rivals encountring, they approached together with different thoughts, for *Horatius* who thought he ſhould be ſoon happy, had leſs anger in his ſpirit and he ſtill acknowledged his Liberator in the perſon of his Rival: for *Aronces* as he was miſerable although he was generous, he only ſaw his Rival in the perſon of his friend, they both nevertheleſs ſaluted each other, for I had forgot to tell you that their friends during the time that *Horatius* kept his Chamber, had made a kind of agreement between them, without diſcloſing of their quarrel. But in fine, to begin where I left off, they ſaluted one another, and *Aronces* ſpeaking to his Rival the firſt, For ought that I can ſee, ſaid he to his Rival, by I know not what Sentiment which he could not retain: It is ſufficient to be born a *Roman*, to become happy, and the greatneſs of my paſſion availeth me nothing, you ſhould have done better to have ſaid your merit, replyed *Horatius*, thereby to exaggerate your miſery, for as I think my ſelf to be as amorous as you, it is not in that that we differ, nevertheleſs I can aſſure you, that my reaſon is not at preſent troubled with fear that I ſhall be perfectly happy, ſince I cannot be without rendring you altogether miſerable.

Ah *Horatius*! (replyed *Aronces*) it is not of theſe things you muſt ſpeak to comfort a generous Rival: on the contrary, you remember we made a bargain one day that we would not hate one another, till *Clelia* (to the prejudice of one of us) had made her choice: therefore as you are going to be he, I think I am fully diſpenſed of all the friendſhip I had promiſed you, and I am verily perſwaded that I may without breaking the laws of generoſity hate you. Hate me then unjuſt friend (replyed *Horatius*) for as it is not eaſie to love who hates us, think it not ſtrange if I have no affection for him that loves me not; far from taking it ill (replyed *Aronces*) you cannot do any thing which may ſeem to me more juſt, then to hate me, for I declare unto you, that if the reſpect which I bear unto *Clelius* did not retain me, *Clelia* ſhould never be yours as long as my heart ſhould beat within me, and I know not added he, if *Clelius* ſhould be ſufficient, if *Clelia* did not meddle in it: Although you have vanquiſhed me, replyed *Horatius* fiercely, if things were in that condition, I ſhould know how to defend *Clelia* with the ſame valour that one of my Predeceſſors defended *Rome*. That *Horatius* of whom you ſpeak (anſwered roughly *Aronces*) overcame three men it is true, but it was more by policy than valour, and though you ſhall have his valour, I ſhould not be the ſooner overcome.

As they were in theſe terms, and *Horatius* who prepared himſelf to give him a ſharp anſwer, *Hermius* and two more came to them, who knowing what paſſed between them, and ſeeing ſome alteration in their eyes, did not leave them till they were parted, in the mean while as this intervene was known by *Clelius*, he ſent again to *Aronces* to tell him he would have him be gone, ſo that in effect he was fain to reſolve himſelf to depart, at leaſt he did as one who intends to depart, for his followers were ordered to have all things in readineſs, there were for all that moments in which he thought more in killing of *Horatius* than in departing; but when he conſidered that the death of his Rival would not procure him his Miſtreſs, he a little refrained his violence, which he knew was not grounded on a lawful foundation, for *Horatius* had been in love with *Clelia* before him, *Clelius* intended her for him, and would not have *Aronces* have any thoughts that way, and in fine, *Horatius* was not very Criminal towards *Aronces*.

In the mean while, *Clelia* on her part was not without grief, for ſhe doubtleſs had an inclination in her heart powerful enough to cauſe in her a great difficulty to overcome it, principally ſince ſhe knew that *Aronces* prepared himſelf to be gone, and to obey her, for ſhe then knew well that if he had loved *Fenice* he would not have left *Capua*, ſo that her jealouſie ſuddenly ending, her affection for *Aronces* gathered new ſtrength, and her averſion for *Horatius* encreaſed ſo much, that ſhe knew not how to obey *Clelius*, and if a reſentment of glory had not reſiſted her deſigns, ſhe would have done things that ſhe had never yet done: on the other ſide, *Sulpicia* who was horribly perplex'd to think her Daughter ſhould eſpouſe *Horatius*, ſought all means to hinder theſe Nuptials, but after ſhe had well conſidered on it, ſhe believed that as he was generous, it might happen that if *Clelia* ſhould tell him freely that ſhe could not affect him, and that ſhe ſhould intreat him not to thiuk on her, he might reſolve himſelf thereto; ſo that telling her thoughts to *Clelia*, and *Clelia* thinking nothing difficult to do, ſo that it might conduce to the rupture of her marriage, told her Mother that ſhe would fulfil her deſires, and *Sulpicia* by a reſentment of her former jealouſie, aſſuming more boldneſs at this time than ſhe ſhould have done at another, told her Daughter that ſhe ſhould the better to accompliſh her deſign, write a Note to *Horatius*, to be at a certain hour which ſhe ſhould appoint him, in that Garden which as I have told you is common for all, there to acquaint him of an important buſineſs: *Sulpicia* adding that ſhe ſhould tell him, that it was without the knowledge of any that ſhe writ to him, becauſe *Horatius* ſhould not imagine that it was by her inſtigation that ſhe did this, at firſt *Clelia* told her Mother that ſhe thought it would be as well to ſpeak to him in her Chamber when he

he ſhould come to ſee her, but *Sulpicia* told her it would be more eaſie to diſcourſe with him privately in a Walk, then in her houſe; adding withal, that *Horatius* would be better perſwaded ſhe had no inclination to love him, by this extraordinary action, as was this of giving him an aſſignation.

So that *Clelia* obeying her willingly, writ a Note to *Horatius*, and gave it unto a ſlave, to deliver it him, and as ſhe concealed it as a great ſecret, told him ſoftly, that he ſhould carry it to *Horatius*: but as this ſlave had formerly carried divers to *Aronces*, and never but one to *Horatius*, he thought ſhe had ſaid *Aronces*, and withal not knowing how to read, he knew not that it was directed to *Horatius*, and truſting to what he thought to have underſtood, he delivered it to *Aronces*, who had at firſt (ſeeing this ſlave with a Letter) an extreme joy, but when he read it, and that he knew it was directed to *Horatius*, and not to him, it cauſed in him an extreme dolour, nevertheleſs, as he knew the ſlave was miſtaken, he made no ſign to perceive it, and only told him he ſhould not fail to do what *Clelia* ordained him, but this ſlave was no ſooner gone, but *Aronces* came to my Chamber, to ſhew me this Note, in which were only contained theſe words.

Clelia *to* Horatius.

PRay do me the Favour to meet me preciſely about the Evening, in the great Walk of the Myrtles, for I have ſomething of great concernment to communicate to you, and withal a great favour to demand of you.

Well *Celeres* ſaid *Aronces* to me (after I had read this Billet) what ſay you of my fortune? and what counſel you me to do?

I counſel you to go to the aſſigned place as if you were *Horatius*, and with an intention to make *Clelia* a thouſand reproaches, and if you can to make her change her thoughts, or elſe to change your own, if ſhe alters not hers: this counſel is eaſier to give then to follow (replied he) at leaſt as not to love *Clelia*; as for going to the place ſhe has appointed to ſpeak with *Horatius*, I am already reſolved, but that which terrifies me is, that I know not what ſhe would have with my Rival, I likewiſe fear, added he, that the ſlave which brought me the Note, will acquaint her with his miſtake, when he ſhall tell her that I will not fail to meet her at the appointed place.

But ſaid I to him you have not writ to her: no, replied he, and that which hindred me from it was, not impoſſible but that this ſlave in telling her that I ſhould do what ſhe deſired, might tell it her ſo, that ſhe ſhould find out the miſtake.

And (Madam) it happened according to their expectation, for it fell out ſo, that when this ſlave was returned home, there was a great deal of company in her Chamber, ſo that ſhe would not let him give her an account of his errand, for fear he ſhould be underſtood, but asked him aloud whether he had done what ſhe had ordained him? and he anſwering, yes, ſhe made him ſign to be gone, *Clelia* not doubting but that *Horatius* would come at the aſſigned place, thought on nothing elſe but to meet him.

Nevertheleſs, there happened a thing which had almoſt obſtructed her going, for *Clelius* would have had *Sulpicia* gone to a place where ſhe ſhould have been the whole afternoon, but *Sulpicia* who fervently deſired that the marriage between *Horatius*, and her Daughter ſhould be broken; did ſo well, that ſhe cauſed her Daughter to be with one of her Friends, whom ſhe knew did commonly walk in the place where *Horatius* was expected, and when ſhe left her, ſhe perſwaded her as much as poſſible ſhe could, to put *Horatius* into ſuch a deſpair, that he ſhould never hope to have her.

But whilſt things were thus favourable for *Aronces*, and ſo contrary for his Rival, this Lover who was ignorant of the agitations of *Clelia's* heart, was in a ſtrange perplexity, and in ſuch an inquietude as I cannot repreſent unto you, for his impatiency would not permit him to ſtay till the appointed hour, but he repaired thither long before *Clelia* came; for my part, as I had a great deſire to know what this interview would produce; I went alſo in the Garden, and walkt in an Alley from whence I might ſee thoſe which went into that place where *Aronces* was, where in fine, *Clelia* came with one of her Mothers Friends, with whom there was three other Ladies.

As ſoon as *Clelia* ſaw *Aronces*, her blood leapt into her face, 'tis not but that ſhe thought 'twas Fortune only which guided him thither, but that ſhe was perſwaded *Horatius* would come alſo, and that ſhe feared ſhe ſhould meet them together.

On the other ſide, *Aronces* who ſeeing the alteration of *Clelia's* countenance, and imagining that ſhe ſtaid there for his Rival, and that the commotion which he ſaw in her eyes proceeded from her deſpight to ſee him there, raiſed his grief to ſo high a pitch, that he reſolved to go either into another Alley, or elſe to make *Clelia* a thouſand reproaches: but in fine, his reaſon overpowering his paſſion, he became Maſter of himſelf, and he ſo dexterouſly diſguiſed his ſentiments, that the Ladies with whom *Clelia* was, could not perceive he had any particular deſign, for he ſaluted them very civilly, and without addreſſing himſelf to *Clelia*, he diſcourſed with the Conductreſs of the little Troop; ſo that according to the freeneſs which we enjoy at *Capua*, he fell in converſation with theſe Ladies, and ſometimes entertaining one, and then another, he at laſt ſpoke to *Clelia*, who was much ſurpriſed not to ſee *Horatius*, and that in all likelyhood *Aronces* was not to leave them very quickly, and there happened an occaſion which gave *Aronces* as much leiſure as he could deſire to entertain *Clelia*; for as this company came to a great *rotundo* of Trees, which divides this great Walk of the Myrtles, and the Ladies having ſeated themſelves, it happened that the places caſually were before almoſt all taken, ſo that there was no place left for *Clelia*, who ſeeing only a little Bench which was on the other ſide, where there could ſit but two, ſhe went thither, and *Aronces* took his place by her.

But when ſhe ſaw him approach, the fear which ſhe had that *Horatius* ſhould come, that he ſhould find her in a particular converſation with his Rival, and that it ſhould hinder her from perſwading him what ſhe deſired, cauſed her to ſpeak ſoftly to him; by your favour *Aronces* (ſaid ſhe to him) if it be true, that you have formerly had ſome friendſhip for me, I conjure you not to deſire any private diſcourſe with me to day, for ſince I durſt not recount unto you my life,

life, it is not needful you ſhould think of ſpeaking with me in ſecret.

No, no, Madam, (ſaid he to her, looking attentively on her) it concerns you not ſo much as you think, for I aſſure you *Horatius* ſhall not come hither by your orders, and if fortune guide him not hither, I ſhall have leiſure humbly to intreat you to tell me, what I have done to merit your hatred, and what he hath done to gain your love, and from whence proceeds; that when you deny me the comfort of a laſt farewel, you writ him Notes, & gave him aſſignations in a place from whence you would have me be gone, becauſe you ſtay for him: but Madam, to deliver you from the unquietude which I cauſe in you; I muſt tell you that the ſlave which you ordered to deliver your Note to *Horatius*, did miſtake, for 'tis I which have received it; and I am come hither to conjure you to tell me, if I am worthy to know, that you had reſolved to tell *Horatius*: you may judge Madam, how *Clelia* was ſurpriſed when ſhe heard *Aronces* uſe theſe expreſſions; nevertheleſs, as her ſpirit was free from jealouſie, and that the love which ſhe had for *Aronces* was ſtronger then ever, and he lookt on her in ſuch a manner, which mollified her heart, that ſhe endeavoured not to diſguiſe the truth of that which ſhe perceived he knew, and ſhe was not very ſorry to make him underſtand that this aſſignation was not to be advantagious for *Horatius*. Alſo when *Aronces* had deſired her to tell him what ſhe intended to tell *Horatius* whom ſhe had ſtaid for: *Aronces*, ſaid ſhe, then to him, if you know what you demand, you would ſoon gain-ſay your ſelf, and you would deſire me not to tell you that which you ſeem to deſire of me.

Tell me at leaſt then anſwered he, what you would have me do; if it be true, anſwered ſhe, that you love me yet, I will have you reſolve your ſelf to love me no more but as a Siſter, and that you will be ſo equitable as not to accuſe me of your misfortune, ſince I am enough my ſelf, not to accuſe you of mine: But Madam, replied he, things are not alike between us, for I may juſtly accuſe you of all my misfortunes, but for my part, what is it that I do which may contribute to your unhappineſs? You are the cauſe, anſwered ſhe bluſhing, that I have a horrible repugnancy to obey my Father, you are he, which makes *Horatius*, who is a very deſerving perſon, altogether inſupportable to me, as ſoon as I conſider him as to be my Husband; and in fine, by all appearances, you are the cauſe that the reſt of my life will be miſerable: Ah Madam, by your favour, replied *Aronces*, permit me to give ſo advantagious a ſence to your words, that they may, if not make me happy, they may at leaſt render me leſs miſerable: I conſent thereunto *Aronces*, replied ſhe, but I alſo conjure you to tell me no more any thing: for as things ſtand now, I can no more innocently receive any particular mark of your affection, nor give you any of mine; you might nevertheleſs, Madam, if you pleaſe, acquaint me with that which you would have told *Horatius*; I would have told him, replied ſhe, ſo many things advantagious for you, that I ought not to tell it you, if I could effectually deſire you ſhould love me no more: for in fine, *Aronces* I would have ſeen *Horatius*, by the command of my Mother, to tell him freely I can never love him, and to endeavour by a reſentment of generoſity to induce him not to obſtinate himſelf to render me miſerable, ſince I can never render him perfectly happy: but to tell you the truth, I think I ſhall never perſwade him; you now ſee *Aronces*, added ſhe, the ſubject of this Aſſignation, for which you have reproached me. If it were permitted me, replied he, to give you thanks, and to require your pardon, I ſhould proſtrate my ſelf divine *Clelia*, at your Feet to teſtifie unto you my acknowledgement, and for to conjure you to tell me if you would hate me in caſe I ſhould diſobey *Clelius*, who will have me depart, and ſeek all means poſſible to forget you: I know not, replied *Clelia*, whether I ſhould hate you, but I know I ſhould live with you as if I lov'd you not. In effect, added this prudent Virgin, I ſhall do what I can, not to eſpouſe *Horatius*, but when neither by my prayers nor inventions I ſhall not prevail, there muſt be no more of any thing done, but to prepare never to ſee each other, for without any equivocation, I muſt tell you that though my Father ſhould not oblige you to be gone, I ſhould; 'tis therefore, that if the deſign which I have does not ſucceed, as I believe it will not, you muſt conform your will to my Fathers, becauſe you ſhould not neceſſitate me voluntarily to impoſe upon you a rigorous command.

As *Clelia* had ended theſe words, *Horatius* who heard by chance that ſhe was in that Garden, came thither, ſo that this fair Maid ſpying him afar off in an Alley which came into that where ſhe was, advertiz'd *Aronces* thereof, and deſired him to leave her alone, to the end ſhe might perform that which *Sulpicia* had enjoyned her to do: But Madam, replied he, who ſhall aſſure me that this converſation ſhall be ſuch as I deſire it to be; that which I have had with you, replied ſhe, going away; promiſe me at leaſt, replied he, that whatſoever happens you will ſtill have a little love for the miſerable *Aronces*; I promiſe it you not, replied ſhe, with an alteration in her colour, in caſting a favourable aſpect upon him, but I know not whether I ſhall not do it without promiſing you of it.

After that *Clelia* rejoyn'd the Ladies, with whom ſhe was, and after *Aronces* had ſaluted them, he went into another walk, without being perceived by *Horatius*, and came to me in that where I was walking: But it was with an extreme difficulty that he left his place to his Rival; but after all when he conſidered that ſhe ſpoke to him, only but to tell him that ſhe could not love him, and to pray him to think no more on her, he had an unſpeakable joy, though it was not accompanied with tranquillity, and having an extreme deſire to know the ſucceſs of this converſation, he deſired we ſhould walk in the Garden, till it was ended; becauſe if *Horatius* ſhould leave *Clelia*, he might know of her how his Rival had received what ſhe had told him: but Madam, it was eaſie to foreſee what would be the event of this buſineſs; for *Horatius* was very amorous, and he was perſwaded that notwithſtanding what *Clelia* had ſaid to him, ſhe would obey *Clelius*, who thought though he had not promiſed her would give her to him, and in effect though this amiable perſon employed all her ſubtleties and eloquence to perſwade *Horatius*, to baniſh her his thoughts, 'twas altogether impoſſible for her to do it, neither was it in *Aronces* his power to come any more to *Clelia*, for *Horatius* left her not, but went away with her.

In the mean time, as he could not reſolve himſelf to depart till he knew the ſucceſs of this diſcourſe, he engaged me to go and ſpeak to *Clelia*, who then knew

knew that all *Aronces* ſecrets were known by me; ſo that leaving him behind, I went and mingled my ſelf with the Troop, where this fair Maid was, who was then going away; ſo that there being no other Men beſides *Horatius* with theſe Ladies, when they were to paſs a difficult place, by reaſon of a great heap of ſtones, which were laid to ſupport a Terraſe which was to be built there, he was obliged to preſent his hand to one of them which paſſed the firſt, hoping after he had done ſo to all, to lead *Clelia*: But making uſe of this occaſion to ſpeak to her, I led her over, and left her not till we were out of the Garden, and not for to looſe any of thoſe precious moments, I whiſpered to her, and told her, Madam, the miſerable *Aronces* ſends me to you to know whether he muſt live or die, you ſhall tell him (replied ſhe, with a moſt obliging ſadneſs) that I will not have him die, but that if he loves me, he ſhall ever be miſerable, and that he has nothing to do, but to depart from *Capua* as ſoon as he can; I was going to tell her that ſhe was too blame for not oppoſing her ſelf more ſtrongly to *Clelius*, but ſhe anſwered me with ſo much wiſdom, and in ſo tender a manner for my friend, that all I could do was but to admire her; it is true, that when we came to the Garden door, I was conſtrained to leave her, and *Horatius* likewiſe, ſo that we were alone together, and as he knew me to be *Aronces* particular Friend, his hatred did extend it ſelf almoſt as much to me as it did to him, and having exaſperated his ſpirit with that which *Clelia* had told him, we parted with ſmall demonſtrations of friendſhip; but as I was returning I found *Clelius*, who was entred in this Garden by another door, who had newly joyned himſelf with *Aronces*, whoſe departure he urged ſo ſtrongly, that he gave him but one day more to be in *Capua*, as I knew that *Clelius* could not tell him any agreeable thing, I made no great difficulty to interrupt them, but as I came near them, *Aronces* who had an extreme deſire to know what *Clelia* had told me, demanded it of me by my eyes.

So, that not having any favourable anſwer for him I made a ſign to him, whereby he might perceive his hopes were utterly deſtroyed, to the end he ſhould ſuddenly reſolve to be unhappy, and ſhould not feed himſelf with an uncertain and vain hope, which brought much confuſion in his ſpirit, for it ſeemed to him he had fallen to a leſs miſerable eſtate, if *Clelia* told him nothing advantagious this day; and I had no ſooner joyned my ſelf to them, but *Clelius* left *Aronces*, and went to find *Stenius*, *Horatius* his Friend, who expected him in another Alley. I will not tell you Madam, what *Aronces* ſaid to me after *Clelius* had left him, and that I had recounted to him the diſcourſe I had with *Clelia*, for it would give you much compaſſion, but that which made him quite deſpair was, that he muſt now reſolve to depart, if he had followed the tumultuous reſentments of his heart, he would not have left *Capua* till he had kill'd *Horatius*, but as he could not do it without offending both *Clelius* and *Clelia*, and without putting himſelf in a condition never to ſee his beloved Object, this conſideration more then juſtice bridled his fury, and though night began to vail the ſky with a ſable Mantle, *Aronces* could not reſolve to depart from this Garden, but ingaged me inſenſibly in ſuch tedious exaggerations of his miſhap, that it was more then half an hour ſince *Cynthia* guilded this Garden with her reſplendent Rays, which gave birth as it were to a new day; ſo that we hardly knew 'twas night, his diſpleaſure ſo much poſſeſſed him; but in fine, the exceſs of his own grief impoſing ſilence on him and me, becauſe I could tell him nothing which might comfort him.

We walkt ſometime without ſpeaking one word in a little Alley, along the ſide of an indifferent thick Wood, which is incloſed in that Garden, and it happened that *Aronces* going faſter than I, was ten or twelve paces diſtant from me, but as he went alone he heard on the other ſide of a Palliſſade, which was between him and that little wood, two Men who thinking themſelves to be alone in that place, ſpoke ſomewhat low, one of which raiſing his voice, addreſſing his ſpeech to the other; I know well (ſaid he to him in the Roman Language) what we have promiſed to *Tarquin* is unjuſt, but ſince 'tis promiſed we muſt obey, for in what place can we remain, if after we have aſſured him to bring the head of *Clelius*, we violate our words?

You may judge, Madam, what was the ſurpriſal of *Aronces*, when he heard theſe expreſſions from an unknown Man, and though *Clelius* had pronounced him the moſt rigorous ſentence imaginable, he did not look upon him in this occaſion as a Man which baniſht him, which eſloyned him from *Clelia*, and which rendred him moſt unhappy, but he conſidered him as the Father of his Miſtreſs, to whom he owed his Life, and attentively liſtening to hear the diſcourſes of theſe unknown Men, he heard, that he which had hearkned to him who had firſt ſpoke, anſwered him in theſe terms: I very well know (ſaid he to him) that *Tarquin* is the violenteſt Man in the World, that hating *Clelius* ſo much as to deſire his head, he would very much hate thoſe, who inſtead of bringing it to him, ſhould advertiſe him of the deſire he hath to deſtroy him; but it ſeems to me, not returning to *Rome*, 'tis eaſie to flye his fury, and the difficulty will be to know if *Clelius* is in eſtate to inrich us, if we prove what we may tell him; Ah too ſcrupulous friend! (haſtily replied he to whom he ſpoke) why do we thus trifle time? doth it not ſuffice that the Prince to whom we belong hath commanded us to kill one of his enemies, and that he hath promiſed us a great recompence, without expoſing our lives and fortunes to danger; by diſcovering it to *Clelius*, he will make, it may be, as though he believed it not, becauſe he would not recompence us, but will keep himſelf on his guard, and prevent us from executing our deſign? therefore without ſtumbling at theſe unprofitable intentions, let us only ſee if our Ponyards are ſharp enough to act to morrow the command of *Tarquin*.

Ah Villanous Wretch! (cryed *Aronces*, going on that ſide where the Aſſaſſinate was by an overture he accidentally found in the Palliſſade) I will fruſtrate your barbarous deſign, and you ſhall never Ponyard *Clelius* before you deprive me of my Life: *Aronces* pronounced theſe words ſo high, that it rouzed me from that Lethargick ſlumber in which my melancholly had buried me, and I went directly to him, whom I ſaw hold a Man which was ſtrugling to get from him; and that there was another who holding a Ponyard, told him that if he would not leave his companion, he would kill him; but that he had hardly the time to do it, for having ſuddenly ſeiſed his arm, and ſtaid his hand in which he held his Poniard, with which he menaced *Aronces*, I prevented him from acting his intention.

In

In the mean time *Aronces* having taken from the hands of him he held, the Poniard he drew, when he cast himself upon him, saw himself in estate to be Master of his Life; but as he thought 'twas important to discover to *Clelius* all he knew, he did not kill him, principally seeing that I held the others Arm, and knowing by that he had overheard, that him I held was the least impious, he believed 'twas easie to know by him all that which was requisite for *Clelius* to know; and *Aronces* seeing that I was without doubt strong enough to hinder this Man from using his Poniard, but that I was not able to take it from him, he threatned to kill him, and cried to him, if he would render it, he would recompence him magnificently for the good design he had to tell *Clelius*, but whilst he thus said, the other whom *Aronces* had disarm'd, watching his opportunity, drew a second Poniard he had, thinking to sheath it in his heart, but as *Aronces* saw it glister, by the reflexion of one of *Cynthia*'s beams on it, he guarded himself and warded the blow with the other he held, and no longer sparing the life of that Traitor, he seised his right arm with his left hand, and gave him two blows with the Poniard, which made him fall half dead at his feet.

In the mean time, him which I held, endeavoured to disingage himself, but I held him so strongly that he could not finish his intent, but as soon as he saw his companion fall, he let go his Poniard that I took, and emplored the clemency of *Aronces*, whom he saw to interest himself so much in the life of *Clelius*, and the better to obtain it, he drew the other Poniard he had, and casting it at the feet of *Aronces*, I pray Sir, said he to him, since you heard what I said to my companion do not treat me as him; I promise it you replied *Aronces*, but you must discover to me all you know, and all which may assure the life of *Clelius* which I will defend as my own: As *Aronces* had thus spoke, *Clelius* and that Friend of *Horatius*, with whom he walkt, as I have told you, arrived in this place; so that they were very much surprised to find us in that estate, and to see a Man half dead at our feet, and another which seemed to demand pardon, and to see *Aronces* and I with each of us a Poniard in our hands, but the Father of *Clelia* was much more astonisht, when I first speaking, see *Clelius* said I to him, see what *Aronces* hath done to save your life: and if he merits death at your hands; for I had perfectly understood that it was for the interest of *Clelius* that he assaulted these two Men; *Clelius* being amazed at my words, could not tell what to answer, but *Aronces* drawing him from this astonishment, told him in two words, without any exaggeration what was newly happened, so that *Clelius* was so sensibly touch'd, to see in a moment after he had pronounced the sentence of his banishment, he had hazarded his life to assure his, that he could not hinder himself from testifying to him the admiration he had for his virtue, and without demanding any thing of that which concerned him: Ah *Aronces* cryed he, your generosity charms me, and *Aricidia* had reason to say, that if you were not a Roman, you had a Roman heart; therefore seeing I have not promised any thing to *Horatius*, I must leave *Clelia* to dispose of her self, without intermeddling with it; *Aronces* ravisht with joy to hear *Clelius* speak in this manner, rendred thanks to him in few words, whilst *Stenius* privately murmured at it, but after that *Aronces* telling him, that this place was not fit to entertain those Assassinates, and some Slaves of *Clelius* who sought their Master, being arriv'd, they gave order to carry this person to a Man's house which depended on me, to have his wounds dresst, and we brought the other to *Clelius* his house, who would have *Aronces* and I go thither; for *Stenius* he left us at the Gate, and went to advertise *Horatius* that his affairs were not so prosperous as he imagined; but arriving at *Clelius* his house, we met *Sulpicia* and her Daughter, who were much surprised to see us, and to hear *Clelius* say, he owed his life a second time to *Aronces*, and that he was the most generous of all Men, and these two persons easily giving credit to the words of *Clelius*, received *Aronces* with an extreme joy.

In the mean time, as he was impatient to know the contrivancy of that plot, the execution of which *Aronces* had hindred, they enclosed the Conspirator in a Chamber where we were going to interrogate him, when *Herminius* arriv'd, who told *Clelius* he had a business of great Importance to acquaint him with: But as *Clelius* told him, that he might now tell all he knew before *Aronces* and me, he shewed him a Letter he had received from *Rome*, where amongst many other things there were these words.

THe proud Tarquin *is more diffident, cruel, and vindicative then ever, for he had no sooner known that* Clelius *was returned from* Africa, *and that he was at* Capua, *but he believed he approached* Rome, *to plot some conspiracy against him, and one of my intimate friends hath told, that he believes the Tyrant hath a design on his Life, at least I assure you, that few days have been added to the age of time, since two of those he uses to employ in such horrid executions, departed from* Rome *and having taken way of the company, if you think fit advertise* Clelius *to take care of himself.*

After *Clelius* had read aloud this fragment of a Letter, and that *Herminius* had named him who wrote it, and told him that he was a Man well informed in all things, and that he had counselled him not to go forth but well accompanied: I am much obliged to you, said he to *Herminius*, for the advice you have given me, but I shall be infinitely more if you help me to set forth the praises of *Aronces*; for in fine, he hath nigh kill'd one of those of whom your friend speaks, and if you please, you may hear from the other the confession of his crime, and after we had recounted to *Herminius* in two words, that which was passed, we entred together into the Chamber where this Man was, from whose mouth we would know the cruel intentions of *Tarquin*, but to the end he should more ingenuously declare all he knew, *Aronces* confirmed to him the promise he had made him magnificently to reward the repentance he had had, and he effectively spoke with very much ingenuity; 'tis true, that which the more obliged him was, that *Herminius* knew he was heretofore one of his Father's slaves, and making himself known to him, what miserable wretch (said he to him) hast thou learnt this Trade thou practises in the house where thou wast brought up? No Sir (said he to him, but changing my Master I have changed my conditions, since 'tis true, that as long as I lived with a virtuous Master, no crime could be imputed to me, but as soon as your Illustrious Father had given me to a Man who is become *Tarquin*'s Favorite, I degenerated to what you see: 'tis true said he, the remembrance

of the beginning of my life hath stirred up much compunction in me, and him who promises to recompense me for my repentance, heard, I would perswade my complice of my crime not to commit it I remembred you, and imagined those reproaches you would make me, if you should know the life I led.

Sure it is so, (said *Herminius*) make an ingenious confession, and in effect this man told *Clelius*, that *Tarquin* had commanded him and his Companion not to return to *Rome* without bringing his head, and he assured him they had resolved to kill him the next day in that Garden, where *Aronces* had ore-heard their contestation, for they had known 'twas the custom of *Clelius* to go thither every night, and oftentimes alone.

This man likewise said that when *Aronces* heard them, some remorse invaded his Conscience for that barbarous action he was going to commit, but as his companion was the most resolute of all men, he was assured he would not have admitted of any perswasion but executed *Tarquins* command the subsequent day, though he should have done it alone: and he appeared so repentant for his crime, and demanded so many pardons for his fault, that *Clelius* effectually knowing by *Aronces* that he opposed his companions intentions, generously pardoned him and gave him a recompence sufficient to carry him to the wars without *Tarquins* power, but for the complice of his crime he used him in another manner, for he would not have his wounds dresst, and when by force there was plaisters put upon them he would tear them off, neither would he take any nourishment, and whatsoever could be said to him he would not answer neither *Aronces* nor *Herminius*, who interrogated him to see if he did not know more than the other: on the contrary, he used all the means he could possible to dash out his brains against a wall, and in the end died as an enraged man, to whom the regret not to have executed the crime he promised to commit, and the sight of an approaching death hurried on to such a furious action.

In the mean time *Sulpicia* not losing such a favourable occasion, told *Clelius* so many things to oblige him to acknowledge the vertue of *Aronces*, that in the end he was resolved to leave *Clelia* to a free election, since he had not yet promised her to *Horatius*, and that he had only given him hopes to obtain her, whilst these things were acting, that Lover which had believed to be happy, no sooner knew by *Stenius* the adventure of the Garden, but fearing it might make *Clelius* change his thoughts, he went at the same time to find him, but as *Clelius* would have some time to settle his resolution and thought, he had some tenderness and recognizance for *Aronces*, he had some difficulty to give his Daughter to an unknown, he carefully shunned *Horatius* this day, which happened to be the Eve of that day *Clelia* celebrated for her birth, for though she was not born at *Rome*, *Clelius* nevertheless made her observe all the *Roman* Ceremonies, therefore as her birth was the next day, he would have the Feast be more magnificent than usual, because it had been preceded by one in which he had shunned death, and he found that this day was not numbred amongst those dismal ones, carefully observed by the *Romans*, and not finding any unhappiness in this favourable day, *Clelius* would have it solemnly celebrated; *Clelia* on her part who knew the alteration of her Father's mind, and who had a little before thanked *Aronces* for saving his life, had an extreme joy to hope she should not espouse *Horatius*, *Sulpicia* was so glad that she thought of nothing, but magnificently to solemnize the Feast of her Daughters Nativity.

For this effect as it was a custom in such like occasions to offer an innocent Oblation to those Divinities the *Romans* call *Genij*, every person as they believe having a particular one: *Clelius* made an Altar to be adorned with Vervine and Flowers, in a Temple where the *Romans* residing at *Capua* perform their Ceremonies, and all the principal Ladies of the City being invited to accompany *Clelia* when she went to the Temple, where they came in their most Gorgeous Attire; for *Clelia* as it is the custom at *Rome*, as well for men as women, to be invested in white on their birth-day, she had a white Robe, but for to beautifie the simplicity of that Vestment, *Sulpicia* adorned her with those stones she had heretofore casually found, when that after she was shipwrackt she had been saved by a faithful Slave, and had again found *Clelius*, to whom the Gods had given a Son for him whom they had lost, and though the Habit of *Clelius* was not at all magnificent, it received a great imbellishment from them: for as in these occasions Ladies are not covered as usually they are, and that they are dresst like those which are married, she had part of her fair hairs hanging on her shoulders negligently curl'd, for the others they were pleated in many rings along her cheeks, and tyed on the hinder part of her head by a rose of precious stones the fairest were ever seen: Moreover, as her Neck was shadowed but with a thin Vail of Tiffany, it transmitted the lustre of her beauty through it, it was likewise enclosed with a Collar of Diamonds, her wast being surrounded with precious stones of an inestimable value, her sleeves of her Robe which were great and hanging down, were fastned on her shoulders by two knots of Diamonds.

In fine, her Habit was so gallant and rich, that *Clelia* in this posture could do no less than attract all eyes, she had such a pure tincture, such sparkling eyes, and such a charming and agreeable air in her looks, that I can assure you my eyes never met with a fairer Object.

Clelia being such as I have represented her to you, went afoot from her house to the Temple without any discommodity, for the streets by which she was to pass were large and very dry, and the Sun had stole behind a Cloud lest he should be outvi'd by the splendor of her eyes.

Moreover as it is the custom that those persons which celebrate their birthday, should offer an innocent Offering to the Gods, *Clelia* carryed in her fair hands a sumptuous Basket in which was her oblation, but this Sacrifice was so covered with Orange and Jasume Flowers, that it dispersed ore all places where she passed an odoriferous Odor; she went alone, her Father and her Mother followed her, all the Ladies of the City preceded her, going two by two, and all the friends of *Clelius* following him in in the first rank, whereof were *Aronces* and *Horatius*; but Madam, as *Clelia's* beauty was divulged through *Capua*, and this Ceremony being different from ours, and that novelty excited the curiosity of the people, the streets were thronged where *Clelia* should pass, as if there was to be seen enter one of our Captains Crown'd with a Triumphant Laurel, but *Clelia* seeing this concourse of people of all conditions, which looked from their windows, doors, and streets, only

ly to behold her, and hearing all the acclamations they gave her, was surprised with such a modesty, that it much heightned her beauty, for blushing at her own praises, her tincture appeared more resplendent, her eyes more lively and tempting, *Aronces* and *Horatius* this day so contemplated her beauty, that their love augmenting, their hatred encreased towards one another, they spoke nothing together whilst this Ceremony lasted: for as *Horatius* his hope was not quite extinct, because *Clelius* had not spoke to him in particular, and that *Aronces* would not destroy his, they both thought not to irritate *Clelius* by a new Combat, and though they were Rivals they assisted at this Ceremony as though they had been friends; it is true that it was not very strange they should master their thoughts in this occasion, for the admiration they had for *Clelia*, without doubt suspended a part of the hatred that was between them.

But in fine, *Clelia* went to the Temple to offer to the Gods the Offering she carried, and she put it with so good a grace on the Altar adorned with Garlands of Vervine and Flowers, that she seemed rather to be the Goddess to whom the Sacrifice was offered, than her which offered this oblation: I shall not, Madam, weary your patience by telling you all those Ceremonies which were performed in this occasion, for it is not for that intent I mention this Feast, but I shall acquaint you that amongst this great multitude of persons who looked upon and admired *Clelia*, I take notice that a man and woman who bore the characters of persons of quality, casually saw her as she came from her house, and I likewise noted when I was nigh them, that they beheld her with an extraordinary attention, that they whispered together, and when they saw *Aronces* they testified so much admiration, that they followed them as if they had been invited to the Feast, and fortune was so propitious to me, that I saw them once more in the Temple very attentive, sometimes looking on *Clelia* sometimes on *Aronces*, I likewise noted that this Lady whom I did not know, and who had a very good presence for a person of her age, passed by many others to come nigh *Clelia* when she was at her devotion, but I was astonished to see her more attentively to look upon the precious stones than *Clelia*, and it seemed to me she lookt with a more curious eye on that which was on the hinder part of her head where was the rose of Diamonds, and not to admire the beauty of her face; nevertheless thinking it was a curiosity usual with Ladies to look more upon that which adorns, than those which are adorned; I diverted my eyes otherways, and I looked upon *Fenice*, which except *Clelia*, was without doubt the fairest in that company.

But in fine, when *Clelia* had finished her prayers, and was going to place her self in that order in which she came, this man and Lady whom I did not know, and who had looked so much on *Aronces* and *Clelia*, approached to me, and demanded civilly who that beautiful Virgin was? and who was *Aronces*? whom they shewed me with their hands not knowing his name: For that admirable person, said I to them, she is called *Clelia*, and Daughter to an illustrious exiled *Roman*, but for him you shew me, all that I can say is, he is the most virtuous in the world, and he is called *Aronces*, for he doth not himself know his birth: what (cried this Lady changing colour) doth not he know his Parents? He is far from knowing it, answered I, since the Father of *Clelia* found him floating in a Cradle after he had been shipwrackt himself, and whose life he saved without knowing to whom this Child belonged, which he hath carefully nourished as his own.

By your favour (added this Stranger which was with this Lady) tell us on what Sea, and in what place this Child was found in a Cradle? It was nigh *Syracusa*, (repled I) if my memory deceive me not: At these words these two persons looked one upon another, shewing many marks of astonishment and joy on their countenances, and demanded of me if I did not know from whence *Clelia* had those stones which adorned her? so that telling them the same shipwrack which had taken a Son from *Clelius*, and which had given him *Aronces*, had likewise given him these stones.

We need not doubt (said this Lady somewhat low to him which was with her) but *Aronces* is the same we imagine him to be: What! (said I to her transported with joy,) do you know the birth of *Aronces* I pray (added I looking upon them both) if it is so, tell it the dearest of his friends: for as I cannot doubt that he should not be worthy of his great heart, I make no difficulty to demand it of you: That which you demand (replyed this Stranger) is of so great consequence, that *Aronces* ought first to be acquainted with it, but lest we should commit an indiscreet action, I intreat you to tell us all you know how he was saved?

And as I had often heard *Clelius* tell it, I told him the day of this shipwrack, the place where it hapned, and I described to him the Cradle in which *Aronces* was found, for *Clelius* had shewed it me, when we found him in the Pyrates Vessel, I told him likewise that a Casket full of stones then came into his power, and in fine, all I knew of this adventure, giving many praises to *Aronces*, which evidencing to him that I effectually was his particular friend, obliged him to speak more freely before me, ah *Martia!* (said he to this Lady, who as you know is his Wife) I do not doubt but *Aronces* is the child we lost, for the day of his shipwrack agrees with that when we thought we should perish, the place where it hapned is the same; the Cradle in which *Aronces* was found is like it, the stones we see *Clelia* have are those we had in our power, but that which clears all suspicion is, that *Aronces* is the very Picture of the Father of that Child we lost, so that we must necessarily conclude he must be his Son.

I confess Madam, the discourse of that man (who is the same *Nicius* now in this Castle) much perplexed me: for in the beginning when he spoke to *Martia*, and told her that *Aronces* was assuredly the Child they had lost, I believed he was their Son, but when he said he was his Fathers Image, that belief soon vanisht, when I perceived he did not resemble him which spoke; so that dying with desire to be satisfied in that I would know, I pressed *Nicius* and *Martia* to tell me who *Aronces* was? but they answered 'twas first to him they must disclose this secret, and they earnestly prayed me to bring him to the sight of them, and without deferring the time any longer, I knew the place where they lodged, and I promised them to bring *Aronces* thither before the day was past.

And I presently went to *Clelius* his house to rejoyn my self with that fair company I had left; for 'tis the custom at *Rome* that the day that one celebrates for their birth, there is prepared a feast to entertain

thoſe friends which are invited to accompany them at this Ceremony, ſo that finding the Tables covered and the company ready to ſit down, I at firſt believed that I ought to attend the end of this repaſt, before I told to *Aronces* that I knew, but this great ſecret ſeems to me ſo difficult to keep, that I could not reſolve my ſelf thereto, and drawing *Aronces* handſomly apart, Can you believe, (ſaid I to him) that *Clelia's* Birth-day is that which is deſtin'd for the diſcovery of yours, and before night you ſhall know who you are? No *Celeres*, ſaid he to me, I do not believe it, for by what ſtrange adventure can I know it? As I ſaw he gave no credit to my words, I ſpoke to him more ſeriouſly, and in few words recounted to him that which had happened to me, ſo that diſpelling that doubt, I ſaw in his face different motions, at firſt I ſaw joy, a little after I noted inquietude and fear, and a moment after impatience to know that he feared to learn, nevertheleſs the greatneſs of his Spirit reaſſuring him, and that which I told him of thoſe ſtones, giving him ſome certainty that he muſt be of illuſtrious birth, he remitted himſelf ſo well, that as he would not now depart without cauſing ſome diſorder, he reſolved to expect the end of this repaſt to content his curioſity, and in effect it was executed as he had reſolved, for as ſoon as the Tables were uncovered we ſtole from the company, and went to find *Nicius* and *Martia*, who expected us with an impatience, which could not be equalled but by that of *Aronces*, he ſtayed two or three times going to find them, for though he believed he ſhould not fear any thing which might trouble him, the love for *Clelia* made him fear, that his Parentage would not be worthy of her: but in the end, being arrived to the Lodging where *Nicius* and *Martia* were, they met us with the greateſt demonſtration of joy in the world, for the more they looked upon *Aronces* the more they ſaw him reſemble the King *Porſenna*, but that which redoubled their ſatisfaction was, that when he began to ſpeak they found he had the ſound of his voice ſo like to the Queen *Galerita* his Mother, that they could not doubt but he was the ſame Child which was committed to their charge, whom they had loſt by a ſhipwrack. In the mean time, *Aronces* no ſooner ſaw them, but he thus ſaid to them, after what my dear friend hath told, I know not what I ought to ſay to you, knowing not who I am, neither do I know whether I ought to wiſh to know it; Nevertheleſs as the incertainty in which I have lived is the cruelſt torment imaginable, tell me I entreat you who I am, though you tell me my heart ſoars higher than my birth, and do not fear if it pleaſe you to reveal this ſecret in the preſence of him to whom you have ſpoken of me, for all my ſecrets are his, and you cannot tell me any thing in particular which reflects on me, but I ſhall tell it him a little after: Since 'tis ſo, ſaid *Nicius*, I have two favours to demand of you before I tell you any thing, the firſt that you permit me to look upon your left hand, the ſecond that I will ſhew thoſe two knots of Diamonds to *Martia*, we have ſeen that beautiful Virgin wear, which is the cauſe of your diſcovery, ſince if ſhe had not been adorned with thoſe Jewels, to give us the curioſity to look more attentively on this Ceremony, we had not, it may be, ſeen you: for in fine, if you are he I wiſh you are, you have on your left hand a little black mole, like to one we believe to be on your Mothers face, and which becomes her admirable well: and if thoſe ſtones we ſaw are thoſe we imagine, there is two Portraits in the two knots of Diamonds, that I pray you to ſhew my wife. For the mole whereof you ſpeak, (replied *Aronces* ſhewing him his hand) you may ſee it's ſuch as you tell me it ſhould be, but for the two knots of Diamonds you would have me ſhew you, I have ſometimes handled them, and I did not perceive they opened, neither that they had Portraits incloſed in them: If they are thoſe we think, replyed *Martia*, you may handle them an hundred times before you can perceive they open. But in fine, added ſhe, that which I ſay is not ſo neceſſary to know, and after I have preciſely known the day of your ſhipwrack, and what manner of Cradle in which you were found, and after I had ſeen you and heard you ſpeak, and have found in your hand the mole which ought to be there, and ſeen the Jewels of *Clelia*, there is no queſtion to be made but you are the Son of the King *Porſenna*, and the Queen *Galerita*, and him which hath put *Nicius* and I to the expence of ſo many tears: Yes Sir, added *Nicius*, you are aſſuredly the Son of a great Prince and Princeſs, and would to the Gods you were more happy than they.

Aronces hearing *Nicius* and *Martia* ſpeak in this manner, was ſo ſurpriſed at it that his aſtoniſhment appeared in his eyes, but it appeared there without cauſing any tranſportment of exceſſive joy in his heart and I may very well ſay that never any perſon gave ſuch an illuſtrious mark of moderation. In effect, the firſt motion which came into his ſpirit, was, to give me a new demonſtration of his friendſhip: For 'tis true, as ſoon as *Nicius* and *Martia* had related to him his birth, he beheld me with an obliging eye, in which there appeared without the confirmation of any words, that he was glad to ſee himſelf in eſtate to requite my affection by effectual courteſies. In the mean time, he learnt to *Nicius* and *Martia* all that I had already told them, and they learnt to him all that I have recounted to you in the beginning of this Hiſtory; that is to ſay, the War of the precedent King of *Cluſium* with *Mezentius* Prince of *Perugia*, the impriſonment of *Porſenna*, his love for *Galerita*, by what means he had been delivered, his marriage, the death of *Nicetale*, the ſecond impriſonment of *Porſenna* and *Galerita*, his birth, the manner how he had been conveyed from the Willow Iſland to put him in their hands, their flight, their embarquement, their Shipwrack, and the reſolution they had taken to go to *Syracuſa*, and not to declare to *Porſenna's* friends, that the child was truſted to them, had periſht, not becauſe they did not poſitively know he was dead, but becauſe they durſt not tell it, for fear it ſhould abate the hearts of the friends of *Porſenna* and *Galerita*, but though, is it poſſible, ſaid I then to *Nicius* and *Martia*, that the child of *Porſenna* and *Galerita* hath not appeared ſo long; and how could it be concealed ſo many years, that they did not know where he was? The thing hath been very eaſie, replyed *Nicius*, for you muſt know that having a year very carefully concealed the loſs of this young Prince, the friends of *Porſenna* making a ſecret League, reſolved that they muſt have this Child in their hands to endeavour to excite an inſurrection among the people, ſo that one amongſt them knowing where we were, came thither, and as we muſt neceſſarily confeſs our ſhipwrack to him, and as 'tis natural to flatter our ſelves with hope, and to diminiſh as much as we could the misfortunes of others, we told to this friend of *Porſenna*, that this Child would

would be one day, it may be found, and that there had so many escaped ship-wrack, that it may be this child should be escaped as well as the others; whether it should be so or no, replied he, to whom we spoke, we must not publish his death, if it were not for no other reason, then not to give joy to the enemies of *Porsenna*, and grief to his friends, and conforming our selves to his will, published it not, and since that, have always said that *Porsenna*'s Son was not dead, and to endeavour to excite the people to Rebellion, we spread a bruit that *Mezentius* had taken him from us by force, and that he kept him prisoner as well as his Father.

In the mean time, as we durst not return into our Countrey, because of the Perusian Prince, we always remained at *Syracusa*; but as *Martia* had a long and grievous sickness, from which she hardly recovered, we agreed to leave *Sicily* for some time, and to choose a more healthful Air, and finding no place more agreeable then *Capua*, we came hither, and we came hither without doubt conducted by the gods, for to find you here, since that in the state in which things are, your presence is wholly necessary to save the life of the King your Father, for *Mezentius* is more incensed then ever; *Bianor* hath always love and ambition, the Princess of *Perusia* his Sister, doth all she can that he may obtain his ends, and *Mezentius* despairing to have other Children then *Galerita*, seems resolved to put to death *Porsenna*; to the end to enforce this Princess to re-marry with *Bianor*, for though she is your Mother, she hath not compleated above thirty six years, and is yet as I have heard, one of the fairest persons in the World; You may judge Madam, with what attention *Aronces* hearkned to the discourse of *Nicius*, and how many different thoughts possessed his heart, for he was glad to know he was a King's Son, he was afflicted to learn in what a deplorable estate the Prince was to whom he owed his Life, the certainty of not being a Roman gave him some inquietude, because of *Clelius*, the thought that he could not espouse *Clelia* without doing something contrary to exact prudence, gave him displeasure, and his soul was strangely agitated, but at last got the Victory. In the mean time, as there lackt the shewing of the two knots of Diamonds, to finish the discovery of *Porsenna*'s Son, though it was not necessary; *Aronces* after he had said a thousand obliging things to *Nicius* and *Martia*, and after he had recounted to them the obligations he had to *Clelius*, and a part of that which was happened to him, except his love for *Clelia*, he left them to return to *Clelius* his house; but returning thither we met *Herminius*, who came from thence, and who told us that it was accounted a very strange thing we should so suddenly leave them, adding that a part of the company was already gone: In effect, when we entred *Clelia's* house, there was but four or five of her friends with her, who walkt together in her Father's Garden, for we went so timely to the lodging of *Nicius*, that it was not so late when we came from thence, but we might walk without any incommodity, so that *Clelia* no sooner saw *Aronces*, but she made war to him for leaving her when she celebrated her Birth-day. If you knew what obliged me to do it, (replied he to her) I am assured you will not murmure against me; it may be (replied she to him) and shall not accuse you of it, but you cannot hinder me from complaining of you: that which you say is so glorious for me (replied he) that if I should have gained nothing by leaving you, I ought to be consolated for leaving you: But in fine, Madam, (said he to her, separating her five or six paces from the company) I must tell you that which hath obliged me to leave you, and that you know I have not done it, but to cease to be that unknown *Aronces*, without Name and Countrey, who hath sometimes been so cruelly treated by *Clelius* for that reason. What *Aronces!* (replied she blushing) do you know your Birth? Yes Madam, (said he to her) I know it with some joy; though I am not a Roman, because that as Son to the greatest King of all *Etruria*, I can pretend with more boldness to the possession of the perfectest person in the World: permit me then I conjure you, that now I know my self to be the Son of the King of *Clusium*, whom *Mezentius* detains Prisoner, I offer a second time to you my heart, and that I assure you when I shall be peaceable possessor of an Estate, that my Grandfather hath nigh intirely usurped, I'le lay my Crown at your feet, and without leaving those chains you have given me, I will boldly publish, it would be more glorious to be your Slave then to be King o're many Realms, and because I see, added he, that which I tell you ought to surprise you, and that I perceive you are surprised: I shall not tell the whole narration of my story, but leave it to *Celeres* to acquaint you with it, whilst I shall go to seek *Clelius*, to the end, to learn him my adventure, and to conjure him to suffer those knots of Diamonds you wear to be seen by those who have learnt me my birth, and likewise to entreat him to prefer me before *Horatius*.

Clelia was so surprised to hear that which *Aronces* said, that she knew not what to answer him, 'tis not that she suspected the truth of it; but the thing was so surprising, that she could not imagine it to be possible, though she did not doubt of it: she therefore answered him as a person infinitely prudent, for without affording him so much time as to think she doubted of what he said, she gave him cause to make known all the particulars of his adventure; and *Aronces* going to seek *Clelius*, who was in his house; I remained in this Garden, and whilst the friends of *Clelia*, either entertained themselves together, or with *Sulpicia* who then came thither, I told her in few words all that *Nicius* and *Martia* had told *Aronces*, and I gave her a most sensible joy, to know that her Lover was of such an Illustrious birth, I saw in her eyes that she feared this greatness would be an obstacle to her felicity, but she did not tell it me. In the mean time *Aronces* went where *Clelius* was, and telling him he had an important business to communicate to him, he entred into his Cabinet, where he told him all he knew, but he told it him with the same respect, he accustomed to have when he knew not his birth, and *Clelius* having consented to his desire, I returned to find *Nicius* and *Martia*, from whose mouths the Father of *Clelia* learnt all they had told us; and to confirm that which they said, those two knots of Diamonds being shewed him, they demanded to see, they opened them, and in one there was a Portraict of a very beautiful person; and in the other a Portraict of a very handsome Man, who so much resembled *Aronces*, that one could hardly think but this Picture was made for him, and *Nicius* seeing our astonishment, told us that the Portraict which resembled *Aronces*, was the King his Father's, and that the Picture of that fair Woman was the Queen his Mothers, and

that

that those Portraicts were made a little after *Porsenna*'s first Imprisonment, and since his marriage they remained in the hands of *Galerita*, and that this Princess having desired to gain all her Jewels to her Son, and thought not in the trouble where she was then, to take those two Portraicts from those two knots of Diamonds, which were made with such Artifice, that one would not perceive they opened, at least not to know the secret to open them: and *Clelius* seeing all these circumstances concur together, could not harbour any sinister thoughts of the truth of what *Nicius* and *Martia* had declared unto him, it appearing by so many indubitable conjectures, so that *Clelius* now looking on *Aronces* as the Son of a great King, would have used more civility towards him then ordinary, but *Aronces* opposed it, and told him with much generosity, that his birth should not change those obligations he had to him, neither should it change his heart, nor any thing between them; In pursuit of which *Nicius* and *Martia* said, that 'twas not yet time to publish the birth of *Aronces*, and that this great secret must be concealed some time, but the principal business was to think of saving the King his Father's life, and to hinder *Adezemius*, as I have told you, from forcing his Daughter to marry *Bianor*, adding that it was necessary they should speedily go to advertise the friends of *Porsenna* and *Galerita*, that the Prince their Son was living, and that he should a little after follow them, to the end, to advertise with you what is best to be done. *Nicius* exaggerated with so much eloquence, the danger in which the King of *Clusium* was, that *Clelius* joyn'd himself to him, to perswade *Aronces* to come speedily to *Perusia*. In the mean time, as he had a passion in his Soul, which would not agree with this Voyage, though he had resolved to take it, and said he would, it was easie to see that he had something in his heart which contradicted his words: But in fine, Madam, without tyring your attention with any trivial relations; I shall tell you *Sulpicia* was admitted to this secret, and *Clelius* and she forced *Nicius* and *Martia* to leave their lodging, and to lodge in their house, where they staid but two days, for they had so much impatience to carry this agreeable news they knew to the friends of *Porsenna* and *Galerita*, that they would not defer it longer; but before they went they told *Aronces* the place where he might hear of them when he came to *Perusia*, I shall not tell you, Madam, what were the discourses of *Aronces* and *Clelia* those two days, for it's easie to imagine they contained much delight; but when *Nicius* and *Martia* were departed, and that *Aronces* saw both Honour and Nature would have him go: he felt in his heart an inexpressible emotion, and he told me in fine, after a long agitation of spirit, that if *Clelius* would not give him *Clelia*, he would not go till he had forced *Horatius* from *Capua*, as well as he, 'tis not, said he to me, but I know that I do not follow the direct course of reason, by thinking to espouse *Clelia* now I know I am Son to a Prince, to whom I owe so much respect as not to marry without his permission; but *Celeres*, it is *Aronces* which is amorous of *Clelia*, it is *Aronces* which ardently wishes her possession, it is *Aronces* which cannot suffer his Rival to enjoy her, and it is not the Son of the King of *Clusium* who hath this diversity of thoughts. In effect, I shall not pass for such, but when I shall have saved his life, and if this beatitude happens to me, it will be easie for him to seal my pardon, for having a passion in my Soul which is unknown to him, and to have loved more then all the rest of the World, the most amiable person of the earth.

I must likewise see if *Clelius* is in the resolution to leave *Clelia* the liberty to dispose of her self; for if he is so, I dare hope she will prefer me before *Horatius*, and that I shall not go to *Perusia*, till after I have rendred my Rival unhappy; but Madam, whilst *Aronces* thus reasoned, *Horatius* who saw a great change in his fortune, since *Clelius* owed his Life to *Aronces*, went to find that Illustrious Roman, for to demand of him if he would change the hope he had given him, to give him *Clelia* for an effective fruition; but as *Horatius* hath a heart sensible and fierce, and that he was nigh assured he demanded a thing he should not obtain; spoke to *Clelius* in a manner which incensed him, and seeing the difference there was between the proceedings of *Aronces* and *Horatius*, it was the cause that he answered less favourably to the last.

I know well, said *Clelius* to him, after this Lover had alledged all the reasons he could imagine, that I have given you hope to obtain my Daughter, but I likewise know I never promised you her, and that the least I can do after the last obligation, I have to your Rival, is no more to force *Clelia* to espouse you, and to leave her the liberty to choose between *Aronces* and you, and not to be unjust towards her by being favourable to you: I thought, fiercely replied *Horatius*, that though 'tis long since you resided at *Rome*, that you had not forgot that the Romans never used to give their Daughters to their slaves, and that *Aronces* might never pretend to *Clelia* with your consent. Ah *Horatius* interrupted *Clelius*, *Aronces* is not a slave, and you and I should have yet been the Pyrates slaves, if he had not delivered us by his valour. You are now more acknowledging, replied he coldly; you are now more ingrateful, replied *Clelius*, and I cannot comprehend what obliges you so ill to requite the obligations you have to me, for so ill treating *Aronces* for the love of you; you treat him so well now, replied he, that I should think my thanks ill bestowed, if I should thank you in a time when you think to render him happy, and me miserable, but *Clelius*, fortune, it may be, will revenge me on your Injustice, and you will one of these days know that you have given *Clelia* to the Son of some Roman Enemy, and it may be likewise to some miserable stranger, without Birth and Virtue: yet once more *Horatius*, replied *Clelius*, speak not of *Aronces* as you do, if you will not have me tell you, you degenerate from a Roman.

I should too much, Madam, trespass on your patience, if I should relate to you all the discourse of these two Men, and it suffices that you know they separated ill satisfied one with another: and this conversation made *Clelius* resolve not to give his Daughter to *Horatius*, though he should not give her to *Aronces*, as in effect, he did not believe *Aronces* ought now to espouse her, though he spake to *Horatius* as if he believed it; but he soon changed those thoughts: for after that *Aronces* had had conference with *Sulpicia*, and that some passionate expressions had passed between him and *Clelia*, he went to find *Clelius*, to conjure him to give him his Daughter, and to let him espouse her before his departure, but he spoke to him in the presence of his Wife; at first *Clelius* told him that he had too far extended his

his generosity, and though he had resolved to give him *Clelia* when he last saved his life, he believed to be obliged, now he knew him to be a King's Son, not to give her to him; 'tis not, said he, but *Clelia* is of an illustrious blood, sufficient to enter in alliance with all the Princes in the World, but since you have a Father, I ought not to give you my Daughter without his consent; you must then let me kill *Horatius*, replied *Aronces* with precipitation, for I declare to you I cannot depart without doing that, if you give her not to me, therefore if you will not let me dye my hands in the blood of a Man which hath been my friend before he was my Rival, and let me renounce all sentences of Nature and Honour, give me *Clelia* I earnestly intreat you, for if you do it not, I shall be criminal towards all the World. I shall be unworthy of my birth, and that goodness you have had, and have yet for me, *Horatius* shall have reason to hate me, and *Clelia* even shall have, it may be, cause to despise me; commiserate therefore an unhappy Lover, who feels Virtue will forsake him if you do not satisfie his love, and think after that as *Nicius* hath recounted to you of the life of the King my Father, and since he believed not to have done an unworthy action by engaging himself to espouse *Galerita*, when he was the Prince of *Perusia*'s Prisoner, who was the King of *Clusium*'s Enemy: think I say, that if I am so happy as to deliver him, he will not easily pardon me, for having espoused a Virgin which possessed my heart before I knew I was his Son.

In fine, without deferring any longer, to tell you the good hap of *Aronces*, *Clelius* who had his spirit irritated against *Horatius*, resolved to render him happy: 'tis true, that *Sulpicia* who had an extreme joy to see things in this estate, was she which finished them, for she handsomely told *Clelius*, that if *Aronces* espoused their Daughter, it would be the means to see himself one day in power to give a redoubtable injury to *Tarquin*, so that this puissant reason for the interest of revenge, having fortified all those of *Aronces*, he consented he should espouse *Clelia* before his departure: but to the end it should be privately done, he was resolved that the Nuptials should be kept at an house of pleasure I had nigh the River *Vulturnus*, about half a days journey from *Capua*, and as 'twas necessary for *Aronces* speedily to depart, and that *Clelius* was glad that this Marriage should be made before *Horatius* knew of it, he was resolved it should be solemnized but with a small number of persons, and this Voyage should be pretexted with a simple design to injoy the pleasures of the Countrey; and in effect, there was at this little feast but three or four of *Clelia*'s friends, and *Herminius* and two others who knew of it, and who were invited to the Nuptials.

I shall not stay my self, Madam, to tell you the satisfaction of *Aronces*, nor to recount unto you in what terms he expressed it, for it would be needless, but I shall only tell you, that this little Troop whom joy conducted, went where these Nuptials were to be kept, they were no sooner there, but the River *Vulturnus* over-flowed its banks, as you have known without doubt, and made such a strange disorder, that they must necessarily stay till this inundation was passed before they could make a Feast. After this, Madam, I shall not exaggerate to you the terriblest adventure in the World, by recounting exactly how the morning after this inundation was passed (which was the day which should have preceded the Nuptials of *Aronces* and *Clelia*) there was a terrible Earthquake, for you are not ignorant of the effects of it, since 'twas known further then *Sicily*, and by consequence further then *Perusia*, but shall only acquaint you, that this terrible day where the winds, flames, and burning stones, made such an horrible disorder; during this Earthquake, was an unhappy day for *Aronces*, since he was separated from *Clelia* by a whirl-wind of scorching flames, just as he perceived his Rival, that a little before he believed to have been at *Capua*.

But in fine, Madam, to conclude his mishap, Fortune cast *Clelia* in the Arms of his Rival, he not knowing who had brought *Horatius* in that place, or how *Clelia* came into his power, and all that which I know is, that *Aronces* saw her no more, but when this great disorder was passed, he believed that she was dead, that he returned to *Capua* with those which escaped so great a danger, and I did not so much afflict my self for the loss of my house, as for the grief of my friend whom I followed to *Capua*, where he soon knew that *Horatius* was not there, and that *Stenius* had received a Letter from him, and in pursuit he went to find him to indeavour to discover if he knew nothing of *Clelia*, that he refused to tell him, that *Aronces* forced him to fight, that he vanquisht him, that he took from him the Letter he had received from *Horatius*, by which he knew he had *Clelia* in his hands, and that he carried her to *Perusia*; so that seeing his Love, his Honour, and Nature commanded him to go thither, he resolved with *Clelius* that he would depart, which he did, for *Herminius* as he had some affairs which induced him to leave *Italy*; *Aronces* and I gave him Letters for *Amilcar*, and I would not desert my friend, but leave *Venice*, of whom I was not too much satisfied, and of whom I was but a little amorous.

But after that, Madam, imagine what was the grief of *Aronces*, when he saw upon the Lake *Clelia* in a Barque which *Horatius* defended, and what was his astonishment to see in the other the Prince of *Numidia*, whom he did not believe to be his Rival; imagine, I say, his grief to see he could not go to assault *Clelia*'s Ravisher, and succour him which assailed him; imagine the deplorable Estate wherein he was, when he knew by a Slave, that they would assassinate the Prince of *Perusia*, whose death would have delivered the King his Father, and the Queen his Mother: and in fine, imagine the miserable condition in which he now is; for Madam, *Aronces* knows not where *Clelia* is, he knows she is in the power of his Rival, and he hath found one in the person of his dearest friends.

The life of *Porsenna* is in danger; *Galerita* is still a Prisoner; *Mezentius* saith, she shall never depart from Prison if she will not re-marry: there is danger to hazard to make *Aronces* known to the Prince of *Perusia* for *Porsenna*'s Son, he is at present incapable to act because of his wounds; *Sextilia* always favours her Brother *Bianor*: *Tiberinus* who is now *Mezentius* his Favorite, hath more then one Interest to induce him to desire the loss of *Porsenna*, and to oppose the discovery of *Aronces*, and though he hath saved the *Perusian* Princes life, his without doubt would be in great danger, if he was known to be *Porsenna*'s Son, and what ought he to hope if he is not so? Madam, *Aronces* is every way unhappy for Honour, Nature, and Love assault him with most ri-

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gorous thoughts, when that fortune mingles it self to make continual combates in the heart of a Lover, therefore I dare hope, Madam, that being sensible of the mishaps of so generous a Prince, you'l render to him all the Offices which are in your power.

Doubt not of it (replied the Princes of the *Leontines*) seeing *Celeres* had finisht his Narration) for I am so touched with his misfortunes that I shall forget nothing that lies in my power, to testifie to him that I have a true compassion, therefore I conjure you to pray him to inform what I shall do or say, for though I have an inveterate hatred against *Tiberinus*, I will constrain my thoughts in this occasion, and indeavour to put him in his interest, though as things are it will be a difficult enterprise; you have so much address and so many charms, replied *Aurelia*, that we must despair of nothing; you are so generous, added *Syca[illegible]*, that we ought to expect from you all things in such an encounter.

In truth, replied she, I merit no great praise to be capable to have compassion for another's misfortunes: for you so sympathize in mine, and have thereby brought me so much consolation, that I should be armed with cruelty, if I should but seem to refuse mine to an Illustrious unhappy person.

After that, *Celeres* seeing it was late, rose up and went to *Aronces*, with whom he found *Nicias* and *Martia*, who assured him the next day, the principal friends of *Porsenna* would come to the Castle where he was, to the end to consult what was expedient to be done in such an important conjecture.

The End of the First Book of the First Part.

CLELIA.

The First Part.

BOOK. II.

LOve being the most predominant Passion in the heart of *Aronces*, it prompted him to be a most assiduous visiter of *Clelia*, and finding her interest to be the only square of all his actions, it may very well be said, That she was the only object of his mind, and that his thoughts ran wholly upon her, and nothing else besides. The Prince of *Numidia* as well as he, was wholly taken up with thinking upon the most admired *Clelia*, and he did most passionately wish for a sight of *Aronces*, that he might cheer up himself a little with some amorous discourses. As for the Princess of the *Leontines*, she had so many various discourses with her self, that had she not been of an infinite generosity, she would not have spared so much time as she did to think upon the miseries of *Aronces*, *Celeres* for his particular, his heart being not then infested with any violent passion, and being composed more of friendship than Love, his whole thoughts were how to cheer up the wretched *Aronces*, so as complying with *Silanus*, *Aurelia*, *Nicius* and *Martia*, whose minds ran all upon the same business, all of them were wholly busied in discanting upon the present condition and state of the matter.

But at last the expected friends of *Porsenna* being arrived, *Sicanus* presented them unto *Aronces*, as soon as *Nicius* and *Martia* had informed themselves in all such circumstances as made it evident that he was really the Son of *Porsenna*; so as then seriously considering the State of the business and falling into council about it, there grew a very great contest amongst them; some thought that the sooner the better, if *Aronces* were made known unto *Mezentius*, considering the services which he had done him: But *Sycanus* was of a contrary judgment, and said, that if they did so, they should too much put *Aronces* in danger: and that to go prudently to work they ought to tarry until the Prince of *Perusia* had some affection to him, grounded upon his merit; and also that it was requisite to keep close, they not being in a capacity to oppose *Mezentius*, in case he should prove unjust.

Others of the Company, arguing after another method, advised that *Aronces* should go into *Clusium*, there make himself known; add after he had there secured himself, then to send unto *Mezentius*, and let him know he was there, and demand of him the life and liberty of the King his Father. *Aronces* no sooner heard this advice, but he did utterly disgust it, because he conceived that by this way he should stand too much upon his own safety, and too much hazard the safety of *Porsenna*. Also being perswaded that *Clelia* was within the Dominions of the *Perusian* Prince, he had no genius to be far from thence: So as after a very serious consultation upon the matter, the result of their arguing was, that as soon as *Aronces* was recovered, he should go unto *Perusia*; that he should Court all occasions to win upon the affections of *Mezentius* and all his Court; that in the interim, he should make sure of all *Porsenna*'s friends, and prepare them to unite themselves and take up Arms if need were: that they should hold intelligence with some in *Clusium*. That the Princess of the *Leontines* should use all her endeavours to engage *Tiberinus* in the service of *Aronces* upon all occasions that should present themselves: And in order thereunto she should be intreated to quit her melancholy way of life, and go into *Perusia* as soon as *Aronces* was in a capacity of going thither.

After the Session of this private consultation, all these friends unto *Porsenna* separated themselves, and each one in particular went about the execution of these resolutions, except *Nicius* and *Martia*, who sculked in the house of *Sicanus* until a fit time of shewing themselves useful in the service of *Aronces*. In the interim, this Prince was strangely perplexed that no tydings could be heard of *Clelia*; and the more, because the Prince of *Numidia* was also concern'd in it: But in spight of all these fretting inquietudes, which in probability might have retarded his recovery, yet recover he did, and that sooner than could be hoped. The Prince of *Numidia* also began to mend upon his first dressing, so as *Celeres* now seeing nothing which could hinder these two Rivals from seeing her, he began to be exceedingly perplexed; for he knew that the Prince of *Numidia* was ignorant that *Aronces* loved *Clelia*; and his heart longed to impart himself unto his friend: On the other side, he was sure that *Aronces* knowing how *Adherbal* and he adored one and the same Saint, *Aronces* would no longer continue a lover of *Adherbal*: He did apprehend some danger in acquainting the Prince of *Numidia* with the truth of this matter; and in trusting the secrets of one Rival unto another: Also he conceived that this confidence would be to no purpose,

and that when *Adherbal* ſhould know both the quality and affection of *Aronces*, it would not at all alter the thoughts of *Clelia*: therefore the advice which he gave unto *Aronces* was, to diſſemble his thoughts from that Prince: For truly (ſaid *Celeres* to him) what will it concern you, though *Adherbal* do love *Clelia*, as long as he cannot come to the ſight of her, nor ſo much as know where ſhe is? Let him therefore be puling and telling you of his love to her: And to ſet him packing further off from you, give me leave to infuſe ſome falſe intelligence unto him concerning *Clelia*, to the end he may be wandring in queſt of her; and you be thereby rid of that vexation which his preſence cauſeth you. How's this *Celeres* (ſaid he to me) can you think I am able to endure *Adherbal* ſhould ever come and tell me that he loves *Clelia*? That he will do ſo for ever; and that he intends to ſeek her all the world over; that he will pull her out of the Arms of *Horatius*, and never yield her unto any? Would you have me *Celeres*, ſuffer you to part from me with falſe intelligence, and perhaps ſend him nearer unto *Clelia*; for ſince you know not where ſhe is, how can you tell but that you may direct him the way to find her. No, no, *Celeres*, (added he) I have other thoughts than theſe; and though ſometimes I would be contented withal my heart, never again to ſee the Prince of *Numidia*'s face ſince he is my Rival; yet I would never have him out of my ſight, until I know where *Clelia* is. In the mean time, it goes againſt my ſoul to diſſemble with him, I neither know how I ſhould ſpeak to him, nor whether it be expedient to let him know my thoughts; therefore if you will, let us leave the matter at hazard; for when I do ſee him perhaps I ſhall not then be able to ſpeak what I now think I am able to do.

Truth is Madam, ſome two days after this diſcourſe, though the Prince of *Numidia* was much weaker and unable than *Aronces*, yet he gave him a viſit at his Chamber; and he came in ſuch a nick of time that he found *Aronces* alone, for I was then gone with the Princeſs of the *Leontines* and *Aurelia*. You may eaſily imagine how *Aronces* was ſurpriſed; yet for all that he received him very civilly, but did not anſwer the careſſes of the *Numidian* Prince with his uſual freeneſs; he began to thank him for the pains he had taken in coming to ſee him, but *Adherbal* obligingly interrupting him: No, no, (ſaid he unto him) my dear *Aronces*, you need not thank me for what I have done: but if you ſaw into my heart perhaps you would complain againſt me, for this viſit is not a viſit of bare friendſhip, ſince my love unto *Clelia* hath a ſhare in my affection to you, and I come as well to make you the confident of my Paſſion, as of my ſorrow for ſo much ſadneſs in your looks, both the laſt time you came to viſit me and now. Sir, (replied *Aronces* faintly) I am ſo far unfit to be the confident of your Love, that if you will be rul'd by me, you ſhall never make choice of me for it. And yet replied *Adherbal*, you are furniſhed with all the qualities requiſite in a moſt agreeable and faithful friend, for you flow in wit, ingenuity, and ſpirit, you have a moſt tender ſoul, you know *Clelia* as well as I do, you are her friend, and doubtleſs yet you love me, for ſince abſence hath not diminiſhed the leaſt ſpark of my affection to you, I will judge of you by my ſelf, and believe that your affection anſwers mine: That I may truſt you with the whole ſecrets of my ſoul, and diſcover all my infirmities unto you. 'Tis true Sir, (replied *Aronces*) that indeed I have a tender heart, and do know *Clelia*; but alas, (added he, out of his exceſs of love, ſincerity and jealouſie) it is not ſo true that I am her friend.

How, replied *Adherbal*, what alteration is this? How is it poſſible you ſhould ever hate that moſt tranſcendent perſon? Nay, nay, miſtake me not, (replied he) for I do love her in the ſame degree you do: Now judge whether or no I am fit to be your confident, and whether I could poſſibly give you a more heroick teſtimony of my friendſhip than this, in acquainting you with my love of *Clelia*. Oh *Aronces*, (cried out the Prince of *Numidia*) it is a moſt cruel teſtimony, for truly ſince I ſee that you do love *Clelia*, I need not ask any further why I am not loved my ſelf. Upon this *Adherbal* was ſilent, and ſo a while continued; in the mean while *Aronces* was ſomething pleaſed in thinking that his Rival did not now look upon him as the confident of his love; ſo as growing a little bolder, I know not Sir (ſaid he unto him) whether you may accuſe me for being the cauſe why *Clelia* doth not anſwer your affection, but I am very certain that I my ſelf am not in the Catalogue of the happy, nor in all likelihood ſhall be a long time. Yet I conceived that being acquainted with your generoſity, it was a piece of my duty to tell you ingeniouſly, that I have loved *Clelia*, ever ſince I was at *Carthage*. That I did love her at *Capua*, and that having hah the happineſs to do *Clelius* ſome conſiderable ſervices, he freely beſtowed *Clelia* upon me, and I was upon the very point of marriage, when a moſt horrid Earthquake did make a ſeparation between us. Thus, and with reaſon looking upon her as my own, ſince *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* gave her unto me, and ſince never contradicted their wills, I conceived it fit to acquaint you with the ſtate of the buſineſs, and that to diſſemble with you, did derogate from the maxims of true generoſity.

How *Aronces*! (ſaid *Adherbal* then unto him) hath *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* both made a promiſe of *Clelia* unto you? and hath *Clelia* given her ſelf unto you? Yes Sir (replied he) and that is it which renders me the more miſerable. But Sir you know that you are no Roman, replied *Adherbal*, and when ſhe was at *Carthage*, *Clelius* then would not beſtow her upon any but a Roman, but talked as if he would give her unto an ordinary Citizen of *Rome*, before the greateſt King upon Earth. 'Twas ſo indeed, replied *Aronces*, when we were at *Carthage*, but it is as true, that though I am no Roman, yet I had been a moſt happy man had fortune been pleaſed. Since you have thus far informed me Sir, replied *Adherbal*, I know very well how I ought to anſwer, but to tell you truly *Aronces*, I doubt I cannot; I am ſo grieved to meet with a Rival in the perſon of my friend, and to hear I ought not in reaſon pretend any more unto *Clelia*, that I dare not anſwer for my own thoughts. And I am ſo little maſter of my ſelf, (added he in riſing up) that leſt I ſhould vent ſomething in my tranſport of grief, that might make me repent it all my days, I will take my leave of you not knowing what I ſhall think when we meet next. Sir, replied *Aronces*, your virtue makes me aſhamed, and I will uſe all the virtue that I have, to be both your Rival and your Friend: My deſign is the ſame, replied the Prince of *Numidia*, but I cannot ſay that I am able to execute it, nor do know whether I am able to be both at once, the moſt miſerable and the moſt generous man. Upon this *Adherbal* retired, he himſelf not knowing his own thoughts of *Aronces*, for his ſoul was ſo

ſadded

saddened to hear that he could not pretend any more unto *Clelia*, as he was not the master of his own mind. *Aronces* himself could not chuse but grieve that he had such a brave man to his Rival: But *Horatius* being then the most legitimate object of his hatred, and finding no likelihood that the Prince of *Numidia* could ever prejudice him, his vertue surmounted all motions of any aversion towards that Prince, and overcoming himself, he went to visit him the next morning betimes. The Prince of *Numidia* emulating the generosity of his Rival, and unwilling to yield unto him in point of generosity, he gave him a most civil reception, and such high discourses passed between them, as made them admire each other, though their hearts did beat such a pulse as secretly moved rather to hatred than love of each other. After this, these two Rivals did meet at the Princess of the *Leontines* Chamber and at *Aurelia's*, but they met not without many standers by.

The truth is, they continued not long in a power of seeing each other, for both being perfectly recovered together, they were forced to sever; for *Aronces* was constrained to go unto *Perusia*, and transact about the preservation of the King his Fathers life: And the Prince of *Numidia* seeing no rational hope for himself, resolved to wander up and down the world, and not to be any longer in quest of *Clelia*, since now he had no pretence unto her: and the principal reason of this his resolve was, because he would try whether change of place would work a change of mind, and whether he could recover that tranquillity which he had lost. But finding it a piece of difficulty to take a handsome farewel of his Rival, he opened his heart unto *Celeres*, who being very desirous that two such great Princes should part fair without a quarrel, he did approve of his intention in departing without visiting *Aronces*, who being ready to go unto *Perusia* was mightily perplexed: For not knowing where *Clelia* was, he could have willingly wished, that though the sight of a Rival was a mote in his eye, yet he would have had the Prince of *Numidia* there as well as himself. But that wish was in vain: For *Adherbal* went that same night to take his leave of *Sicanus* and *Aurelia*, and giving them thanks for all favours received from them, he gave order that all his equipage should be ready by break of day; but before he went he left two Letters with order to be delivered unto *Celeres*, one for *Clelia* the other for himself, which contained these lines.

Adherbal *unto* Celeres.

FOr all you are an intimate friend unto my Rival, yet I have seen you so passionately grieved at my misery, that I will desire a favour from you. 'Tis true, it is a favour of a strange nature, since I heartily wish that you may not be able to do it; for I conjure you to keep this inclosed Letter, for the most admirable Clelia, *but that it may not be a breach of that fidelity which you owe unto my Rival, I do not desire you to deliver it unto her, until she hath made my Rival most happy. This being all I ask of you, I dare hope that you will not deny me this office, since I do not desire it may be done me until fortune hath put me into a capacity of meriting the compassion of my Rival. I hint not a syllable to you of him; for what can that man say of him, who hath found in the person of* Aronces, *all that can possibly move the highest friendship, and the highest hatred?* Adieu. *Pity me, since you may safely do it without offence unto my Rival and your Friend, and believe that you could never pity a person who doth more merit it than my self.*

When *Celeres* had received and read this Letter, he was much surprised, and the more because that directed unto *Clelia* was sealed; however since he was not desired to deliver it until *Aronces* was first happy, he did not scruple at the doing of this Office for the Rival of his Friend. But as he was ruminating upon this adventure, *Aronces* comes suddenly into the Chamber, and sees *Adherbals* Letter unto *Clelia*, upon the Table; this sight much amazing him, he asked *Celeres* in all hast whether he knew where she was, and how it came about that the Prince of *Numidia* directed this Letter unto him, for he knew his hand. *Celeres* perceiving the agitation of his Spirits, and *Adherbal* not having obliged him to conceal it from *Aronces*, he shewed him the Letter of his unfortunate Lover, and acquainted him with his departure, for till then he knew not of it. *Aronces* recollecting himself by degrees as he read this Letter; Alas, alas, *Celeres*, (said he unto him after he had read it) I am afraid that you must never deliver my Rivals Letter unto *Clelia*, since you must not deliver it until she hath made me happy: No sooner had he said so, but a fresh gust of apprehension rowsing his thoughts, he lamented the absence of *Adherbal*, in a thought that perhaps he might come to find out *Clelia*. Yet notwithstanding *Celeres* so convinced him, that he was perswaded the absence of *Adherbal* would be advantageous unto him. For truly Sir, (said he unto him amongst many other reasons) there is not a more intollerable torment under the Sun, than to have a Rival whom virtue compels one to love; and whom love compels one to hate, to be perpetually in ones eye. 'Tis right *Celeres* (said he unto him) but this is not the first time that such a passion as mine, hath hurried a man into unreasonable thoughts.

Whilst this Prince was thus talking, he held in his hand his Rivals Letter unto his Mistress, and looked upon it as if his looks would have broke open the Seal: after restoring it hastily unto *Celeres*, take it *Celeres* (said he) and keep it, lest a spark of jealousie should force me to open it: And that my fidelity may be the more manifest, I will be faithful unto an unfortunate Lover and Rival, let my desire of seeing what he hath written unto *Clelia* be never so great: So *Celeres* took the Letter and told his friend, that had he offered to have opened it, he would have given a stop to his curiosity. After which *Sicanus* being come, and telling them that the Princess of the *Leontines* prepared her self to go next morning unto *Perusia*, and transact in the service of *Aronces*, they went both together unto her Chamber, where *Celeres* related all passages; shewing them the Prince of *Numidia's* Letter, and applauded the power which *Aronces* had over himself, in not opening that Letter which his Rival writ unto *Clelia*, though he had a most strong desire unto it. Were it possible to esteem *Aronces* more than I do (replied the Princess of the *Leontines*) doubtless I should, for I do think no quality under Heaven more laudable than fidelity is; especially when it is preserved in such cases, wherein it is easie to be otherwise, or where good excuses may be had, or examples to authorize infidelity. How many men are there in the World, who never use to make the least scruple of opening all the

Letters which come unto their hands? who invent devices how to open and then shut them again unperceivedly? and who have such a general curiosity to be prying into all manner of Letters, that no Seal escapes them: As the Princess of the Leontines was saying so, *Aurelia* entred, and no sooner entred but *Sicanus* addressed himself unto the Princess of the Leontines; Madam (said he unto her) if you desire to be informed further of their curiosity who love to be opening Letters, I beseech you intreat *Aurelia* to tell you; for she is acquainted with a fair Lady, whom you Madam also know, that put such tricks upon her; and therefore since she is better able to inform you then I am, I will leave it unto her to tell you all the passages of it.

So *Sicanus* having Letters to write unto *Perusia*, he went out, and left *Aurelia* to supply his place who did become it excellently well; for she apprehending at first the business, did smilingly ask the Princess of the Leontines, whether it was concerning the opening of any Letters; for if it be (added she) none in the World can give a better account of such a matter then my self, unless I have forgotten; though for my part I have renounced ever making use of any such ways, as heretofore have brought upon me abundance of delight, and as much sorrow.

The Question (replied the Princess of the Leontines) is not concerning the opening of any Letter, but whether we ought absolutely to condemn or excuse such Men as are so inquisitive as to open them; such as make a mock at those who are so scrupulously faithful, as not to open the Letters of their very enemies, although they were perswaded they contained some concernments of themselves. Madam, replied *Aurelia*, I am able to give you all those fond and false reasons, which are alledged by those who are inquisitive, for a friend of mine hath instructed me in the Art: *Aurelia* had no sooner said so, but the Lady of whom she spoke entred; for she living within three miles of the Thrasimenian Lake, towards the Isle of *Saules*, she used often to visit *Aurelia*; also she had seen the Princess of the Leontines two or three times. Yet this Princess never before knew of her humour in opening Letters; because no occasion concerning it did present it self; but as soon as she was entred, *Aurelia* knowing her humour, and also knowing that she affected raillery, and that she did not think she did ill in opening all the Letters which came under her hands, she told her that she came in a very good time to help her out in the maintenance of a good cause: For truly (said she unto her) as I was boasting of my skill in opening and shutting of Letters, they would needs perswade me that I put my self unto a great deal of trouble, which could hardly ever procure me any great delight; and besides, they would make me believe, that such an act was neither just nor generous.

For matter of justice and generosity (replied this Lady whose name was *Statilia*) perhaps it will prove a little difficult to prove that it is; but for matter of pleasure (added she) I will maintain that there is nothing fuller of delight then to make ones self Mistress of anothers secrets unperceivedly, and never be beholding to them for it: and I am perswaded, that there is always some kind of pleasure in knowing that which others know not, and which they do not know, that others know it, be the thing of what nature it will.

For my particular (said the Princess of the Leontines) I am not of your opinion, for there are a thousand sorts of secrets, which never move the least curiosity in me. For my part, added *Aronces*, my mind is not at all inquisitive after such things, as in which I have no interest, and as I should not think well any should dive too far into my heart, so I will never offer to dive into the hearts of others; and I am so far from opening their Letters (said he and smiled) that I think if their hearts were in my hands, I should not screw any thing out of them; always excepting the heart of my Mistress, and the hearts of my Rivals. For my part (replied *Statilia*) I should not use the matter so: and since it is more easie to open Letters then hearts, and since sometimes opening the one, the other is discovered, I will never omit any opportunity of satisfying my curiosity; but that I may never be taxed with any malicious curiosity, I assure you, that though I have opened almost all the Letters which ever came unto my hands, yet I never raised any mischief between the parties, or set them at variance. But I beseech you tell me (said then the Princess of the Leontines) to what purpose is it that you are so desirous to open Letters, since you make no use of the contents? To do so once out of an humour of gallantry, I confess some small delight may be taken in it; but to make a matter of care and continual practice for nothing, I must confess, that I cannot understand it: First, this must be an infallible position, that of a hundred Letters which you open, there is not one wherein you have any concernment nor wherein you can take any pleasure in seeing, for those who have a mind to speak of you, will not trust the mention of you in their Letters; such as hold any intrigues of gallantry will not commit them to such hands as come within your walk; Domestick business never diverts; general news can be no subject for your curiosity, since that is known to you as well as them that write; common complements cannot be any pleasure to you, and for Letters of wit, they will be shewed unto you without your opening them; so as I must conclude, that you commit a very unjust Act for a very poor pittance of pleasure. And I am perswaded, that nothing in the world ought to be more inviolable then the fidelity of Letters; so as though I had in my hands a Letter which came from one of my professed enemies, directed unto a person whom I neither loved, nor he loved me, yet I would let it pass without an opening. Indeed the facility in committing this kind of crime, is an argument to me, that it ought never to be committed, and that nothing ought to be more inviolable then Letters.

For my part (said *Statilia*) I may conceive it may be with this, as with Theft in *Sparta*, where they punish only those who steal ill-favouredly, and are taken in the Act. So as I must conclude, that when one hath the art of handsome opening them, so as it shall never be perceived; and that when one knows how to conceal the contents of the Letter opened, it can be no great crime to open them. This were reason enough to keep you from it, replied *Aronces*, that oftentimes you put your self to abundance of trouble about the opening of a Letter, wherein you find nothing, when as you might employ your time and pain much better. If that consideration would have

have corrected her (replied *Aurelia*) she had been long since corrected: For such an Adventure happened unto her one day, which I shall relate unto you, if she will give me leave. I consent (said *Statilia*) provided you will give me leave to relate some Adventures which have passed, and which have accustomed me to open Letters. This condition is so just (said *Celeres*) as I believe *Aurelia* will not be against it. I shall not be against any thing, answered *Aurelia*, which may excuse *Statilia*. But since it is my turn to speak first, (pursued she, and addressed her self to the Princess of the Leontines) be pleased to know Madam, that there was in *Perusia* some four or five years, a Lady and a Widow, whose beauty was in competition with *Statilia's*, this is sufficient to make you think there was no great love between them. I must tell you in general terms, that both of them had beauty enough to divide between themselves, all the hearts that were in a most gallant Court. They were perpetually making usurpations upon one another, and could never keep within the limits of their own Empires. I beseech you (said *Statilia* and interrupted her) come to the business of Letters, if you will have me let you go on with your story. I shall come to it presently (replied *Aurelia*, and turned towards the Princess of the Leontines) that *Statilia* passionately desiring to know the secret thoughts of her pretended Rivalless, received a Letter which was not directed unto her, but was amongst many others which were directed unto her. As soon as she saw the Superscription, she knew it to be the hand of that Lady whom she loved not; and she saw written upon it, the name of a Man who was deeply in love with *Statilia*, and whose fidelity she suspected; for of late he was less assiduous in his visits to her then ordinary, but more unto the other Lady. So that musing upon the matter, and considering all circumstances, she believed him to be in love with this Lady; she concluded it upon a hundred consequences, which she believed to be infallible, as upon conjectures which she thought to be unquestionable. I coming into the Chamber, she acquainted me with the Adventure, and with her resolution of opening the Letter; but, said she, I must use all my art in the opening of it, for I would by no means have the two interested persons to know that I have seen it; but on the contrary, it being delivered without any suspicion of me, I may carry it so as she who did write it shall think her new Lover hath revealed all unto me, and as for him to whom it is directed, I will endeavour to make him believe, that I know of it by some other of this Ladies Lovers. Therefore it is requisite, I use extraordinary care in the opening of it, that it may be done and not perceived.

At the last *Statilia* after two hours muse upon it, and after two hours more spent in experiments upon other Letters, to try which way was the best, she opened this Letter which procured her so much anger and curiosity. And that you may the better apprehend her awonishment, I must acquaint you, that this Lady who writ this Letter had a very pleasant house in the Countrey: In this house, there was a Man who had an excellent faculty in certain curious works. This Man by an odd piece of Fortune was called by the very same name of him that was in love with *Statilia*, though their qualities were much different: So as in lieu of finding matters of Courtship and gallantry, as she expected in this Letter, she found several orders relating unto the Gardens and works of this Lady; in some places she desired he would have a special care to plant rows of Orange-Trees, in another place she desired might be a Fountain circled about with a Palizado of Myrtles, and many other things which were absolutely impertinent unto the imagination of *Statilia*. However, she never went about to undeceive her self, but still would needs have it, that this was a Letter of some private correspondency, which had in it some amphibious sence; for as you know, since the famous *Sybil* who came unto *Tarquin* at *Rome*, and writ a book of Verses called Acrosticks, which by taking the first letter of every Line makes up perfect sence on the side, many after her made use of this invention. *Statilia* was above an hour in turning and winding the words and lines of this Letter every way, in hopes to find some sence fitting to her fancy; but as she was thus busying our self, the Slave who brought it unto her amongst many others, came to ask for it, and to tell her that it was directed unto a certain Man who had the oversight of such a Ladies works. Upon a more strict examination and consideration of the business, *Statilia* perceived that all her discants and conceits upon this Letter were upon false surmises; that she had taken a great deal of pains to no purpose, and that she was not a jot the wiser in that thing which she most desired to know. Yes, replied *Statilia*, I drew thus much advantage out of my curiosity, that I knew there was nothing in the Letter worth the knowing, for had I let it pass without a sight, I should have believed all my life long, that this Lady had written a Letter of gallantry, and that this pretended gallant was perfidious. But Madam, added she, the better to acquaint you, how I came unto this humour of opening of Letters, be pleased to know, that the first person I ever loved, was the most cunning wench that ever was, and after a hundred testimonies of my affection to her, I took a journey into the Countrey for eight days, where we were almost continually together at an Aunts house of hers, who was my Cousin. In this solitude we were never asunder, and as in friendship nothing is so sweet, as to be talking unto each other upon what we think of all our acquaintance, so did we, she being naturally ingenious, and loving me very tenderly. I did truly tell her my opinion of every one she named me, not withholding my most secret thoughts from her. At last, I was to return unto *Perusia*, and leave her in the Countrey; she sent above twenty several Letters by me, she shewed me many of them before the sealing, and I did not suspect that there was any of the rest which she shewed not unto me that any ways concerned me, for she carried it so cunningly, that I believed she would have shewed me all if I desired. So as taking into my charge these Letters, as soon as I came into *Perusia*, I thought of delivering them according to directions: But as chance would have it, one of them was unsealed, and I must confess I could not seal it before I read it; it chanced to be one of those which she had not shewed unto me, and it was directed unto a Man, who at that time did not hate me, and was her Cousin. I having spoke much good of him unto her, I found that she acquainted him in her Letter with all I had spoke in his advantage, and gave him the greatest hopes in the World: I blushing for anger, and finding what I expected not, I resolved to open all the rest which I had not seen; and truly I did not repent it, though she moved me

to

to be extremely angry. For I found in one of them (which was directed unto a Woman who was owner of as many bad, as good qualities) that ſhe had imparted unto her, a great part of what I had ſaid of her: I found in another of them a notable piece of Railery, which ſhe had put upon me. And to be ſhort, I diſcovered, that ſhe was the moſt crafty Wench upon earth, and the leaſt worthy of my friendſhip. In the heat of my anger, I ſent her back all her Letters open; and I made a ſolemn vow moſt religiouſly to be obſerved, that I would open every Letter which came under my hands, which I did not ſee before ſealing, becauſe I would never expoſe my ſelf unto any ſuch diſaſters, as then by good fortune I prevented: Ever ſince my curioſity hath been ſo well ſatisfied, that I knew not how to repent of it.

I perceive, replied the Princeſs, you have found out an invention not to be deceived your ſelf, but is it not worſe to be upbraided with deceiving of others, then it is to upbraid others with deceiving you? Having had experience of both (replied *Statilia* and laughed) I can aſſure you, Madam, that in theſe matters it is much better to deceive others, then to be deceived by them. Truth is (added ſhe) that if I could charge my ſelf with any wicked action, I ſhould be aſhamed; but I cannot think the opening of a Letter to be a crime ſo hainous. For if there be no matter of conſequence in it, then I do no harm unto any: If there be any matter of mirth in it which relates not to my ſelf: I can laugh at it in a corner; and if there be any injurious matter which reflects upon my ſelf, I have injured them only, who would have injured me: So as I muſt conclude, that of all the ſins which one can commit, this I ſpeak of is the leaſt, the moſt eaſie to be acted, and the moſt pleaſant. You cannot perſwade me with all the wit you have (replied the Princeſs of the Leontines) but that the opening of Letters is a moſt dangerous habit; it is ſo much againſt the maxims of juſtice and generoſity, that I dare maintain it is a violation of all manner of rights, and that it is a leſs folly to rob another, to uſurp Kingdoms, and to be revenged upon ones enemies by ſword, or poiſon, then to blemiſh ones fidelity by ſuch things as thoſe. For by robbing one may inrich himſelf; by uſurping a Kingdom, one may ſatisfie his ambition, and by revenge upon enemies one may guſt the ſweets of it; but there is neither pleaſure nor profit gotten by opening of Letters, at the leaſt not by one in a hundred. Yet experience makes it manifeſt that it is the crime of many, and the cuſtom of it ſo eaſily gotten, as I cannot tell how *Aurelia* could break her ſelf of it. Alas Madam, replied *Aurelia*, I was eaſily broken of it, for I think never was any one more ſeverely puniſhed then I was for my curioſity: But I am very much obliged unto that charitable Friend who was my puniſher and correcter. Oh I beſeech you (replied the Princeſs of the Leontines) tell us how you came to leave off that trick which *Statilia* taught you. Since you command it Madam (replied *Aurelia*) you muſt know, that after I had learned of *Statilia* all her inventions of opening Letters, and had practiſed them five or ſix days together, and did nothing elſe: After I ſay, that I was grown very cunning, I made uſe of my skill upon ſeveral occaſions; but having another friend beſides *Statilia*, whom I loved very well, and was alſo loved again, I would have made her my Confident in a buſineſs of a Letter which I opened, and would have told her all. She being a perſon more ſcrupulous in ſuch matters then *Statilia*, ſhe reſolved to put a trick upon me which might correct me, for a thing which ſhe thought not juſt. For a whole month together I received abundance of Letters, ſeveral ways, upon ſeveral ſubjects, all directed unto Men of my acquaintance, wherein I ſtill found ſomething which vexed me; for ſhe who cauſed them to be written, knowing all the ſecrets of my whole life, ſhe had contrived them ſo cunningly, that I burned above a dozen Letters after I had opened them, not ſuſpecting that ſhe had any hand in them. At laſt I was ſo pitifully perplexed that not being able to continue any longer, I went to empty my ſelf unto this charitable friend; for though I loved *Statilia* very well, yet at that time there were ſome things which I could not impart unto her. As ſoon as I began to complain, ſhe unto whom I made my moan, began to mock me, and ſaid I deſerved no pity, and that thoſe who were miſerable by their own folly, deſerved no compaſſion. Alas (replied I) my miſery proceeds from what others have written; but if you would not have ſeen their Letters (replied ſhe) this had not been written of you. After this, ſhe would have perſwaded me, that this was a puniſhment for my curioſity: But I was deaf in the ear, inſomuch, as ſhe did not queſtion, but that I would open the next Letter I met withal: And indeed, in order to her deſign of converting me, ſhe did write one Letter directed unto her ſelf, though it was really intended for me, as being to paſs through my hands, thinking that I would open that Letter as ſoon as any's elſe: This Letter I received, ſimply believing it intended for my friend, and according to her hopes I did open it. But Madam, I was moſt ſtrangely aſhamed when after the opening of it, I found that in lieu of being to her, it was from her, and intended for me, and more damped when I read it: For, Madam, it contained all the arguments that could be deviſed againſt that ill quality of opening of Letters, and to make me aſhamed of it: The Letter was long, and full of wit, and concluded that it was a thing never to be excuſed, unleſs it were done out of a reſentment of jealouſie. Therefore (ſaid ſhe in the end of her Letter) if you will ever go about to juſtifie this ill quality unto me, you muſt accuſe your ſelf of two things more, you muſt confeſs that you are both in love and alſo jealous, and the ſuſpicion which you have of every one, makes you look for that which you would never find. Thus, Madam, was the cure of my curioſity, for from that time I made a promiſe unto my ſelf, never to open any more Letters; and I was ſo convinced with the arguments of my generous friend, that I went and acquainted her with my reſolution, ſhe in recompence confeſſed, that all thoſe Letters which had ſo perplexed me, were writ only to correct me: but they had not the ſame influence upon *Statilia*; for ſhe hath opened ſeveral Letters which were directed unto me, and put her ſelf to much trouble in making them up again: After all this, *Statilia* being excellent at Railery, did very ingeniouſly defend her ſelf againſt all the ſolid reaſons which the Princeſs of the Leontines, *Arontes*, *Aurelia*, and *Cleves* brought againſt her, yet ſhe was forced to confeſs, that they were in the right, and ſhe in the wrong; but withal ſhe proteſted, that ſhe ſhould for ever continue in the wrong, and as long as ſhe live

live never be broken of it; after this, she concluded her visit and went away. And the Princess of the Leontines continuing her applauds of *Aronces* for his fidelity even unto his Rival, they began a most solid league of friendship. Indeed this Princess according to her promise went into *Perusia*, *Aurelia* went also: But as for *Sicanus*, he staid with *Nicius* and *Martia* to give all directions concerning *Aronces*, when the time did require. In the mean time *Aronces* finding himself in a fit condition to go, and seeing the interest of the King his Father, his own, and of his love, required that he should go as soon as possible he could to *Mezentius*, he went two days after the Princess of the Leontines departed from the Isle of *Sauls*, and he was entertained with so much honour, that *Mezentius* lodged him in his own Palace, and would have every one look upon him as a Man unto whom he owed his life: So that as it is the custom of all Courts, *Aronces* had not only the favourable aspect of the Prince, but of every one besides. *Bianor* and *Tiberinus* also did him all imaginable honours: And as *Aronces* was infinitely amiable, so it was an easie matter for him to get love. The heart of *Mezentius* was so much moved, as he spoke it openly, a few days after he came to *Perusia*, that though he had not been a Debtor to him for his Life, yet he should have most tenderly loved him, and think him worthy of his highest favour. These advantagious words being reported unto *Tiberinus*, he began to be jealous of this growing Favorite, so as to give him a handsome remove, he told *Mezentius* that it was a shame for him to keep a stranger so long in his Court, and that it were good to pack him away with some magnificent Present, to the end he might go about his business. But *Mezentius* being of an apprehensive wit, knew well enough the jealous thoughts of *Tiberinus*, and without giving any direct answer, told him that e're long he would do what did become him. Mean time, the Princess of the Leontines, out of her zealous and generous devotion to serve *Aronces*, did force her self to look upon *Tiberinus* a little better then ordinary, and endeavoured to make him love *Aronces*, she did still preserve very carefully that amity which she had gotten amongst all the Grandees of that Court: And scarce a day passed without some secret conference with her, from the friends of *Porsenna* and *Galerita*, *Sicanus* and others who negotiated for *Aronces*, did continually communicate unto him what each of them in particular had done. But the greatest affliction upon *Aronces* was, that he could not hear a word of *Clelia*, though by order from *Mezentius* a strict Inquisition was made for her throughout all his Dominions. So as since he could not then depart from *Perusia*, considering the condition wherein the King his Father was, nor knowing where to seek her, he resolved to stay until he could better dispose of himself, and in the interim to send secretly unto the Towns which were then Enemies unto *Rome*; for he conceived that *Horatius* who was upon ill terms with *Tarquin*, could not seek a safer retreat then amongst his enemies. So as in order to this design, he sent unto all such places where there was any hopes to hear something of her. After which, he did wholly devote himself to save the life of *Porsenna*. For *Mezentius* desiring a Successor, and to marry his Daughter, he having no Children, did accuse *Porsenna* that he went about to murther him, and did charge him indeed with some shews of probability. Indeed the Man who would have killed him, and whom *Aronces* killed, was a Friend of the Prisoner King, and if his virtues had not been apparent unto all the World, it might have been thought, that desire of liberty might have prompted him to consent unto such an unworthy action. So as *Mezentius* having some colour to accuse him of such a crime, he made it be prosecuted, and they proceeded against him as a Delinquent. *Aronces* then being in great favour and familiarity with *Mezentius*, he talked one day with him concerning this accusation, and told him that he believed it had no good foundation, and beseeched him to take a business of that great importance into his serious consideration. How *Aronces* said *Mezentius* unto him, did you give death to him, who would by order from *Porsenna* have taken away my life, and would you now save his life, and who would have been my death? Sir, replyed *Aronces*, I desire to keep you from doing a thing which afterward you may repent of, when it is too late: And if an unfortunate Stranger, to whom you have given leave to utter his mind, may be still permitted to speak, I would ingeniously confess that I think there is nothing of greater consideration, then for a Soveraign Prince to be very cautious how he meddles with those of his own quality; for if he put them into the Rank of other men, then doth he lose his own priviledges, and makes himself capable to suffer that which he inflicts upon others. Therefore Sir, I beseech you be not too hasty in proceeding against *Porsenna*, but make a difference betwixt a great King and a common Subject. Your language, replied *Mezentius*, is indeed both prudent and generous, but the life of *Porsenna* is so great an obstacle unto all my designs, that since fortune hath given me a just cause to ruine him, I ought to do it, unless I be the most imprudent man upon earth. I do know very well, Sir, replied *Aronces*, that *Porsenna* is accused; but I cannot tell whether there be any proofs against him: 'Tis true you were assaulted by a man who was tyed unto his interest; but Sir, you have kept him under such strict guards, as it is not credible he should ever have a hand in such a horrid act: And therefore Sir be careful, least in seeking for a pretence to ruine the innocent, you become guilty your self, and least you should provoke the just gods to revenge his death: Sir I beseech you pardon the boldness of my language, for I take so great an interest in all that concerns you, as I hope that my zeal will plead my excuse: I thank you, replied *Mezentius*, and my love is so tender towards you, that you may speak any thing; but for this love to you, you are more obliged unto me then you imagine; for you have so great a resemblance of a Man, whom of all the World I most hate, as I wonder you can be deep in my affection. However, I must tell you, that I do not wonder you should speak as you do, for you are young, you know not the several interests of my state, nor the secret reasons which I have to ruine *Porsenna*: Therefore being neither angry, nor perswaded by any thing you have said, let me tell you, that if I do not ruine *Porsenna*, he will ruine me; and in the choice of these two, I had better ruine then be ruined. *Aronces* had further replied, if *Tiberinus* had not come in; who seeing them in such private conference, grew extremely jealous; for he knew by the countenance of *Mezentius*, that the discourse was very serious, and concerned something of great importance. So as discontent appearing

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in his eyes, *Mezentius* perceived it and was angry; and to punish *Tiberinus* for taking it ill he should talk with *Aronces*, he spoke not a word unto him, but continued talking with that Prince, insomuch as *Tiberinus* being extremely netled, he went out abruptly, & went unto the Princess of the *Leontines*. Mean time, *Mezentius* talked no more of *Porsenna* unto *Aronces*; but pressed him to tell who and from whence he was. You know (said he unto him) that I have often asked you, and could never get a direct answer from you. 'Tis very true Sir, replied *Aronces*, and I beseech you let me be silent still; for truly Sir, I have several reasons to conceal my self; and all I can say at this time is, that as soon as I can I will let you know it. Your answer doth a little stagger me, replyed *Mezentius*, for it makes me think you were one of those Children who were left in the Street, exposed to the Will of Fate, and ignorant of your extraction. No, Sir, replyed *Aronces*, I am none of those, I know my Progenitors are noble; but I know withal that I ought not to discover it, until some matters be over, which perpaps will be very shortly. As *Aronces* was saying so *Bianor* entred, who came to tell *Mezentius*, that he had met with many circumstances which made it conjecturable, that *Porsenna* was knowing to the design of him who would have assassinated him. But whilst these passages were at the Palace of *Mezentius*, *Tiberinus* was with the Princess of the *Leontines*, inveighing against the new favourite *Aronces*: It is desired Madam (said he unto her after many other matters) I shall ere long be as much out of my Masters favour as out of my Mistresses, and considering the fresh favours of *Aronces*, I shall be as unfortunate in my ambition as in my Love. That I may remove half of your misfortunes (replyed the Princess very wisely) I pray follow my counsel. Your language Madam, had been more obliging, replied *Tiberinus*, if you had said, I command you. Which you will (said she) if your case were mine in lieu of crossing the growing favours upon *Aronces*, I would comply with him and his interests, and perswade him that he was a debtor unto me for the good fortune he enjoys; and in order hereunto I will take upon me to make this union betwixt you; for I cannot conceive that you can continue long in favour, unless there be some who is in favour with *Mezentius* about his pleasures, whilst you are about his great affairs: You know this Prince as old as he is, hath all the inclinations of a young man: So as whilst you are transacting in State affairs, the other may be the companion of his diversions: make choice of *Aronces* for it, he is young, he is a stranger, he is not in a capacity to move factions in the Court, nor any way hurt you; and in all likelihood will be contented with a pleasant life, and enjoy the sweets of his favours in that kind. But I beseech you Madam, replied *Tiberinus*, how can you tell whether *Aronces* will not supplant me in the place which I enjoy, if once he enter into the heart of *Mezentius*: If you be in power to supplant him (replied the Princess) then do it; but take heed lest in going about to ruine him you ruine your self. But on the other side by taking that course which I propose, you run no hazard, for by not crossing the favours of *Aronces*, but complying with his interest, *Mezentius* finding no stop to his inclinations, will of himself leave off those things which now divert him; but say he should not, however you have thereby obliged *Aronces*; and it is not probable that he who seems to be of a most notable generosity, will ever dishonour himself by any publick ingratitude, and therefore the best expedient is as I advise principally, because he may not be looked upon as a new Favourite, but rather his favours may be looked upon as an effect of yours. The Princess of the *Leontines* also used many other arguments unto *Tiberinus*; so as none being fitter to perswade than a Mistress, *Tiberinus* thought all her reasons to be very good, and he thought himself so happy that she would interest her self in his fortune, as he told her that he did absolutely put himself into her hands, and that she might tell *Aronces* what she pleased; So as *Aronces* coming in, to lose no time, she resolved to unite them before they parted; but to do it the more handsomly, and the better to deceive *Tiberinus*, she no sooner saw *Aronces*; but she began discourse: You come very happily Sir, said she unto him, to thank *Tiberinus* for those favours for which you are obliged unto him: For truly *Aronces* to be plain with you, you are a debtor unto him for all those favours which you receive from *Mezentius*: Truth is, that Prince intended to have packt you away with a Princely Present, the next morning you came hither, for those who have seen *Porsenna* at your age, do say that you do extremely resemble him: And *Mezentius* could hardly have endured the sight of you, if *Tiberinus* had not stopped his aversion, which he carefully hides from you, by reason of his obligations to you; which aversion he had never overcome without *Tiberinus*: I thought it to be expedient that you were acquainted with the state of things, to the end you might apply your self unto the fortunes of him unto whom you are obliged, and so make your own the more secure. *Aronces* knowing the meaning of the Princess, did answer her as handsomly as she spoke. Insomuch as *Tiberinus* suiting with the intentions of that Princess, did contract a league so great, as he discovered unto *Aronces* all the ways that would most work upon the spirit of *Mezentius*. But that which was most remarkable in this business was, that to testifie the confidence in *Aronces*, and the more to engage him in his interests, he told him that above all it was most expedient to hasten the ruine of *Porsenna*. For truly (said he) as long as that Prince is living, the life of *Mezentius* is not secure: *Aronces* durst not at the first openly contradict *Tiberinus*, lest he should render himself suspected: So as this conference ended with reciprocal protestations, never to prejudice each other unto *Mezentius*: And indeed, they did negotiate together as men who stood in need of each other. *Tiberinus* confessed unto *Aronces*, his love unto the Princess of the *Leontines*, and he perceived, that if he would be in the favour of *Mezentius*, he must comply with *Aronces*, so as he neglected nothing in order thereunto.

This being the state of things, the people of *Arezzes* and *Cortones* made such an unexpected eruption and entred so far into the Country of him whom they took for their enemy, that *Perusia* was hotly alarm'd: and *Mezentius* as stout as he was, did think of leaving the Metropolis of his Dominions, and retire himself unto an Isle of the Thrasimenian Lake, until he had mustred his forces. But *Aronces*, who had great favour and familiarity with him, was against it; and perswaded him that upon such occasions, it was very dangerous to fly or shew any signs of Fear, so as he resolved to stay and make head against his enemies as well as he could.

There being some Forces still on foot, by reason that

that he was never a quiet poſſeſſor of *Cluſium*, he gave orders that they ſhould be drawn into a body. The People of *Peruſia* offered of themſelves to Arm; and *Aronces* beſeeched *Mezentius* for leave to go and view the enemy. And accordingly he went in the Head of Two Hundred Horſe only, to ſee what he could diſcover of their true force; he behaved himſelf ſo bravely in this employment, that he defeated one party which he met, and took many Priſoners, from whom he knew the true ſtate of things. So as returning to *Mezentius* after this glorious attempt, he exhorted him to meet the enemy. And accordingly, as ſoon as their Troops were muſtred, and ſome Diſcipline uſed amongſt the freſh Soldiers, who were liſted to defend their Houſes and their Wives, he went out of *Peruſia*, followed by *Tiberinus*, *Bianor*, all the Grandees of the State, *Aronces* and *Celeres*. But what neceſſity ſoever there was of Soldiers, the Guards upon *Porſenna* were not leſſened, ſuch fears there was of his eſcape; nor were the Guards upon *Galerita* diminiſhed. But to be ſhort, *Mezentius* marched towards thoſe, who ſtruck a terrour all before them; and who were Maſters of the Field, and who carried themſelves as in a Country which they intended to ruine, the better to ſubject it. *Aronces*, knowing that it concerned him to ſignalize himſelf upon this occaſion, and that *Tiberinus* was not ſorry in his heart that he would expoſe himſelf, it was an eaſie requeſt to obtain the moſt dangerous command. And indeed, it was he who commanded a ſmall Party of choice men, deſigned for the Forlorn Hope, unto all the dangers and perils of the Army: *Celeres* was the faithful Companion of his Adventures in War, as well as in his Adventures of Love. *Aronces* did acquit himſelf ſo heroickly in this deſperate employment, that as it may be ſaid he ſaved the life of *Mezentius* many a time; for by his diligence he came to underſtand the ſtate of his Enemies, and he hindred the Enemy from having any knowledge of that Princes Condition; for as ſoon as any party appeared, he aſſaulted and repulſed them, and he was the Actor of ſo many glorious exploits in this rencounter, that if they were all related ſeverally, they would ſeem incredible.

At laſt, after ſeveral days of only facing each other, and both ſides declining Fight, they were both equally forced to give Battel; which though it was not fought by ſuch formidable Armies, as the very ſight of them ſtrikes terror, yet it was more terrible than if theſe two Armies had been more numerous: For when a Battel is fought betwixt four or five hundred thouſand men, commonly a great part of them are only Spectators of the Fight, and the Victory is oftentimes gotten more by a panick fear or a tumultuous rout, which huge multitudes are ſubject unto, where order is hard to be kept; than by any true actions of valour, or conduct of the Captains. On the other ſide, when two ſmall bodies fight there are none idle, all are in equal danger, death is in every Rank; all beſtir themſelves, all fight, and every particular Soldier is the Carver out of his own glory, ſince chance of War here is not to be expected, nor is the victory to be gotten by the capricious humour of Fortune, but by true valour and prudent Conduct. But if ever great actions were done in a ſhort time, and between a few Troops it was at this time; when *Mezentius* was ready to periſh, if the valour and good Fortune of *Aronces* had not reſcued him. Theſe two little Armies were no ſooner in ſight of each other, but without ſo much delay as to ſeek advantages, the Fight began, and that with ſuch animoſity and fury, as uſeth to be amongſt ſuch as are deſperate. At the firſt, the right wing of *Mezentius* was broken, and *Bianor* who commanded it was killed: But *Aronces* whoſe Body upon that occaſion, was joyned unto that which *Bianor* commanded, he having taken his place, he made Fortune wheel about, and rallying the broken Troops, he routed them who broke them. On the other ſide, *Mezentius* being aſtoniſhed to ſee that *Bianor* had made ſo poor reſiſtance, he cooled the courage of his men, by his wonder at it: So as the enemy making uſe of this favourable opportunity, they charged through the Battel where he was: Inſomuch that things were in a very bad condition, when *Aronces* obſerving what paſſed, left *Celeres* to keep things in the condition he had brought them: He went then to help *Mezentius*, carrying only two hundred Horſes with him, and infuſing freſh ſpirits into the Soldiers, by a thouſand actions of Valour which they had ſeen him perform, he came to the place where *Mezentius* was, but he came juſt as that Prince, whom he found forſaken of his men, and environ'd with enemies, was ready to render himſelf and be their Priſoner. But *Aronces* aſſaulted his Enemies with ſuch vigour, as the vanquiſhers became vanquiſhed, and were forced to let go their Priſoner of that great importance. And as if Fortune was reſolved that *Aronces* ſhould have all the glory of the day. As ſoon as he had ſetled the Battel, he perceived that the Wing which *Tiburinus* commanded had need of help: So as without more delay, he haſted to the place where neceſſity invited him, he alter'd the face of things, and got a moſt perfect victory. For indeed the enemy loſing their hearts, after they had loſt their advantages, he broke them all; and did ſo abſolutely defeat them, that thoſe who died not at this bloody skirmiſh, threw down their Arms, and implored the mercy of the Conquerors. It was moſt obſervable, that though *Aronces* commanded only a little Body, yet he commanded the whole Army, as ſoon as *Bianor* was dead: For his admirable Valour got him ſuch credit in the minds of all the Soldiers and Officers, that they did both acknowledge and obey him. *Mezentius*, *Tiberinus*, and the whole Army did publiſh, that it was he only who won the day: *Celeres* did highly ſignalize himſelf that day; and by high acts rendred himſelf worthy of that eſteem which *Aronces* had of him. In the mean time, the Enemies General being dead, and no Enemy appearing, *Mezentius* after he had left the command of the Army, unto the Conduct of an old Commander, and taken order for the Funeral of *Bianor*, he conceived it beſt to return unto *Peruſia*, to aſſure the people of Victory. And *Aronces* having no mind to leave him, leſt he ſhould attempt ſomething againſt the life of *Porſenna*, he returned thither alſo: And he return'd with ſuch Trophies of Honour, as he was received with ſuch acclamations, that they raiſed a moſt timely jealouſie in *Tiberinus*, and did not over-well pleaſe *Mezentius*, as much as he was obliged unto *Aronces*, and as well as he loved him. For indeed the fright being very great in *Peruſia*, every one looked upon him as the deliverer of the Town: Inſomuch without a word of *Mezentius* or *Tiberinus*, nothing could be heard but the name of *Aronces*; every ſtreet was filled with multitudes of men, who preſſed to behold him as if they had never ſeen him. Thoſe who had

ſeen him in one ſtreet, ran a back way to ſee him in another; Women with Children in their arms, did ſhew him unto them as the man who had ſaved the lives of their Fathers, and preſerved their Liberties; and ſuch glorious applauds were given *Aronces* at his entry into *Peruſia*, that his modeſty made him bluſh.

Tiberinus yet diſſembled the ſecret ſorrows; and he went unto the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, as ſoon as he had lodged *Mezentius* in his Palace, but he went with a moſt dejected look; thinking it a ſhame for him to appear before a Princeſs with whom he was in Love, ſince he could not bring with him the chief glory of the Victory. And he was no ſooner there, but *Aronces* and *Celeres* came in alſo; ſo as *Tiberinus* ſtriving to conſtrain himſelf, he began to commend *Aronces*, (who modeſtly interrupting him) began to commend him again, and preſently after to talk of ſomething elſe, asking the Princeſs how *Sextilia* received the news of *Biamor*'s death; ſhe received it, anſwered ſhe, with much ſorrow: Yet it is believed that it is not ſo much out of tenderneſs, as ſome reſentments of ambition; for ſhe is ſo confident that *Mezentius* will put *Porſenna* to death, and that *Galerita* will be married unto his Brother, that ſhe may be comforted after his death. For *Mezentius* being old, ſhe fears her Fortunes would not change if he ſhould die before he put the King of *Cluſium* to death, and before he had married the Princeſs his Daughter unto ſome of her Relations. At the laſt, there is one that pretends to know her thoughts, did aſſure *Aurelia* that theſe were hers. After this they talked of many other things; and much other Company coming in, *Tiberinus* could not ſpeak a word of his Paſſion unto the Princeſs of the *Leontines*. But the day following, he found an opportunity whether ſhe would or no: Yet being of an infinite ingenuity, and knowing it was not a time to treat him ill, if ſhe intended to ſerve *Aronces*, ſhe carried her ſelf with ſuch a civility towards him, as did put him into ſome hopes, though her words did not ſignifie ſo much. In the mean time, as ſoon as the Victory of *Aronces* had put *Peruſia* into a Calm, *Mezentius* began to think upon *Porſenna*'s death, and at the ſame time to marry the Princeſs his Daughter. But ſince there was no thinking upon the laſt of theſe, until he had executed the firſt, he began to renew the execution of the buſineſs, and to draw up a charge againſt *Porſenna*, for complying with that Aſſaſſinate who would have murthered him. On the other ſide, all the friends unto that Prince, being advertiſed by *Sicanus* and *Nicius*, they began to negotiate ſecretly for the prevention of ſo great a misfortune, and to acquaint *Aronces*, who was then in a moſt miſerable condition; for he could not hear any news of *Clelia*; and both honour and nature would not permit him to depart from *Peruſia*, or if he ſhould he knew not whither to go, nor where the perſon whom he loved was. Moreover, though he was much in the eſteem of *Mezentius*, yet he knew that his hatred unto *Porſenna* was above it: And he conceived, that if ever he ſhould acquaint him that he was his ſon, he would then change his mind, and hate him as much as ever he loved him. All he could do was to try if he could prolong the matter, until the friends of the King his Father, had ſome power to help him, when he ſhould ſpeak unto *Mezentius*, as the Son of *Porſenna*. In order to that, as he was one day talking unto that Prince, concerning the weighty matter he asked him, whether it were not convenient to endeavour the diſcovery of the truth from the mouth of the Priſoner King? For indeed Sir, (ſaid *Aronces* to him) if you ſhould upon bare conjectures put a great Prince to death, you would eternally ſtain your glory by it: I would adviſe you to ſend ſome faithful and unbyaſſed perſon unto him, who in a diſcourſe which may appear to be without deſign, may endeavour to find out ſomething, which may clear him or juſtifie him: and if you would be pleaſed to permit me the liberty of ſeeing him, I am confident to make him ſpeak more freely than otherwiſe he would: For ſeeming to enter into his intereſts, and willing to ſerve him, he may chance truſt me ſo far as to impart ſomething, which will either keep you from deſtroying him unjuſtly, or make it appear you may do it juſtly. At the firſt, *Mezentius* did reject this propoſition; and told *Aronces*, that *Porſenna* had long ſince deſerved death: That it was ſufficient he was able to Ruine him, and that he was to blame for letting him live ſo long.

Do you not ſee that this Prince is an eternal colour for Civil War, in all the mutinies in my Dominions? Sometimes reports are ſpread abroad, that *Porſenna* hath a ſon living, and wandring up and down the World, and that he will ere long appear, ſometimes again, that he was in my power, and that I kept him Priſoner, and there is nothing uninvented to draw upon me the hatred of my Subjects: And therefore to be rid of ſuch a perpetual perſecution, it were fit and expedient to deſtroy him, though he have no hand in the buſineſs of the Aſſaſſinate: and if he have a Son living, I wiſh to the Heavens, I could at one blow ruine both the Father and the Son: But to tell you truly, I am confident he hath no Son, but that he is periſhed, and all reports of his life are nothing, but only the fictions and devices of my enemies.

Truth is, if this Son be dead, he is more happy than if he were living, and if he be living he ſhall live no longer than he is out of my power. *Aronces* hearing *Mezentius* ſay ſo, was out of his exceſs of generoſity and boldneſs, in a hundred minds to tell him that he was the Son of *Porſenna*; for ſometimes he had a fancy that *Mezentius* owing him for his life twice, and for a victory would not hurt him. But at laſt, reaſon telling him that he ought not to hazard a buſineſs of this importance, wherein more than he had concernment, he recalled himſelf and diſſembled his thoughts: Alſo thinking, that if he ſhould haſtily diſcover himſelf, the leaſt puniſhment would be impriſonment, then the intereſt of *Clelia* more than his own, reſtrained him from telling truth unto *Mezentius*: But according to his firſt deſign, which was to protract the matter, he did negotiate ſo well, as that *Mezentius* gave him leave to ſee *Porſenna*: And accordingly ſome two days after, *Aronces* went unto the place where he was guarded, with orders unto him who commanded the Caſtle, to let him have the liberty of diſcourſe without any witneſſes: So this Prince not known to be ſon unto the King of *Cluſium*, went unto the place where this miſerable King was, who knew nothing of all the Paſſages againſt him; nor what *Galerita* did, nor whether he had a Son or no: A place wherein he lived a moſt melancholy life, that his Conſtancy was high, and though he had a ſoul, that could look grim death in the face, without alteration of countenance; yet when *Aronces* entred into the Chamber, he was ſurprized; for beſides

besides his being unaccustomed to the sight of any but his guards, he found in the face of *Aronces* so great a resemblance of himself in his younger days, as he could not chuse but be moved at it; but much more was his wonder, when *Aronces* telling him that he had obtained liberty from the Prince of *Perusia* to see him, and confer with him about some matter which concerned him, he knew the tone of his voice; for being very like that of his dear *Galerita* whom he did most tenderly love, in spight of so long an absence, he changed colour, and was so moved, that *Aronces* perceived the turbulency of his spirit.

Porsenna could not with-hold some expressions of joy to see him, though he knew him not. So as when the Man who conducted *Aronces* unto the Chamber, retired, he began to speak, and looking most fixedly upon him, who ever you are honest stranger (said he unto him) I am obliged to thank you; for I profess, the very sight of you hath been the first pleasure I have had since I came into this Prison, though for ought I can judge by your face, I have been longer in it than you have lived. Sir (replied *Aronces*) you are much in the right, in comparing the time of your imprisonment with my age and life, for having the honour to be your son, you may conceive there ought to be no difference between the length of the one and the length of the other. I see Sir, added he, that my discourse does amaze you; but if you will do me the honour to hear me out, I shall make that apparent to you, which at the first seemed incredible. Your face, your voice, and my own heart are so suitable to your words, replied *Porsenna*, that I am apt to believe it: Therefore speak on I beseech you, and omit not the least circumstance, which may perswade unto a belief of that which does infinitely please me, but which seems to be impossible; for if you be my son, how comes it to pass *Mezentius* should give you leave to see me? hath he repented of his injustice? is his reason returned? how came you to move his heart? *Aronces* seeing *Porsenna* in such a good disposition to hear him, he began to relate his birth; the manner how *Flavia* got him out of the Isle of *Saules*, where *Galerita* was guarded; his Ship wrack, how he was saved by *Clelius*; his sojourning at *Carthage*, and again at *Capua*, the rencounter of *Nicius* and *Martia*; her acknowledgements, and every circumstance concerning them two; and in general, all that was needful to make him see that certainly he was his Son, and that he was worthy to be so: For he related unto him the design which he had to come unto *Mezentius* to deliver him; how he had saved the life of that Prince in a Wood, near the Lake of *Thrasimene*, and what happened unto him since; but he told him not of his love unto *Clelia*: On the contrary, though he was not able to relate what had happened unto him, without naming her, yet he was as careful as he could to avoid it, thinking that if he did pronounce the name of that admirable Lady, he should discover some of his souls resentments. But after he had told *Porsenna* of a thousand convincing circumstances, he shewed unto him a private mark which he had in one of his hands, and was so like that which *Galerita* had upon her face, that *Porsenna* seeing her in seeing *Aronces*, hearing the voice of his dear *Galerita* in hearing him, and understanding a hundred passages which were impossible to be forged, he imbraced his Son with abundance of tender joy; but *Aronces* in lieu of joy, was extremely sad. *Porsenna* observing it, asked the cause? Alas, alas, Sir (said he unto him) how is it possible but I should grieve, to see that at the very same time in which I bring you joy, I must also bring you sorrow? For, Sir, *Mezentius* believes, that the Man whom I killed, and who would have killed him, would never have attempted it without your contrivance, and he is so extremely incensed, as he is ready to take any violent course. I my self come now unto you under the notion of your enemy; and I took upon me to visit you, under a pretence of pumping you, whether what *Mezentius* believes, be true or false. Since you are my Son, replied *Porsenna*, I will think that you believe you cannot have a Father who would wash his hands in the blood of your Grandfather; and I am so far from desiring the preservation of my life by a crime, as I charge you to attempt nothing upon the life of *Mezentius*, though there should be no other way to prevent my death: For after the indurement of a prison three and twenty years, with glory I am able to indure death, which is only a moment of pain. Therefore, dearest Son, I charge you not to hinder *Mezentius* from putting me to death, so it be by just ways; and be sure never to commit any crime to prevent him. After this *Aronces* gave him an account how all things stood, and of the design which *Mezentius* had to marry *Galerita*: For perceiving the great constancy of the King his Father, he did think it not fit to disguise any thing, to the end he might have his advice. So as after a full consideration of every thing, they resolved, that to gain time, *Aronces* should tell *Mezentius*, that without all question *Porsenna* was innocent in the business of Assassination; but withal, he was perswaded, that it was not impossible but that he might be induced unto a consent that his Marriage might be broken off, provided things were not done with too much precipitation. *Aronces* did not yet leave the King his Father, until he had assured him that he would sooner die, than consent he should; and until he had yielded him all possible testimonies and expressions of virtue and generosity. At his return he gave an account unto *Mezentius* according as it was resolved upon. But though the Prince of *Perusia* wished to have found *Porsenna* rather guilty of the Assassination than innocent, yet he durst not shew as much, but only told *Aronces*, that though *Porsenna* should consent unto the breaking off the Marriage, yet he would not set him at liberty in a long time: For, said he, Prisoners of his Quality must not be dealt withal like others; they must never be set at liberty until they be brought into such a condition, as they shall not be able to take revenge. *Aronces* replied unto all this, according as his great soul did suggest unto him; and he did so well know how to manage the mind of *Mezentius*, as he promised not to be too hasty upon the death of *Porsenna*. But as to the Marriage of my Daughter (added he, after many other things) I will do as if *Porsenna* were already dead; for if he will not consent his Marriage shall be broken, he dies; and if he do consent, it is time that I think upon whom to bestow my Daughter. Indeed *Mezentius* was so wholly intent upon this, that he resolved to put it in execution, and to bethink himself upon whom to bestow *Galerita*. *Sextilia* having a great power with him, he never used to do any thing of consequence without imparting it unto her, and therefore he asked

her advice in this buſineſs. But ſhe made ado, and did not like it; for her intereſt was to marry her unto one, who depended upon her, but not being beloved by the Grandees of the State, ſhe knew not whom to prefer, and therefore deſired ſome days of conſideration upon a choice of that importance. As for *Mezentius*, he did caſt his eye upon *Tiberinus*, not dreaming upon the violent love that he bore unto the Princeſs of the Leontines; for beſides the ignorance of it, he ſuppoſed that the ambitious conſideration of Reigning would be ſo prevalent in him, as to make him quit all other pretenſions whatſoever. So as whilſt *Sextilia* was conſidering, he employed a friend unto *Tiberinus* with orders to know his mind. *Tiberinus* was put to a terrible perplexity, for his heart was divided between a violent love and ambition: So as not knowing which way to take, he gave an ambiguous anſwer which ſignified nothing: But preſently after his love did check him into repentance; yet for all that he was not fully reconciled in himſelf; for preſently after he thought himſelf too haſty in returning an anſwer, that he did not conſent unto the propoſition; at leaſt he thought it good to be ſure of ſatisfaction in his love before he refuſed the ſatisfaction of his ambition. Mean time, as chance was, *Aronces* came to know of this propoſition made unto *Tiberinus*, and he went unto the Princeſs of the Leontines, beſeeching her to be ſo generous, as to flatter up the paſſion of this Lover, purpoſely to keep him from conſenting unto this Marriage; ſince the Princeſs was very tender of *Aronces*, and ſince it concerned her to promote his happineſs, and ſince ſhe thought the deſire of *Mezentius* to be very unjuſt, ſhe promiſed *Aronces* all he deſired: So as when *Tiberinus* came to tell her what *Mezentius* had offered him, and to beſeech her ſhe would ſet a value upon this ſacrifice which he made unto her, he did not at all ſurpriſe her, but found her prepared the moſt in the World; for without any engagement of her ſelf unto him, ſhe gave him ſome ground to think, ſhe deſired that he ſhould not marry *Galerita*. So as expounding what ſhe ſaid unto his own advantage, he thought himſelf to be better in the opinion of the Princeſs than ever he believed. At firſt, ſhe told him, that ſhe would not give him any counſel in the matter, but bad him conſult with his own heart: Yet after he had vowed never to think upon this Marriage, and that he demanded nothing from her, but that ſhe would ſet a value upon this refuſal, as done for the love of her; then this wiſe Princeſs told him, that ſhe eſteeming him ſo much as ſhe did, thought her ſelf obliged to tell him, that this propoſition which was made unto him was more dangerous then he imagined. Then ſhe told him that it was not handſome to marry the Wife of a great and unfortunate King, who was to be forced to yield her, or die the day before the Marriage. She told him further, that the common opinion being, there was a Son of *Porſenna* in ſome part of the World, it was not likely that ever he would let him reign in quiet; but upon the firſt occaſion the ſubjects of *Porſenna* would revolt, and perhaps deliver him up unto the Son of that King as the Murtherer of his Father; and therefore ſhe conceived it to be much better to refuſe a thing which had in it nothing but a bare ſhew of grandeur. Adding, that it would be a thing abſolutely impoſſible ever to eſteem a Man who can find a heart to marry *Galerita*. *Tiberinus* hearing the Princeſs of the Leontines ſpeak thus, did believe ſhe could not give him any greater hopes, than by counſelling him to reject this propoſition: So as his love flaming more violently, being blown up by theſe freſh hopes, he never ſtuck upon the matter, but vowed a thouſand times that he would never reign unleſs he could reign and not loſe her favour. The Princeſs of the Leontines wiſhed to have him ſtill keep in that mind, and therefore ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe were obliged unto him, and without any further engagements, *Tiberinus* took his leave of her fully reſolved to refuſe *Galerita*. He went unto the Man who was employed by *Mezentius*, and told him he could not accept of that honour which was offered him; telling him after all that the Princeſs of the Leontines had ſaid, purpoſely to prevent his further thoughts of it.

Mean while, *Aronces* thinking that *Mezentius* out of his obſtinacy of will, would offer *Galerita* unto all the Men of Quality in the Court, he employed *Aurelia* and *Sicanus* (who were newly come to *Peruſia*) to diſſwade them all from a thing which would be extremely prejudicial to them, though it ſeemed advantagious. In order thereunto, *Sicanus* and *Aurelia* told them confidently, that they were certain the Son of *Porſenna* was not a Priſoner unto *Mezentius*, as reports went, but that aſſuredly he would e're long appear; adding what a ſhame it would be to conſent unto ſuch an unjuſt motion. And the buſineſs was tranſacted ſo handſomely, and with ſo much good fortune, that after *Tiberinus* had returned his refuſal, *Mezentius* made the motion unto all that were in any capacity of marrying his Daughter but found in none of them that diſpoſition which he deſired; ſo as his mind being exceedingly incenſed at it, he fully reſolved to put *Porſenna* to death, and to marry his Daughter as he fancied, not doubting but then any one would with joy accept of the offer. So as conſulting with *Sextilia* thereupon, ſhe approved of the deſign, and both of them contrived how to put it in execution; and afterwards to ſerve their own intereſt: To that end, *Mezentius* gave order that the Princeſs *Galerita* ſhould be brought from the Iſle where ſhe was kept, and lodged in his own Palace, yet not ſuffering any whoſoever to ſee, or ſpeak with her.

This Order being executed, that fair and virtuous Princeſs, who knew nothing either of her Huſband, or her Son, or the cauſe of her being brought out of Priſon, could not imagine whether ſhe had reaſon to hope, or to fear; but the wonder was, ſhe was never fairer in all her life then now, and none would have thought ſhe had been above five and twenty, had they not known her to be much more. When ſhe came unto *Peruſia*, there was ſuch an univerſal murmure amongſt the people, againſt the injuſtice of *Mezentius*, for keeping ſo fair and good a Princeſs Priſoner; That this Prince reſolved to make all haſt poſſible in the execution of his deſigns, for fear of ſome commotions. To that end, he ſent ſecretly his orders unto the place where *Porſenna* was kept, and he ſent for *Aronces*, with ſuch expreſs command to come preſently, that he imagined ſome matter of importance was on foot, he was told by ſome of his intelligence about *Mezentius*, that this Prince had ſent unto the place where *Porſenna* was guarded: So as all the friends of the Priſoner King was in a Condition to attempt ſomething for him; and *Nicius* and *Martia* being come to *Peruſia*,

rufia, *Aronces* sent unto them by *Celeres*, all that he knew, and appointed them to assemble themselves at the Princess of the Leontines house, there to act further as occasion should require. *Celeres* would have disswaded him from going unto *Mezentius* but he could not, for he went, and was received with demonstrations of extraordinary joy. *Sextilia* was then with him, who treated him with more testimonies of amity then ever before. Then *Mezentius* began to speak, *Aronces* said he, I have hitherto been loadned with obligations to you, and obligations of that high nature, as can never be sufficiently acknowledged; you have saved my life twice, you have made me victorious over my enemies, and have thereby preserved my State: For all these, I have not done any thing for you; but now, you shall receive a recompence so great, as all *Italy* shall talk of it. Sir (answered *Aronces* in a surprise) I have a Soul so little interested, as that it values not the greatest gifts which fortune can give; I set a far greater value upon some demonstrations of your esteem, then I should upon all your treasures should you bestow them upon me.

Your expressions (replied *Mezentius*) doe speak you so worthy of what *Sextilia* and my self intend for you, as it were unjust any longer to detain you from the sight of it. After this, *Mezentius* called for the Captain of his Guard, and whispering with him, he went out, and presently returning again, he brought *Galerita* into the Closet where they were. *Galerita* was no sooner there, but casting her eye upon *Aronces*, she changed colour, for he had such a resemblance of the King her Husband, as he was the last time she saw him, as that she thought it was *Porsenna* whom she saw. Yet this pleasing errour lasted not long, nor hindred her from saluting the Prince her Father, with as much reverence, as if he had not been the cause of all her misfortunes. But as for *Sextilia*, the salutes between them were very hollow and cold. As for *Aronces*, as great as his wonder was at the expressions of *Mezentius*, yet he was most sensibly joyed to see the Queen his Mother, for he knew by the behaviour of the Captain that brought her in, that it was she, and he knew it better by the mark which she had upon her Cheek, resembling that upon his hand. So as looking as earnestly upon her, as she upon him, one would have thought they had known one another, though it may (in a manner) be said, that they never saw each other.

At last *Mezentius* began to speak, and looking upon *Aronces*, here generous defender of my life (said he unto him) here is the recompence which I have designed for you, in testimony of my gratitude for all the services you have done me; This Princess whom you see here is my Daughter, she shall possess my estate, and you shall possess it with her as long as the gods shall let you live; you have assured me, that your Birth is very Noble; your actions confirm me in the belief of it: I do owe you my life and estate, and I do give you no more then you have given me, in giving you my Estate, and my Daughter: And all, upon no other condition, but a promise to protect *Sextilia* when I am dead: For *Porsenna* hath consented unto a Divorce from Marriage, and there is nothing which can hinder yours now with *Galerita*.

This discourse of *Mezentius* did so timely surprise the Queen of *Clusium*, and *Aronces*, that it was a long time before they could recover themselves out of their wonder. *Aronces* was so affrighted, to hear they should motion him to marry his Mother, that he could not well tell whether what he heard was real or a Dream: And *Galerita* did so wonder that *Porsenna* should consent unto a Divorce, that she knew not what to think. So as not being able to indure long in such a cruel incertainty: How Sir (said she unto *Mezentius*, before *Aronces* could answer) Doth *Porsenna* give his consent that I shall be no longer his Wife? Oh good Sir, if it be so, let me hear it from his own mouth; but if it should be so Sir, never expect I will ever consent unto a second Marriage: I have a Son in some part of the World who must one day be your Successor, and who perhaps will by his obedience, repair the infidelity of his Father, if it be so that he is culpable. For my particular, Sir, (said *Aronces* then unto *Mezentius*) I have such prevalent and powerful reasons not to accept of this honour which you are pleased to do me, as when you shall know them, you will say that you desire impossibilities. I perceive very well *Aronces* (said *Mezentius* unto him) that it is only out of respect and generosity you speak as you do; and that because *Porsenna* is yet living, therefore you will not marry *Galerita*. But to remove that obstacle, know that *Porsenna* hath already either consented unto my desires or else he is dead. Oh Sir (replied *Aronces*) what do I hear? are you not afraid lest the Son of this unfortunate King, should come and revenge the cruelties used upon his Father? Let him come (answered he in a rage) let him come, if he have a mind to be a sharer in the punishments, and die by the same hand that his Father did, unless he have obeyed my last orders.

Oh Sir, (replied *Aronces* then) I should too long conceal the truth from you, if I did not tell you that the King of *Clusium* is the most innocent and the most generous Prince in the World: And to manifest it unto you, know that I have the honour to be his Son: That when I saw him by orders from you, I discovered unto him who I was, and he did more commend me for saving your life, then he should if I had saved his: Send back Sir, send and recall your Orders, unless you will be branded with the Title of unjust. *Mezentius* and *Sextilia*, hearing *Aronces* speak so, were strangely surprised, *Galerita* was astonished, and so glad both, as that she was not able to testifie her wonder and satisfaction. Yet her heart told her that *Aronces* spoke truth, and both *Mezentius* and *Sextilia* sought the same: For the resemblance betwixt *Aronces* and *Porsenna*, and the boldness of his language did convince all doubts of it: Also it chanced that as he spoke with much action, he shewed the hand which had the mark, so resemblant unto that of *Galerita's* Cheek, so as it was apparent *Aronces* told the truth. However, this acquaintance in lieu of producing a favourable effect, it did the more incense *Mezentius*, who not knowing what to do, nor whether the Orders to put *Porsenna* to death in case he refused the Divorce were already executed; he vented the most sharp and bitter expressions in the World against *Galerita*, and against *Aronces*, for all his tenderness over that Prince. Again, what satisfaction soever *Galerita* had in the finding of her Son, yet she durst not shew any signs of joy, until she were a little better assured, and until she knew in what condition *Porsenna* was: Mean while, there being some of *Aronces's* particu-

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lar friends, in the Chamber of *Mezentius* they heard how that Prince ſpoke in choler; and he who kept the door (who was alſo obliged unto *Aronces*) hearing the menaces and ſharp language of *Mezentius*, went and acquainted the friends of *Aronces* with it, who went in all haſt to impart it unto thoſe who were at the houſe of the Princeſs of the *Leontines*; all who began to ſtir themſelves in the behalf of that Prince, who for his part was in a moſt inconceivable perplexity; yet maugre all the confuſion of his thoughts, he could not chuſe but think upon *Clelia*, and to fear that if *Mezentius* did arreſt him, he ſhould not be able to reſcue her out of the hands of *Horatius*; moreover, he knew not whether his Father were dead or living, he ſaw the Queen his Mother in a pitiful condition, and he ſaw himſelf in a likelihood of periſhing by the orders of his Grandfather, whoſe life he had twice ſaved.

Mezentius for his part was not at reſt, for the ſight of *Galerita* gaull'd his heart, and the remembrance of what he had made her ſuffer, made him aſhamed, but this ſhame was ſo far from moving him to repentance, that it did the more incenſe him. As for *Aronces* he had ſo obliged him, and he had ſuch inclination to him, as he would not acknowledge him for the Son of *Porſenna*, though his heart told him it was true. However amidſt all theſe tumultuous thoughts, he moved *Sextilia* to ask *Aronces*, what proofs he could make of what he ſaid? but he would not ask that queſtion himſelf, leſt he ſhould ſeem inclinable to believe it; for whether *Porſenna* were alive or dead, he was reſolved not to acknowledge *Aronces*; for ſaid he if *Porſenna* be dead, I muſt not acknowledge ſuch a Prince for my Succeſſor, whoſe Father I have put to death; and if he be living, to acknowledge a Son of ſo much merit, would too much fortifie his party. But whilſt he was thus contemplating with himſelf, *Sextilia* coming towards *Aronces* and *Galerita* who were talking together, ſhe asked that Prince the queſtion which *Mezentius* deſired her, ſo as *Aronces* whoſe great Soul could never be ſhaken by any bitter blaſt of Fortune, unleſs by the guſts of Love; did make her a conciſe relation of his birth; of his exile, of his ſhipwrack, and all the paſſages of his life: So as *Galerita* not doubting but that he was her Son, after ſo many particulars told unto *Sextilia*, ſhe broke out into the moſt tender and paſſionate expreſſions in the world, mixed with much ſadneſs, for ſhe could not ſpeak of him, but ſhe muſt needs ſpeak of *Porſenna* alſo. *Mezentius* being more and more incenſed, called for the Captain of his Guards, and commanded him to carry back *Galerita* unto the Caſtle from whence he brought her, and afterwards to ſecure *Aronces* in ſuch a place as he might be very ſafe: As things ſtood upon theſe terms, a great hurley burley was heard in in the Palace Court: Preſently after, the noiſe was heard on the Stairs, and in the Anti-Chamber; in an inſtant after this, the Captain of the Guard whom *Mezentius* had called, came into his Cloſet, and ſeeming much amazed, Sir (ſaid he unto him) behold the King of *Cluſium* in the Head of all the Grandees in your Eſtate, and followed by a huge multitude of people coming all hither. Oh ye juſt Gods (cried out *Galerita* then) muſt I ſee that illuſtrate and unfortunate Prince once again? She had no ſooner ended her exclamation which ſhe could not reſtrain, but *Mezentius* almoſt mad cried out, is *Porſenna* living? Oh is *Porſenna* eſcaped? Then all my Subjects have betrayed me, and my enemies come to murther me in my own houſe. I beſeech you Sir, replied *Aronces*, think better upon the King my Father, I think of him by my ſelf, (replied the Prince of *Peruſia* moſt fiercely) for as I would ruine him were he in my place and I in his, ſo I cannot look for any thing but death, and therefore I will prepare my ſelf for it with courage, and will go and meet him.

Then he asked for a Sword but none would obey. *Porſenna* followed by a croud of ſtrange men of all conditions, entred: and no ſooner entred, but *Aronces* going towards him; I hope Sir, (ſaid he unto him) you have no intention to be revenged upon the perſon of *Mezentius*, for what Fortune hath made you ſuffer by him: Nay, nay, replied the Prince of *Peruſia*, never offer to flatter me in my miſery, and ſince my ſubjects have betrayed me, and ſince I have not a ſword to dye by, I am ready Sir, (ſaid he to *Porſenna*) to take upon me thoſe Fetters which I have cauſed you to wear, and to take my death from you as I did intend to beſtow it upon you. Since I never uſed to ſin by example, (replied the King of *Cluſium*) I ſhall not do as you ſay: But though I am Maſter of your life, yet I will content my ſelf with giving liberty unto the Queen your Daughter, which taking my ſon and my ſelf out of your power; and with entring into my own Dominions, without any deſire of uſurping yours; I will promiſe you an everlaſting peace betwixt us, unleſs you will force me unto a war. And to make it manifeſt that my words and my actions do agree, I do declare unto you that though all your forces be at my command, yet I will continue in the head of them only, until ſuch time as you have reſtored unto me thoſe places of mine which you hold from me; until I have carried away my Wife and my Son, and until you have given orders for all theſe: Then will I leave you to be Maſter in your own Dominions, and reſtore back all your Troops, without any other condition than not to puniſh any of thoſe who have helped me to my liberty.

Mezentius hearing *Porſenna* ſpeak with ſo much Heroick generoſity, was in a confuſion far different from that wherein he was before, and looking upon *Sextilia* (who ever did feed the fewel of his hatred unto that Prince) Oh you unjuſt perſon, (ſaid he unto her in a low voice) why did I ever follow your opinions? But afterwards perhaps higher, what is paſt cannot be recalled (ſaid he) but at the leaſt I muſt admire that Generoſity which I want, ſince the condition wherein I am is ſo miſerable, as I am not able either to do or ſay any thing which can merit any glory. The truth is, (added he, and addreſſed his ſpeech unto *Porſenna*) ſhould I tell you my heart begins to change, out of conſideration of what you have done, and out of my affection to *Aronces*, you would think I ſpoke it out of weakneſs; but I am naturally ſo reſolute and firm, that I can never undo a thing of which I do not really repent. But ſince you are not bound to believe me; I will only tell you that I will perform more than I will promiſe; and that I cannot think any thing unjuſt which you ſhall do againſt me. At theſe words *Galerita* began to ſpeak, and expreſſed her ſelf ſo paſſionately and tenderly unto the Prince her Father, unto the King her Husband, and unto her Son, as ſhe did almoſt eſtabliſh a confidence between theſe three perſons. Afterwards they cauſed that crowd of people who followed *Porſenna* to go out of the Chamber of *Mezentius*: *Sextilia* alſo went out into her own Chamber: *Aronces* he

he ſtayed, and aſſuming the Office of a Mediator between his Grandfather and his Father, talking one while unto one, another while unto the other, to regulate their conditions, with the ſweet ingredient of *Galerita's* prayers, he compleated the pacification between them. But whilſt this Princeſs was talking, *Celeres*, who ſtayed in the Chamber, acquainted *Aronces* with the manner how *Porſenna* got out of priſon. He told him how *Nicius* had quitted the Ile of *Saules*, and was gone diſguiſed to acquaint all the Commanders in his name, that the Son of *Porſenna* would ſhortly appear, and that they ſhould all prepare themſelves to ſave the life of that King, in caſe *Mezentius* ſhould attempt any thing againſt it; and that ſince the Troops were quartered very near the Caſtle where the Prince was guarded, ſo it hapned that thoſe who *Mezentius* had ſent that morning to make *Porſenna* either conſent unto the Divorce, or die if he would not, did meet with *Nicius* whom they knew very well, and their minds being troubled with the Order which they had received, they had ſome conference with him about it. *Nicius* aiming at nothing more than to procure Friends for *Porſenna*, he told them as much as he told all the reſt whom he deſired to gain; and he was more zealous with them, becauſe he underſtood they were to go unto the Caſtle where *Porſenna* was kept. So as they, imagining what would be their deſtiny in caſe they ſhould put to death a King, whoſe ſon ſhould one day be their Maſter, fears did ſo ſeiſe upon them that they believed *Nicius*; ſo as having made them change their minds, they made uſe of a Letter of Credence which they carried unto him who commanded the Caſtle, moving him thereby to let *Porſenna* come out; Theſe two Men telling him, that *Mezentius* intended to have him carried unto another place. The matter ſeemed the more likely, becauſe *Nicius* having all the Commanders of the Troop for him, there was four hundred horſe at the foot of the Caſtle, the Commanders ſaying, that they had orders to conduct and guard this Prince. To be ſhort, the things was done, and *Porſenna* at his coming out, the ſame time that *Galerita* was carried unto *Peruſia*, ſhewed himſelf unto the Army. And after a ſpeech to the Commanders and Souldiers, deſiring their aſſiſtance for the liberty of a Princeſs who one day would be their Soveraign; they all did promiſe him fidelity. He went firſt with four hundred Horſe only unto the Gates of *Peruſia*, appointing all the Army to follow, and his intention was to demand the Queen his Wife, and *Aronces* of *Mezentius*. But as he was ready to execute this intention, *Sicanus* met him, and telling him that all the people at the ſight of *Galerita* were in a great diſpoſition to riſe, he changed his mind, and reſolved to enter into *Peruſia*; and after he had ſent forth freſh Orders unto the Army to make haſt up, *Porſenna* in the head of theſe four hundred horſe entred the Town, after that *Sicanus* had acquainted all the friends of *Aronces*, who were at the houſe of the Princeſs of the Leontines; but as he related the buſineſs unto them, they received intelligence of all the paſſages at the Palace againſt *Aronces*, *Galerita*, and him, ſo as changing the deſign, they went to meet *Porſenna*, whom they adviſed to go ſtrait unto the Palace.

This King from whom his Priſon had not taken away his brave mind and Majeſty, marching through the ſtreets of *Peruſia*, followed with thoſe four hundred Horſe, and all the friends of *Aronces* and his own, which amounted to no ſmall number, did infinitely win upon the minds of the people; for he ſaluted them with all civility, and told them that he looked for nothing but the liberty of *Galerita*. Adding that *Aronces* was his Son, and that *Mezentius* knowing it, would have put him to death. The people were charmed with him, followed him to the Palace of *Mezentius*, as I told you, and would have helped him in the execution of his deſign: But to make it moſt manifeſt concerning the knowledge of *Aronces*, *Flaura* and her Husband deſired to enter, and did ſo, for then it was not a time to inſiſt upon Ceremonies. *Nicius* and *Martia* arrived alſo, and brought with them a Man whom *Clelius* ſent unto *Aronces*, by whom he ſent the ſame Cradle in which he was found floating upon the Sea, after *Nicius* had ſuffered ſhipwrack. So as there wanted nothing concerning the knowledge of *Aronces*, and *Porſenna* doing all things with unparalelled generoſity. *Mezentius* was ſo moved unto repentance, that he would needs reſign the government of his Dominions unto him that gave him his life: But *Porſenna* being both generous and prudent, he would not let *Mezentius* ceaſe Reigning: But what repentance ſoever appeared, he would not for all that remain under the power of a Prince who had uſed him with ſuch rigour: nor would he let *Galerita*, *Aronces*, nor any that had a deep hand in his liberty remain there. So that after *Mezentius* had ſent Orders unto all thoſe who commanded in the Towns which he had uſurped, *Porſenna* left him, and carried with him the Queen his Wife, and the Prince his Son. 'Tis true, he did not go out of the Town as ſoon as ever he was out of the Palace; for ſuch multitudes did choak up the ſtreets, by their eager deſires of ſeeing their Princeſs and *Aronces*, that they could not paſs. *Aronces* told *Porſenna*, that he owed his liberty chiefly unto the Princeſs of the Leontines, and that he would never go out of *Peruſia* before he knew whether it was her pleaſure or no to go out with them: So as for all the preſs he got into her houſe, and thanked her for all her favours. Mean while *Galerita*, who was in the Coach, willed the people to obey *Mezentius*; that they ſhould forget the rigour which had been uſed unto her, and keep within the compaſs of their duties. Whilſt ſhe was thus talking with much prudence and generoſity, the Princeſs of the Leontines was entreating *Porſenna* to let her be protected in his Court, ſhe conceiving her ſelf not ſafe with *Mezentius*, conſidering how ſhe had tranſacted. Alſo conſidering the love of *Tiberinus* to her, ſhe could not counterfeit with him any longer, ſince *Aronces* had no need of her, and therefore ſhe was very deſirous to go out of *Peruſia*; ſo as without more delay, *Aronces* went to acquaint the Queen of *Cluſium*, and preſently after did fetch this Princeſs, whom the Queen received into her Coach: *Aurelia*, *Martia*, *Flavia*, and the Women of the Princeſs of the Leontines did follow in other Coaches. All being ready, this Illuſtrious company went out of *Peruſia*; *Tiberinus* being gone into the Countrey for three days, was aſtoniſhed when he returned at night, and heard all this news, eſpecially that his adored Princeſs was not in Town; yet ſhe was not very far off, for *Porſenna* and all his Train paſſed away that night to a Village, where they took thought for nothing but how the Princeſs might paſs it away with the

leaſt

least inconveniency that was possible; and in the morning they took the way towards *Clusium*, where the news of *Porsennas* liberty and life of the Prince his Son was no sooner heard, but all those who opposed the party of that Legitimate King went out of it, so as the joy was universal; and when *Porsenna* came thither, he was received with extraordinary acclamations. Thus it may be said, that this Prince did upon a sudden pass from the lower degree of adversity unto the highest top of felicity; for he saw himself seated upon a glorious Throne, his Dominions were entirely restored unto him, he enjoyed his dearest *Galerita*, he found her still most rarely fair, and to sum up his felicities, he saw such a successor of his own as his own heart could wish. He offered publick Sacrifices in thanks to the Gods for his good fortune: The ancient magnificence of the *Clusian* Kings might be seen in the Palace of *Porsenna*: Feasts, Revels, and Pleasures arrived, and the publick tranquillity was so setled, that the Court had nothing to do but divert or be idle. The young Gallants of quality talked of nothing but delights, whilst the grave sort discoursed upon the designs of the Roman King, who was upon sitting down at the siege of *Ardea*, of which various reports went throughout all *Italy*. But whilst every one according to his genius was talking of War or Love, *Aronces*, the unfortunate *Aronces*, amidst so many apparent felicities, esteemed himself the most miserable of men; for he was never so much in love with *Clelia* as now, and had never less hopes. All the consolation he had was in talking of his misery unto the Princess of the *Leontines* and *Celeres*, who only knew of his affection unto this admirable Roman. He fancied, that if he could but only know where *Clelia* was, it would be a high comfort unto him, but he was not far from so much happiness: For one of those whom he had sent unto all the Towns of *Italy*, which were then Enemies to *Rome*, to enquire whether *Horatius* as the enemy of *Tarquin* was not retired thither, came and told him that he was at *Ardea*; that *Clelia* was there also, and that she was sick of a languishing disease. So as still he found himself in great perplexity, for all reports being that *Tarquin* was going to besiege *Ardea*, he knew not what course to take. He did not upon any terms think it convenient to acquaint the King his Father with his affection to *Clelia*, because as soon as ever he was set in the Throne, the King of *Rome* desiring to make sure of such a potent neighbour, had sent his Ambassadors unto him, to renew that ancient alliance which formerly had been between those two States: And indeed, the King of *Clusium* seeing that *Rome* was the most considerable Town of all *Italy*, and that there was none able to dispute against her, he was glad to accept of such an Allie, lest *Mezemius* should close in to his disadvantage. Thus there was a renewing of the Alliance between *Porsenna* and *Tarquin*, which made *Aronces* nor dare to tell the King his Father that he loved the daughter of one that was greatest enemy to the King of *Rome*, or that he was resolved never to marry any other; however he would not entertain the least thought of striving against his passion, but courted all possible opportunities to cherish it. If *Ardea* had not been besieged before he could get thither, there had been some hopes of a possibility to get *Clelia* out of his Rivals hands: But the Siege being begun already, he could not contrive his satisfaction any manner of way. All being secure in the Bed of Peace within the Dominions of the King his Father, the violence of his love prompted him to go out of *Clusium* without ever telling him, and try what he could do to procure the liberty of *Clelia*, and make himself happy: but the great difficulty was what he should do then; For truly (said he unto *Celeres*) what in any reason can I do in this unlucky conjuncture? Shall I get into *Ardea*, and defend my Rival by defending her? Dare I attempt to kill him in a beleagured Town, where when I have done it I cannot get *Clelia* out? For it is not credible that they who have given *Horatius* a retreat, will ever let me be master of my self if I should kill him. Or shall I go and fight under *Tarquin* who would have murthered *Clelius*? And shall I go and help him to take a Town, which when it is taken will expose *Clelia* unto servitude? What, what shall I do unfortunate man that I am? And yet something I must do, and I must do it presently if I mean to have it in my choice, whether I will go into *Ardea*, or into the Camp of *Tarquin*. *Celeres* knowing how he loved, he had no mind of fighting, but would have perswaded him to see the success of the siege before he fixed upon any resolution. Oh fie *Celeres* (replyed he, after he had heard all that his friend had to say) do you think I am able to be so tamely idle, as to stay in expectation of what will be the success of the siege; especially since I know that *Clelia* is there, and that she is sick? If you think so, you think me to be a very calm Lover; but to remove any such thoughts be assured, that though I know not whether I shall go into *Ardea*, or whether into the Army of *Tarquin*; though I know not whether I shall be Besieger or Besieged, yet one of them I will be, and therefore I will depart and that to morrow. Though it be not above two hours since I heard where *Clelia* and my Rival is, yet I think it to be an age; and that I should be the most unworthy of men, if I do not go immediately where my love invites me. But to let you see, my dear *Celeres*, how violent my passion is, let me tell you that I am a little joyed to hear that *Clelia* is sick of a languishing disease; for flattering my self I believe that her disease is not dangerous, and that I may look up. on it as an effect of her hatred unto *Horatius*, and of her affection unto *Aronces*. I believe I say that only melancholy is the cause, that my Rival is as ill as she; and such is the fantastical humour of my passion, I should be extremely grieved if when I see *Clelia* next, I should not find her somewhat less fair than the last time I had the happiness to see her. Do you think after all this, my dear *Celeres*, that a man whose love prompts unto such fantastical conceits, is able to stay out the success of a Siege? No, no, *Celeres*, my passion is not of so cold temper, and if you will continue the faithful Companion of my Fortunes, prepare your self to depart in the Morning. *Aronces* then embracing him by way of thanks, consulted with him whether he should acquaint the Princess of the *Leontines* with his design, but fearing lest her friendship unto him should induce her to reveal this secret unto the Queen of *Clusium*, who loved her very well, it was resolved he should only write unto her at parting, as well as unto *Porsenna* and *Galerita*. So as busying themselves only in taking Orders for his voyage, he dispatched a messenger into *Capua* to be informed of all passages from *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, and to know what was become of *Clelia* and *Horatius*; and for this he made choice of the same man whom *Clelius* had entrusted with such things, as might make him

him be known who he was. But to the end his Journey might be the more private, he took with him only two truſty ſlaves which he brought from *Capua*. Then after they had provided themſelves of all neceſſaries for ſuch a deſign, *Aronces*, *Celeres*, thoſe two ſlaves and Guide, went out of *Cluſium* juſt at midnight; for the King's Palace being at the Towns end, there was a Gate there; ſo as the two ſlaves being gone out in the Evening before, with ſuch Horſes as *Aronces* ſhould need for the journey, he and *Celeres* went out at this private Gate, by ſuborning the Man who kept the key, and unto whom he gave ſuch recompence as might be a ſufficient reward againſt the anger of *Porſenna*.

Thus after he had left Letters for the King his Father, for *Galerita*, and for the Princeſs of the Leontines, he went out of *Cluſium*, in ſuch a night as when the glittering Stars uſe to diſſipate the horrour of obſcurity, ſo as by that gloomy light coming neither from Sun nor Moon, they might very well travel, and know the way: But *Aronces* had not rid above three or four Miles, before he found a great cordial in his ſorrows: and how extraordinary ſoever the thing was which he did, yet he did it without any pain, becauſe he did it for *Clelia*. And when he imagined, that perhaps the day would come when ſhe ſhould know what he did, and would thank him for it; he was ready to ſacrifice himſelf and all the World unto his Love: He thought alſo, (ſo much did his paſſion flatter him) that *Clelia* did divine what he did for her; ſo as riding on with extraordinary ſpeed for fear of being followed, and meeting with none upon the way, *Aronces* for all his faſt riding, had leiſure enough to contemplate upon his paſſion; but the end of the night drawing on, and as it is uſual, growing darker than before, he was forced to ride a ſlower pace, until ſuch time as the Clouds began to be guilded from the Eaſt; and beſtow upon all the fields ſuch a pleaſing light, as imperceivably diſſipating all obſcurity, it ſeems to reſtore life unto all the beauties of Nature; ſince there was that morning no miſts, and *Aronces* being upon the top of a little Mountain, when day was light enough to diſcern all the varieties of the Earth which offer themſelves to the eye, he diſcovered a vaſt extent of Hills and Valleys; he eſpied a little Village, which *Celeres* ſeeing as well as he, the motion was made to reſt their Horſes ſome few hours, that afterwards they might make the more haſt from *Cluſium*. And indeed the guide told them that if they reſted not there, they could not reſt in any other within twenty miles: So as *Aronces* as forward as his love did prick him, conſented unto the propoſition, and leaving the road wherein they were, he rode to the left hand, to make towards this Village, which ſeemed as they did ride to ſteal out of the Paſſengers eye, for the further they rid the leſs they perceived it, by reaſon of ſeveral Hills which were about it. But he had not gone five or ſix hundred paces, before they diſcovered coming out of the moſt delectable Valley in the World, four Horſemen, and ſome ſlaves coming towards them: So as none being more cautious then a Lover who would conceal himſelf, *Aronces* asked *Celeres*, whether it were not better to take another way more on the right hand, and ſo ſhun thoſe whom they ſaw, who had taken up their Inn at that Town where he intended to ſtay, and who had began their Journey as he had ended his. For *Celeres* (ſaid he) it would be very diſaſtrous, if theſe Men ſhould meet us, and go afterwards unto *Cluſium*; there divulge which way we take, and you may well imagine that my departure makes a great noiſe in the Town, and when theſe Men hear of it, they will inform how they met two Men with two ſlaves and a guide. 'Tis true, ſaid *Celeres*, all this may chance; but if we ſhould turn out of the way, we ſhall make our ſelves more ſuſpicious unto theſe Men, then if we follow on our way; for ſince you ſee it is ſo little beaten, as if we take it, they muſt needs imagine that we took it only to avoid meeting with them; ſo as *Aronces* ſeeing ſome danger in his over prudence, he went on the way he took; but he had not gone a hundred paces, before he heard one of theſe Men ſing, and ſing very well. Ah *Celeres* (ſaid *Aronces*) certainly the Man whom we ſhall meet is not in love; or if he be, he is much more happier then I am. But coming nearer, he ſaw him leſs, though he heard him better; for the Road turning in that place, the corner of a Hill did hide him though he was nearer; ſo as diſtinctly underſtanding what he did ſing, he heard that the burthen, or *Chorus* of every Verſe ended thus:

And if Deliſa *unfaithful be,*
Barce *is ſo, as well as ſhe.*

Aronces no ſooner heard this Verſe, but the name of *Barce*, and the voice of him who ſung it, being not unknown to him: Oh *Celeres* (ſaid he) I am extremely miſtaken, if he who ſings be not *Amilcar*; at leaſt, I am ſure he made the Song which I hear. *Celeres* not hearing it ſo well as *Aronces*, becauſe he was talking to the guide, he did not believe it, and ſaid there was no likelihood of being him. He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but the way turning again, he did not only ſee *Amilcar*, but *Herminius* alſo: So both being equally ſurpriſed, and equally glad to meet, they both alighted from their Horſes together; for *Aronces* would not then paſs for the Son of a King, nor be known for any ſuch by thoſe ſtrangers.

And he was always wont to ſay that friendſhip equals all Men, be of what quality they will. So as being alighted ſooner than they, and he went more of the way to meet *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, then they did in meeting him. But in requital, *Amilcar* ſpoke the firſt; for as *Aronces* did very tenderly embrace him, I am extremely glad (ſaid he unto him with a low voice and ſmiled) to find ſtill the generous *Aronces* in the perſon of a great Prince; for after I had ſeen *Clelius* at *Capua*, I was afraid, that I ſhould only find you to be the Son of a great King unto whom I could only be a ſervant, and not find you any longer my friend. Oh my dear *Amilcar* (replied *Aronces*) you had no reaſon to fear that; but you ſpeak it in ſuch a pleaſant manner, as I am very ready to pardon you, upon condition, that you always believe, I will always be *Aronces* unto my Friends, and will never be the Son of a King, unleſs to recompence them, when any occaſion ſhall preſent it ſelf. After this, he imbraced *Herminius* with abundance of joy; and he imbraced him as a Man whom he eſteemed moſt of any Man in the World. But in imbracing, is it your pleaſure, Sir (ſaid *Herminius* to him in a low voice) that Men ſhall not reverence you ſo much, but that they may alſo ſhew their amity and friendſhip? I wiſh it, generous

Herminius (replied *Aronces*) and ſhall do as long as I live; for ſhould I not be the ſame unto you, that I was at the beginning, I ſhould be unworthy to be what I am.

After this, *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, preſented unto *Aronces* two Illuſtrious Grecians who were with them, and aſſured him, that they were Men worthy of his eſteem and friendſhip. Theſe Strangers being of a haughty mind, *Aronces* did eaſily believe what his Friend did tell him: One of theſe Illuſtrious Grecians, whoſe name was *Zenocrates*, was very tall, the features of his face pleaſing, and his Phyſiognomy ſo noble, as it did invite all eyes at the firſt ſight, to judge more favourably of him than of the other Greek, whoſe name was *Artemidorus*, though though the laſt of theſe was a Prince, and very handſome. But the greateſt advantage of *Zenocrates* was, that he had more in him than he promiſed, though he promiſed very much: And *Amilcar* alſo ſpoke more advantagiouſly of him unto *Aronces*, then he did of *Artemidorus*, whilſt *Herminius* was imbracing *Celeres*. After all which, *Aronces* began to ſpeak; by what happy adventure (ſaid he) hath fortune brought together an Illuſtrious African, a generous Roman, and two worthy Grecians? And what good Fate made us meet them? For when I parted from *Carthage*, *Amilcar* was in a mind never to ſee *Italy* a ſecond time: When I parted from *Capua*, *Herminius* was gone into *Africa*; and yet I meet them in a place, where I never could imagine to ſee them: But the worſt is (ſaid he unto them) that you go towards the place from whence I came, and that I cannot return with you, and that my Deſtiny doth call me on.

Since our buſineſs to *Cluſium* was only to ſee you, Sir (replied *Amilcar*) we will go whither you will. As for *Herminius* ſo he be not in *Rome*, where he dares not appear, he is willing to be where either you or I am. And as for *Zenocrates*, he is a Freeman of all the World except one place only, and he hath this advantage that he loves to be any where, where there is good company. 'Tis true, added he, that for *Artemidorus*, he cannot meet with any happineſs in any place, but only one, where he cannot be: And there is ſome kind of magnetick thing at *Rome*, which makes *Herminius* think himſelf not very well any where elſe: But for all that, ſince they cannot be where they would, they had better be with you, than in any other place of the World: And therefore it is you, Sir, that muſt ſhew us our way; for, as for me I am ready to face about, and for three months you may diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe. You may do the ſame, Sir (added *Herminius* and ſmiled) without any great obligation unto the incomparaple *Amilcar*; for his humour is ſuch, that he is well any where, and it may well be ſaid, that he can make his own felicity. After this, *Aronces* asked ſome news of the Prince of *Carthage*; and then all taking Horſe, they went unto that Village where *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, and thoſe worthy Grecians did lie the night before. And though the ſoul of *Aronces* could not be at reſt until he was further from *Cluſium*, yet he was very deſirous to talk with *Amilcar* and *Herminius* in private, whilſt their Horſes reſted. During which time, *Celeres* whom *Amilcar* had embraced, did entertain thoſe illuſtrious Greeks; for he ſpoke their language.

As for *Aronces*, he being the moſt obliging perſon upon earth, and knowing that every one had rather relate their own adventures, than hear others, he did very obligingly deſire to know the fortunes of two friends; but they had no mind to ſatisfie his curioſity, until he had ſatisfied them why he left *Cluſium*, and travelled in this private condition. For they underſtood by *Clelius*, that he was the Son of *Porſenna*, and they heard by the way that he was owned to be ſo. So as he acquainted them in as ſhort a manner as he could, with all paſſages ſince his departure from *Capua*, for *Amilcar* ſaved him the labour of relating what happened ſince he came from *Carthage*, by telling him that *Herminius* had related it to him. But as great a care as *Aronces* took to ſhorten his relation, the time which they deſigned for reſting their Horſes was expired before he ended: So as he could know no more of *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, but that the laſt of theſe met the firſt upon the Sea, who had thoſe two illuſtrious Greeks with him, and that the Prince of *Carthage* who had reconciled himſelf with that Republick whoſe name he bore, had ſent him into *Italy*, upon a deſign which concerned *Sicily*, and which he ſhould know when they had more leiſure. After which, all taking Horſe they took their way towards *Ardea*, and yet they would not come too near it, until they knew the ſtate of things: So as finding a little Town in their way, which was not above ten miles off it, they ſtayed there to inform themſelves: For ſince *Aronces* was not well reſolved whether he ſhould go into *Ardea*, or unto *Tarquin*, who was yet at *Rome*, though he had ſome Troops alteady about the Town, it was requiſite for him that he ſtayed there: Alſo *Herminius* could not follow him neither unto the Camp, nor into *Rome*: He was willing to go into *Ardea*, both as friend unto *Aronces* and as enemy unto *Tarquin*, but he would not venture himſelf in the hands of a Prince, with whom he would not be reconciled if he could. So as after they came to this little Town where they ſtayed, they reſolved that ſince *Celeres* could not be known in *Rome*, and ſince he had no enemies, that he ſhould go and know certainly whether that Prince had any real deſign of beſieging *Ardea*: At the ſame time *Aronces* ſent one of his Slaves who was both witty and truſty unto *Ardea*, to know whether or no *Clelia* was there ſtill; for he was afraid to reſolve upon any courſe, which in lieu of bringing him nearer that perſon, it ſhould ſet him further off.

So as *Aronces*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, reſted in expectation within that Town, where nothing was talked on but the power of *Tarquin*, his violences and injuſtice. But how is it poſſible (ſaid *Artemidorus*) that this Prince can be ſuch a one as Fame ſpeaks him, ſince it appears that he bears ſome reverence unto the Gods; for he ſent two of his Sons unto *Delphos* with offerings, and I have heard ſay, that he hath built a ſtately Temple in *Rome*, which he did dedicate unto *Jupiter*. Did you know *Tarquin*, replied *Herminius*, you would not wonder he ſhould make a ſhew of ſome reverence to the Gods; for then you would plainly ſee, that all the Religion he hath is to ſerve his policy. Not but that there are ſome men, who ſay that he is not very well reſolved in his own thoughts, and that he does not well know whether he ſhould or he ſhould not believe there are are any Gods. And for my part, I can never believe that a prince whoſe ambition hurries him to violate all manner of rights, and to commit all ſorts of crimes ſo long time together,

can

can believe there are any Gods. Men queſtionleſs may ſometimes out of weakneſs fail, (ſaid *Zenocrates* then) but when they do obſtinately continue in a long courſe of wickedneſs, I think it may well be concluded that thoſe who live ſo, do not believe there is any thing above their heads which they ought to fear. Truth is (ſaid *Herminius*) did *Artemidorus* know what the actions of *Tarquin* are; what are his Laws, and by what ways he came to the Throne; how he hath maintained it, and what are his maxims, he will with me believe that he never thinks of any Gods. Since happily I may have ſome negotiations with that Prince, ſaid *Amilcar*, I ſhould be very glad to know all his life: For my particular, ſaid *Artemidorus*, I am extremely full of curioſity to know it. And for my part, added *Zenocrates*, I ſhall be glad alſo to hear it; though I know very much of him already. As for me, ſaid *Aronces*, though I have heard him diſcourſed of a thouſand times unto *Clelius*, yet I muſt confeſs I do not know the whole *Series* of his Hiſtory, and *Herminius* would much oblige me in telling of it: for ſince I know not yet whether I ſhall be on his ſide or no, I ſhall be very glad to know him a little better than I do; eſpecially ſince we have now leiſure enough to hear his Hiſtory. For my particular (ſaid *Artemidorus*) I would if I durſt deſire a little more, for I muſt confeſs that I do as much deſire to hear the Hiſtory of *Rome*, as the Hiſtory of *Tarquin*. The Story of that Prince is ſo mixed with that of *Rome* (replied *Herminius*) as one cannot tell the one but he muſt alſo tell all that relates unto the other. Since ſo (ſaid *Aronces*) I beſeech you ſatisfie the curioſity of *Artemidorus*, and addteſs your ſpeech unto him, ſince he hath the leaſt knowledge in the things which you are to tell. *Zenocrates* approving of what *Aronces* ſaid, and *Herminius* conſenting unto what theſe three illuſtrious perſons deſired, he recollected into his memory all that was requiſite for their better underſtanding the life of a Prince, whoſe name made ſuch a noiſe through all *Italy*: And after he had ſhut the Chamber door to the end none ſhould interrupt him, he began in theſe terms, but he ſpoke in his own language; which *Artemidorus* did underſtand, though he ſpoke it not.

The Hiſtory of *Tarquin* the Proud.

I Am to relate ſuch great, ſuch excellent, and ſuch terrible things unto you; as I cannot tell whether I am able to order my method ſo, as ſhall make my Relation pleaſing; for I know not very well how I can in few words contain the Hiſtory of a great City, which hath been governed by ſix Kings, which ſeemed to have ſhared among themſelves all the virtues; and after them I know not how I ſhould ſpeak of a Prince who is branded with all manner of Vices and Crimes. I know not I ſay, how I ſhould in a ſhort time acquaint you with the moſt diſmal effects that ever Love and Ambition cauſed theſe many ages: and yet I am reſolved to touch upon all that is neceſſary to make the injuſtice of *Tarquin* to appear, or at the leaſt to paſs ſo ſlightly over the Reigns of thoſe Kings who did precede him, that I may have time enough to aggravate all the Crimes of a Prince, who can never be enough hated. I will not therefore inſiſt upon a previous diſcourſe of *Romes* Original; for is there any men at *Africa*, that knows not the prodigious adventures of the famous *Remus* and *Romulus*, who are ſaid to be ſons of *Mars* by a Veſtal? Who knows not, I ſay, unto what they were expoſed by the Commandment of the King their Uncle, called *Amulius*, who had uſurped that Kingdom which belonged unto their Mother? who knows not alſo that the Cradle wherein they were, and which was left in the midſt of a Deſart, was found out by a She Wolf, which the cries of theſe two Infants invited thither? who knows not how it is ſaid, the Wolf did let them ſuck her under a Fig-tree, which at this day is called the Romulian Fig-tree? and that others ſay; a Shepheard finding them, did carry them home to his Wife who nouriſhed them? However it be, they lived and came to be great and brave men. *Remus* was taken priſoner and delivered by his Brother, after which they both of them joyned in the killing of him who had uſurped the Kingdom which belonged unto them. After this, they made a peace with *Numitor*, Brother unto him whom they had killed, and leaving him quiet in his own Dominions, a deſire took them to build the famous City of *Rome*, which *Tarquin* at this day would deſtroy, and they built it in the ſame place where they were left in the Deſart, and where they were found: Theſe two Brothers began to build it the One and Twentieth day of *April*, in the eighteenth year of their age. Indeed, generous *Artemidorus*, ſince I ſuppoſe you know how that the deſires of Reigning did divide them, and that the death of the one did eſtabliſh the Throne of the other, I ſhall not trouble you with any more. But let me tell you that in a very ſhort time, this new City unto which *Romulus* gave his own name, was as potent as any of the moſt ancient about it. The cauſe of its being ſo ſoon populated was, becauſe *Romulus* eſtabliſhed an inviolable Sanctuary between two little Groves, which were held for ſacred, and whither whoſoever retired was in ſafety. So as by this means, he drew ſubjects unto himſelf from all the Neighbour Towns, where any men were who feared puniſhment for any crime. Moreover, it is well known, that he did worſhip all thoſe Gods, which thoſe of *Altes* adored, and that he would have *Hercules* reverenced as he is in *Greece*. Afterwards that famous plundering of the *Sabines* made him talked of through all *Italy*: He eſtabliſhed excellent orders in the Town; he did wonders in feats of War; he defied all his enemies; he killed the King *Tatius* with his own hand; he Triumphed in *Rome*: The Wars with the *Cernebans*, the *Cruſtivanians*, the *Antemians*, the *Sabines*, were all glorious unto *Romulus*, though the power was divided for a while. Afterwards the War with the *Fidenatians* began, then the *Vientaneans* followed, and in both *Romulus* got eternal glory. But after he had puniſhed the injuſtice done unto his Mother, after he had eſtabliſhed ſeveral good Laws; after he had performed many glorious Feats of War; killed Kings, triumphed ſolemnly, and given peace to his people, he ceaſed to Reign in ceaſing to live. Some thought that the hundred Senators whom he had eſtabliſhed, procured him to be murthered that they might Reign: Others ſaid, that he only vaniſhed; but the opinion of ſuch as do not uſe to follow the vogue of the blind vulgar was, that there was one whoſe name was *Proculus*, who ſeeing the people ready to fall upon the Senators; to appeaſe them came and told them; that *Romulus* did appear unto him aſcending up into Heaven; and aſſured them,

that their Town ſhould be Miſtreſs of the whole Earth. So as the immortality of *Romulus*, and this happy preſage qualifying the people, their whole thoughts were, how they ſhould render ſuch honour unto him as unto the Gods. This *Artemidorus* was the original of *Rome*: and this was their firſt King, who doubtleſs was both valiant and wiſe, and fully accompliſhed for the eſtabliſhing of an Empire. For my part, it is ſuch a terrour to me when I conſider how the ſame people who never were governed, but by valiant wiſe and vertuous Kings, can brook the government of a Tyrant, that I tremble at it, And to induce you into my opinion, before I ſatisfie your Curioſity, I would ſpeak ſomething of all thoſe who preceeded him. Know then that according to the firſt Law which *Romulus* had eſtabliſhed, which was, that the people ſhould chuſe their Kings, and that this election ſhould be confirmed or refuſed by the Senators which he had inſtituted: A man of high vertues called *Numa Pompilius*, was choſen King of *Rome* by univerſal conſent; and certainly moſt deſervedly, for he was indowed with all the virtues of the ancient Sabines from whence he was deſcended. He was prudent, pacifique and religious; and it may well be ſaid, that the Gods would by his Prudence and Piety eſtabliſh that Throne which *Romulus* had erected by his Power and courage; he ſpent the whole three and forty years which he reigned, only in regulating matters of Religion, making of Laws, extinguiſhing thoſe vices which the War had introduced; in teaching virtue, in woing men to Peace, in building Temples; in doing Juſtice unto men, and in reverencing the Gods, It was he who ſet up the Veſtals in *Rome*, the inſtitution whereof was before at *Albez*: This was he who inſtituted the Salian Prieſts and all their Ceremonies: This was he who did regulate the Months; it was he who built the famous Temple of *Janus*, which is alwayes open in time of War, and always ſhut in time of Peace, this was he, who to teſtifie his love of the Sciences and Arts, did conſecrate a Grove unto the Muſes, unto which he would often retire himſelf. It was ſaid, that it was there where a Nymph named *Egeria*, came to inſpire him in all things he did. But after a three and forty years peace had given him leaſure to inſpire his people, with the love of Wiſdom, he died; and one of the moſt valiant men upon Earth was choſen in his place: But this Prince being a greater Souldier than *Romulus*, he began the famous War of *Albe*, which had ſuch glorious ſucceſs, that he ruined one of the greateſt Cities upon Earth, or to ſay better, he joyned it unto *Rome*, and of two Peoples, made but one: The famous Combate of the three *Horatij*, againſt the three *Curatij*, was fought during his Reign; after which the Fideates and the Vecentines incited by thoſe of *Albe*, renewed the War: But *Tullus*, maugre all oppoſition, vanquiſhed his Enemies, deſtroyed the famous City of *Albe*, and augmented the glory of *Rome*, he had after another War againſt the Sabines, whom he vanquiſhed; but after he had beſtowed half his Reign in imitation of *Romulus*, he beſtowed the other half in imitation of *Numa*; for he did not only become Religious as he was, but even ſuperſtitious.

But at laſt, a Thunder-bolt having ended his life and his Reign, another man, called *Ancus Martius*, who was Son unto a Daughter of *Numa Pompilius*, was choſen King of *Rome*, ſo as emulating the glory of reſembling his Grand-father, he began to cauſe all his Ordinances to be obſerved. But fearing leſt his neighbours, ſhould draw ſome advantage from his Piety, he began to beſtir himſelf in matters Military, wherein matters of Religion had no ſhare, that his enemies might ſee, he thought of War in time of Peace. And indeed the people of *Latium* falling upon him; he vanquiſhed them, and alſo the Sabines, and afterwards he lived in Peace: It was he who built the firſt Priſon in *Rome*, and who built a Bridge over *Tiber*; it was he who incloſed the Mount *Aventine* and of *Janicula* within the Wall of the Town, and who built the City of *Oſtia*? but after a Reign of four and twenty years, he died: But after he had prohibited all his Subjects from ſetting up any new Religions of their own fancy; and commanded them to be conformable unto that which was eſtabliſhed in the State. Hitherto, Generous *Artemidorus*, all I have ſaid hath no relation to the ſtory of *Tarquin* the Proud: nor would I have related it, but becauſe it was your deſire. But now I am to treat of the fifth King of *Rome*, I muſt tell you that if he had not been King, *Tarquin* who Reigns at this day, had never been her Tyrant. And therefore it is requiſite I ſpeak a little larger upon the firſt of the *Tarquins*; who as he was a Greek originally, and Ambition made him do many brave things, ſo it is the ſame paſſion which cauſed ſo many Crimes in his Succeſſor, and for divers reaſons I muſt enlarge my ſelf upon this Subject: Know then, that a man called *Demarathus* of the City of *Corinth*, being forced to leave his Countrey, becauſe it was divided, and the ſide which he took proved the weaker, he came to dwell in a Town called *Tarquinia*, where he married and where he had a Son called *Lucumo*, and another who died.

Mean time, *Lucumo* being heir unto his Father who was very rich, he married a Woman of great quality and high ſpirit, who was called *Tanaquil*. And not enduring that her Husband ſhould dwell in a Town, where Ambition was an unprofitable paſſion, ſhe perſwaded him to go and dwell at *Rome*, where vertue was recompenced, and where the happy might happily become Kings, as experience had ſhewed. And in order to this, they ſetled their affairs and came to *Rome*. But in coming *Lucumo* a happy *Omen* which is known over all the World; alſo ſuppoſing you have heard what happened unto him as he was in the Coach with *Tanaquil*, I will only tell you how an Eagle hovering in the Air came gently to him, and took off his Head a Cap which he wore, according to the *Tuſcan* mode, and after the Eagle had ſoared with it as high as the Clouds, ſhe came down and put it upon his head again: And I muſt tell you that *Tanaquil* being a *Tuſcan*, and having ſome skill in Augury, ſhe was ſo extremely joyed at this happy Preſage, and ſo aſſured her ſelf it would be ſeconded with happy effects, that ſhe imbraced her Husband and told him, that there was no grandure ſo high but he might hope for it. So as *Lucumo* ſuffering his Ambition to be flattered by ſuch ſweet hopes, he entred *Rome*; where he no ſooner was but he went to the King, and offered him his perſon, and all he had for the ſervice of the State; and the truth is, he diſburſed much towards the Wars upon divers occaſions. And to be ſuitable every way unto the Cuſtom of *Rome*, he quitted the name of *Lucumo*, becauſe it was the Roman Cuſtom to have two names, whereof one is particular and the other is the name of the family.

So

So he took the name of *Lucius* for the first name, and of the Town *Tarquinia* where he was born, he made the name of *Tarquinius*; so as he called himself *Lucius Tarquinius*; and left off the name of *Lucumo*. Moreover he was affable, civil, and popular; he Courted occasions to do men courtesies, to the end he might oblige them; and he got such credit during the reign of *Ancus*, that this Prince determined upon nothing without him; also he was very powerful in the Senate, and extremely beloved of the people. The King left him Guardian of his Children by his Testament, so as making use of this favourable conjuncture to satisfie his Ambition, he did openly labour for the Crown before *Ancus* was dead: Declaring that though he was a stranger, yet that ought not to be any obstacle, since *Tatius* and *Numa* were such and yet Reigned. But to the end his design might take effect, the day that the people were to elect a King, he sent the young Princes unto whom he was Guardian to a hunting, lest their presence should put the People in memory of the great qualities of their Father, and invite them to elect one of them two. And the common opinion was, that but for this trick *Lucumo* had not been King as he was: The truth is he was a very glorious King, for he acted nothing but great things ever since he was chosen: His very pleasures were magnificent, for it was he who instituted the Circensian Games, so famous throughout all *Italy*, and who built that which we call the Circle, which is between the Mount *Palatine* and the Mount *Aventine*. He was wont to say, that in all things there ought to be a difference between Kings and Subjects, even in their very Pleasures; and that it was absolutely necessary, there should be a character of Royalty upon every action of a King, be it in great or little matters, As for Martial matters, he is eternized, for his Acts against the Latines were all glory; he triumphed over the *Sabines*, and brought the City of *Collatia* unto subjection, as he had before the City of *Appiola*; afterwards undertaking a second War against the people of *Latium*, he became Master of all their strong places one after another; for he took *Cornicula*, *Ficulnia*, *Cumeria*, *Crustumerla*, *Ameriala*, *Medulla* and *Nomenta*.

After all this he employed himself in building publick places of eternal memory; and he built one purposely to keep the people from being idle: After many great and good works which he did, either for the conveniency or Ornament of the Town; he laid the foundation of the Temple of *Jupiter*, which is within the Capitol, only to fulfil a vow which he made during the War against the *Sabines*. But before I speak of his death, I must tell you several passages purposely to make you the more hate *Tarquin* the Proud when I shall come to relate his life, and acquaint you with his Crimes. Know therefore, that at the taking of *Cornicula*, there was among the Captives, a woman, (whose Husband died at this Siege) who was said to be very handsome and of good quality, and who was preferred unto the Service of *Tanaquil*; also she being big with Child, she was brought to bed in the Palace; for both being fair and witty and vertuous, *Tanaquil* did love her, and took a care of her: So as being delivered of a Son, he was brought up in the Palace; where they said this Child whose name was *Servius Tullus*, had his head all environed with a flame always when he slept, This Prodigie making a great noise, the King went to see it and *Tanaquil* also; who would not suffer any Water to be cast to quench the flame, but assured her Husband out of her knowledge in presages, that this Child should one day be the light of the State, and the greatest support of the Royal Family. The King remembring what *Tanaquil* said concerning the Eagle, and that all came truly to pass; he gave credit unto her this second time, as at the first; he took so great a care for the good education of the young *Servius Tullus*, that he grew to be so excellent in every thing, as the King gave him his Daughter in marriage. But after this, the Son of the Predecessor unto *Lucius Tarquinius*, who pretended that he had hindred him from Reigning, being much incensed to foresee that *Servius* was like to Reign in his prejudice, he resolved upon a revenge for him, from whom they thought the injury proceeded: And indeed, they caused him to be murthered by pretended people, who upon a pretence of going to ask Justice of the King, did kill him in his own Palace; but since all the assassinates fled after the fact, *Tanaquil* not using any fruitless Complaints caused the Gates of the Palace to be shut, to the end this News should not be divulged, she encouraged *Servius Tullus* to mount the Throne; she spoke unto the people out of the Windows, and told them that the King was not dead; but that he recovered, and that ere long they should see him; and that in the mean while *Servius Tullus* should do them Justice: And *Servius Tullus* being gone out of the Palace in the Robe Royal, which we call *Trabea*, he did render Justice unto each one in particular, seeming as if he referred all to the King, as if he were not dead: indeed both *Tanaquil* and *Servius Tullus* did carry all matters so cunningly, as the death of the King was concealed many days. During which time, the Children of *Ancus Martius*, who had caused the Successor of their Father to be murthered, retired unto *Pometia*; for those whom they employed in the crime being taken, and perceiving the power of *Servius Tullus* established, they knew not what course to take: And the truth is, *Tullus* having all the Patricians for him, was declared King, without any insisting upon the Suffrages of the people. 'Tis true, he was in very great esteem, and so generally beloved that this Ceremony was useless. Thus *Tullus* mounted the Throne; and with so much glory as none of his Predecessors did ever exceed him. For it was generally agreed by all sides, that he was the owner of all the virtues, and not of one vice. He had also the good fortune to have the advantage in Martial affairs, for he won a famous Battel against the *Vejentines*. And at his return to *Rome* he did an act which merited immortal Praise: For hearing how those who envied the grandure of his fortune, did say, that he was only chosen by the Patricians, and that the People had not contributed their suffrages, he resolved though those who said so were not in any capacity to hurt him, yet to surrender his Authority; and publickly declared that he would not stand upon the legs of Patrician election, but that if the people would not have him Reign he was ready to quit the Crown. But believe it, in thus descending a step lower, he ascended a step higher upon the Throne; and by submitting to quit a Crown, he fastned it upon his head.

For the people being always much taken with surprising actions; the people of *Rome* were so charm'd to see a King submit unto their suffrages, that he was pro-

proclaimed King the second time, with more acclamations and applauds than ever any of his Predecessors. However, as soon as he was settled in the Throne he shewed his Authority; for it may be said that he shook all the foundations of his State, by the several Laws which he made, be it either by regulating all qualities, or distribution of Goods, or contribution of all particulars towards publick affairs, or Military Discipline, or by the general Rule of the whole Kingdom. He enclosed the Mount Viminal, and the Mount Quirinal within the City, he built a Temple unto the honour of *Diana*, and many other publick edifices.

All this while, he found great happiness in the society of *Tanaquil*; and much more in the rare virtues of the Queen his Wife: But his sorrow was that he had only two Daughters; and to hear that *Tarquin* the Proud who Reigns at this day, and a Brother which he then had should murmure in secret, that they being Children of the late King, should be so far from the Throne. So as *Servius* being all goodness, generosity, and prudence, he began to look upon him with a very favourable eye, and to speak, as if he intended to bestow his two Daughters upon those two Brothers. But before I tell you any more, I must describe unto you these four persons, of whom this History is composed, to the end you may the more clearly see the crimes of *Tarquin*. Know then, that the two Daughters of *Servius Tullus*, were then both of them very fair, though they were different one from another in every thing, yet the name of them both was *Tullia*; but for distinction in our Court, the Elder was called the Princess without her name, and the younger the Princess *Tullia*. But to tell you truly, the Elder was the Elder in all things; for she was fair, full of wit, sweetness, modesty, civility, vigue, and infinitely charming. Her beauty was brown, but lovely, especially by reason of a certain kind of sweet langnor which she had without any affectation, which inspires tenderness, and moveth love, far sooner then a sparkling and sprightly Air. Her stature was of the middle size, her eyes sweet, all the composure of her Face was lovely, and there was an unconceivable charm in every part of her person. Her humour was equal, and her Soul tender; she affected glory, and she would not buy any grandeur, at the rate of any baseness; for she did not think it impossible, but one might be happy, and not be a Queen. The Princess *Tullia* was nothing like her, for she was big, fair, and that very fair, but her beauty had that fierceness in it, as resembled an Amazonian Air, and it may be said, she was fair, but not lovely; her looks were bold, her actions disordered, her voice shril, her spirit imperious, her soul ambitious, and she was so naturally inclin'd, never to submit unto any, that from her very infancy, she always made her Elder Sister stand in awe of her, whose disposition was rather to obey, then obstinately to resist. Moreover the Princess *Tullia* was ever full of dissimulation, malice, and disguisement, and above all she was ambitious; so as though the Princess her Sister was one of the most sweet and charming Persons in the whole World, as I have heard a Cousin of mine say, who had the honour of her acquaintance, yet she did most horribly hate her, without any other reason in the World, but only because she was Elder, and because she imagined that *Servius Tullus* loving her the better, her fortune would be better. And on the other side, *Tarquin* and the Prince his Brother, they also were very unresemblant, and as much unlike, as these two Princesses were unto each other. But it was after another manner, for the younger of these was fair, handsome, of a sweet, moderate, and agreeable spirit, and all his inclinations were noble, and though he did affect glory, yet ambition was not the predominate passion of his heart, but was more inclinable unto Love then that turbulent passion. But as for *Tarquin* he did not resemble him in any thing; for he was big though far from a handsome stature; his Physiognomy was gloomy and fierce, his looks were melancholy and disdainful, his mind base and poor, but he had the boldest heart in the World, the greatest spirit upon Earth, and the most prodigiously ambitious, that ever was any. Moreover, his fancy was quick and ready, which made some turbulency appear in all his actions, so as one would say he was always upon some grand design. As for matter of pleasure he never seemed sensible of any, and doubtless his supreme felicity consisted only in this, that he could see nothing above him, so as it may very well be said, that he loved grandeur only for it self, and not at all for those diversions which follow it. He would always make use of any thing which might conduce to the satisfaction of ambition; when he thought it convenient to express some signs of his Piety, to blind the people, he would then send offerings unto *Delphos*, he would build Temples, and his prophane intentions would imploy all sacred things, when he thought them conducing to the execution of his designs. But on the contrary when he thought there was no need of any pretences, cloaks, and colours to dazle and blind the people, then he would make no scruple at ruining of Orphans, and both by Steel and Poison murther Innocents; and indeed, he never thought that to be a paricide, and ungrateful, were crimes. This *Artemidorus*, is the true Character of *Tarquin*, as he was, and as he is: The Elder of the two Princesses was fair and virtuous; the younger fierce and ambitious: and in contrary to this order, the Elder of the two Princes who were designed for them, was ill-favoured, proud, and wicked; and the younger was pleasing, handsome, and virtuous. So as according to the order of Nature, he who had no virtue, was to marry her who was virtuous; and he who had all noble inclinations, was to marry her who had all the ill; but to take the matter a little further off, be pleased to know, that before the King had explained himself concerning this marriage, *Tarquin* and the Prince his Brother, had ever a great familiarity with these two young Princesses. For the Queen, who was the Daughter of *Tanaquil* had so dearly loved the first of the *Tarquin*'s who was her Father, that she took a particular care, these two young *Tullia*'s should live very respectively with these two young Princes who were of the same house, But there being a great suitableness between *Tarquin* and the Princess *Tullia*; and the like also between the Princess and the Brother of *Tarquin* (who was called the Prince of *Ameriola*, because he had preserved that Town by discovering a Conspiracy) so it was, that the Virtuous loved the Virtuous, and ambition had a natural inclination to ambition. Yet notwithstanding, since he was the Elder, and she was not; and since he observed that the King loved the Princess, better than the Princess *Tullia*, he concealed his inclination. But on the contrary, the Princess

Princeſs *Tullia* conceiving it would be more advantagious to her to marry *Tarquin*, then the Prince of *Ameriola*, becauſe he was the Elder, and more ambitious then his Brother, ſhe uſed all her endeavours to get him for her Husband. In the mean time, there being a ſympathetical conformity of humours, between the Prince of *Ameriola* and the Princeſs, they knew that they loved one another without telling of it; and there was ſuch a violent inclination to each other, that they were not able to hide it. And indeed, there was always ſuch a conformity of mind between them, as they were never ſeen to differ in any opinion. On the contrary *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were always ſo oppoſite unto them, that no two contraries could be more; for never any conference hapned, though of matters never ſo indifferent, but the Princeſs *Tullia* would be ſure to contradict her Siſter and the Prince of *Ameriola*; alſo *Tarquin* and the Prince his Brother, were never of one opinion.

I remember one day above the reſt, when theſe two Princes and Princeſſes were all together, that the converſation of that day were upon ſuch ſubjects, as made the various opinions of theſe two Princeſſes and theſe two Princes moſt manifeſtly appear. You muſt know, that the King who bore a particular veneration unto the Veſtals finding that thoſe four who were already inſtituted, had much ado to keep in the ſacred fire, would have two more added unto the number. And this Ceremony not being often to be ſeen, the two Princeſſes had a mind to ſee it, and did ſo the day before this converſation which I am to relate unto you. Indeed this Ceremony was worth the ſight, and therefore worthy of my relation unto you. At the firſt, the High Prieſt makes choice of twenty Virgins of quality, all under ten years of Age, and all without any defect either in body or mind: Then caſting their names into a Lottery, the firſt who is drawn is the new Veſtal: Then the Parents committing her into the hands of the High Prieſt, they cut her Hair off with a great deal of Ceremony, and after do go and receive her at a certain Tree deſtined unto this uſe, which we call *Lotos*. And afterwards they put upon her the habit of a Veſtal, which is, a great, long, and high Caul, from which hangs negligently, variety of Ribonds and Taſſels: then they put her ſuch a Veil as the Veſtals uſe to wear when they ſacrifice, which is buckled under their Chins with Lockets of Diamonds: As for their Robes, they are white, plated, and very ornamental; and over all they wear a purple Mantle which renders their dreſs very handſome and noble. And this habit being given them with a great deal of Ceremony and obſervance: there are always much company to ſee them. And when the Veſtal is once within the Temple of *Veſta*, no more of any paſſages is to be ſeen; for they only are priviledged to enter except the High Prieſt. So there being two Veſtals choſen at once, it was the whole diſcourſe; and the two Princeſſes according to their ſeveral inclinations diſcourſed upon this Ceremony. For my part (ſaid the Princeſs *Tullia*) I conceive, that ſince they will have Veſtals, they did very wiſely to make choice of them under ten years of Age, and before reaſon had imprinted it ſelf in them; for maugre all the fine priviledges they enjoy, and all the honours which are done unto them, I had rather be any thing then a Veſtal. For my particular (ſaid the Princeſs then) I am not of your opinion; for I do find ſomething ſo noble and glorious in the Function of the Veſtals, that I never ſee them, but I do envy them. For it is only in them, that our Sex is held in any Rank and Conſideration, ſince in all other conditions, they do not hold their own rank, but only that of their Parents: If a Woman be not married, then ſhe is more or leſs valued according to the rank of her Father, and if ſhe have a Husband, it is according to his quality that ſhe is more or leſs honoured. But as for the Veſtals their conſideration is from themſelves; and they are honoured by all that is greateſt in *Rome*, ſince they are honoured by the King. What the Princeſs ſaith (replied the Prince of *Ameriola*) is ſo judiciouſly ſpoken, as I conceive, none can contradict her. Though there was no other reaſon (replied *Tarquin*) to make me think the Veſtals but a ſort of miſerable things, then that they muſt dream out thirty years, and ſtill be nothing elſe but a Veſtal, and never aſpire higher, this I ſay, keeps me from envying their condition; for I care not for a dry and unprofitable paſſion, which can never be ſerviceable to me. For my part (ſaid the Princeſs *Tullia*) I am clearly of *Tarquin*'s mind, and ſay again, that ſince they will have Veſtals, they do very well to take them before reaſon comes into them; for I am ſo far from eſtabliſhing new Laws and Slaveries, as I do freely allow the ſame Liberty unto all which nature and cuſtom have allowed Women: And if I ſhould freely ſay, what I think, perhaps I ſhould tell you, that were it in my choice either to be a valiant Souldier, or a Veſtal, or even what I am, I ſhould make choice of being rather valiant, than either a Veſtal or a Princeſs as I am, ſo little am I ſatisfied with my own Sex. How Madam, (replied the Prince of *Ameriola*) can you renounce your beauty and the Empire which it gives unto your Sex over the hearts of Men, to be a ſilly Souldier, rather then a great Princeſs? Yes (replied ſhe ſharply) and I am ſometimes ſo aſhamed at my being born a Slave, that were my Fetters ſuch as could be broken, it ſhould not be long before I would break them. Oh Siſter (replied the Princeſs) doubtleſs you know not what you ſay; for methinks our Sex hath a thouſand advantages above that of Men; for firſt it injoys an eternal peace, ſince we are not obliged to go unto the Wars, and the ſame honour which invites Men unto it, forbids us. Beauty, as the Prince of *Ameriola* well obſerved, is our ſupreme Prerogative; we have the deſtinies of Men in our hands: Alſo we are diſpenced with, for taking the pains in obtaining the Arts and Sciences; ignorance in us is no fault, there is no neceſſity of being valiant, a little wit, and much modeſty will ſerve to make a complete Woman; but on the contrary to make a complete Man, there muſt be a thouſand great qualifications both natural and acquired. It is confeſſed (replied *Tarquin*) that there is much wit in your language; but for all that I am of the Princeſs *Tullia's* mind, and had rather be a private Souldier then any Woman. For to tell you truly, a Souldier may become a King, but a Woman can never become free. I pray tell me (ſaid the Princeſs *Tullia*) in what condition can we find liberty? When we are firſt born, we are not only Slaves to our Parents, who diſpoſe of us as they pleaſe, and make Veſtals of us when fancy takes them; but we are ſlaves alſo unto cuſtom and decency; for as ſoon as reaſon begins to make us diſcern things, they tell us that we muſt ſubmit our

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ſelves unto the cuſtom and faſhion. Alſo we are more miſerable at *Rome* than any where elſe, where the Ladies have a fancy, that becauſe the *Romans* are more valiant than other people, therefore their women muſt be more ſevere, more reſerved, more ignorant, and more ſolitary; it is true as my Siſter ſaid, that a few good qualities will ſerve one of our Sex to get much reputation, but it is as true alſo that this is an infinite ſhame unto us; for it is as much as to ſay, that we are not capable of more: Oh Madam, replied the Prince of *Ameriola*, I muſt needs be the defender of your Sex againſt you; for I am fully perſwaded that Ladies are capable of all the virtues, and that they have more wit than we. For if we do carefully obſerve both men and women in places where their education is alike, as in the Country, we ſhall find much more wit in the women than in the men, and conclude, that Nature hath given more unto you than us.

I do grant all this to be true (replied *Tullia*) and to ſpeak in general we have better fancies, and fuller of imagination than men; but it muſt be confeſſed withal that we do want courage and hearts; we are contented to be the chief Slave of the houſe, and oftentimes worſe uſed. Nay we have not ſo much liberty as to make choice of our Maſters, for we are oftentimes forced to marry againſt our inclinations and it is commonly ſeen that all the great wit which the Gods have given us, is employed only in trivial talk, and thoſe who are moſt eſteemed amongſt us, do make leaſt uſe of their wit but conceal it as careful as they can, and endeavour to be owner of only one virtue which in my opinion is very difficult to be practiſed. Mean time, becaule the world hath a fancy that women are weak, and that they are put to a great deal of pains to keep themſelves from loving thoſe who love them, they are forced to live with ſo much conſtraint and warineſs; as in my opinion this vertue which is thought ſo requiſite amongſt them, is no great glory to them: Truth is, they muſt ſet a guard upon their own eyes, they muſt ſhun the company of thoſe men they like, and they muſt not go any whither alone. Lying abroad is forbidden us, ſolitude it ſelf is ſometimes ill interpreted, and we are ſo unfortunate that when it is not known what we do they think we are doing ill; and we muſt always have ſome body to anſwer for our actions, or elſe they will be ill interpreted. So that as the world goes, we are born with paſſions which inchain us; for we are not allowed either to love or hate any thing: Ambition is unto us of no uſe, obedience only is our ſhare; judge therefore whether I have not reaſon to chuſe rather the being a valiant Soldier than what I am; and I aſſure you there is not a day paſſeth, in which I do not envy the Sex of which I am none. When I ſee a man walking alone, I envy his liberty; when others travel my envy goes along with them alſo; nay ſome that are angry and can revenge themſelves have my envy; for men may revenge, but women be they never ſo much wronged muſt not complain; or if they do, it muſt forſooth be ſo tamely, that their complexion muſt not alter, nor their eyes loſe their languor, as if nature had made us inſenſible, and all by vertue of the Laws of Decency, which I aſſure you I cannot chuſe but murmur againſt, and thoſe that made them. For my particular (replied the Princeſs) I do think my ſelf very happy in the calm mediocrity of my ſpirit; and I find that my Sex hath a thouſand advantages over the other, ſince of the virtues the leaſt difficult are required from us; and I do find it much more glorious to Reign without force than by violence, and that it is the eaſieſt thing in the world to ſubmit ones ſpirit in matter of Decency. It is unqueſtionable, that Ambition is not a paſſion fit for Ladies; but it is a paſſion ſo full of tumultuous turbulencies, that I think it a great advantage to be without it. As every one loves to be arguing according to their own humours (replied *Tullia* ſharply) ſo I do not think it ſtrange we ſhould not be of one opinion. For as you Siſter, do find diverſion in walking under ſhades, in gathering of flowers, in making Noſegays, in hearing the birds ſing, and liſtning to the murmur of Rivers, ſo I am often tired with that which diverts you.

The Princeſs being accuſtomed to indure a hundred ſuch contradictions from her ambitious ſiſter, ſhe turned her diſcourſe another way, leſt *Tullia* ſhould have uttered more then ſhe deſired to hear; for ſhe was accquainted with the impetuoſity of her humour. So as inſenſibly falling upon other diſcourſe, they began to talk of Paſſions, and to examine whether Love was a more Noble Paſſion than ambition; and in caſe both chanced to be in one heart, one of them muſt yield unto the other.

So as ſince this queſtion had ſome congruity with the Fortunes of theſe four perſons, becauſe *Targuin* was in love with *Tullia*, yet his Ambition required that he ſhould marry the Princeſs her Siſter, rather then her; and on the other ſide the Princeſs loved the Prince of *Ameriola*, yet ambition and conveniency required ſhe ſhould marry *Targuin*; each of them having a ſecret intereſt in the buſineſs, they ſpoke according to the preſent ſtate of things, rather than according to their own thoughts; for had they ſpoke their thoughts, the Princeſs would have ſaid that ambition ought to be made a ſacrifice unto love: The Prince of *Ameriola* would have ſaid the ſame: And the Princeſs *Tullia* doubtleſs would have ſaid that Love ought to ſubmit unto Ambition.

But ſince ſhe would that *Targuin* ſhould marry her, though ſhe was the younger, ſhe found her ſelf a little gravelled at this rencounter. Alſo ſhe ſpoke leſs than the reſt, but as for him he did not diſſemble his thoughts, but maintained againſt his Brother, that Love ought to yield unto Ambition. For, ſaid he, love is to be looked on only as a fading paſſion, which ſeldom laſts out a life; but Ambition is a Paſſion which continues unto the laſt gaſp of breath, and it is glorious to die ſo; and it hath this particular quality, that it is a remedy againſt Love; for it is ſo buſied, and hatcheth ſo many ſeveral deſigns, as the other Paſſion which is both hatcht and nouriſhed by idleneſs, can hardly ever ſubſiſt with it. But though perhaps Ambition doth not quite extinguiſh Love, yet it ought always to ſacrifice it ſelf unto Ambition, ſince one is not always certain to love his Miſtreſs, but ſure always to love Grandeur. For the favours of Love are limited, beyond which there is no pretending, and as ſoon as one is come unto the higheſt point it can arrive at, Love leſſens: but it is not ſo with Ambition, for fortune is a Miſtreſs whoſe favours are inexhauſtible, who as ſhe ſatisfies her Lovers augments their deſires; and who hath no ſooner given them one thing, but ſhe ſhews them a thouſand more which ſtill are in her gift: So as continually ſhewing them guilded baits to catch new deſires, Ambition hath always the force of a new paſſion. 'Tis true (replied the Prince of *Ameriola*) that Fortune hath

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more to give than Love. But let me tell you, her favours are not so sweet, and the torments which she causes are not accompanied with a thousand secret Consolations which unhappy Lovers have in the midst of their sufferings. Oh Brother! (replied *Tarquin* hastily) these Chymerical Consolations which you talk of, are not considerable in comparison of that pleasure which one finds in trampling ones enemies under his foot, and raising himself over the heads of others; and did you know what sweetness there is in plotting an Ambitious design to see it thrive happily, you would not speak as you do. I who have a heart sensible of this Passion, I must confess I do wonder how any can be without it, and how one can disclaim it for matter of Love; for I will affirm that few miserable people ever make any Lovers and to speak rationally, Love ought to be the consequence of Ambition. And truly if Love be without its pleasures; if the sports, the mirth, and all its graces do not accompany it, it is a very pitiful thing. And I think it to be extreme folly in those who cannot satisfie both their Love and their Ambition, not to prefer the last before the first, what joy can be expected from a poor Lover who wants an estate? how is it possible his Mistress should discern the sighs for the poorness of his Fortune, from those sighs which are caused by his Love? how miserably does he divide himself between his cares to please her and his cares to maintain himself? he cannot be liberal but he beggars himself; he cannot be merry unless forcedly; he dares not ofttimes thwart his Rival, lest he should prejudice his Fortune; and he entertains in his fancy so many things which are not within his reach of Gallantry, that of necessity he must needs be a troublesome Gallant. So as I must conclude, that it appertains only unto Ambitious, happy Ambitious men, to have any thing to do with Love: And those who quit the interests of their fortune, to content their passion, deserve to be forsaken by their Mistresses, for whom they have forsaken all things: And were I a Lady, and should see at my feet one of those faithful Lovers, who would sacrifice all the interests of their Ambition unto their Love, I would advise him to go and get the favour of Fortune, before he pretended to get mine: and would tell him that a greater injury cannot be offered unto a Lady, than to desire she should love him before he be happy. At the least I know (said he, and looked upon *Tullia*) that were I in love with a person of a high and heroick heart, and could not enjoy her unless I ruin'd my fortune; I will tell her ingenuously, that both for the love of her and the love of my self, I would think no more upon her: for I am sure if she be such a one, she will esteem me the more, and in her heart prefer me before such Lovers as will tell her, that they had rather live in a Cottage with one they love, than upon a Throne without her. But for my part I am none of those, and openly declare that I could never be happy, if I could reproach my self with an act of that nature. For my particular, said the Prince of *Ameriola*, I must confess I have no thoughts so Ambitious, since I think it not impossible but one may be happy in the poorest Cottage with a person I could Love; and since I could not be so upon a Throne unless she were upon it with me. Whilst these two Princes were talking so, the two Princesses who heard them had thoughts very different: For the Princess thought, the Prince *Ameriola* was in the right; and she gave such an interpretation upon his words as he desired she should.

But as for the Princess *Tullia*, though her ambitious humour did concur with the opinion of *Tarquin*, yet she was angry with him, because what he said was not consonant with her designs. Her Wit did not furnish her with many arguments against what he had said, but since she would contradict him in something, she agreed with him that one ought to sacrifice all unto ambition; but she said after that the great difficulty was to know, what one should do to content it. For there are sometimes some Loves which may serve Ambition as well as prejudice it, if all advantages be well considered. *Tarquin* hearing what *Tullia* said, he made a right application of it; but he seemed as if he did not understand her, because he was not then perswaded that it was advantageous for him to prefer her before the Princess; and that on the contrary he believed, that if he married the eldest Sister, he should the sooner be King: Not that the Crown which *Servius Tullus* wore was a right of Succession, and that Eldership was any nearer Title to Reign.

But *Tarquin* was perswaded, that the tenderness which this Prince did bear unto his eldest Daughter, would move him to get the Senates Consent for him unto whom he should marry her; and that this would be a shorter, and more sure way to get upon the Throne. Also the People loving the Elder much better than the other, he preferred her out of Ambition, before her whom his own inclination did prefer as most amiable.

And therefore without any direct answer unto what *Tullia* said, he said that there needed no examination of any particular adventures; for he maintained onely in general that it was requisite to sacrifice Love unto Ambition. And I maintain the contrary (said the Prince of *Ameriola*) that one ought to sacrifice Ambition unto Love. For my part (said the Princess and turned aside, lest she should meet the eys of the Prince of *Ameriola*) since I have nothing to do either with Love or Ambition, I know not what to say unto this dispute: All I can say is, that if any loved me, I would not be sacrificed unto any other interest. You are so fit to satisfie both Ambitiou and Love (replied *Tarquin*) that you are not in any danger of such an adventure. *Tullia* hearing what this Ambitious Lover said, she was in such a chafe, that she rise up and broke off the discourse: And imagining which way she might be revenged upon *Tarquin*, and satisfie her own Ambition, she conceived her self mistaken when she thought that it would be more advantageous to her to marry him, then to marry the Prince *Ameriola*. For (said she, in that angry mood) *Tarquin* is indeed more ambitious then the Prince his Brother. He is more busie and daring, and able to surmount all considerations that may bring him to his proposed end; but he would be his own chuser of the way by which he would come to the Throne: and if he rest upon his own choice, perhaps he may be mistaken and lose his way; for in all probability he will not know how to manage those opportunities which Fortune shall present unto him: Whereas, on the contrary, the Prince of *Ameriola* is of a more sweet temper, and more agreeable to the People then *Tarquin* is, and I may become Mistress of his spirit, either by the way of Love or Fear: And when I be in that state, I shall make him do as I please, and shall be then much more happy then If I were tied to the Fortune of this ambitious Lover. For the Prince of

Ameriola is queſtionleſs moſt accompliſhed to Mount a Throne.

Tullia arguing thus with her ſelf began to flatter the Prince of *Ameriola*, and to diſguiſe ſome part of her thoughts. Yet he ſtood conſtantly faithful unto that Princeſs who alſo entirely reſerved her heart for him: But the fidelity which they had unto each other, conduced to render them the more miſerable; for they underſtood preſently after, that *Servius Tullus* was fully reſolved that *Tarquin* ſhould marry the Princeſs, and that the Prince his Brother ſhould marry *Tullia*. Not but that this wiſe King knew well enough, that there was no great correſpondency of humour between the Princeſs and *Tarquin*, nor between *Tullia* and the Prince of *Ameriola*, but in lieu of joyning Virtuous with the Virtuous, and the Ambitious with the Ambitious, he thought on the contrary, that ſince he made theſe two marriages only out of policy, and to keep theſe two Princes from raiſing any ſtirs in the State, he ought to ſeparate intereſts, the Ambitious from the Ambitious. And he reſolved upon it the ſooner, when he knew the diſcourſe which I have related unto you. for by it he came to know what the humour of *Tarquin* was. If *Tarquin* and *Tullia* be joyned together (ſaid he one day unto a Senator) there is no violence which they will not attempt; and unleſs I ſhould ſet them upon the Throne upon their marriage day, it were folly to make the match; for both of them are ambitious ſpirits, both violent, bold, and ſcruple at nothing; but in ſeparating them, perhaps I ſhall correct their tempers; and in giving unto the ambitious *Tarquin* a perſon who hath no ambition, who is fair, ſweet, and virtuous; one who loves and fears the Gods, it is probable ſhe will ſweeten the harſhneſs of his temper, and will keep him from all attempts againſt juſtice: Alſo it is likely that in giving unto the Ambitious *Tullia*, a Prince who is handſome, generous, and incapable of any injuſtice, he will win upon her heart, and alter her mind. Alſo he having a legitimate authority over her, ſhe cannot attempt what ſhe would, as ſhe might if ſhe had a husband of her own temper. *Servius Tullus* being thus reſolved, the Prince of *Ameriola* ſeeing all hopes of changing his reſolution taken away, he was in extreme deſpair.

On the other ſide, the Princeſs having employed the Queen her mother, to endeavour the alteration the Kings reſolution, ſhe found by her that the King of was unalterable, ſo as ſhe was extremely ſad. But the moſt particular of all this Paſſage was that though the Prince of *Ameriola* did moſt paſſionately love the Princeſs; and though the Princeſs had exceeding tender thoughts of the Prince of *Ameriola*; and though they knew each others thoughts, yet they did never tell one another that they loved. For the Princeſs was ſo full of modeſty, her Lover was ſo full of reſpect, they both of them ſaw ſo little hope of happineſs, *Tarquin* kept ſuch a vigilant eye upon his Brother, the two Princeſſes were ſo ſeldom a ſunder, that the Prince of *Ameriola* never met with any favourable occaſion to expreſs his thoughts unto his Princeſs. He had told her a thouſand times that ſhe was the perſon whom he moſt eſteemed; he had told her that ſhe was the moſt lovely Princeſs upon earth; but he never told her in plain terms that he loved her, However when both ſides had received ſuch intelligence as put them out of all hopes, then melancholy did ſo much damp their ſpirits, as they were ſcarcely knowable: Yet they ſet the beſt faces upon the matter that they could, and did the ſame things they were uſed to do. Not long after the Princeſs uſing to walk almoſt every evening, in a Garden which was in the Palace of *Servius Tullus*, by the Mount *Palatine* which he built, becauſe he thought his Lodging at that houſe near the Mount *Eſquiline* was not convenient, ſo it hapned that they going thither to walk according to their cuſtom, the two Princes whom they were to marry were there alſo; and as chance would have it, *Tarquin* which ingaged to talk with *Tullia*; for he knowing her to be extremely ambitious, though he had no mind to marry her, and though he was reſolved to ſacrifice his love to her unto his ambition, yet he deſired to appeaſe her a little.

Tullia as fierce as ſhe was, had a deſire to ſee whether ſhe could work any change in his mind by a private conference: So as having engaged *Tarquin* to talk with her, he durſt not deny her; and by this means, the Princeſs and the Prince of *Ameriola*, whoſe ſorrows were extreme, had the liberty of talk together. But being both of them equally melancholy, they were no ſooner ſeparated ſome few paces from thoſe who were the troublers of their felicity, but looking upon each other, they ſaw ſo much ſadneſs in each others eyes, as the Love which they had unto each other was thereby much augmented, for they did eaſily divine the cauſe. So the Prince of *Ameriola* being grown more bold by the melancholy which he ſaw in the fair eyes of his Princeſs: Oh Heavens! Madam, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you tell me truly, whether or no you think I may not wiſh, that thoſe two perſons which I ſee together, may never part; and whether you will give me leave to tell you, that if I have not my wiſh effected, the grief which I ſee in your eyes will be my death? and that a death moſt deſperate, unleſs to make me expire the more calmly, you will permit me to believe that I have ſome ſhare in thoſe ſorrows which I ſee in you. For truly Madam, you know that I love you; I think you cannot love my Brother, and I am ſo preſumptuous alſo as to think, that you have leſs averſion unto me than unto him. Your language doth ſo much diſtract me (replied the Prince and bluſht) as I know not how to anſwer you; unleſs this, that at at this time I dare not tell you what I think.

Oh Madam (ſaid the Prince of *Ameriola*) I am infinitely obliged unto you for this anſwer. And I beſeech you, give the moſt miſerable Lover alive, leave to imagine what thoſe thoughts are which now you dare not tell him; and believe that the pureneſs of my paſſion doth merit ſo much indulgence from you. I know very well that as the ſtate of things ſtands, it is hard to find a remedy, againſt that evil which afflicts me. But however, one may dye more quietly one way than another, and therefore Madam, I muſt conjure you not to deny me this. Since I am very ingenuous (replied the Princeſs) I will tell you that I have a very high opinion of your virtue, and I think you are well perſwaded of mine: I muſt confeſs that there is a natural antipathy betwixt your Brother and me, which makes me wiſh that the King had not commanded me to marry him; and I will confeſs further, that there is ſuch a ſympathy of humour between you and me, as I wiſh either that *Tarquin* reſembled you, or that you were in his room. Alſo I am perſwaded that you do hold me in ſome eſteem; and I muſt tell you truly that I do much eſteem you. But when I have ſaid this I have ſaid all, unleſs this, that when I have

have done all that Decency will permit me to break my marriage with *Tarquin*, then I muſt reſolve upon obedience, and to be the moſt miſerable perſon upon earth. But I beſeech you Madam, (ſaid he unto her) if Ambition be not the predominate paſſion of your Soul, as it is in the Princeſs your Siſter, why ſhould you marry my Brother? leave him to the ambitious *Tullia*, let us not oppoſe their fidelity as they do ours; I am originally of *Corinth*, let us go and ſeek that ſecurity in *Greece*, which we cannot find in *Rome*: Do you abandon *Tarquin* as I will *Tullia*, and take up a reſolution worthy of the Love I bear you and of your own virtue. For, Madam, I am confident, that as ſoon as ever you are the Wife of *Tarquin*, he will move you unto ſuch things which your generoſity will never conſent unto. I know very well, that as his Brother, I ought not to tell you thus much, but as his Rival, it is permitted me to tell you any thing that may ſerve my ſelf.

Alſo Juſtice requires it, that I ſhould not ſmother a truth from you, which may be of ſuch a conſequence, as the well-being of the King may depend upon it. The truth is Madam, I know that my Brother dares not love you, and that he doth love the Princeſs *Tullia*: Nor would he ever marry you, but that Ambition hath a greater prevalence with his heart than love hath. Imagine then Madam, what ſuch a man is able to do who can act againſt his own felicity. Expect and fear all that is ill from him, Madam, and beware whilſt it is time: Moreover I know of an infallible certainty, that the Princeſs *Tullia* doth love my Brother and cannot love me; but I value not the laſt of theſe, for knowing that I ſhall never love her, and that I ſhall ever love you, Madam, I ſhould be unjuſt if I ſhould take it ill from her. But I beſeech you conſider, that I am in a moſt miſerable ſtate, for knowing that the King is fully reſolved that I ſhould marry *Tullia*, and that you ſhould marry *Tarquin*, I know not what courſe to take. If I refuſe this honour which he would do me in giving me his Daughter, then I muſt go out of *Rome*, and muſt never ſee you again: And if I ſhould ſtay with you, then I muſt marry a perſon who hates me, and whom I do not love, and muſt ſee you enjoyed by my Brother, who thinks it no happineſs to injoy you.

Imagine therefore, Madam, if I have not great reaſon to beſeech you, that you will be pleaſed to take theſe things into your conſideration, ſince they may produce ſuch dangerous conſequences: I do verily believe all that you ſay (replied the Princeſs) but I believe them without ſeeing any remedy againſt them; for my honour will not permit me to go with you into *Greece*, and though a reſentment of glory ſhould not give a ſtop unto it, yet my tenderneſs of the King and Queen is ſufficient. Alſo I think my ſelf obliged to adviſe you to marry my Siſter, becauſe I think ſhe ſtands in need of your virtue, to temper her ambitious humour, and to reſtrain her from any unjuſt attempts. Oh! Madam (ſaid the Prince of *Ameriola* then) I perceive I was much miſtaken, when I thought you did not hate me; for where there is any tender affection, there cannot be ſo much wiſdom; but one ſhall have more compaſſion upon the miſeries of the perſon whom one loves. Since I have none for my ſelf (replied the Princeſs) you would be unjuſt, if you ſhould murmur that I have none for you: Then Madam, I beſeech you (ſaid he unto her) reflect upon your own condition; ſhould I do as you adviſe, and marry *Tullia* who loves not me, nor I her, but ſhould ſtill continue my love to you, then *Tarquin* would marry you but love *Tullia*; and it may ſo chance that you may love me then, more than now you do, and that I my ſelf ſhould contribute unto your miſery; for I cannot think it poſſible you ſhould ſee me ſo full of miſery as I ſhall be, and your heart nothing touched with Compaſſion: Think well therefore upon what I ſay, Madam, and afterwards favour me ſo far as to tell me, what courſe you would have me take; I would have you (ſaid ſhe) ſubmit your mind unto your fortune, ſince you cannot make Fortune ſubmit unto your mind; and I would have you (if I could ſpeak it without a bluſh) be as miſerable as I ſhall be; that you ſhould marry *Tullia* with as much averſion as I ſhall *Tarquin*, and yet live as well with my Siſter, as I am reſolved to live with the Prince your Brother. But I would have you to believe withal, that if I could baniſh you from me, I ſhould do it this very hour, and believe alſo, that this day is the firſt and laſt that ever you ſhould tell me of your love. I ſhould take it as a ſingular favour if you would change your paſſion into amity and friendſhip, and to love me only as a Siſter. Oh! Madam (replied he) it is impoſſible I ſhould ever love you any otherwiſe than as a Miſtreſs; and you have brought me into the moſt pitiful condition in the world: For I muſt love you without the leaſt ſpark of hope; I muſt hate my brother as a Rival; and I muſt hate the Princeſs your Siſter as a perfidious woman, all whoſe inclinations are oppoſite unto mine. Take heed Madam, and fear leſt my virtue ſhould forſake me. I ſhould fear it in any other but you, (replied the Princeſs) but judging of you by my ſelf, I fear no violence nor injuſtice to proceed from you; for I know very well (if I can ſpeak it for ſhame) that I can never love *Tarquin*, and that I can never hate you; but I know withal, that I ſhall never do any thing but what I ought. After this, the Prince *Ameriola* talked unto this virtuous Princeſs of many things; in a language full of paſſionate expreſſions, unto which ſhe anſwered with as much tenderneſs and virtue: So as finding new cauſes of admiration at each others great and noble thoughts, they ſtill continued loving one another very tenderly. But for all that their virtues were ſtill much ſtronger than their Loves; and ſay what this Prince could he could not obtain any thing further from this Princeſs. And truly, though ſhe made him abſolutely deſperate, yet was he not tranſported ſo far as to attempt any violent reſolution. But whilſt theſe two were talking thus, the Ambitious *Tarquin*, and the no leſs Ambitious *Tullia*, were diſcourſing after another manner: For they were no ſooner at liberty to talk, but *Tarquin*) who knew that *Tullia* had intention to diſſwade him for her Siſter) he ſpoke the firſt, and began to complain of what he himſelf did: Well Madam (ſaid he to her) what do you think of capricious fortune, who diſpoſeth of us in ſuch a cruel manner, and will have me (for your intereſt) deprive my ſelf of a thing which is infinitely dear unto me? Yet reſolve upon it I muſt, and yet there is no remedy againſt this misfortune: Did I ſpeak unto one whoſe heart were inferiour unto yours, I ſhould not ſpeak thus; but knowing the Grandure of your Soul; I dare tell you how I am perſwaded, that all the Kings favours will follow him who ſhall marry the Princeſs, and that the King hath as great an averſion to you, as he hath affection to her. So as if I ſhould let my Brother

marry her, and I marry you, then we must both of us prepare our selves to be their Slaves. Therefore Generous *Tullia*, I must marry the Princess, purposely to keep you from being her Vassal. And you must resolve to marry my Brother; for he being naturally of a sweet and compliant temper, you may mould him unto my interests which shall be always yours, for my marriage shall not keep me from loving you as much as ever I did, and as between a Wife and a Mistress, the Mistress is always most dear; so it shall be you who shall be really the Queen, if I be King. *Tullia* hearing *Tarquin* say so, she did not answer as her virtuous Sister would, if it had been her case; but on the contrary, perceiving she had yet some share in *Tarquins* affection, she used all possible expressions to flatter up both his Love and his Ambition: But seeing it would be more advantageous for him to marry her Sister than to marry her, she went not about to alter his mind. So as this most abominable woman seeing she could not be his Wife, and foreseeing that perhaps she should have all the authority, she rested her self contented with the hopes of being his Mistress, though he married her Sister, and she married his Brother.

Thus out of a resentment both of Love and Ambition, together with their want of virtue, these two resolved not to marry, and yet not to break off. After which, they went and joyned with the Princess, and the Prince of *Ameriola* whose thoughts were quite opposite, since all that virtue could inspire were theirs. In the mean time, since *Servius Tullus*, required that these two Marriages should be solemnized out of hand, they were married within fifteen days after this conference, and done with all possible magnificence Royal; but with such sensible grief to the Princess, and the Prince of *Ameriola*, as I have heard say, that the day before the marriage they thought they should have died with sorrow, and that they did bid each other adieu, in the saddest manner imaginable. But afterwards, their virtue being stronger, they recovered themselves, and set the best face they could upon the matter, and behaved themselves with so much Wisdom, that few did perceive their despairs.

As for *Tullia*, her mind was full of tumultuous turbulence, but upon her consideration of things, she imagined, that perhaps she should be able to induce *Servius Tullus* to do as much for her, as for her Sister: And at worst, if she could not reign in the person of her Husband, yet she should in the person of her Lover. As for *Tarquin*, though he loved *Tullia*, yet he was glad his Brother had married her, because he was sure of her heart still, and because he looked upon his marriage with the Princess, as many steps nearer the Throne. Thus this great solemnity was passed over with thoughts very different amongst these four persons. Mean time, though *Tarquin* loved *Tullia* in his heart, and *Tullia* him again, yet did they secretly prejudice one another in things wherein there was any interest of Ambition. For if the Prince of *Ameriola* could be King, *Tullia* had rather been his Wife than *Tarquins*, because his mildness made hope to have all the Rule and Authority. *Tarquin* on the other side, who knew the humour of *Tullia*, was not sorry that he could be King without her assistance; yet they dissembled their thoughts, since their marriage kept a great league of correspondency. As for the Princess, and the Prince of *Ameriola*, it was not so with them; for though this vertuous Lover asked nothing but the friendship of the person he loved, and though she would not grant him any more, yet as far as civility would give her leave, she shunned all occasions of speaking with him in private. On the other side, the King who equally feared both *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, was very cautious how he inclined more unto one side than another; and lest he should incense *Tullia*, he shewed no greater favour unto *Tarquin*, than unto the Prince of *Ameriola*; and lest he should incense *Tarquin*, he shewed no more unto the Prince his Brother than unto him.

But in thinking to be very prudent, and striving to carry even on both sides, he contented neither *Tarquin* nor *Tullia*; for never were two spirits greater enemies unto all equality than those two. And indeed it was most insupportable unto them to see the King favour both alike: Mean time, since they perceived the intention of *Servius Tullus*, they gave no rest unto the persons whom fortune had tyed them unto; for *Tullia* was continually persecuting the Prince of *Ameriola*, because he stirred no more both against the King and against *Tarquin*; and *Tarquin* would never let the Princess his wife be in rest, purposely to oblige and move her to draw some unto him and her self from that tenderness which the King had over her; and would needs force her to negotiate against the Prince of *Ameriola*. So as by this means *Tarquin* was perpetually acting against his Brother, and against his Mistress; and he would needs have his Wife act against her Sister and her Lover. *Tullia* for her part, her whole thoughts were how to ruine both her Lover and her Sister; how to pull the Crown off her fathers head; and to persecute her Husband, purposely to force him to do all he could against his Brother, and against the person he lov'd above all the World, and all to throw *Servius Tullus* out of the Throne: But let the Ambitious *Tarquin*, and the Ambitious *Tullia* do what they could, the virtue of these two illustrious persons did not stagger: for the Prince of *Ameriola* never did any thing which could displease the King, nor which might anger *Tarquin*, nor which was against the interest of that Princess whom he loved. But as for that admirable person, her vertue went further; for in such things as could not be done without injustice, and which were advantageous to her Husband, and disadvantageous to her Lover, she never medled with them; yet at the very same time she bore a most horrible hatred against the one, and a most violent affection to the other; she served him whom he hated, and hurt not him whom she loved. 'Tis true, this was but upon certain occasions, where reason required it; for when *Tarquin* moved her by any unjust ways, either against her Father, or her Sister, or the Prince of *Ameriola*, she denied him with incomparable constancy; though yet it was always with a sweetness full of respect, able to allay even cruelty it self. However, out of her excess of virtue, and knowing that the thoughts of her Husband were extremely violent, that he stood not in any fear of the Gods, and that he scoffed at the Laws of men: She did much endeavour to get his love, and win some credit in his thoughts, in hopes to sweeten the sharpness of his humour. On the other side, the Prince of *Ameriola*, who ever bore a violent affection unto the Princess, and a most horrid hatred unto *Tullia*, did constrain himself; and for his own honour, because it should not be said he had a Wife who could

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be accuſed of any wickedneſs, he did what he could to correct his, by a million of examples of goodneſs and complacency, which he daily ſhewed. But it was in vain for theſe two virtuous perſons to think of ſweetning the natural fierceneſs of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; for do what they could it did daily encreaſe. So as *Tarquin* deſpairing of ever inſpiring any Ambition into his Wife; and *Tullia* ſeeing no likelihood of ever making her Husband to commit any Crimes, though to get Crowns by it, they began to ſcorn and hate them, and all that were not of their own minds. They began, I ſay, to love one another more then ever they did, and to repent they did not marry each other. But the chief reaſon of their repentance was becauſe if they were married, then they ſhould the ſooner arrive at their deſired ends; ſo as the fire of Love and Ambition both joyning together in their hearts, it broke out in ſuch violent and unjuſt flames, as the moſt innocent talk, they had never ended under a promiſe of committing ſome crime or other, to unite their loves the more firmly.

Truth is, they talked of nothing but things moſt terrible; for ſometimes they would ſay, that it was the moſt egregious folly in Men, to loſe a glorious deſign for a little ſcruple of virtue, or out of a fond Chymerical imagination of Glory; or for Men not to eſtabliſh themſelves unleſs by actions of generoſity, which are abſolutely incompatible with the execution of great enterpriſes. For my part (ſaid *Tarquin* one day unto *Tullia*, as I underſtood by a witty Wench who waited upon this Princeſs) I take this for a moſt undoubted maxim, that thoſe who will keep themſelves within thoſe bounds which the vulgar uſe to preſcribe unto Juſtice and Generoſity, they ſhall never arrive at any great matters by the way of Fortune: And unleſs Men will make bold with Laws they ſhall never exalt themſelves above others; nor had there ever been any Kings, Kingdoms, or inequality of conditions. And therefore without any further dorring at Laws, which thoſe who made them will not keep, let us make uſe only of ſuch as will ſerve our own turns, and never preciſely inſiſt upon it whether the thing be juſt or unjuſt.

Theſe (generous *Artimedorus*) were the diſcourſes of thoſe perſons at that time, and many more ſuch, which I will not now relate; becauſe hereafter, I ſhall tell you of things much more execrable. Mean time, ſince they had not always fit opportunities of talking together, they began to write very often unto each other: And as it is not eaſie for Perſons of their Quality, that they ſhould long conceal themſelves, the Princeſs came preſently to know, that there was a ſecret correſpondency held between her Siſter and her Husband: and the Prince of *Ameriola* alſo knew the like between his Wife and his Brother. However, out of a reſentment of virtue and prudence, the Princeſs would not acquaint the Prince of *Ameriola* with the irregularity of his Wives courſes, becauſe this perfidious Woman was her Siſter, and becauſe that Prince was her Lover. The Prince of *Ameriola* on his ſide, it was long before he would diſcover unto the Princeſs, the infidelity of her Husband, thinking it would grieve her to no purpoſe.

Thus was he in a pitiful Condition; for it went againſt his mind to diſcover the Crimes of his Wife; he could not think of any revenge upon his Brother, becauſe he was Husband unto her whom he loved; who being all virtue, would never have looked upon him again, if he ſhould kill her Husband. And therefore he did hide the matter as much as poſſible he could; yet ſince he knew the humour both of his Brother and his Wife, he was deſirous to know the very bottom of their correſpondency. And to that end, though he was never jealous, yet he employed all his diligence to diſcover it, and he carried the buſineſs ſo well, that the Slave who carried their Letters was abſolutely his. So cauſing a Seal like unto theirs ſecretly to be made (for their Seals were both alike) he met with a Letter of *Tarquin*'s unto *Tullia*, and the Anſwer of *Tullia* unto *Tarquin*. But theſe two Letters being the moſt horrid Letters of Love that ever were writ, and alſo being made publick, there was not a Man in *Rome* who was a hater of *Tarquin*, which knew not of them. And I knew them better then any others, and more hated the injuſtice of them, than any whoſoever.

But before I acquaint you with the Contents of them, you muſt know, that the Prince of *Ameriola* was ſo ſurpriſed, as now thinking it not fit to diſguiſe any longer, but that it was abſolute requiſite, the Princeſs ſhould know the ſtate of things, he reſolved to go and acquaint her. And having taken Copies of theſe two Letters, he went unto the Princeſs, though he did not uſe to viſit her in private, becauſe ſhe had forbid him, and he went in ſuch a happy hour that he found her alone. Alſo he had the advantage not to fear his being interrupted either by *Tarquin* or *Tullia*; for the one was gone out to Hunt, and the other kept her Chamber, being a little ſick. So as finding the Princeſs alone, according to his wiſh, he was very glad of it, though he had none but ſad ſtories to tell her. But as for her though ſhe ſtill loved him very tenderly, yet was ſhe troubled at the ſight of him: So as this Prince perceiving it, I ſee, Madam (ſaid he unto her) this my viſit doth more diſpleaſe than oblige you: But, Madam, I beſeech you do not condemn me before you hear me, and the cauſe of my coming: For truly I have ſo accuſtomed my ſelf to obey all your commands, and to deprive my ſelf of the happineſs in ſeeing you, that thoſe reſpects I have ever paid unto you doth merit a grant of that audience which now I deſire. Since the Princeſs knew the great virtue of the Prince, and ſince ſhe found ſomething in his looks, which told her, that he had ſome matter of importance to impart, ſhe granted his deſire; ſo as bidding him ſit down by her, ſhe began to lend an Ear unto what he would ſay.

It grieves me to the Soul, Madam (ſaid he unto her) that what I have now to tell you, is of the moſt diſmal conſequence imaginable; but it doth ſo much concern you to know it, as I am fully reſolved not to conceal it, that the diſcovery makes me aſhamed. But before I explain this ſad *Enigma* unto you, I beſeech you give me leave to conjure you into a belief, that I aim at no other advantage in all I ſhall tell you, but in preſerving the life of the moſt fair and virtuous Perſon in the World, in preſerving yours.

Alas Generous Prince (ſaid ſhe unto him and ſighed) I know not whether that be any great ſervice or no: But however, I am much obliged unto you; and therefore I beſeech you impart what you have to ſay. I will not tell you, Madam (replied he)

he) that if *Tarquin* were not my Brother, nor your husband, that you ſhould have heard of his Death before you knew his Crime; for I hope you are better acquainted with that heart wherein you have long reigned, then to believe it capable of ſo much baſeneſs, as to let Crimes of that Nature go unrevenged an hour. But Madam, to hold you no longer in ſuſpence, I beſeech you read this Letter from *Tullia* to *Tarquin*, and alſo this Letter from *Tarquin* to *Tullia*. You may perceive, Madam, that theſe two Letters were preceded by many others, which perhaps treated concerning your Life and mine. After this, the Prince of *Ameriola* giving the Copies of the two Letters unto the Princeſs, ſhe took them, and opening that of *Tullia's* firſt, ſhe read theſe words.

Tullia *unto the moſt Generous and moſt Ambitious Prince upon Earth.*

SIR,

I Have told you a hundred times, that if you will Reign in my heart, you muſt make me Reign in Rome. *For as you would have me ſacrifice all things unto your love, ſo you muſt ſacrifice all unto my Ambition: Not but that I know this Paſſion is as much in your Heart, as in mine, and that you love me more, as I am Ambitious than as I am Fair: But yet methinks you are a little too ſlow in your Buſineſs. Make haſt therefore and preſently fix upon the day deſtined for our Liberty: And believe it, that it cannot be ſooner than I deſire, and that I have not a greater deſire to ſee you Maſter of* Rome, *than to ſee my ſelf abſolute Miſtreſs of your Heart. Be quick therefore, and ſacrifice thoſe two victims, which muſt render both Love and Fortune equally propitious, and be aſſured, that for my part, I ſhall not fail in any thing which I have promiſed.*

Whilſt this Letter was reading, the Princeſs changed colour above twenty times; and after ſhe had attentively read it over again, ſhe ſhut it up, and reſtored it back unto the Prince of *Ameriola*, who told all at night, unto him, who told it unto me: Then lifting up her Eyes, and taking the other Letter, Oh! ye juſt Gods (ſaid ſhe) is it poſſible that my Siſter ſhould be ſo abominably wicked? Afterwards opening *Tarquin's* Anſwer, ſhe found thus.

Tarquin *unto the Fair* Tullia.

YES my deareſt, and moſt Ambitious Tullia, *I ſhall e're long do all things requiſite to make you Reign in* Rome, *that I may Reign in your Heart: And before the next Ides be over, we ſhall be free, and in a condition to ſubject all others. Mean time, appoint you the day which you have deſigned for the ſacrificing of thoſe two Victims, which will ſecure our reſt, for all things are ready for it. Adieu, be ſtill your ſelf, I conjure you, that is, incapable of any weakneſs, of any ſcruple, and of any repentance.*

Well Madam, (ſaid the Prince of *Ameriola* unto the Princeſs after ſhe had done reading the Letters) what do you think upon theſe two Letters? and what is to be done for the avoiding of thoſe misfortunes which threaten us? for you may plainly ſee, that you and I are the two Victims that muſt be offered, and who muſt ſet *Tarquin* and *Tullia* at liberty. They cannot mean the King and the Queen, ſince if they were dead, they cannot be in their places, nor yet free; therefore I muſt conclude they mean both you and me. Since *Tarquin* is your Husband, and *Tullia* your Siſter, I will not make my ſelf a judge of their crime, though *Tullia* be the moſt perfidious Wife in the World, and though *Tarquin* be the moſt wicked and ungrateful Brother upon Earth. Speak therefore Madam, I conjure you, and conſider that it concerns your Life; as for my own intereſt I do not value it: and if there be a way to ſave your Life by expoſing mine unto a thouſand dangers; I would be ſure to take it: and the truth is, ſince I muſt never injoy you, Madam, death is as welcome to me as Life, and I cannot die with more glory, than in dying to do you ſervice. Speak therefore, Madam, and ſpeak quickly; for minutes are precious upon ſuch an important occaſion. Alas, Generous Prince (replied ſhe) what would you have me ſay, or what can I ſay in this trouble, that I am in; for I am ſo affrighted at the crimes of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, that did I not know you to be moſt ſincere and generous, I could hardly believe what I ſee. How is it poſſible I ſhould think the hearts of two perſons ſo illuſtriouſly born can be capable of ſuch black, wicked, and horrid thoughts? how is it poſſible Love ſhould inſpire them with deſigns of ſuch a Nature? which way can Love (I ſay) ſubſiſt with ſuch a turbulent paſſion as Ambition? who can believe that a Daughter of *Servius Tullus*, that is the moſt virtuous Prince in the World, ſhould ever offer to pull her Father from his Throne, and murther both her Siſter, and her Husband? how can the Brother of the Prince of *Ameriola* ever contrive his death and mine? Alas, Madam, (replied the grieved Prince) 'tis not now a time to conſider how things are poſſible; but to conſider how we ſhould preſerve your life. It is ſo hard a matter to find out harmleſs remedies (replied ſhe) that I think the beſt way is to ſeek for none, but reſolve to die. Oh! Madam (replied the Prince of *Ameriola*) I am never able to conſent unto your ruine; and if you do not find out ſome way to ſave your Life, I will rather go preſently and Poniard my Brother and my Wife; then hazard the ſeeing of you die by the cruelty of two perſons who are ſo nearly related unto me. But Madam, there are examples of Marriages being broken off; one of our moſt famous Citizens have authorized what I ſay; and if ever it were expedient to ſeparate two perſons whom Marriage hath united, it is moſt fitting to ſeparate you from *Tarquin*, and me from *Tullia*: And therefore, Madam, if you pleaſe, we will take one of theſe two courſes; either tell the King your Father all we know, to the end, that by his Regal Authority he may break off your Marriage and mine, and baniſh *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; or elſe without making any great noiſe of the matter which cannot help us, becauſe the King is very ſlow in his reſolutions, let us ſteal away from the violences of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; your Marriage and mine may be broken, as well when we are not here, as when we are: We have no reaſon to miſtruſt the gods; and we have our own virtues to guard and comfort us againſt the cruelties and calumnies of Men, if you will but be pleaſed to fly unto ſome ſafe

Sanctuary,

Sanctuary. And to testifie unto you, Madam, how pure, and un-interested my Love is, if you think it not permittable I should be your Husband, since you have been my Brother's Wife; I am contented to be with you as a Brother, who would protect and defend you as his Sister, and never pretend any further. Thus without shedding the blood of an inhumane Brother, and an unjust Wife, and without your consenting unto the ruine of an Ambitious Husband and cruel Sister, we may sit safe in some Sanctuary where their cruelty cannot reach us; we may be there in security and live happily, if you will but hold me in the degree of friendship; for I do find my Love so subjected unto my reason and your virtue, as it will never move me unto any thing that will anger you, nor say any thing that will displease you. Consent therefore, Madam, I beseech you unto this happy Exile, if you will not consent unto the ruine of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*. No, no, generous Prince, (said she unto him) I will neither consent unto the one, nor the other. For if I should go as you propound, doubtless I might save my life; but since I cannot do it, and save my reputation also, I must not entertain the least thought of it: For what Calumnies will not the unjust *Tarquin* asperse upon me? and what scandal will not the cruel *Tullia* belch out against me? Pardon me, Madam, I beseech you, replied the Prince of *Ameriola*, if my zeal to your service will never suffer them to ruine you. To take the *medium* between these two extreams (replied she) we must indeavour to let the King my Father see one of those Letters, either that from *Tarquin* to *Tullia*, or that from *Tullia* to *Tarquin*; to the end that by his Prudence and Authority, he may shrowd us from these two dangerous persons. Perhaps he will think it convenient to put me in some place of safety for a while, upon some pretence which he will invent, and will command you to travel into some Country, until such time as reason hath wrought upon the spirits of our enemies; or else he will find out some other way to secure us.

But Madam, (replied this Prince) whilst you are contriving ways how to let the King see these Letters, you may perish; and not to deceive you, I beseech you do not think, that as things stand I am able to be far from you: And therefore, Madam, if you do not approve of either of these ways which I propose, you must let me go this very hour unto the King your Father, and impart all I know unto him; and I advise you that under some pretence or other, you do not eat at your own house, nor lie there; for I cannot tell whether it be by poison or sword, that the inhumane *Tarquin* and the cruel *Tullia* would have us perish. But if you should go unto the King (replied she) and are not able to prove what you inform, you will thereby make such a noise as perhaps will forward our deaths, in lieu of preventing them. And therefore, if you will be advised by me, have a little patience: Perhaps, those who desired our deaths have repented, and since the slave who useth to carry their Letters is for you; since you have a Seal like unto theirs, and since you can see all they write, we are yet in safety. For *Tarquin* would know from *Tullia*, the day which she will design for our deaths; so as when you see that, then let us take heed unto our selves; and since it is lawful for any to defend their own lives, I give you leave to use all your endeavours to save ours; but I will never allow of any violent remedies; for I had rather die for want of prudence, and by excess of goodness, then to ruine others by too much unjust precipitation. But, Madam, (replied he) can it be any injustice to prevent ones death? However (replied she) Death is not so terrible to me, that to avoid it people should say, I had ruined my Husband; and I had much rather that *Tarquin* should be eternally branded with my death, than I should be suspected to contribute unto his. And generous Prince (said she and blusht) since my heart tells me that it hath a tender share of friendship for you, I ought to be more circumspect then otherwise I should; and it is fit I conjure you to be gone, lest this long conference (should it be known unto our enemies) should give them a colour to hasten their wicked designs into execution. However, I conjure you to take a care of your self, for it would grieve my Soul to hear that I should have a Sister who was the cause of your death. Oh! Madam, (replied the Prince) I beseech you never think of me; but think how to prevent I may never hear the dismal news that a Brother of mine hath been your death. After this, abundance of tender expressions, passed between these two virtuous persons; never proceeded so many heroick, so many passionate, and so many innocent thoughts from any two upon Earth, as from them; they resolved at parting to communicate unto each other what they discovered: After which, the Prince of *Ameriola* went unto the King, in such a profound melancholly as it was impossible for him to hide it, and it was observed by all the people, and the King himself. As for the Princess, as soon as the Prince of *Ameriola* was gone, she went unto her prayers, and prayed both for *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; and in lieu of praying for their ruine to hinder her own, she only prayed they might repent. But whilst the Prince of *Ameriola* had been with the Princess, it happened unluckily, that *Tarquin* who was gone to hunt, returned sooner than he intended; and in lieu of going to his own house, he went unto *Tullia's*, who kept her Chamber that day: The reason of his so sudden return was, that resting himself under a Tree while they were mending his Bridle, which was broken by riding through a thick Wood, he began to read over *Tullia's* Letter unto him; and in reading of it in the open light, he plainly discovered that it had been opened, and that there was some small difference between his Seal, and that wherewith it was sealed. So as being naturally suspicious and violent, he made no question, but that it was either the Prince of *Ameriola* or the Princess who had opened it. And judging others by himself, he feared being prevented, if a remedy were not immediately applyed. But lest the business he was about should be too much noted, he seemed as if he intended to hunt out the day, as soon as his Bridle was mended he got on Horseback, and upon the first handsome opportunity, he stole away and came with all speed to *Rome*. In lieu of going home, he went as I told you to *Tullia*, where he heard, that the Prince his Brother, was with the Princess his Wife. So as according to his natural impetuosity, his thoughts ran upon nothing else but what poison he should chuse to give them. With these thoughts he entred into *Tullia's* Chamber; he told her that his last Letter had been opened, and desired her to look whether hers had been so also; and indeed this cruel Woman with *Tarquin* looking upon

upon it, they plainly saw that it had been sealed with a counterfeit Seal; which no sooner spied, but *Tullia* speaking first, well (said she) had I not good reason to say that you were too slow in your courses, and that you must make all haste possible to remove all these obstacles which hinder our happiness? Yes my dear *Tullia* (said he unto her) you are in the right, and I am in the wrong; but to make amends I will make the more haste, and therefore without any more delay, these two persons who hinder our happiness must be poisoned this very day. It hath been so long resolved upon, and their ruine is so requisite unto our rest, and unto the Grandeur of *Rome*, as it it is injustice to defer the execution any longer. Make sure work on your side, as I will on mine; be not so simply weak as to repent; and be sure your eyes do not betray the secret of your Soul: Look unto your self (replied the wicked and violent *Tullia*) be sure the fair eyes of your Wife do not change your heart: Never think upon either gods, or Men, or Laws; but think only upon the Crown which you aim at: Remember how *Romulus* got the Crown by the death of his Brother, and that by this death the people will rank you among the gods. Consider how those who make a long War to get a Crown, do sacrifice many more Victims then you shall; and above all consider, that *Tullia* will be yours, as soon as the enemies of our happiness are dead. For generous *Artemidorus*, you must know, that though *Tullia* was not capable of any scruple, nor any Religion, nor any virtue, yet she would never let *Tarquin* enjoy her, until he was in a condition to marry her; for her fears were, that if he should satisfie his Love, he would not be so diligent to satisfie her Ambition: And therefore desiring that the passion of this Prince, might help on her Ambitious designs, she was very reserved in that point, though she expressed as much affection to him, as he to her.

Mean time you must know, that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* having both of them impetuous spirits, and shrill voices, and their souls being wholly taken up with the grand Crimes which they were to commit, they were not so cautious, but a Woman over-heard them, one who had been brought up with the Princesses, and waited upon *Tullia* in particular, only since she was married, she heard this dismal discourse; and plainly understood how *Tarquin* told *Tullia* at parting, that he would send her the poison as soon as he came home; insomuch as this Woman who loved the Princess, and had some goodness in her, she had so much horrour against the crime of her Mistress, as being desirous to prevent the death of these two innocent persons, whose sentence of death she heard pronounced, she went unto her Chamber, where she writ two notes, the one to give the Prince of *Ameriola* when she saw him, and the other to send unto the Princess. But since some time was taken up in writing, and some in seeking out a slave trusty enough to carry a note of that consequence unto the Princess, her good intentions took no good effect; for you must know, that *Tarquin* after he had been a while with the King, because he heard the Prince of *Ameriola* was there, and after he had observed that melancholly in his eyes which every one saw, he went home in all haste to send poison unto *Tullia*, and to give it unto his Wife. But as ill fortune was for that virtuous Princess, this Tyrant came in before she was acquainted with the conference of *Tullia* and him; and he came in so just in the nick to hinder her, as the Slave (who had the note which would have saved her Life had she received it) was speaking unto one of her women in the Anti-Chamber, as he came in. He offered to take the note from him, the Slave refused to give it, saying he was to deliver it unto none but the Princess; but *Tarquin* being naturally suspicious, and thinking he was interested in all manner of whispers, he took it from him, and said, he would take upon him to deliver it; you may well imagine that the Slave and the Woman were much surprized.

Yet *Tarquin* was so terrible unto all that knew him, as that they durst not murmure, though they were extremely troubled; for the Slave knew the note was of some great concernment, because he had such a charge with it, and the Woman thought so as well as he, seeing the obstinacy of the slave to part with it, unto any but the Princess. However, they must be patient, the slave went away, and the Woman went into the Chamber of her Mistress, whilst *Tarquin* was reading the Note, where he found what he imagined; so as seeing that if the business were not quickly dispatched, it would be difficult to effect; he presently sent away the poison to *Tullia*: after which he went into the Chamber of the Princess, who was not a little troubled, for the Woman who had told her what *Tarquin* had done. So as since the Prince of *Ameriola*, and she had agreed to advertise each other of all they heard, she believed, knowing the slave who brought the note was his, that it was this Prince who had written unto her. So as being extreamly jealous of her glory, and valuing it above all things else, she feared left this note should induce *Tarquin* to think that she held some criminal correspondency with his Brother. But he rested not long in those fears; for this cruel *Tarquin* intending to delude her, and judging by the sorrow he saw in her eyes, that she knew more then she spoke, he went unto her with more freeness of spirit than usual. And to execute the violence which he had used in taking away the note from him that would have given it unto her, he told her with a laugh, that he would have her guess from whom it came, and what it concerned, adding that if she could not guess right, she should not have it until the morning: The Princess seeing him so pleasant, suffered her self to be deceived, not but that she knew *Tarquin* could dissemble as well as any Man living; but as commonly persons that are highly virtuous can hardly believe that any can be extreamly wicked, so she thought the note to be of no great importance; and she thought moreover, that the Prince of *Ameriola* and she had given too bad an Interpretation upon the Letters; or else that surely *Tarquin* had repented. So as setting the best side outward, she indeavoured to guess from whom this Note should come, which he would not shew unto her, though she knew not whom to name, for she would not mention the Prince his Brother, and *Tullia* was not used to write unto her. But after this forced mirth had lasted a while, supper was ready; and *Tarquin* that he might have the satisfaction to see her take the poison, he would sup with her. I have heard a Man say, who saw her that night, that though she was melancholly, yet she never in her life looked fairer; and he assured me, that *Tarquin* himself was a little troubled, and that when she called for drink, and he knew it to be the poyson, which he had

had prepared, he changed colour. But when he found that the ſight of ſo great a beauty did mollifie his heart, this cruel Man turned away his head, that he might not ſee her drink the poiſon: And indeed he talked unto one of his Servants whilſt ſhe took it: After which, glorying that he had ſurmounted the weakneſs, and fooliſh qualms of his heart, he was ſo impudently inhumane as to look upon her as before, and ſo cruel as to jeſt ſeveral times with her during this fatal repaſt. But to the end, that the poiſon might have the more leiſure to work its effect, he ſeemed to have ſome private buſineſs to communicate unto her; ſo as carrying her into his Cloſet, he obliged her to be there near two hours, though ſhe began to find her ſelf ill within half an hour after ſhe entred; for the Man of whom he had the poiſon, aſſured him, that if no Antidote was applied within one hour after the taking, all remedies after would be in vain, and the party would certainly die. So as though this fair and virtuous Princeſs did complain at firſt of her being ill, yet this Tyger *Tarquin* did keep her there, telling her it was nothing; and talking to her of divers things which he deſired her to tell the King. But at laſt, after he thought the poiſon had wrought its effects, he ſeeming very buſie in helping her, he would be always by her, leſt if ſhe ſhould ſuſpect the cauſe of her death, ſhe ſhould not diſcover any thing unto the by-ſtanders. Thus this admirable perſon did, ſo her Murtherer ſeemed to intereſt himſelf in the pain which ſhe indured. And indeed, when ſhe went out of the Cloſet, her Women ſeeing a mortal paleneſs in her face, did perſwade her to go to bed: But ſhe anſwered very mildly, that ere long they ſhould carry her to her Grave. And as they were very earneſt to ſend for the King's Phyſicians; I pray do, (ſaid ſhe) ſee they bring intentions with them to make me die more eaſily; for to cure me (added ſhe and ſighed) they cannot, nor do I deſire they ſhould. Mean while, amidſt all the hatred which ſhe might well have againſt her Husband, and her Siſter, and notwithſtanding, the Love ſhe bore unto the Prince of *Amriola*, yet ſhe uſed not one ſharp word againſt thoſe who killed her, nor one ſweet expreſſion of him whom ſhe tenderly loved; but ſhe whiſpered one in the Ear, whom ſhe truſted with all the ſecrets of her Life, and commanded her to tell that unfortunate Prince, that ſhe deſired him not to revenge her death, but to preſerve her memory: After which ſhe asked twice to ſee the King and Queen; but though *Tarquin* ſaid he had ſent unto them, yet ſhe never ſaw them, becauſe he hindred any from going, ſaying it was too late of the night and that he hoped the Princeſs would paſs it over, and that ſhe her ſelf would be ſorry they ſhould obey her. The Princeſs having a great Soul, knew very well ſhe asked in vain, nor was ſhe very earneſt upon it, but lifting up her eyes unto Heaven, let me die then (ſaid ſhe with a deep ſigh) in hopes long to ſtand in need of no Conſolation. After this her pain encreaſed, and ſhe grew very weak, but when the Phyſicians came, they did a little revive her, but they hoped never the more for that, but on the contrary ſaid they could not ſave her; and in ſaying ſo, one might have ſeen by their eyes, that they durſt not tell the cauſe of her death, and that they imagined *Tarquin* would not have them to tell it, but they ſpoke in ambiguous terms, enough to make it known. Mean while, this cruel Murtherer ſtood by ſtill; and he had ſo much diſſembling inhumanity as to feel the Pulſe of this deplorable Princeſs, that he might gueſs how long ſhe had to live: So as this languiſhing perſon did in a manner pull back her Arm, and being out of all patience, turned towards *Tarquin*, with a languor able to inſpire compaſſion into cruelty it ſelf, I ask you pardon, Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him and bluſht) for being ſo long a dying, but it is not my fault (ſaid ſhe and turned another way) for I took all the poiſon that was given me, and never looked for any remedy; yet theſe words were not heard by any but *Tarquin*, and that Lady who knew all the ſecrets of this deplorable Ladies heart. But ſhe was ſo full of ſorrow as ſhe could not ſpeak, and *Tarquin* who was as bold as wicked, beginning to ſpeak, he ſaid ſhe began to ſwound, and that ſhe would never recover out of it. And indeed, loſing her ſpeech, a little after ſhe fell into a Trance which laſted four or five hours. But as ſoon as *Tarquin* ſaw her ſwounded, and thinking ſhe would never ſpeak again, he ſent to acquaint the King and Queen, who coming in all haſt were extreamly grieved to find the Princeſs in that condition; yet they never thought her to be poiſoned, nor of any thing elſe but remedies, but all in vain, for ſhe died ſome two hours after the Sun was up: Afterwards the unjuſt *Tarquin* bethought himſelf how to render her all imaginable honours after death. But whilſt this inhumane Butcher was ſacrificing this fair Princeſs unto his Love and Ambition, the cruel *Tullia* was offering the ſame ſad ſacrifice that he was, and as ſoon as the Prince of *Ameriola* was returned home, and according to his cuſtom went into a Bath, he began to find himſelf ill; for *Tarquin* had made up his Doſe of ſuch a Compoſition, as when *Tullia* had put it into the Bath, the very vapour of it did ſtifle him, and took away the uſe of his reaſon as ſoon as he was in.

The two Servants who waited upon him, being privy unto *Tullia's* Conſpiracy, they had Antidotes to keep this vapour from hurting them; and *Tullia* had cunningly ſent away all others that were not of the confederacy: But after this poiſon had wrought its effect, and the Prince in that condition, the cruel *Tullia* her ſelf took him out of the Bathe, and put him into Bed, cauſing thoſe who were of this horrid plot, to ſay that he deſired to ſleep, and had forbidden any to enter into the Chamber. She her ſelf ſeeing he did not die ſo ſoon as ſhe deſired, ſhe would not go to Bed that night, and going often into the Chamber of this unhappy Prince, her impatience was ſuch, as ſhe cauſed him to be ſtrangled with two Handkerchiefs tyed together, to the end there might be no ſigns of a violent death, and that it might ſeem he was choked with a Fluxion of Humours. However it was, this Prince died the ſame night with the Princeſs whom he loved, which made ſo great a noiſe in *Rome*, that nothing elſe was talked of. Yet *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were ſo terrible unto all the World, that People durſt only whiſper what they thought concerning the ſudden death of theſe two both at one time, though none called the cauſe of their death by the name of any diſeaſe: Theſe moſt cruel and inhumane Barbarians, did well enough forſee that cauſing them to die ſo both at one time, people would think as they did; but they foreſaw more danger to themſelves, in cauſing them to die at ſeveral times; for if the Princeſs had ſurvi-

ved the Prince of *Ameriola*, she would have told the King her Father what she knew concerning his death: And *Tullia* would not poison her Husband until she was sure that *Tarquin* would poyson his Wife; lest after he was rid of him who might dispute with him about the Crown, he should not go on in his business. *Tarquin* for his part would not poison his Wife, had he not been sure of his Brothers death; for he was sure that if his Brother survived the Princess, he would revenge her death, so as seeing much less danger in the mutterings of the people, they resolved to commit these two horrid Crimes both at once, with as much boldness as cruelty.

And as *Tarquin* did render all imaginable honours unto the Princess, as soon as she was dead; so did *Tullia* unto the Prince of *Ameriola*, as soon as he was expired. This cruel person had the impudence to go and comfort *Tarquin* after the death of his Wife: And *Tarquin* also sent this Complement unto her, that he was more sorry for the Prince of *Ameriola*'s death, as he was her Husband than as his Brother. All this while the wise and prudent *Servius Tullus* was strangely amazed; for though at the first he did not suspect that the Princess his Daughter was poisoned; yet he was of another mind after the Prince of *Ameriola*'s death, and knew that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were they who sent them into another World, which grieved this good King to the very heart: These two virtuous Persons who were dead, were extremely dear unto him, and their deaths struck deep into his sorrowful Soul; *Tarquin* and *Tullia* after this horrid Crime were a horror unto him, but they were a terrour also and he feared the same treatment to himself, which he saw used unto others. Yet this Consideration had not kept him from publishing his resentment, had not a reason of honour restrained him. For (said he unto one whom he trusted with all the secrets of his heart) why should I stain my own glory, by accusing my own Daughter for poysoning her Husband and her Sister? Why should I accuse my Son in Law for murthering his Wife and his Brother? When I have accused these two persons can I prove their Crime, or am I assured that I can punish them? for it is likely that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* would never have attempted a thing of this nature, unless they were sure of some great party in the Senate. Besides I know no further than by conjectures; and say I had a certain knowledge, it is hard for a Father to punish his own Children, unless they be obliged unto it, for conspiring against the Senate; for in that case the general interest ought to be preferred before the particular, and ones Country before Nature. But this is only to be revenged for the death of a Daughter, and a Son in Law, *Rome* hath no interest in the business, or if it have it is in a different manner: For I conceive it is a shame unto all *Romans* to have a King that shall convict his Son in Law for poisoning his Wife, and that shall convict his own daughter for poysoning her Husband. I conceive it better to dissemble it, and look upon *Tarquin* and *Tullia* as innocent. This certainly is the best and most safe way for my self; and certainly the most advantageous unto *Rome*: for unless I should poyson *Tarquin* and *Tullia* as they have others, they will raise a Rebellion in the City which may hazard my Crown, and therefore it is the best way to dissemble my Resentments. You may imagine Sir, that the man unto whom he spoke, did not contradict what *Tullus* said; for besides the strength of reason which was in what was said, it had been a hard tale, to tell a Father that he ought to put a Daughter and a Son in Law to death; knowing well that there was no middle way to take, and the banishment of such persons was not enough. So as this being the resolution, the King did dissemble the matter so well, that all the World were constrained to dissemble with him, and seem as if there was not any suspicion either of *Tarquin* or *Tullia*, for causing the deaths of that illustrious Prince and Princess. But Sir, not to relate what discourses *Tarquin* and *Tullia* had, nor what kind of Love this was, which was begun by the impoysoning of so great a Prince and so great a Princess. Give me leave only to tell you, that as soon as the time of mourning was past, which amongst us lasts Ten Months, *Tarquin* did marry *Tullia*, and *Tullus* could not hinder it.

Not but that this marriage appeared most horrid and execrable unto him, as oft as he considered that *Tarquin* poysoned his Wife purposely to marry *Tullia*, and *Tullia* poysoned her Husband only to marry *Tarquin*; but *Tullus* having begun to dissemble and cover their Crimes, so he would continue it. Also since it was extremely expedient for him to unite the family of the *Tarquins* with his own. Policy allowed of that which vertue and justice would not, so as suiting himself to the times, this abominable marriage was made up with all magnificence: For the King knew very well that *Tarquin* as wicked as he was, had gotten much credit in the Senate and minds of the people: Not but that, as is said before, the Crimes of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were most horrid in the eyes of all the World; yet the people being inconstant, changing every minute, and equally forgetting both vertues and vices, the memory of this cursed act did insensibly wear out, as if the people of *Rome* quite forgot it. For you must know, that since the death of the Prince of *Ameriola* and the Princess, *Tarquin* seeing himself a step nearer the Crown, and desiring all might be forgotten, he became that out of policy which naturally he was not, for he grew exceedingly civil, and was more forward to salute the common people, than persons of quality; he always went through the most popular streets, purposely to meet with more occasions of shewing his civility unto those, from whom he expected one day a Crown. Moreover, he would very earnestly interest himself in private business; he would needs be the only *Pacificus*, and taker up of all Quarrels; he would be the Arbitrator and ender of all differences; he divided those whom he thought might prejudice him, and united all such as he conceived fit for his service; he lent money unto some; he gave money unto others; his Gates were open unto all comers; he itched to serve such as he called his friends; and was infinitely zealous to do all good Offices: Again, he would sute himself most admirably well unto the humours of any, when he was in private with them: And unto such as were religiously devoted, he would seem religious even to a very scruple; he was a very Libertine with the Libertines; he would scoff both at the Gods of the Grecians and the Gods of the Romans. He was voluptuous with those that were so, and he was a Philosopher when he met with men of that profession. Yet I have heard say, that for all these various forms into which he would transform himself, he was still *Tarquin*, and when he would be the most sweet and courteous, he had still a sullen, gloomy, and fierce look: But for all

that

that the people looking more upon his Civilities than his Physiognomy, he deceived them; and this most abominable *Tarquin* did get great credit, under the Reign of the most virtuous King on earth. As for *Tullia*, it was not so with her, for her spirit was not able to vary into so many several shapes as *Tarquin* was. But on the contrary she thought her self above all she saw, that all the world was her Vassals, and that she owed not observance unto any; that Fortune owed her a Crown, and that she needed not to endeavour the pleasing of any, or getting their Loves. She did extremely slight all Women, and would not admit of any conversation but men. As for her reputation she did not care for any; and when any told her that if she carried her self as she did, unto all the Ladies who did visit her, she would procure their hatred; she would then return answer, that so she could make her self feared, she cared not for being loved. And indeed, she never used any of those trivial obligements, which Custom hath established as a Law among Ladies. Not but that she loved to be commended, though she said she did not care for it, but she could not endure to commend or flatter any: And indeed she was never commended or flattered by any, but out of fear; and certainly they had great reason to fear her, for her actions were all violences, and she was terrible to all the world.

It happened once that she put a most horrible affront upon the Wife of a Prime Senatour, who being of a high and sensible spirit, could not chuse but complain as soon as she was out of that Princesses Chamber. For meeting with one of her intimate friends, she no sooner saw him but beginning to speak; Good Friend (said she) rejoyce with me, for being delivered during all my life from one of the most scurvy visits in the World; for I am fully resolved never again to go unto the Princess *Tullia*, no not though she should become Queen. She is so accustomed to be uncivil, (replied her friend) that you need not wonder at her; but I am so little accustomed to suffer incivilities, (replied this incensed Lady) as I cannot endure them. But do you know one (added her friend) that ever went unto *Tullia*, who received no affront from her? and do you think it is a shame for you to endure what all others do? I think (replyed she half angry) that such as do endure them are people of poor and base hearts, and that I am sure mine is none such. If I could not live unless I went unto *Tullia*, were I born her Slave, or at least, did my fortune depend upon her; were I sure she would do some great matters for me, then perhaps it might be said, I was too delicate and nice, and that I were to blame if I did not go unto her: But since none of these things are so, for I can live and never visit a Princess who is void of virtue, I am none of *Tullia*'s Slave; my fortune depends not upon her, nor will she ever do any thing for me, and therefore my best and shortest course is never to come at her; for I am not troubled with the disease of those Ladies, who when they have been with *Tullia* on one of those days, when she did not treat them very ill can go all the rest of the day from house to house, bragging, whether to the purpose or no, that they were to see her, and that she spoke to them. And I remember one whose whole discourse was of that nature, and who had such an art of bringing in all she had to say, to make it believed she was high in *Tullia*'s favour, as I wondred how she could link her discourse together. For at every word, I came from from the Princess, the Princess told me, I spoke of that business unto the Princess, the Princess took me unto the window to talk with me in private, the Princess made me promise her to come again to morrow; and the Princess did at every word so fill up her discourse; as if that word had been taken away all the rest had been non-sence. However she was very well pleased with her self, and thought her self very happy. But I who cannot pay any open respect unto any who are not virtuous, or such as affect incivilities, I will never visit any but such as receive me as I conceive they are obliged to do. And this is my way of behaviour, when I am amongst my inferiours, I am as careful as I can to use my Civilities unto them, when I am amongst my equals I use to measure my civilities with theirs, and I care not how they carry themselves to me so there be no strangers in the Company, though I conceive that familiarity and affability, never ought to banish Civility; but when I am in the company of women whom fortune hath set above me; I am very circumspect, and have an eye upon their very looks, I cannot endure to be Browbeaten, and if those of that quality be not civil, they have naughty hearts and ill wits; for as the world goes it is so easie a matter for them to oblige every one that sees them, or if they do not, it must be concluded they have no wit, or else so foolishly proud, that they think all their inferiours not considerable. And I do openly declare, that I would not be *Tullia* with all her Grandure upon a condition to have all her ill inclinations. This Lady being in the heat of her anger, did not take any notice that she spoke before some people who were not obliged to be faithful unto her: And indeed this discourse being reported unto the furious *Tullia*, she threatned her in such a terrible manner, as the Lady was glad to go out of *Rome*, purposely to avoid an ill turn. However the secrets of the Gods being inscrutable, the marriage of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, as abominable as it was, seemed to be concordant to their wills, for all things prospered according to their wish: *Tullia* had three Sons and a Daughter; abundance was in their House, *Tarquin* and she were never sick, and every thing prospered unto them; *Tarquin* did signalize himself by his courage upon several occasions in War; and one would have thought that the great Governour of the World had forgotten their Crimes, so happy did they seem in every thing, and yet it was but a seeming happiness; for because they were not upon the Throne, and *Tullus* lived longer than they would have him, they thought themselves very miserable. And indeed *Tarquin* from the very first day of marriage with *Tullia*, never durst attempt any thing against his Father in Laws life; but rather endeavoured to make the people forget that Crime which he was accused of, and get a strong party in the Senate. But the most cruel *Tullia* being of a more impetuous temper, and having less prudence in her Ambition than he, she thought the way which *Tarquin* took to ascend the Throne to be too long; and that if he would have his design to prosper, he must take a nearer cut. She would have been glad if her Father would have been so good natur'd as to have given over the Government into *Tarquin*'s hands; But she saw quite contrary, that this vertuous King did not intend he should Reign; and that if he did part from his Royal Power, as some reports went; yet he intended it should be upon conditions, that he should not be King: So as not seeing in *Tarquin* all those virtues

that were requiſite to be in a good Prince, he kept the Royal power in his hands, and uſed it with ſuch moderation as deſerved to be a pattern for all the Kings upon earth.

But as it is very hard for Kings to hide their thoughts, ſo *Tullia* quickly diſcovered that the King her Father did not intend to put the Crown upon her Head: So as being in a mighty rage, ſhe made it reflect upon her Husband, who did not act according to her mind in the ſpeedy compaſſing of her deſired ends; and not being able any longer to diſſemble the thoughts of her heart, ſhe began to look upon *Tarquin* with eyes full of extraordinary fury. And this Prince being of his own nature very ſenſible, he asked her from whence this alteration in her humour did proceed? It proceeds (ſaid ſhe) from your tame ſitting ſtill, and from your putting your ſelf into ſuch a ſtate, as you ſhall never be able to remove; for truly *Tarquin* to be plain with you, I did not conſent unto the death of my Siſter, nor Poyſon my Husband to become the Wife of a bare Citizen of *Rome*; for the Daughter of *Tullus* needed not to employ ſuch violent means to find a Husband of that quality, but I thought to find in you a Prince worthy to wear a Crown, and one that would do all things neceſſary to get it. Know then that if your thoughts be high, you will remember that you are of the Blood of the firſt *Tarquin*; you will aſpire to ſit in his Seat, and out of an heroick impatiency of Reigning, you will force *Tullus* to ſurrender his ſeat unto you, and will not tarry until death drive him out, or till old Age make the Scepter to drop out of his hand. Know, I ſay, that if you do this day begin to make the firſt ſtep up the Throne, if you do it with a firm reſolution never to retreat but go on, and either dye or Reign; and if you will do all I bid you, then I will hold you for my Husband and my King: But know withal, that if your thoughts go leſs I will hold you for my Slave; for my Slave that is Criminal; for *Tarquin* I muſt repute thoſe culpable, who commit Crimes to no purpoſe: And therefore I conclude, that if we do not ſit upon the Throne, we deſerve to be reproached with the death of thoſe two perſons, whom we ſacrificed unto our Love and our Ambition: But on the contrary, all Crimes will be blotted out, when they are followed with happy ſucceſs. Make haſt then *Tarquin*, and keep the promiſe which you made when you married me; you are in ſo fair a way, that I wonder you ſhould go no faſter. You came from *Orinth*, and are deſcended from *Tarquinia* to make your ſelf King of a ſtrange people, as the firſt of the *Tarquins* did: you are of a Royal Family, you ſee in every publick place, Statues erected unto the firſt of the *Tarquins*, you dwell in the ſame Palace which he built, you ſee the ſame Throne which he did ſit upon; you have the ſame heart, ſpirit, and ambition; you fear neither any thing above your head nor about you; the authority of the Laws nor ſervile fear of Imaginary Penalties do not affright you; you have friends in the Senate and among the people, and if you had not been over prudent, you had been upon the Throne already; and if you ſhould continue ſtill upon this prejudicial Prudence, all that you have already done is to no purpoſe; what good will all your extraordinary Civility, which you have uſed unto the moſt baſe and abject of the People do you? unto what end ſerves all your cringing complacency unto all the Patricians? why have you lent out ſome monies, given others, and been unprofitably Prodigal, will all your Ambition and turbulent Pangs of Soul ſerve to no end? Truly *Tarquin*, if you will make no more haſt, I will even adviſe you to return unto *Tarquinia* and *Corinth*, and to ſeek out for felicity, by ſome other way than by Ambition. But as for me, ſince *Tanaquil* who was a ſtranger, was ſo bold and happy as to diſpoſe of Crowns, either in the perſon of her Husband or her Son in Law, I will ſee what I can do, and not ſtay till *Tullus* refer it to the Senate, who will not render it unto you; nor will I ſtay ſo long as till he die, which perhaps will be a long time: Speak then *Tarquin* will you be a Slave, or will you be a King? In telling you that I will be worthy of you, (replied he) methinks I tell you as much as need; but to let you ſee that you accuſe me wrongfully, I will diſcover unto you thoſe reaſons which move me to defer the execution of ſo great a deſign. And indeed, *Tarquin* told *Tullia* all his ſeveral plots, which he had in the Senate and among the People, but ſay what he could to move her unto patience, and not to go precipitately to work, he was forced to promiſe her, to make more haſt than well he could; for every minute ſeemed an Age unto this Ambitious and cruel perſon, which was employed in the advancement of her abominable deſign. However ſhe went unto the King, and asked and obtained favours for men unto whom ſhe would not have done them, but upon conditions to ſerve her againſt that Prince who did them, whenſoever ſhe ſhould need. Thus this vertuous King did by his own benefits contribute to his own ruine; for not a day paſſed wherein *Tarquin* or *Tullia* did not obtain ſomething from him for thoſe whom they had engaged in their wicked deſigns.

In the mean time *Tarquin* lived the moſt wretched life in the World, for he reſted neither night nor day: he had always a hundred ſeveral matters which tended all unto one end; for labouring to engage all ſorts of people in his deſign, he held all manner of correſpondencies, ſome men under pretence of eating at his Table came to confer with him, others whom he never ſaw but at the Temple, others alſo unto whoſe houſes he went; and ſome in the Kings own Palace whom he treated with to ruine him: Moreover, ſcarce a night paſſed but he went out of his own houſe in a diſguiſe, to confer with ſome of the Senators who were of his Intelligence, during which time it was given out that he was gone to Bed. Alſo he employed the moſt ſacred things to ſerve his abominable ends; for he engaged ſome of the *Salian* Prieſts, and he made an under hand Propoſition unto the Grand Veſtal to enter into his intereſts, but ſhe would not, though he promiſed to ſecure her from all danger. Mean while, the common opinion was, that he courted her to extinguiſh the ſacred fire, to the end it might be ſaid, that *Rome* was menaced with ſome great misfortune, and that this accident did ſignifie the authority to be weak in the hands of ſo old a Prince as *Servius Tullus*; for he knowing very well the nature of the common People, he knew that matters of Religion make a deep impreſſion in their ſpirits, and that a ſilly ſcruple aptly applied to the multitude, will work more with them than all the ſolid reaſons in the World. Moreover, though *Tarquin* was always full of tumultuous buſineſs, though he ſcarcely ever ſlept, though his mind was perpetually unquiet, and though he ſaw himſelf always upon the very brink of a diſmal precipice, ſince if his deſign was once diſcovered, he was utterly ruined;

ruined; yet he was as healthy and as vigorous, as if he had enjoyed the greateſt tranquillity of any man alive. But for the better advancement of his deſign, he asked divers things of the King, particularly concerning *Rome*, which were of ſuch a nature, as neither ought nor could be granted, ſo as they were denied him; and he asked them, purpoſely that he might have a pretence of murmuring againſt *Servius Tullus*; and at the ſame time he began to complain, thoſe whom either he or *Tullia* had ſuborned began alſo to declaim againſt the government, and to belch out a thouſand bitter invectives againſt the beſt of Kings. And it is very obſervable, that *Servius Tullus* who was the firſt of our Kings who made money, and brought in the uſe of it amongſt us, did thereby make the way of ſuborning thoſe whom *Tarquin* had need of, more eaſie. For thereby gifts might be given in private, and without a noiſe unperceived, which before could not be. Alſo *Tarquin* had ingaged abundance of all ſorts; there was not any Trade or Art, but he had ſome in it ready to do what he would, he had a Party alſo working among the very Slaves; ſo as it was eaſie for him to ſcatter what reports he pleaſed againſt the King, ſome ſaid therefore, that he was but a Slave born of a Slave, who after the death of the firſt *Tarquin* had uſurped the Crown by the Artifice of a Woman, who got him made King without the ſuffrages of the people. Others told the Senators, that *Servius* ſmelling of the baſeneſs of birth, had taken the goods of all the rich Families, and divided them among the poor; others told the People, that the King had taken from them the nomination of all their principal Officers, and beſtowed them upon the great ones, to the end they might oppreſs the weak: And others ſaid, that this Prince who had cauſed the particular Eſtates of every one to be numbred, had done it onely to know unto whom he ſhould addreſs himſelf, when he had a mind to undo his Subjects and inrich himſelf.

So as every one going the way of his own intereſt and cunning, diſperſing ſeveral reports amongſt the dull multitude (who are not able to diſcern juſtly, and who always are apt to murmur againſt Authority, eſpecially againſt an old King) they were preſently perſwaded, that the moſt juſt Prince upon earth, was Tyrannical. *Tarquin* and *Tullia* ſeeing ſo happy a beginning in their enterprize, they were beyond meaſure joyed; yet it was a joy not communicable unto others; for the diſcourſe at *Tullia's* houſe was onely ſuch as were of the intrigue. And I have heard ſay, that they would ſometimes paſs away a whole afternoon in nothing but whiſpers; for all that came thither had ſome ſecret or other to tell *Tullia*, or *Tullia* them.

But atlaſt, the fatal *Punctо* of time deſtined for the ruine of *Servius Tullus*, and the Grandure of *Tarquin* being come, *Rome* was a witneſs of the moſt horrid adventure, that ever happened in any place of the World. Be pleaſed to know, that this Ambitious Prince, having ordered all things for the execution of his Barbarous deſign, and being fully reſolved to kill the King, he went that fatal day unto the Chamber of the Devilliſh *Tullia*; for he had paſſed away all the night in going from ſtreet to ſtreet in a diſguiſe, and from houſe to houſe, to make ſure of all thoſe who were of his damned Faction. He was no ſooner there but that deteſtable Princeſs went to meet him with eyes ful of joy; and ſpeaking firſt, courage *Tarquin* (ſaid ſhe unto him) you have but one ſtep now to make, before you are upon the Throne, aſcend it boldly, and render your ſelf worthy to be the Husband of *Tullia* by an act ſo heroick: Leave tenderneſs and pity, and ſuch puling qualities to the dull vulgar, and know that I permit you to ſacrifice all unto your Ambition, not excepting the King himſelf. Go then this very day, and with undaunted reſolution either aſcend the Throne or deſcend into your Grave; for as the caſe ſtands with you there is no middle way to take. No, no, Generous *Tullia* (replied this Prince) you never need to fear I will ſtartle back, nor need you doubt the happy ſucceſs of my deſign, be aſſured you ſhall be a Queen before the Sun ſet, and you ſhall never ſee me again unleſs upon the Throne. After theſe expreſſions, this inhumane Prince left her, and went with a great number of armed men unto a place cloſe by the great Theatre where all the publick Aſſemblies were held. But in going thither the common Crier who was gained by that Prince, did command all the Senators in a tumultuous manner to aſſemble themſelves, and come before King *Tarquin* to know his Will. Mean time, you muſt know Sir, how that which the ſooner advanced this Princes deſign was, that the firſt of the *Tarquins* had augmented the Senate unto a very great number; ſo as all the laſt addition of the Senators were of the ſecond faction, and were much diſpoſed unto a Revolt. And there was not one who did not obey the ſummons of the publick Cryer, and came to *Tarquin*.

Thoſe of the ancient Senators who had been gained by him came alſo; the friends of *Servius* came likewiſe, ſome out of fear, others out of a perſwaſion that *Tarquin* did act by the conſent of *Servius*, who during his life would have him ſit upon the Throne; for they could not believe that any Son in Law unto ſuch a virtuous Prince would offer to pull the Crown ſo violently off his head. So as both friends and enemies did all equally obey, and followed *Tarquin*, who without more ado did ſit down in the Royal Seat.

This action ſeeming very ſtrange, and there being a great multitude of the conſpiracy gathered together in that place, ſo it chanced that this great Croud of men and the great noiſe of the thing, did in an inſtant draw thither a vaſt multitude of people and that which *Tarquen* did was ſo ſtrange unto them, as thoſe who were of his faction themſelves, could not chuſe but ſhew wonder in their Countenances; ſo as never ſuch a general conſternation was ſeen. Mean while, the arrogant *Tarquin* aſſuming a new pride, as ſoon as he was ſet in the Royal Chair of State, he began to accuſe *Servius Tullus* as an Uſurper, and told the people all that he had cauſed to be infuſed into them before: After which, he began to aggravate the great virtues of the firſt *Tarquin*, he treated *Servius* as a Slave, and ſpoke in ſuch bold and arrogant eloquence, as if *Tullus* had been the Tyrant and he the legitimate King. So as there ariſing a great noiſe of acclamations amongſt thoſe who were hired to it, and a great murmur amongſt thoſe who did not approve of what was done, the confuſion of voices was ſuch that *Tarquin* could not be heard. Things being in this Condition, *Tullus* being advertiſed of this diſorder, he came upon the place, at the leaſt to die upon the Throne which he had ſo worthily enjoyed. When this venerable King was within four paces of *Tarquin*, he looked ſtedfaſtly upon this Arrogant Uſurper who inſolently took

took his place; and beginning to ſpeak, *Tarquin* (ſaid he unto him) how durſt thou be ſo bold as to aſſemble the Senate, and to ſit in my Seat? Thou art miſtaken *Tullus* (anſwered this cruel Uſurper) for the Royal Chair wherein I ſit, belongs unto the firſt of the *Tarquins*, from whom I am deſcended; and thou art only an old Slave whom Fortune only hath elevated, and whom I will put into Fetters that I may take from the Romans the ſhame of having ſuch a Maſter. At theſe words the noiſe redoubled, and there was ſuch a hurly burly as *Tarquin* might plainly ſee, all the World was not for him: So as fearing leſt the ſight of this old and good King, ſhould turn any of them who were for him, and leſt ſo great a number of people ſhonld come, as that he ſhould not be the ſtronger party, he reſolved to execute his reſolution in caſe he found any reſiſtance; for he being tall, young, nimble and ſtrong; and *Servius Tullus* being old and weak, this Tyrant without any reſpect either unto the quality of a legitimate King or unto his Father in Law, or as the Grandfather of his Children, he did moſt inſolently lay hold upon him, and throw him down with a moſt horrible violence from the top of the ſteps to the bottom.

Thus the unfortunate *Servius Tullus* as his laſt and greateſt misfortune, ſaw himſelf forſaken by his Guards, and almoſt all his friends; except my own father, who preſerving a moſt conſtant fidelity, did help this miſerable King to riſe, and to get unto his own Palace, for he could hardly walk: But alas, he was no ſooner got unto the end of that ſtreet, which then was called the Cyprian ſtreet (and which the people ever ſince called the deteſtable ſtreet in ſpite of all *Tarquins* Tyranny) but this miſerable King was pulled out of my fathers Arms who defended him, as long as he could: and preſently after was killed by ſome whom the cruel *Tarquin* had ſent purpoſely to that end. And my father after he had ſtriven in vain to incite the People unto a revenge of the Kings death, was forced to retire home. Mean while, the cruel *Tullia* who had given orders to advertiſe her every moment of all that paſſed, ſhe no ſooner heard what inhumane *Tarquin* had done, but ſhe took Coach in all haſt, to go unto the place where the Senate was aſſembled; and ſending to call her Husband, ſhe told him that ſhe was come to render him the firſt homage, and ſalute him as King of *Rome*. But he having buſineſs of neer concernment in hand, he adviſed her to ſtay no longer among the croud of people, where Peace was not yet eſtabliſhed. *Tullia* returned to her Coach; and when the Coach came to the further end of the Cyprian ſtreet, and the Coachman ready to turn upon his right hand towards the Mount *Eſquiline*, he eſpied the body of *Servius Tullus* all blood and dirt: and ſpying this pitiful Spectacle he ſtopped his Horſes out of reſpect and humanity both, and turning towards this cruel Princeſs whom he did drive, he ſhewed unto her the body of the King her Father, thinking the ſight would have obliged her to ſtay: But the pitileſs *Tullia* inſpired with cruelty it ſelf, did chide him for his reſpects, and with inconceivable inhumanity and anger, commanded him to drive on without any ſtay, for any way unto a Throne was good: So as the Coachman not daring to reſiſt her, gave the Bridle unto his Horſes, who being fuller of pity than the Barbarous *Tullia*, did out of horror at the ſight of the dead Corps, avoid treading upon the feet of this great King; but the Wheels of the Coach touching the body of this great and unfortunate Prince were all bloody, this ſad horrid ſpectacle not moving the heart of cruel *Tullia* unto the leaſt ſign of Compaſſion. But on the contrary when ſhe was told that the Coach had gone over the body of her Father, ſhe turned her head to look upon it, and was ſo far from any ſorrow as ſhe looked upon it with joy. Thus ſmeared with the blood of her own father, ſhe was ſo impudent as to return unto her Domeſtick Gods; but to ſpeak truly *Tullia* regarded neither Domeſtick Gods nor any other; and indeed it is not to be wondred at, for ſhe being naturally cruel and wicked, ſhe was not capable of any humanity, but all ſigns of joy were to be ſeen in her eyes and all her actions. Mean while, *Tarquin* being the ſtronger party, he impoſed Laws upon the weaker, and commanded ſo abſolutely the very firſt day of his Reign, as if he had been the peaceable Poſſeſſor of that Throne out of which he had thrown his Father in Law, he could not have carried it otherwiſe than he did: But to ſhew his inhumanity to the height, he would not ſuffer a burial to be given unto the Corps of the late King, leſt it ſhould move the people to compaſſion: ſaying in moſt cruel rallary, that *Romulus* who was ranked amongſt the Gods had none: And that his cruelty may appear beyond all that imagination can conceive, the Widdow of this unfortunate King went in the Night, (accompanied with my Mother, who was the only woman that did not forſake her) unto the place where the Corps of this Prince did lye, and being aſſiſted with ſome old Domeſticks, ſhe got the Corps as far as the Palace, which the moſt cruel *Tarquin* and *Tullia* hearing of, they ſent to ſtrangle her; at leaſt, it is certain that this deplorable Princeſs having ſent my Mother to take ſome courſe for the private Funerals of the King her Husband, ſhe found her dead at her return, but could not diſcover any further, for the Kings Palace was grown to be a deſolate Deſart, preſently after he was aſſaſſinated.

However, all *Rome* was in a moſt horrible conſternation; for moſt of thoſe who had ſerved *Tarquin*, no ſooner ſaw him upon the Throne, but they repented that ever they helped him up, and found that in lieu of having a King they were like to have a Tyrant. For as ſoon as *Tarquin* was Maſter of *Rome* he flattered the people only to get ſo much power from them as to leſſen the Authority of the Senate; and therefore he was reſolved not to augment either their Authority or their number; he made himſelf Maſter of all the ſtrong Forts in the City, and kept always a ſtrong Guard about his Palace. After which intending to become terrible, and to Reign by fear, he put to death a great number of the moſt illuſtrious Senators, he exiled many, and became ſuch a terror, as not any were able to oppoſe his will. Nor did he content himſelf with putting to death and exiling all thoſe who were in a capacity to hurt him; but he charged divers Citizens with ſuppoſed crimes, purpoſely to pick or make holes in their Coats, and ſo inrich himſelf by their Ruines. He took away all medling in matters of State from the Senate; he made both Peace and War, as he pleaſed; he contracted Leagues and Alliances with his neighbours, according as he fancied; he was himſelf ſole judge in all criminal cauſes wherein the honour of many noble Families, and lives of many illuſtrious Citizens were deeply concerned, and he did ſo unite all the Authority in his own ſingle perſon; that he was more abſolute Maſter of *Rome* than ever any was.

This

This *Tarquin* who was so sweet, so civil and so courteous in appearance, who did salute the people so humbly, favoured so many men, helped so many poor, and was so complacential unto all, now he had got upon the Throne, did not desire or indeavour to be beloved, but all his care was how to be feared: For (said he one day) it is the maddest folly in the World for those who Reign, to pretend unto love of the People, since it is the onely way to be scorned; but on the contrary, Prudence and Wisdom bids him make himself a terror unto those from whom he expects obedience. For a people who obeys a Prince only out of Love, will descant, and deliberate upon the Commands which are put upon them; but when the Commander is accustomed severely to punish such as do not obey, and hath rendred himself terrible, as soon as ever the command is heard of, the imagination is so taken up with the thought of punishment, in case of disobedience, as that the people for their own interest will blindly and presently obey, without any examination or deliberation upon the matter: And therefore I conclude, it is better to make himself feared then loved. And I am perswaded, that none do love any that are above themselves; but that which is called Love among the people, is only a Love of their own Liberty, which is alwaies greatest when they have an easie and weak master, one who is not absolutely enough, nor knows how to make himself feared and obeyed. This Sir, is the true character of *Tarquin*, unto whom the sirname of Proud was given; but it must be said to the shame of all Romans, that they all did sit still, with their hands in their Pockets, and all submitted themselves. For, except *Clelius*, the Father of *Horace*, and my Father, and a man of noble quality called *Publius Valerius*, who couragiously maintained the interests of the Senate and People, all obeyed the Tyrant. But at last, the three first of these, whose courages for two years together did resist against the violences of *Tarquin*, they were banished by this Usurper. But *Clelius* is there still; as for my Father, and the Father of *Horace*, they died presently after they went out of *Rome*. The truth is, that in dying my Father did an act so extraordinary as is worthy of a relation, which if I do, I shall do an act extraordinary also, since I needs must make an Elogy in praise of him unto whom I ow my life; and since the knowledge of his vertues will help you to hate *Tarquin* and *Tullia* the more, I shall without any scruple let you know them. Be pleased to know then, how that virtuous person whose name was *Sevilia*, was one of the faireſt women in all *Rome*, and one who after she had been adored and courted by the most illustrious persons in all our City, did marry my Father, followed his Fortunes, went with him into exile, with such admirable Constancy, as she was not affrighted at the troubles of travel; nor the sufferings of such as are exiled. For besides that *Sevilia* had a great and high soul, and was so perswaded that her duty was to be preferred before all things, she never made any difficulty to do what she thought she was obliged unto, especially when it was a duty which amity imposed upon her. And her Amity was ever so un-interested, as she considered only the persons whom she esteemed, never considering her self; and if it was more advantagious for them, whatsoever it was she consented unto, she generously consented unto it; so joyning together, a great beauty, a great spirit, and a great wisdome, it is not strange, if when she went out of *Rome* with my honoured Father, the People should murmur, and say openly that *Tarquin* had banished virtue in banishing *Sevilia*. But to return from whence I digressed, be pleased to know, that my Father falling sick, and perceiving he should not escape it, did speak unto *Sevilia*, like a man who feared not the approaches of death; so as my mother seeing his Constancy, and desiring not to dishearten him by shewing all her sorrow, she concealed a part of it, and striving with her self, she spoke to him with extraordinary Constancy. It may be, Sir, (said she unto him) that the Gods will hearken unto my Prayers; but in case they are not pleased to let me injoy the happiness of your life: I would gladly know, what your pleasure is, I should do? and what education you would have me give unto your Children? for they being very young (added she and shewing me and two others unto him) perhaps I may be able to inspire them with such thoughts as you desire: Tell me, I beseech you, in what part of the World you would have me live, until they are grown able to follow those ways of virtue which I shall shew them? I would have you return unto the place from whence we are banished replied my Father) to the end my children may be affectionate unto their Country, and may not learn strange Customes, which may keep them from hating the Tyrant of *Rome*. I would have you use all the ingenuity you can, to infuse into their hearts, the Love of virtue and the hatred of vice. But, Sir, (replied she) should we return to *Rome*, we must be known unto *Tarquin*, we must obey him, and ask his permission to enter: Consider well (I beseech you) whether honour will allow me to do what you desire, and whether it were not better do die out of *Rome*, then enter into it upon such conditions? However (said my Father) I would have my Children brought up in *Rome*, to the end they may hereafter be Thorns in the sides of the Tyrant; and that I may die with so much comfort as to hope I have left behind me, Children who will contribute unto the Liberty of their Country; as for the waies of getting them thither, I do refer them unto your Prudence, for I cannot divine what will happen when I am dead. After this, Sir, my Father grew weak upon a sudden, and could say no more, for he died the same night. *Sevilia's* intentions, were to obey her dead Husband as exactly, as if he were living, and she carried her self with so much Prudence and Wisdom, that her kindred and friends who lived in *Rome*, did get her leave to return, and bring her Children, *Tarquin* himself not believing that she desired it, nor that she was any thing obliged unto him for it. Yet her firm Constancy was such, after she returned to *Rome*, that she would never go and see the cruell *Tullia*; and she hath inspired such generous and noble thoughts into me, that I were the most ungratefull of men if I did not publish and acknowledge it. I remember one day when she understood that I had been solicited to be one in a Plot against *Tarquin*, and coming to me in my Chamber when I was alone, you know *Herminius* (said she unto me) that hitherto I have punctually obeyed your Father, whose last words you did hear, and that I have laboured to inspire your heart with the Love of your Country. But to tel you truly, my care hath been more to make you hate the Vices of the Tyrant then the Tyrant himself: And I have ever thought, that attempts to ruine him are not lightly to be undertaken, lest by indeavouring to set your Country at Liberty, you should bring it more

into

into Slavery. Do not therefore ingage your self to no purpoſe, not ſo much for fear of expoſing your life which is ſo dear unto me, as for fear of expoſing *Rome* unto a more cruel ſervitude; for Trees that are onely ſhaken with the Wind, and not blown down, will take deep root.

This, Sir, was the ſage advice of *Sevilia*, which I did blindly follow, yet was ſhe but ill recompenced: For there was no perſecution which that vertuous Perſon was not put to ſuffer; but the truth is, ſhe did not ſuffer alone; for to return unto *Tarquin*, it may truly be ſaid of him that ſince the firſt day he aſcended the Throne, unto this hour, he never did any act in which there was not ſome injuſtice, or ſome cruelty, or ſome couſenage in it. All the Wars which he made have alſo the ſame character, and one may more properly call the Towns which he hath taken, rather thefts, then conqueſts; and ſubtile craft, and deceit have the greateſt ſhare in all his actions during his Reign. After he had made Alliance with the Latines, he deceived them, in mixing their Troops with his own, when they had no Commanders of their own Nation. He cauſed a man whoſe name was *Herdonius*, to periſh upon a bare ſurmiſe, he cauſed him to be loaded with Chains, and thrown into a place where he was drowned. 'Tis true, he took the City of *Pometia* with ſome honour, and he ſhewed himſelf a great Captain in that Recounter: But afterwards he took the City of the *Gabians* by ſuch a terrible piece of craft, as if it did not more relate unto the Prince *Sextus* his ſon, then unto him, I would tell you the whole paſſage; but after he had made that City deſolate, and put all the Riches of it into the hands of the People, except what he reſerved for himſelf, he indeavoured to taſte the ſweets of Peace and to blind the People: And for a guiſe upon all his injuſtices, in ruining ſo many, he ſet himſelf to finiſh that ſtately Temple of *Jupiter*, whoſe foundation the firſt of the *Tarquins* had laid. But there being many other Temples in building near the Tarpeian Rock, where the foundation of this was laid, and *Tarquin* having a mind to make this greater than the Prince who laid the firſt foundation intended, he made no difficulty of pulling down all thoſe Temples, and not to incenſe the People by it, he made a ſhew, as if he would firſt obſerve the flying of the Birds; but certainly the Augures were hired, and though the Gods had given ſuch an evident ſign as ſhould have reſtrained him, yet he would have done it. There was yet one Temple ſtanding which was dedicated unto the God *Thermes*, and *Tarquin* deſiring to make uſe of all, ſeemed to give credit unto the predictions of the *Tuſcans*, to the end, that giving this example, the People alwaies follow the mind of the Prince, might alſo beleeve with him, and be perſwaded of what he thought good; and as they were digging up the earth to lay the foundation of this ſtately Temple, they found the head of a man whoſe face continued ſtill in form; and *Tarquin* to make ſome uſe of this accident, he ſent into *Tuſcany*; and procured the Divines with whom he conſulted to ſay, That it was a moſt certain ſign, that *Rome* as *Tarquin* had ordered it, ſhould be the chief City of all *Italy*, and Miſtreſs of all the World; and indeed, they gave unto that place the name of *Capitol* which it bears at this preſent. So as after this, he preſſed forward the building of this Temple; after this he made Seats and Scaffolds about the Theatre, at an extraordinary expence. He eſtabliſhed two new Colonies; but in doing all theſe things, he ſtill was doing injuries, injuſtices, and cruelties. He put the eldeſt ſon of his own Siſter to death, he had not married his own Daughter but with an intent to be perfidious; and he omitted nothing which might merit the Title of a perfect Tyrant. All this while, *Tullia* in the midſt of all her Grandure, ſhe never had any content ſince ſhe was upon the Throne; for ſhe was ſtill ſo jealous of authority; as ſhe did not think that *Tarquin* gave enough unto her, and that having more inhumanity towards *Tullus* then he had, ſhe thought that ſhe might at leaſt divide with him in the Soveraign Power. So as time wearing out of her heart, that love which ſhe bore unto *Tarquin*, ſhe grew moſt horribly jealous; for as ſoon as ſhe ſaw this Prince regarded her no more than another woman, ſhe began not to regard him, and treated him ſo ill, that ſometimes ſhe made him go out of *Rome*. Alſo, ſhe was ſo horribly hated there, as when any took the liberty of ſpeech, they called her the deteſtable *Tullia*. As for *Tarquin*, in ſpight of all his Guards and Power, every one called him *Tarquin* the Proud. At the firſt, he did not take this well, and did moſt ſeverely puniſh ſuch men, as had no other Crimes but calling him ſo; but afterwards he was ſo inſenſibly accuſtomed unto it, as he thought this Title not injurious, nor did he take it ill, men ſhould call him ſo. And to merit it he grew ſo abominably terrible, as thoſe who were his moſt private Confidents of all his Cruelties, were ſometimes ſo terrified themſelves, that they durſt not come near him. That famous *Sibyl* who came unto him, did yet bring him to her ends for all his cruelty, and it hath been wordred a hundred, and a hundred times, that a Prince ſo violent as he was, did not treat her as ſharply, as he was uſed to do others who denied him any thing. Yet this *Sibyl* whoſe name was *Amalthea* did bring him unto her Bow, though he thought to bring her unto his; for when ſhe had preſented unto him the nine Books which ſhe had compoſed, and which were ſaid to contain ſuch high matters, as ſoon as he denied her the price ſhe demanded, ſhe burned three of them: *Tarquin* thinking her to be out of her wits, and having a Curioſity to ſee thoſe which remained; he asked her what ſhe would have for them? but *Amalthea* anſwering him that ſhe would have as much for thoſe ſix, as ſhe would for the nine, this Prince took her for one that was abſolutely mad; but *Amalthea* without any aſtoniſhment at all, took three more of the Books and burned them as ſhe did the firſt; inſomuch, as *Tarquin* being more aſtoniſhed, he changed his mind, and admiring the Conſtancy of this Woman, he asked her the third time, what ſhe would have for the laſt three Books? and ſhe anſwering as before, *Tarquin* did verily believe that they did contain ſome great matters, therefore he aſſembled the Augurers; for though he made a mocking ſtock of Religion, yet ſtill he obſerved the Ceremonies. But thoſe whom he had aſſembled thinking it fit, he ſhould buy thoſe Books at any rate, he gave the *Sibyl* her demands for them, after which ſhe went her way. Yet the People ſay, ſhe vaniſhed; and thoſe who knew things beſt, did ſay that *Tullia* commanded her to get out of *Rome*. However it were, theſe Books were to be keept as ſacred, and conſulted with upon every thing; but that *Rome* might feel all ſorts of miſeries, it was infected with a moſt contagious diſeaſe, which was ſo mortall, eſpecially amongſt Children, as there was not a family in *Rome* which had not ſome

subject for tears. So as since *Tarquin* had always the outside of Religion, he sent two of his Sons unto *Delphos* with grand offerings. A Nephew of *Tarquins* called *Brutus* went with them, though his true name was *Lucius Junius*, but they called him *Brutus* because his blockishness did resemble that of *Brutes*. Yet he was in such a condition to be envied by those of the wiser sort, and his folly made him more safe under the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, than all their wisdoms could. He had a father of a great spirit whom *Tarquin* put to death, but for this man he being harmlesly incapable of hurting any, *Tarquin* was contented to take his estate which was very great, without sacrificing him unto his cruelty. I shall not insist any longer upon a particular relation of all his wickednesses, nor his reasons which moved him to banish me; for that would be to relate the whole History of my life, which I will not mix with the story of so wicked a man. Yet I must be so just, as to confess that of four Children which he hath, three of them deserve to have a Father less cruel, and a Mother more virtuous, for the second of his sons who by his first name is called *Arruntius*, and afterwards named the Prince of *Pometia*, because he did signalize himself at the taking of that Town, is a Prince that is every way admirable, the third who is called *Titus* is also a man of very noble inclinations, and the Daughter of *Tarquin* who is married, hath all the sweetness and modesty of a good woman. But as for the Prince *Sextus*, who is also called the young *Tarquin*, he is much different from his Brothers, though he be not so very bad as *Tarquin* the Proud; for he is handsom, of a good mind and a pleasant spirit, he is naturally eloquent; his Ambition is not unmeasurable; he is merry, frollick, and of a quick fancy; his inclination is to love all manner of pleasures, without any distinguishing of the innocent from the Criminal; and of the two, he loves those of a Licentious Debauchery, better than those who are not so: So as having a smack of his Fathers fierceness, and a little of his Mothers cruelty, and mixing these two with his Libertinism and Debauchery, it may well be said that he hath a hundred dangerous qualities for one good one. This Sir is the Character of *Tarquins* Family at this day, and this is the character of *Tarquin* himself, who now intends to besiege *Ardea*; and who maugre all his Crimes, is so terrible and considerable unto all his Neighbours, as no Prince in all *Italy* more; and this Sir, is the original of the famous City of *Rome*.

Herminius having ended his Relation, was thanked by *Artemidorus*, by *Aronces*, by *Amilcar*, and by *Zenocrates*, for the pains he had taken, and the pleasure they found in his History of the greatest City in the World, and the greatest Tyrant that ever was. After which reasoning upon all they had heard, and considering that Love and Ambition were the chief causes of all these miseries; *Artemidorus* wished, that there were no passions in the hearts of men. Oh for Heavens sake (said *Amilcar* and smiled) make no such dangerous wish; since I conceive that if men had no passions, in lieu of wishing to live they would wish to dye; for nothing is more odious than to have a sluggish luke-warm life, without either desires or fears, a life that is no more sensible than that which we see in Flowers or Leaves. I conceive indeed (said *Herminius*) that all pleasures have their rise from passions: That is so true (said *Amilcar*) that if all the wise men of *Greece* should rise again, I would make them all confess, that all their wisdom were not worth a straw, if there were no passions in the hearts of men, and that wisdom were a treasure which they knew not what to do with. I dare go further than so, (added *Aronces*) for I am perswaded that all the heroick acts which have been done in all ages, had never been done had there been no passions. I do agree unto what you say (replied *Artemidorus*) but yet you must confess with me also, that without the same passions few or none of all the great and abominable Crimes had been committed. I do confess that (replied *Amilcar*) but I must tell you withal, that as we do gather Roses though they have some sharp pricks, admire the Sea, though she causes many Shipwracks; love the light of the Sun though sometimes it burns, and love the earth though she produces dangerous as well as wholesome Plants; so I say the same of Passions and all the evils of them; that I should be sorry they were quite taken away from men for if they were, all pleasures and delights would be taken away with them, as *Herminius* well observed. But yet I would gladly know (added he and addressed himself to *Zenocrates* who had not spoke a word in this dispute) what opinion you are of? had I known what my self (replied he very pleasantly and smiled) I should ere this have told you, but to be sincere, I know not, for since I am very sensible of Love, I would gladly reserve that passion; but otherwise I am so naturally lazy, as I should not be sorry if there were no other passions in the World, because I fancy that if there were none, all would slumber in a continual languor of spirit, and a pleasing phantasm of idleness, which would be exceedingly charming. As for matter of idleness you are in the right (replied *Amilcar*) for if there were no passions, all brave men would have nothing to do; if there were no Ambition, millions of men would come and go in and out of the World without any thing they had to do in it: Take the passion of Love from a Lover, and he's but an idle creature; take from a brave man that which gets him honour, and he will never go to the Wars, Kings without Ambition might have subjects enough, valiant men not having the passion of getting glory would all sit still undistinguished from Cowards; I believe likewise, that the fields would all lye fallow, Cities and Houses would not be built, men would remain dispersed in the Fields, not seeking for any other lodgings than Grots, such as nature shall make them. And as for Ladies, if there were no passions in the World, I know not what they would do; for they being the weaker Sex, if their beauty did not cause Love in the hearts of men, and that beauty hold them in obedience in lieu of force, I had rather be a handsome Butterfly than a fair woman; for besides their being certainly Slaves, they would live in a most irksome idleness; since they would not know how to spend away that time which now they employ in dressing themselves; do but look upon a fair Woman in a place, and at a time when she thinks none will see her, nor she see any, that would be enough to make one think that if Ladies did know they could never cause Love, they would never take so much pains as to spend all the day in dressing themselves, to be undressed again at night. I once knew a Woman in *Africa* whom I never saw but twice, yet I saw her very different; for the first time I saw her, she was so well dresst and so handsom as she charmed me, though she was but of a mean Beauty. But a

while after, this Lady being gone into the Country, in a place where she never thought to see any; and being alone with her Husband, I happened to come upon a sudden, and I found her so negligently dresst, so ill-favoured, and so different from what she seemed before, as I knew well she did not much care for pleasing her Husband, and that if all passions were taken out of the World, all handsomness, and all that makes women appear fair would be taken away also. So as though I went with intentions to offer incense unto her, and perhaps my heart; yet I was cooled and offered nothing, but brought away my heart and my incense again, of which I was very glad, for within a few days after, I knew not how to employ them better.

But to return unto passions, judge you if it would not be the greatest loss that is imaginable, if Passions were taken away; for if there were none then all Ladies would be less lovely and never loved; but as they would not be loved (replied *Herminius*) so they would not be hated; for it is only love that makes them hated, and commonly only ill treated Lovers, or jealous Husbands do hate them. 'Tis true (replied *Amilcar*) that they would not be hated, but yet if they be not loved their lives would be strangely tedious to them, and I am confident there is not one woman that is young and fair, but she had rather be hated by a hundred ill treated Lovers, and as many jealous Husbands. than not to be loved by one complete Gallant whom she affects, or to be in such a condition, as to be neither in love nor be loved by any. Let us not complain therefore against Passions, since they are the whole business and the greatest delights of men. Yet I must tell you (replied *Artemidorus*) it is a business of great difficulty to overcome them. 'Tis true (replied *Amilcar* in his usual freeness) but since it is so difficult do not strive against them, submit unto them, and in lieu of striving to overcome them, rather seek to satisfie them, and then you will not be so tormented. For my part, I do not wonder that Passions should so tyrannize over the hearts of all men, for every one can say, they must strive against them and subject them, the lesson is written both in Verse and Prose, the Philosophers teach it, the Sages command it, Fathers teach it their Sons, Husbands their Wives, and Mothers their Daughters; so as these poor Passions seeing so many enemies, do more couragiously strive not to be overcome, but to reign in the hearts of those who with so much injustice would drive them out. And indeed this is their original, they could not subsist otherwise, they afford infinite delights to those who seek to satisfie them, and seldom do any hurt, but unto such as would destroy them. For my part (replied *Zenocrates*) they never tormented me in that sort; for since I am perswaded that it is very difficult to overcome them, I had rather submit so as my reason and my Passions never jar, for when my Passions are stronger than my reason, my reason submits unto them; and when my reason is stronger than my Passions, it flatters but would not destroy them.

You know so little what great passions are (replied *Herminius* and smiled) that it appertains not unto you to speak of them; but if you were possessed with a very violent passion of Love, or if your own desires had caused you to endure a thousand torments, or hopes had raised in you a thousand inquietudes, then you should be permitted to speak of the force of Passions; for had you but experience of one, you might easily imagine what is the tyranny of the rest. 'Tis true (said *Avances*) that whosoever knows the force of Love may easily comprehend that of Ambition, and all the rest of the Passions. Yet I am perswaded (replied *Herminius*) that one cannot judge of the passion in others rightly, or ought to speak of any but his own; for though they are still passions all over the World, and love is love in *Greece* as well as in *Italy*, yet the hearts of men do differently resent it, and variety of tempers do produce several effects out of the same passion, for love in the heart of *Tarquin* makes him commit a thousand Crimes, and the same passion in the heart of *Avances*, makes him to perform a thousand Heroick actions. 'Tis true (replied *Artemidorus*) but still I must maintain that in what heart soever Passions do Reign, they cause abundance of trouble to him that will contest them; and I must maintain still (replied *Amilcar*) that without Passions we cannot be happy. This dispute had not ended so soon, if a great noise of horsemen had not interrupted them, and caused them to look who they were, but they were quickly satisfied; for they understood that they were Troops which were marching to be Posted about *Ardes*, on that side towards the sea, within a mile of the Town.

They understood likewise that *Tarquin* was to set out of *Rome* the next morning, and would go unto the Camp: Mean time since *Herminius* would not be known unto those who commanded those Troops of that Prince, he would not look upon them; only *Avances*, *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar* and *Zenocrates*, who since they could not be known, they saw them past by. But after they were past, *Avances* was extreamly impatient for the return of *Celeres*, and the Slave he went unto *Ardes*, because he feared that when *Tarquin* was come to the Camp, the Town would be so beset, that he could not get in if the interest of *Clelia* should require it. But to his happiness, his impatience did not last long; for *Celeres* who was the most diligent and zealous friend in the World, did return about midnight, and confirmed what he heard before concerning *Tarquins* departure; and told him further, that it was not believed *Tarquins* design was to force *Ardes*, but only to take it by famine, and therefore he might easily get into the place if he heard that *Clelia* was there. He added further; that the Prince *Sextus*, the Prince of *Pometia*, and the Prince *Titus* would follow the King unto this Siege, and that their Equipage of War would be so magnificent, that every one was so full of Curiosity to see them go out of *Rome* as if it were a Triumph. As for the Prince of *Pometia*, (replied *Herminius*) I shall not fear being his Prisoner, for he is much my friend, and I am sure he will not expose me to the cruelty of his father, but would release me; as for *Tarquin* I would as soon take poyson, as fall into his Power. After this *Avances* being pricked on by his love, he had a mind to be going towards *Ardes*, and not stay for the Slave; but *Amilcar*, *Herminius* and *Celeres* did so perswade him that the interest of *Clelia* required his stay until the Slaves return, that he resolved to stay until the next day towards night. But after that (said he unto them) I will not stay, for very probable the Slave is taken either in going or coming by the Troops of *Tarquin*, and so will not return.

This being probable, the friends of *Avances* did not contradict what he said, but gave themselves unto their rest that night. But *Avances* was waked with

with joy, for when the Sun was an hour high, the trusty Slave whom he expected so impatiently did arrive; he knowing that his Master would take it well if he waked him, because his business did concern his love unto *Clelia*, he did awake him, but he awaked him by pronouncing the name of that admirable person, imagining that he could not interrupt his rest in a more agreeable manner. Sir, (said he unto him) I have seen *Clelia* in *Ardes*, and——— how (said *Aronces* and interrupted him, rubbing sleep from his eyes) hast thou seen *Clelia* in *Ardes*? yes, Sir (replied he) I saw her in the Temple, and I know the house wherein she lodgeth, but I could not speak unto her nor let her see me, do what I could; for *Horatius* being continually in her company, I durst not approach; for as you know he knows me, and I was in fear that had he seen me he would have Arrested me. However, I know that he carries himself with much respect towards *Clelia*, though he guards her very closely; for she goes no whither but unto the Temple, and then he follows her. She hath a Woman with her who waits upon her very carefully, as I understand by those who informed me. They say also, that *Horatius* is very earnest in perswading those of the Town to use all their endeavours for their own defence, which they seem resolved to do, that every day he proposeth some new fortification to be made, and he seems to be very angry with those of *Ardes*, for thinking that without all those, *Tarquin* can never take it; for besides his interest in *Clelia*, he is in great fear (as they say) to fall into the hands of *Tarquin*, who being an inveterate hater both of his Father and him, will infallibly put him to death. And Sir, since I was afraid that if I staid any longer inquiring after the designs of *Horatius*, I should not have liberty to get out, nor you to get into the Town, I returned as soon as possibly I could.

After this *Aronces* dressing himself with all haste, he began to consider with himself what he should do or not do; but at last, he resolved to entreat *Amilcar* (who had matters to negotiate in *Italy* concerning the interests of the Carthaginian Prince) that he would go unto *Tarquin* with those two Grecians, whilst he went unto *Ardes* with *Herminius* and *Celeres*, to the end, that if *Tarquin* did take that Town, he might oblige that Prince to protect *Clelia* not letting him know that she was the Daughter of *Clelius*; for he pre-supposed that if *Amilcar* would he might get the love of that Prince. And indeed this resolution being pitched upon after serious advice, they went about the execution of it. *Herminius* and *Celeres* did well see that it was an odd business for *Aronces* to go and shut himself up in a Town where his Rival also was; but they hoped that offering themselves to defend the besieged, they should be protected, and that since they had nothing to fear but *Horatius*; *Horatius* was also in as much danger as *Aronces*, since *Aronces* was no less valiant than he. So as then separating themselves, *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates* wended towards the Camp, where they pretended to meet *Tarquin*: *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres*, took a blind way which their guide directed them, to the end they might sculk in the Woods which were not far from *Ardes*, until it began to be dark, conceiving it more easie to get in at that time then by day light; but the time being come, in which they hoped to get into *Ardes*, by a blind way, where the Troops of *Tarquin* were not Posted, they went out of the Wood, and went down a little Valley full of Osiers, which grew by the side of a little Brook, which turned and wended it self through a pleasant Meadow, they saw at a distance Armed Men a fighting, and they heard the Voices of Women mingled with the noise of Horses and Arms. *Aronces* thought he heard the voice of *Clelia*; so as riding on towards the place where they heard this voice, he saw two Coaches, and he saw *Clelia* under a Tree with four or five other handsome Ladies complaining in a very doleful manner; whilst ten Men, in the head of which was *Horatius*, were fighting against twenty. *Aronces* never studying what to do, went strait towards *Clelia* being followed by *Herminius* and *Celeres*. He was no sooner with her, but without any insisting upon ceremonies, whosoever these are that be fighting (said he unto her) I believe they are all against us; and therefore, Madam, let me carry you away whilst they are busied in vanquishing each other, or else let me have the honour to die in defending you. *Clelia* being extremely joyed to see *Aronces* whom she loved so tenderly, and also to see two friends whom she much esteemed, did not stick upon it; but abandoning her self to the Conduct of *Aronces* he set her upon one of his Horses; but for all this haste, she told those Ladies who were with her, that she wished them who fought for them victory, and having desired them to pardon her, if having enemies on both sides, she accepted of this relief which the gods did offer unto her: After which, being mounted on Horse-back, and *Aronces* also; a Woman who saw this and was given her by *Horatius*, began to cry out so loud that this valiant Roman hearing her, and looking about to see what the matter was; he saw *Clelia* on Horse-back riding first and conducted by a slave, and followed by three Men on Horse-back also, who by their Tires seemed to be Men of Quality, though he did not see their Faces; when he saw this, he prepared himself to follow *Clelia*: *Aronces* and *Herminius* turning their heads to see if they were pursued, there chanced the strangest accident in the World. For *Horatius* knowing his Rival did spur his Horse, to take away *Clelia* the second time, and cryed unto those of his party that they should follow him. In the mean time, a Man whose Name was *Hellius*, who was Commander in chief over those who fought against *Horatius*, and who was much in favour with *Tarquin*, he knowing *Herminius*, also knowing how the virtues of that excellent Man were odious unto the Tyrant, he believed that he should be a made Man for ever, if he could bring him alive or dead unto *Tarquin*; and therefore commanding his Men to follow after *Herminius*, at the same time when *Horatius* did go to relieve *Clelia*, so it was, as without any compact between them, they changed their designs of fighting to go and fall upon the Protectors of the admirable *Clelia*, who then found her self to be in a most pitiful condition; for when she saw both *Tarquin*'s Men, and those of *Horatius* come thundring with all violent impetuosity upon *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres* who turned head against them, though they could not pretend unto any other glory then to sell their lives dear, and to die with honour. So as the admirable *Clelia* seeing these three Men who were so dear unto her, in a condition to be assaulted by thir-

ty, and imagining them already dead, she did an act which was worthy her great Soul, for turning her Horse upon her left hand, and lifting up her hood. O ye Cowards, said she unto them, are ye not ashamed being thirty to fall upon three Men, who have no other design but to set me at liberty? this great and generous action did so surprize *Horatius*, *Aronces*, and the Commander of *Tarquin*'s Men, and wonder did so suspend their thoughts as they stopped, and staid a while before they could tell what to do. But at last, *Aronces* putting on his Horse, and followed by *Herminius* and *Celeres*, he advanced towards *Clelia* in the presence of all his enemies, telling them with a menacing action, that they must kill him, before they carried away the fair Person as a Captive. *Horatius* then finding himself separated from his own Men, and chance had mingled his with the Men of *Tarquin*, he did not think himself in a capacity to fall upon *Aronces*, and take *Clelia* from him, for he conceived that *Hellius*, who endeavoured to have her in the power of *Tarquin*, would take her from him again; and therefore he would have had *Hellius* begin the Combat, apprehending that *Hellius* aimed at *Herminius* as well as him, so as *Hellius* being moved at that great action of *Clelia*, and the resoluteness of *Aronces*, he began to speak, and advancing in the head of his Men, whosoever you are (said he unto *Aronces*) who thus resolutely hazards your Life upon the hazard of infallible ruine, I promise to treat you well, and this fair person also, upon condition I may secure my self of an enemy unto *Tarquin*, whom I see with you: *Herminius* hearing *Hellius* say so, began to speak before either *Aronces* or *Clelia*, and looking sternly upon *Hellius*; if thou desirest to carry my head unto the Tyrant thy Master, and not take me Prisoner (said he unto him) I am contented it should be the ransome of that fair one: But as for *Aronces*, I advise thee to take heed what thou dost; for didst thou know him, thou wouldest fall down upon thy knees and ask him forgiveness. *Horatius* hearing what *Herminius* said and fearing least he should make his Rival known, he fell furiously upon *Aronces*, who warding the blow without any leisure to return answer unto *Hellius*, he returned another blow, whose weight made *Horatius* to stagger. But whilst these two furious Rivals were fighting, *Hellius* gave command to make sure of *Clelia*, and that she should be guarded with the rest of the Ladies, which was an easie matter to do. For *Herminius* and *Celeres*, seeing some of *Horatius* his Men making towards *Aronces*, they went to him with their Swords drawn; so as *Hellius* then intending to compass about both *Herminius* and *Horatius*, there began such a confused fight as none could know friend from foe; for the Men of *Horatius* fought sometimes for *Aronces* and *Herminius* in fighting against *Hellius*. *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Celeres* they fought also for *Hellius* in fighting against *Horatius*; and *Hellius* he fought for *Horatius* in fighting against *Aronces*, and the confusion was so much the greater, because night came on, and would not let them know one from another, so as there was the most terrible disorder that is imaginable. For the interest of those who fought were so different, as it seemed they could not every one drive on their own: indeed *Aronces* would if he could have delivered *Clelia*, both out of the hands of *Hellius*, and out of the hands of *Horatius*, because it was more dangerous to be under the power of *Tarquin*, if she were known then under the power of her Lover. Moreover, he had a mind to defend *Herminius*, and kill *Horatius*. As for *Herminius*, his wish was that *Clelia* was in the hands of *Aronces*, that the two Rivals were at Peace, and were united to fight against one of the Ministers of unjust *Tarquin*'s cruelties. As for *Horatius*, he wished himself dead, he was so desperate to see he was like to lose his Mistress, and not able to kill his Rival; and also like to fall into the hands of *Tarquin*: As for *Hellius*, his aim was to take *Herminius*, to take *Horatius*, to secure *Clelia*, and the rest of the Ladies, and to know who *Aronces* was: However, night was the cause they could not do as they would. Things being thus, they all heard a great noise of horses coming as if from *Ardes*; so as *Hellius* fearing to lose all, in desiring to get all, he commanded that all the Ladies should go into their Coaches, and be driven towards *Rome*. *Aronces* hearing this, not being in a condition able to hinder it, nor to discern his Rival, he designed to dis-ingage himself and follow the Coaches, and to go and make himself known unto *Tarquin*, to protest *Clelia*, rather then suffer her to be a Slave. This design had many dangerous consequences in it, but the time and place would not let him examine them, so as being prompted to do only as his love invited him, he dis-ingaged himself and so happily that *Herminius* and *Celeres* knowing his voice, they joyned, and made good their retreat fighting until they got into a little Wood which secured them. They were not got a hundred paces within this Wood, but the bridle of *Aronces* being broken, he alighted to mend it: During which, *Hellius* understanding that those Troops which he thought did come from *Ardes*, did belong unto *Tarquin*, he went unto them; but finding neither *Horatius*, nor *Aronces*, nor *Herminius*, he was extremely sorry that he had lost so fine an opportunity, and was forced to be contented with the taking of *Clelia*, and those Ladies who came out of *Ardes*, because they would not stay in a Town which in all probability would be taken. Thus *Hellius* sent them to *Rome*, supposing that *Tarquin* would not set out before the next day. But in the mean time, the Moon rising, and beginning to shine, *Celeres* could the better help *Aronces* to mend his Bridle, yet it was not long before he could finish it, for commonly in such things, the most hast the worst speed; but during that time, *Herminius* asked *Aronces* what he intended to do? and he answered that since *Clelia* was under *Tarquin*'s power, he could not chuse but go unto him, and meet with *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, to the end he might procure her liberty, not telling who she was, nor that he was the Son unto the King of *Clusium*, unless the interest of *Clelia* did force him to it. Not but that I consider (said he) it goes against the grain of my heart, to go and serve a Prince who hates *Herminius*, and who would have murthered the Father of *Clelia*; but yet since that admirable person was under his power, he was forced unto it. You have good reason for it, Sir (replied *Herminius*) and the worst is, in all the design, that I cannot wait upon you to *Rome*. And therefore, I conceive it my safest course to go into *Ardes*, and fight against him that seeks my Life, and is an enemy unto all virtuous Men. As soon as *Herminius* had said so, *Celeres* who helped *Aronces* to hold his horse did hear the voice of one who lamented; and all of them being the more attentive, they did plainly hear a Man making most

most lamentable complaint. So as *Aronces* being got upon his Horse, he told *Herminius* and *Celeres*, that he would go towards the place from whence the sad sound did come; for said he, it is the duty of miserable people to help those who are in the like condition. The heart of *Herminius* being no less sensible of compassion then *Aronces*, he consented unto the motion, and *Celeres* did not contradict them, and so all three made softly towards the place, from whence they heard this doleful exclamation. But at last, when they were so near as to understand what this Complainant said, *Aronces* knew it to be the voice of *Horatius*. So as stopping his horse, and imparting his knowledge unto his friends, they all began to hearken, and plainly heard that indeed it was *Horatius* who lamented. Alas (said he unto a friend who was with him) into what a miserable condition am I reduced? I am wounded by *Aronces* and he knows not that he is revenged upon my ingratitude; for I knew him by his voice when he gave me such a blow, as made me stagger, and my horse being wounded fell down dead in this Wood, where I found you in a worse condition than I am; and yet I must deny what I said, for I have lost my *Clelia* and am in danger to fall into the power of *Tarquin*. Thus my Rival triumphs over me, my Mistress is escaped out of my hands, and I am like to fall into mine enemies, not being able to rid my self from all these miseries by a generous death, since my sword is broken, and you have lost yours. 'Tis true (replied his friend) you are in such a miserable condition, as I am perswaded that if *Aronces* saw you in it, he would have compassion upon your ill fortune. Oh my dear friend (replied *Horatius*) you are much mistaken; for as generous as *Aronces* is, I am confident he would carry my head to the unjust *Tarquin*, thereby to deliver *Clelia*. Thou art deceived (cryed out *Aronces* and went towards him) and to make it appear that my virtue is greater then thou thinkest, I will entreat thy old friend, to take thee up behind him, and carry thee into *Ardes*. *Horatius* who was leaning against a Tree and wounded in the hip, was so surprized to hear the voice of *Aronces* and to see him (for the Moon shined) and both *Herminius* and *Celeres* did so admire the virtue of *Aronces*, as they were a long while before they could speak. As for the friend of *Horatius* who lay upon the ground mortally wounded, he was so charmed at it, as striving to express himself; Oh *Horatius!* said he unto him) how happy are you in your misfortune in having such an enemy? No (replied *Horatius*) but on the contrary I am much more to be pitied; yes, *Aronces* (added he) I am so much ashamed by your generosity, as I should think my self more happy, if you would take your sword and run me through, rather then thus to loaden me with shame by your virtue. Were you in a condition to defend your self (replied *Aronces*) I should deal with you as with an enemy, who hath done the most unjust act in the World in ravishing away *Clelia* from me; but being as you are, I will not upbraid you with unprofitable reproaches, but will keep you from falling into the hands of an enemy, who would neither spare your life nor mine. But (replied *Horatius*) still I must say again, and again, that you do too much; for do what you will or can, I must still love *Clelia*, and shall love her until I die. As long as she is not in your power (replied *Aronces*) I care not if you do love her; but if ever fortune should give her you again, I would pursue you all the World over, though I owe you my life. Ah cruel *Aronces* (cryed out *Horatius*) cannot you remember what I have done for you, but you must also remember what you have done for me? No, no, you cannot but upbraid me with ingratitude. After this, *Celeres* telling them that it was equally dangerous unto them both, to be long in that place, they took his advice; and though *Herminius* did love *Aronces* infinitely above *Horatius*, yet he undertook to conduct his Rival into *Ardes*, and took side with the party opposite unto that which fortune had engaged *Aronces* to take against his inclination, and which both honour, revenge, and virtue did engage him to take. And as they were taking care for the help of him who lay upon the ground, they perceived that he was expired: So that after *Celeres* had set *Horatius* behind *Herminius*, *Aronces* and he conducted them until they came to a little blind path, by which *Horatius* said they might get into *Ardes* without danger, because there was a little River between them and the enemy. Thus the friendship of *Aronces* unto *Herminius*, together with his own generosity, moved him to be a Convoy unto his Rival. Afterwards, one taking the way towards *Ardes*, and the other towards *Rome*, they carried with them such tumultuous thoughts in their hearts, as the way seemed much longer then it was. They never thought of those dangers unto which they were exposed by the way; for they had interests which took up their souls and spirits more sensibly, then any dangers could.

The End of the Second Book of the First Part.

CLELIA.

The First Part.

BOOK III.

THe truth is, *Herminius* in carrying *Horatius* back to *Ardes*, went from-wards *Rome* with extreme repugnancy; for since *Aronces* was to be there, he could say that all the object of his friendship and love, was there also; for he had a most passionate affection to the place, he had a Mother there whom he most dearly loved, and he had a friend there in the person of *Clelia*, whom he esteemed infinite dearly. But for all that, his hatred of *Tarquin* was so great and well grounded, as it did surmount all the tenderness of his Soul. As for *Horatius*, the virtues of his Rival were his greatest torments, except the love of *Clelia* which was above all, and though he did hate *Tarquin*, yet his jealousie was such, that he had rather be a slave of that Tyrant, than to be delivered by his Rival. Again, *Aronces* as he drew near *Rome* his thoughts were confused,; for he would never have gone thither, but that by serving *Tarquin* during the Siege of *Ardes*, he might oblige him to release *Clelia*: So as the aversion which he had conceived against that Prince, ever since he would have murthered *Clelius* at *Capua*, and since *Herminius* had related the story of his Life, did cause in him a strange repugnancy to execute his design, if the interest of his love had not surmounted it. On the other side, when he thought that *Clelia* perhaps would be treated as a slave, and that if ever she were known to be the Daughter of *Clelius*, her self would be in great danger, then he was almost out of his wits, and gave himself wholly over unto sadness. Nor as a Cordial to himself durst he hope that *Clelia* had preserved her affection intire for him, or if he had any glimps of such hope, it was so weak, as he was nevertheless miserable. He feared also that he should be obliged to make himself and his quality known unto *Tarquin*, that he might thereby be the better able to serve *Clelia*; for he conceived that if he should make his love appear, and that it should be known unto the King his Father, who afterwards would know that *Clelia* was enemy unto the Daughter of *Tarquin*, with whom he had received such a solemn Alliance, that his Father would not approve of his love; but perhaps would make it known unto that Prince who she was, purposely to ruine her. Not but that he knew the King his Father to be a Man of much virtue, but yet his love making him to fear every thing, he feared lest the beauty of *Clelia* should add unto her miseries; for considering how *Herminius* had described the Eldest Son of *Tarquin*, he thought it impossible but he must fall in love with her, so as the miserable *Aronces* went to *Rome* with such unquiet thoughts, as *Celeres* had much ado to comfort him. The reason why he went to *Rome* rather then the Camp was, because he heard *Hellius* had commanded those who conducted the Ladies, to go unto that famous City. But that he might not be there without some acquaintance, *Herminius* at parting from *Aronces*, did give him such particular tokens to deliver unto the virtuous *Sevilia* his Mother, as he doubted not but she would be ready to do him any good Office. Since it was not above eighteen Miles betwixt *Ardes* and *Rome*, and the place where they parted being near *Ardes*, they had arriv'd at *Rome* before the Sun had been up, if they had not lost their way, and been stopped; but having no guide they went much about, and were forced to rest their Horses and themselves at least three hours. So as they arrived not at that Gate in *Rome*, which they then called the Gate *Carmentale* until the Evening. This Gate was not that, through which they use to go from *Rome* to *Ardes*, for that is close by the Capitol, quite contrary, but *Aronces* and *Celeres* having lost their way, they came in at this Gate, and went to lodge at a place where formerly they lodged, when they were at *Rome* only out of curiosity. They were no sooner alighted from their horses, but they went to enquire of *Clelia*, and to find out *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, whom they thought to be in *Rome*, because *Tarquin* was there, though it was told *Celeres*, that he would set out the morrow after he was there. So as imagining (knowing the humour of *Amilcar*) that they should find them about the Palace of *Tarquin*, *Aronces* went thither with *Celeres*: but in their way thither, he was much surprized to see two Coachfuls of Ladies, guarded by Soldiers, who entred into *Rome* at the Port of *Janus*, and going to the King's Palace. The cause of his wonder was, that he spyed *Clelia* in the first of them, it is true he saw her without her seeing him; for she being very melancholy no objects invited her looks, not imagining that *Aronces* should be in *Rome*, for considering the danger wherein she left him, she imagined more probability of his death or being a Prisoner, then to be in that place. However, notwithstand-

ſtanding all her melancholy, her beauty was of ſuch a luſtre, as the people only followed the Coach to look upon her. As for *Aronces* he no ſooner eſpyed her, But he ſhewed her unto *Celeres*, and was joyed beyond all imagination. he was joyed to ſee her and to ſee her ſad, becauſe he thought he had ſome ſhare in her ſadneſs. But alſo he was infinitely ſad to ſee her a Captive, and a Captive unto the moſt mortal enemy of *Clelius* her father. As he was divided between his joys and his ſorrows, he ſaw two Veſtals, who walking with all the Ceremonies uſual when they go through the Town, they ſtayed and asked whither they carried thoſe Ladies? and being anſwered that they were Captives, and carried to be preſented unto *Tarquin*, the elder of the Veſtals whoſe name was *Verenia*, commanded the Officer who had the charge of them to ſtay the Coaches.

The Veſtals being held in great veneration at *Rome*, the Officer did as ſhe commanded, and ſpeaking very reverently unto *Verenia*, he asked what her pleaſure was? My pleaſure is (ſaid ſhe unto him) that according to thoſe priviledges which have been granted unto us from the firſt Kings of *Rome*, and which have been confirmed by all their Succeſſors, you ſet thoſe Ladies at liberty; for ſince there were any Veſtals they never met any priſoners, but they ſet them at liberty. I once ſaved the lives of ſome Criminal perſons, and may much better releaſe innocent Priſoners. I do believe (wiſe *Verenia* replied the Officer) that your priviledges are ſuch as you ſay, and that they extend unto Captives as well as unto Criminals; but ſince you know it is not in me to decide a buſineſs of this importance, I beſeech you come your ſelf and maintain your right before the King, and let me wait upon you thither, as well as upon theſe Ladies; for I aſſure you that if I could releaſe them into your hands without danger of my life, I ſhould do it with joy. *Verenia* finding the Officer to ſpeak reaſon, and having conſulted a little with her Companion, ſhe went towards the Palace which was not far off. But this conteſt laſting a little long, there flocked abundance of people about the Veſtals, and about theſe two Coaches; ſo as *Aronces* took hold of this opportunity, and preſſed ſo near, that at laſt the eyes of *Clelia* found him out, who was ſo overjoyed to ſee him, as ſhe could ſcarcely contain her ſelf, yet ſince ſhe knew not whether or no it was expedient to take notice of him, ſhe reſtrained her ſelf, and was contented with ſhewing him the thoughts of her Soul by her eyes, alſo ſhe looked upon *Celeres* in a moſt obliging manner. Yet this mute diſcourſe laſted not long, for *Verenia* going on, the Coaches followed her. And this being a matter of Novelty, all the Croud that was gathered together in that place, did follow alſo to ſee what *Tarquin* would do in the buſineſs; ſo as *Aronces* and *Celeres* crouding in amongſt the reſt, they followed alſo, and not to be altogether uſeleſs, they got as near the Veſtals as poſſibly they could; and as an encouragement unto them to inſiſt more ſtiffly upon their Priviledges, *Aronces* and *Celeres* did applaud unto the Heavens their deſign of delivering theſe Ladies. Mean time, *Aronces* remembring that *Clelius* told him he had a Siſter who was a Veſtal, he asked a Roman next him of what families theſe two Veſtals were? and the Roman anſwered, that the grand Veſtal was Siſter unto a baniſhed man whoſe name was *Clelius*, and that the other was of the houſe of *Aquilines*. So as *Aronces* now knowing that the grand Veſtal was Aunt unto *Clelia*, he conſulted with *Celeres* whether it were not expedient to make it known unto this Veſtal that *Clelia* was her Neece, before ſhe ſpoke unto *Tarquin*? and conceiving ſhe would be more zealous if ſhe knew it, they reſolved to truſt her with this important ſecret. To that end, when ſhe came near that great and ſtately Frontiſ-piece, before the Gates of *Tarquins* Palace, and deſcending from that Chariot wherein ſhe was carried, *Aronces* after he had asked leave of one that waited upon her, did addreſs himſelf with all reverence unth her, and told her in a low voice and few words, that there was among the Captives one who was the daughter of her Brother, and conjured her by the name of *Clelius* to protect her and be ſilent. *Verenia* knowing how her Neece was ſtoln away, ſhe did more eaſily believe what *Aronces* told her, and the beauty of *Clelia* having attracted her looks, ſhe did find in her the Air of her Family; ſo as promiſing to be ſecret, and to inſiſt importantly upon the Priviledge, ſhe ranked her ſelf in the Front of all thoſe Ladies, who came out of their Coaches, and being Uſhered in by that Officer who conducted them, ſhe asked to ſpeak with *Tarquin*, who being then in the Chamber of the cruel *Tullia*, commanded that the Veſtals and the Captives ſhould enter. But though the Curioſity was very great, all thoſe who followed could get no further than the Anti-Chamber, except ſome few whoſe minds were too high to be denied entrance into the Kings Chamber. So as *Aronces* being as handſome a perſon as any was in the world, he entred and *Celeres* alſo. But they were much amazed when they ſaw *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates* cloſe by the King; eſpecially to ſee the firſt of theſe in ſuch great familiarity with him, though there were many conſiderable Romans with him, and that though *Collatine* and the Prince *Sextus* were preſent, yet the King talked only with *Amilcar*, and that with as much familiarity as if he had known them all their lives, though it was but two days ſince they came unto him. But as *Aronces* and *Celeres* were aſtoniſhed to ſee *Amilcar*, *Amilcar* was much more at the ſight of *Clelia*, *Aronces*, and *Celeres*; alſo *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* wondred to ſee *Celeres* and *Aronces*, yet they concealed their ſeveral thoughts, and every one kept their places to ſee the buſineſs. And indeed the buſineſs was worthy of Curioſity; for *Verenia* was a perſon who had been admirably fair, and yet had a moſt comely mind, the Veſtal who accompanied her was not above five and twenty years of age, and one of the moſt pleaſing perſons in the World: So as theſe two Veſtals approaching the preſence of *Tarquin*, all the Captive Ladies ranked themſelves behind her, in expectation of their doom, whether Liberty or Fetters; ſo as this was a very delectable Object, for all the Ladies were fair and pleaſing; it is true the beauty of *Clelia* did ſo much dim the Luſtre of all the reſt, as only ſhe was looked upon. Things ſtanding thus, the grand Veſtal began to ſpeak with as much boldneſs as eloquence, and addreſſing her ſelf unto *Tarquin*, Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him) we addreſs our ſelves unto you with a Petition ſo juſt, as I need only to tell you what our pretenſions are, without ſeeking for any reaſons to uphold them; I ſhall not inſiſt Sir, upon telling you our original; for you who are knowing in all things cannot be ignorant that it is much more ancient than *Rome*. But I muſt take the liberty to tell you, that ſince *Romulus* brought us from *Alba* unto this day, no Kings that

ever

ever Reigned in this Town, did ever offer to infringe the leaſt of our Priviledges; and that we have ever been ſo conſidered by Kings and People, as both the one and the other have looked ſtill upon us as the neareſt cauſe of publick tranquillity. The firſt of the *Tarquins* did rather add unto our Priviledges than diminiſh them: We have received no cauſes of complaint ſince our firſt inſtitution neither from People, Senate, or Kings; and I am confident Sir, that you will give us none, but that you will grant liberty unto all theſe fair Captives, whom I met by chance; for you know Sir, the Law is, that if a Veſtal accidentally meets any who are carrying unto execution, ſhe ſaves his life and releaſeth him; provided ſhe will ſwear that ſhe did not ſeek to meet him: And Sir, I can ſafely ſwear that I never knew of theſe Ladies, until I accidentally met them. I know you may tell me Sir, that theſe Ladies are priſoners of War, and not Criminals; but ſince they are innocent they are more worthy of favour, and according to all Laws and reaſon, thoſe who can do the greater things can do the leſs; and therefore I conclude, that ſince we can ſave the lives of Criminals, we may ſave the innocent from impriſonment, and give them liberty. I know alſo, that the chance never yet was, when Veſtals met Priſoners of War, as divers times they have Criminals, but ſtill I ſay the Law ought to be expounded as I ſay, and the conjuncture is ſo favourable for us, as I cannot think you will loſe an occaſion of doing a thing of ſo great a glory; for I do not ask the liberty of any heroick Captain, or of any valiant Soldiers, but only for five or ſix ſilly miſerable Ladies, who never did any thing againſt you, nor knows not how if they would. Grant therefore Sir, what we ask, we conjure you unto it, by the ſacred fire which we ſo vigilantly preſerve, and by all that is moſt holy and venerable amongſt us. When *Verenia* had done ſpeaking, *Tarquin* who heard her with a mocking ſmile, anſwered her in theſe terms. As you are a Veſtal (ſaid he unto her) I have willingly hearkned unto you but as you are the Siſter of *Clelius*, all that you ſay is ſuſpected. It is very probable, that there is ſome craft in your Propoſition, for being ſure that I would deny you, you think that you may juſtly tell the People, I have infringed the priviledges of the Veſtals, that the ſacred fire will quickly go out, and that the Gods in revenge will ruine *Rome*, nor do I know whether out of a premeditated deſign, you have let it extinguiſh already. But however it be, I do declare that no Veſtal under my Reign ſhall ever deliver any Priſoners of War, and theſe Ladies whoſe Liberty you demand ſhall not obtain it. Get you gone, and look well to your ſacred fire, if you would not be under Guard your ſelf, and in lieu of treating you as a Veſtal, I treat you as Siſter unto my moſt mortal and ancient enemy. As I am a Veſtal Sir, (replied *Verenia* boldly) you ought to reſpect me; and as I am ſiſter unto *Clelius*, all the people of *Rome* ought to arm themſelves in my defence; eſpecially ſince you would have oppreſſed my Brother, by your unjuſt violence and power. Though the Laws (replied *Tarquin* in a fury) do not condemn Veſtals to be buried alive, but for one kind of Crime only; yet I ſhall make you try what puniſhment it is, for a Crime of another nature, if you continue inſolent a little longer. Get you gone I ſay once more, and look to the ſacred fire unto which you are appointed, and believe it that if *Clelius* or any that relates unto him, do ever fall into my power, and I ſend him or them unto execution, you ſhall not ſave him though you meet him with all your fellow Veſtals; Go, go, *Verenia*, for I find that if I ſee you any longer, the Purple Mantle which you wear, will not hinder me from ſeeing the Siſter of my enemy in the perſon of a Veſtal, nor can I be any longer Maſter of my own reſentments. Oh Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) your injuſtice goes too far; and after I have ſpoke unto you as a Veſtal, I muſt tell you as the Siſter of *Clelius*, that I think it a greater glory in being the Siſter of him who oppoſed you, than if I wore the Crown of thoſe Kings from whom I am deſcended. *Tarquin* ſeeing the reſoluteneſs of this Veſtal, and not daring to follow the impetuoſity of his reſentments, becauſe there was nothing in greater veneration amongſt the people than the Veſtals, he only commanded that the Captive Ladies ſhould be carried into a Chamber in the Palace, until he ſhould further diſpoſe of them. And without any more regard unto *Verenia*, he addreſſed his talk unto *Tullia*, *Collatine*, *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, and ſcoffing at the Veſtals, he made it appear, that though the ſacred fire did extinguiſh, yet he ſhould not be troubled at it.

So that *Verenia* was conſtrained to retire, and leave her Neece under the power of a Tyrant, who would infallibly put her to death if he knew who ſhe was, and yet there was no remedy. As for *Aronces* he was troubled beyond meaſure, and he admired the wonderful Conſtancy of *Clelia*; for though ſhe heard what *Tarquin* ſaid, yet did ſhe not change colour, but hearkned unto all he ſaid, as if ſhe had no intereſt at all in it: and her ſpirits were ſo free that as ſhe went out of the Chamber with the reſt of the Captives, ſhe did ſtrive to paſs handſomly by *Aronces*, to the end ſhe might the better teſtifie by a ſign with her head, that ſhe had much conſolation in ſeeing him. As for *Aronces*, he was ſo ſadly afflicted that he was not Maſter of his own Spirits; and he was ſo taken up with ſorrow, as he followed *Clelia* when ſhe went out; and if *Celeres* had not reſtrained him, he had followed her unto the Chamber where they carried her, and would have made himſelf known to be of her acquaintance. Mean while, the Prince *Sextus* who had a general inclination to all beauties, he looked upon *Clelia* as he was wont to look upon thoſe whom he could not look upon with eyes of indifferency, and his mind was ſo much upon her, as he went out preſently after her, to bid thoſe who had the conduct of thoſe Ladies to treat them very well, and he came to *Clelia* who walked laſt; whoſoever you are Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I do verily believe you give more heavy Fetters, then thoſe you wear. Be they as light as they can (replied *Clelia*) yet they do much trouble me, for I am not uſed to carry any, and if thoſe which you ſay I give, do trouble thoſe who wear them, perhaps they are miſerable without any merit of pity. *Sextus* had a mind to ſay ſomething elſe, but *Clelia* being entred with the reſt of the Ladies into the Chamber where they were to be, he durſt not follow them for fear of incenſing *Tarquin* who was jealous of his Authority, even in the moſt trivial things. Mean while, *Aronces* and *Celeres* did walk before the Kings Palace, expecting *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, imagining they would not ſtay long before they came out. But in expecting them how full of doleful expreſſions was the ſad *Aronces*? Good *Celeres* (ſaid he) confeſs by way of comfort to me, that I am the moſt miſerable

miserable man in the World; do but consider how wilful is my wicked fortune, and in what danger *Clelia* is, were she less fair there was some hopes she would not be known; but being so glorious a star as she is, every one will be gazing and enquiring of her: Methinks also, that though she speak the Romans Language very well; yet one may know that she hath the accent of an African, though when we were at *Capua* I did not think so. I am afraid lest those Ladies who are with her, should tell that *Horace* was with her at *Ardea*; nor dare I trust unto her great spirit and prudence; for I fear that she will not disguise her name; but that the name of *Clelia* will make her known to be the daughter of *Clelius*: for doubtless the Tyrant is still inquiring of him, and would have murthered him at *Capua*, he knows that he hath a daughter, that she is fair, that her name is *Clelia*, and that *Horace* carried her away. Those that are so over Prudent (replied *Celeres*) are doubtless more miserable than any others, for in all probability *Clelia* will disguise her name: The Ladies with her perhaps knows not what it is, nor know who *Horace* is, and therefore the best way were to wait, till time tell you more.

As *Celeres* said so, *Amilcar* came out of the Palace, and came to them with *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*, but he was as blith and jocund in countenance, as *Aronces* was melancholy in heart. But coming to them, Come, (said he unto him) come and fear nothing; I have already tam'd the Tyger which put you all into terror; it shall be long of your self, if you do not see what I say is true, and if you be not ere long in a condition to protect *Clelia*, if he would offer to hurt her, which I do not at all believe he will; for I am extremely mistaken if he do not think *Clelia* to be very fair, and if *Tullia* do not observe it as well as I. Hear her telling *Tarquin* that he did ill in treating the Vestals so ill; and that since it was only for the delivery of Women, he ought to have consented unto it. So as since I know that *Tullia* is not overscrupulous in matter of Religion, and observing that she sees as well as I, how *Tarquin* thinks *Clelia* to be the fairest of all the Captives. I must needs conclude, that *Tullia* will ere long get her released. *Tullia* is so unaccustomed to make use of any harmless remedies (replied *Aronces*) as I fear, that if she be jealous she will rather put *Clelia* to death, than set her at liberty. To cure you of any such apprehensions (replied *Amilcar*) I will get into favour with *Tullia*. That will not be much difficult (said *Zenocrates*) for you have already so great familiarity with her, as I believe if you will you may quickly be the Confident of all her Crimes. For my part (said *Artemidorus*) I do wonder how it is possible *Amilcar* should in so short a time as since we came hither, do so many things; for he hath shewed us all the Town, he is very much in favour both with *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, and much more with the Prince *Sextus*; the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* do court him, he knows the names of all the beauties in *Rome*: The Eldest of the Salians believe him to be a Salian, so well is he versed in all their Ceremonies; and if you had heard his discourse with an Augurer you would have been affrighted. It is not possible (said *Celeres*) that *Amilcar* could shew the one half of *Rome* unto *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*. To shew you that they tell me no lies (replied he) ask them if I have not shewed them the four Ports of *Rome*, the Carmental, the Roman, the Pandane or the Romulide, and the Janiculan? ask them if I did not bid them observe how that City was a Quadrangle? if I did not shew them the Capitol and the stately Temple which *Tarquin* built? if I did not shew them the place where the Vestal *Tarpea* was buried? and if I did not shew them the little Temple of the God *Thermes*, whom the people would needs adore, mangre all the Power of *Tarquin*? ask them still whether I have not shewed them the Mount Palatine and the Mount Quirinal where the Temple of *Romulus* was built? whether I have not shewed them the Mount Celius, the Mount Aventine, the Mount Viminal, and that of *Janicula*? ask them still whether I did not let them see the Ruminal Fig-tree, where *Remus* and *Romulus* were found? whether I did not let them see the Sublician Bridge? whether I did not exactly shew them all the magnificence of the Amphitheater and Cirque? whether I did not carry them unto that Grove which is consecrated unto the Muses? if I did not tell them in that place some things that were uttered by the Nymph *Egeria*, such as aspired *Numa* with those admirable things which he did? ask them on, if I did not go with them into the famous Temple of *Janus*, which is seldom or never open but in times of War? if I did not shew them that Temple which *Romulus* vowed unto *Jupiter* when he fought against the Sabines. Further, let them tell you if I did not shew them the first Prison which was ever built in *Rome* by *Ancus Martius*? if I did not shew them the sacred Street, the Street *Cyprionna*, where the Palace of King *Numa* is, and where *Tullia* went over the Corps of her Father? if I did not let them see the Bulwarks which *Tarquin* finished? several Temples of *Vesta*, of *Jupiter*, of *Hercules*, of *Diana*, and of many other Divinities? For my part (said *Celeres*) I do not so much wonder you have shewed them so many things in so short a time, as I do to see you in such familiarity with *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, and the Princes their Children; for they are almost all of different humours. That which did it (replyed *Amilcar*) was my remembrance how *Herminius* described them; so as going confidently unto *Tarquin*, in the Prince of *Carthage*'s name, and presenting *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* to him as two of my friends, not telling their names or who they were, I was so happy as at my first conference to get into some credit with him; for he having a desire of being instructed in the present condition of *Carthage*, knowing well there was some difference of interest between *Sicily* and that Common-wealth, I recalled into my memory all the Policies and Intrigues of those who reigned the most absolutely, and all that I had learned upon this Subject in all my Travels and books. I did highly applaud *Periander* King of *Corinth*, who knew so well how to make himself obeyed by force; I preferred *Semiramis* above *Cyrus*, because she was more stern than that illustrious Conquerour, and mixing some ingredients of half prophanation with my politicks, in an hour I got to be high in the favour of *Tarquin*. As for *Tullia*, when I was alone with her, I let her understand how all the World said that *Tarquin* was a debtor unto her for the Crown, and that she merited a Million of Praises, for knowing so well how to set her self above her own Sex, by not dorring at such scruples as Ladies of low and common capacities use, who had not hearts so great as hers. As for the Prince *Sextus*, remembring his inclination unto all women, I talked unto him of nothing but our African Gallantry, and of the pleasingness in Grecian beauties. And knowing

that he was not over Regular in his loves, I made a Satyrical invective unto him, against all such puling lovers who use to sigh a whole year, before they will tell they love, and who are so constant as to vow their services unto one Mistress. So as he believing these to be my thoughts, he was as open unto me as any voluptuous person who neither believed the Gods nor feared men, could be unto his dearest friend, when he would relate the manner of his life unto him. But he did open himself very pleasantly, for one could never meet with a more amiable Libertine than *Sextus*; and my greatest wonder was, considering his quality, that he was acquainted with all the handsome women in *Rome*, even from the Vestals to the very worst of Slaves. But after you had so well gotten the opinions of *Tarquin*, of *Tullia*, and of *Sextus*, (said *Aronces*) what did you to enter into the favour of the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*? these two Princes being of contrary humours to their Brother (replied *Amilcar*) they had no commerce together; so as seeing them asunder, I talked with them after another manner, and without any blaming of the Prince *Sextus* for his irregularity of life, I commended them so highly as they had a very good opinion of me; and falling into a discourse of gallantry and love, I quickly observed the heart of the Pometian Prince, was full of such great and tender thoughts, as did become a noble Passion: So as telling him all that I had gathered from others, and was sensible of my self, concerning any amorous matters, he was ready to open his very soul, and to tell me that he was in Love.

As for the Prince *Titus*, he being naturally of a cold and reserved temper, he did not so freely open his heart, and yet I perceiv'd that he had a great disposition to love me. *Amilcar* did one thing extraordinary more (replied *Zenocrates*) for there was one of the Kings Nephews, whose name was *Brutus*, who seemed to be a very Block-head, and in whom one should never find the least glimps of any wit; he being behind those Princes whilst *Amilcar* talked unto them, did hearken very attentively unto him, and *Amilcar* talking with a sprightly and agreeable Air, *Brutus* did laugh twice so pertinently, as it was observed a great wonder and a miracle of *Amilcars* wit. And a Cavalier did say unto another who stood by him, in a low voice, that *Brutus* was very happy in giving this sign of his understanding when *Tarquin* was not present. It is most true (answered the other Cavalier) for I am confident that if he had seen him laugh so opportunely and pertinently as he did, he would have put him to death as well as his Brother; for he lets him live only because he thinks him to have no wit nor spirit. I must tell you (said *Amilcar* then) that *Brutus* is not so senseless as is believed; for I having an universal curiosity to know all things; and sometimes taking as much delight in seeing the several follies of men, as their several wisdoms, I began to talk with him a quarter of an hour, and since every one had described him to be extremely stupid, I put a hundred foolish questions unto him, which I perceived did displease him, and unto which he would not answer. They say (replied *Artemidorus*) that he speaks so little, as that it cannot be taken for an effect of his reason, but for an effect of his stupidity; for I have heard of men many times, who could hide their treasures; but I never heard of any who could hide their spirits and wits. However it be (said *Amilcar*) he hath more wit than he is thought to have: I know not that (replied *Amilcar*) but I am sure that you have more than is possibly to be believed. Had you but heard him yesterday you would have wondred (added he and spoke unto *Aronces*) when he discoursed with an Augurer near the place where the *Sibyls* Books are kept; for he made the man believe that he was far more knowing in matters of Divinations, than himself; and they were so great in favour together, as he promised to talk concerning the sacred Chickens, and told him that he came from *Negrepont*, which is the place from whence they say, those come who are most able to presage the truth. But (said *Aronces* to him) since you are so cunning and happy in all things, I pray what can you do to help me unto a sight of *Clelia*? It is requisite (replied *Amilcar*) that to morrow I present you unto *Tarquin*, under the notion of a man whom I was acquainted with during my Travels, and as a man of courage who would be glad to serve him in the siege of *Ardes*; but we must endeavour to let *Clelia* know, that she must give it out and say she was born at *Noles*, and that *Celeres* is her Brother: And after this is hinted unto her, I will present *Celeres* unto *Tarquin*, who shall beg leave to see his Sister, and we will intercede for him, by this means she will not be thought the daughter of *Clelius*, but the principal difficulty is to speak unto *Clelia*. I know not (replied *Artemidorus*) how is it possible to find a way how to instruct her in all you desire she should know. Perhaps more possible than you imagine (replied *Amilcar*) and when I return at night from the Palace, I may chance find out an invention for it. When *Aronces* heard *Amilcar* say so, he conjured him very importunately, to use his best endeavours in doing him this good Office, and *Amilcar* taking the business upon him, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* went with *Aronces* to visit the virtuous *Sevilia*, who at the very name of *Herminius*, did bid them most heartily welcome; and *Amilcar* went to *Tullia*, where he found the Prince *Sextus*, with whom he tampered as if he would be the Confident of all his pleasures. And knowing that he should please his *genius* if he talked of Ladies, he fell into discourse concerning the fair prisoners, and extolling them to the skies, he asked *Sextus* if he would make a visit unto them at night? For Sir (said he unto him and laughed) in matter of love, it is good always to be the first man; and therefore if there be any of those Captives which pleaseth your fancy, make hast and tell her that she hath given you Chains more heavy than her own. It being an easie matter to perswade *Sextus* unto a business of this nature, he told *Amilcar* that he would go presently with him, and accordingly making use of *Tullia's* name to see them, those who guarded the Prisoners did let them enter; but they found them in several humours, for two of them did so extremely droop in their Captivity, as if they were almost dead; and another who being of a more blith composition, was a looking her self in a Glass, and mending something about her dress, as pleasantly as if she had been in her own Chamber; also there were other two, who were not very melancholy. But as for *Clelia*, without either the despair of the two first, or the insensibility of the other three, she was only serious, and gravely sad, and looked as if she were a most perfect Mistress of her self. All this while, *Amilcar* not desiring to be known, he saluted her after such a manner as at the first made her to understand that she was to take no notice of him. And *Sextus* at the first entrance talking

talking to one of those Ladies who came from *Ardes*, and seemed the most considerable, he had time to make such signs unto her, as signified his intention. And he had so much time also as to ask her in a low voice whether there was any of those Captives whom she durst trust? And *Clelia* pointing unto one who was called *Cesinia*, he left her as soon as *Sextus* came towards her, and he went unto that Lady, to whom she pointed, unto whom he told all that was agreed upon with *Aronces*, to the end she might tell *Clelia*. Thus he let her understand that if any asked who she was, she should say that she was born at *Nules*, and that she had a Brother whose name was *Celeres*. But after *Amilcar* had said all that related unto *Clelia*, he began to cheer up all the Lady-Prisoners, and he was so pleasant in talking unto those who seemed so dejected at their Captivity, as he did suspend part of all their sorrows. Mean while, *Sextus*, unto whom the beauty of *Clelia* was infinitely pleasing, let her understand (following the counsel which *Amilcar* gave him) that he thought her fitter to give Fetters then to wear them. But she answered him in such a manner, as did something cool the impetuosity of his fiery temper. So as this Prince, who till now never loved without hope of obtaining them, and who knew not what either fears or respect did mean, did find his heart so stricken with a reverent and respectful fear, as restrained him from talking unto *Clelia*, as he used to do unto others; so as calling *Amilcar* to his aid, there began a discourse more general which was very pleasant; for as there could be no talk so far from any matters of Love, but *Sextus* would apply it that way, so after he had pitied the misfortunes of these fair Captives, and protested that he would protect them as much as ever he could, he began to say, he believed their Captivity did make many sad hearts both at *Ardes* and at *Rome*. Truth is, Sir (said *Amilcar*) since there is not one of these Captives, who is not fair enough to make Captives, I am confident there are many sad Lovers at *Ardes*, and e're long will be many ill treated ones in *Rome*.

The Romans have such a reputation of glory (replied that person who indured her Captivity so well, and whose name was *Plotina*) as it is not credible there is any one of them that will be a Slave to a Slave. Oh Sir, (said *Amilcar* after his natural and sprightly freedom) this is the finest opportunity in the World for a Roman that hath a mind to make any gallant declaration of Love, and were I one, I would not let it slip; for certainly there is nothing more difficult then to do it handsomely, and gallantly; at least I am sure that since I was first a Lover, I think I have made a hundred, and amongst them all there is but two which ever pleased me. It is true (said *Sextus* and laughed as well as *Plotina*) that for these regular Lovers who woe in print, it is difficult for them, to find out such a happy minute, wherein they can, with a good grace, say I love you. But as for my part, I never wooe so; for I am so perswaded that the very thing it self is pleasing, as I cannot believe it will make one angry be it told never so ill-favouredly; and therefore I use to out with it boldly, whensoever any occasion is offered. Were one a great Prince as you are (replied *Amilcar*) were one handsome and had wit at will, then I think indeed, that the difficulty would not be great, to tell you love, and to tell it well; but when one is no Prince, nor handsome, and but of a mean wit, and but indifferently in love, then I assure you it is a business more difficult then you imagine, to make declarations of Love; unless unto fair Prisoners, for in such a case I find no difficulty. For indeed (added he and smiled) these words, Slave, Captive, and Prisoner, do furnish one with a thousand gallant thoughts, and Fetters, Chains, and Torments, are so naturally applicative unto what one would say, as one shall find out a thousand several ways to express their minds. But when one is but cold in love, and hath no great Talent of Wit, (as I said before) then there is no greater difficulty, then to say I am ready to die for Love. But (replied the pleasant Captive) if one be neither in love, nor have any Wit, why should he ever torment himself with seeking of declarations of Love, and talk of that which he is not sensible off? Alas, fair *Plotina* (said he unto her) if one should never talk of love, but when the heart is full of it, one should never talk of it above once in all his life; for one cannot be twice violently in Love: And all his discourse would be very cold and languishing, since to tell you truly, when any one is long with a Woman, he must needs talk either of her love unto others, or her causing others to be in love with her; for I am most confident that the gravest and most demure Matrons of *Rome*, when they were young would be very weary of the best accomplished Men, if they should never talk unto them of any thing but Divinity, of the Vestal Ceremonies, of the Laws of the Land, of the order in their Families, or of the news of the Town: A fair and young Lady takes no delight in hearing one tell that such a one is dead, such a one hath made his will, such a one is married unto such a rich Man, this Man is gone into the Countrey, that Man hath a suit in Law, and this Woman hath a very rich Gown; and therefore it is the only way to be always talking of Love, be it either in earnest or in jest; for follies of this nature handsomely spoken amongst Ladies, do please them better then any moral or politick discourse whatsoever, or any news. I am so much of your opinion (replied *Sextus*) that even in visits of consolation after the death of Friends, I would find out some invention or other to speak of love; for be it unto a Woman who had lost her Husband, whom she most dearly loved; she must be pitied principally because she hath lost him she loved; or be it so that she did not love him, she must be comforted by giving her some hopes of having a Husband whom she shall love. Yet I believe (replied *Clelia* modestly) that they use to talk of Love less in *Rome*, then any where else; they use to speak of it more mysteriously (replied *Sextus*) but for all that it is spoken of in all parts of the World; and it will for ever be spoken of as long as there are such beauties as you are. It were enough to say (replied *Amilcar*) as long as there are any Men; for since there are very few beauties comparable unto her you speak unto, you leave over little room for discourse of Love. Whilst *Sextus* and *Amilcar* were talking thus, there was one of those melancholy Ladies, who of her own nature was very proud, and a little capricious, and who not being able to indure any discourse of this nature, she began to quarrel with *Amilcar*; but being very handsome, and seeming witty, he answered her very civilly, though in a very ingenious way of

Rallery; on the other side, that jocund Lady whom *Amilcar* had much pleased, she opposed her friend and told her that she was much too blame in offering to make *Amilcar* as melancholy as her self, so as there grew a very pleasant contest, yet it lasted not long; for it growing late *Sextus* and *Amilcar* went away; but *Amilcar* having done the business he came for, as soon as he had waited upon *Sextus* to his Chamber, he returned unto *Aronces*. Yet before he went from that Prince, he observed that *Clelia* had taken his heart; and he made him confess that he thought her very fair; and that the only fault that he could find in her, was that she thought her too good and over-wise. However, the friendship which was between *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, and *Celeres*, would not suffer them to part Lodgings, but they all three lay together, as *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates* did: *Aronces* was not looked upon as a King's Son, nor *Artimedorus* as a Prince, for the state of their fortunes would not permit them; but *Amilcar* knowing them both, he desired they should know what one another were; So as after he had told *Aronces* what he had done, and had filled his heart with joy and hopes, he obliged *Aronces* to discover himself unto *Artimedorus*, and *Artimedorus* to discover himself unto *Aronces*; who no sooner heard of his true Condition, but he knew him to be a Brother unto the Princess of the Leontines, unto whom he was so much obliged; so as imbracing him then with abundance of tenderness, he begged his friendship, and promised his most faithful service, not speaking a word of the Princess his Sister, until he knew what opinion he was of, and whether what he thought of the lovely *Zenocrates* was true or no.

However, it being very late, and having talked away most of the night without any sleep, they silently gave the rest, unto their rest: And in the morning, as it was resolved upon the day before, *Amilcar* went unto *Tarquin*, to present *Aronces* and *Celeres* unto him, as two friends of his whom he knew very well in his Travels; and as two Men who came to offer their service at the Siege of *Ardes*: Adding afterwards a most humble petition for the release of *Clelia*, whom he called by another name before *Tarquin*, then that she was called at *Ardes*, saying that she was carried thither by her Lover against her will; and that being born at *Noles* in *Campania*, and being Sister unto a Man who would die in his service, she deserved to be treated better then the rest of the Captives, who were Daughters Wives, and Sisters unto his enemies. At the first *Tarquin* received *Aronces* and *Celeres* very well, and hearkned unto the Petition which *Amilcar* made in behalf of the pretended Sister unto *Celeres*; but *Clelia* seeming in his eye to be very fair, and having a desire to keep her, he told *Amilcar* that indeed his petition was very just, and told *Celeres* that his Sister should not be a Prisoner; but withal told him, that he must desire a favour from him also, which was that she might remain as a Prisoner until after the Siege of *Ardes*: For (said he) it doth exceedingly concern me, that it should not be thought the Vestals have any right in releasing Prisoners of War, as they have of Criminals; for if this Priviledge should be granted them, there would be in every street a Vestal, when any considerable Prisoners of War were brought into *Rome*. But Sir (replied *Aronces*) since this Prisoner for whom we intercede, is no inhabitant of *Ardes* you may release her, without any thought that it is by virtue of the Vestal Priviledge if you do declare, that you release her only upon this account that she was not born among your enemies. What you say (replied *Tarquin*) is very judiciously spoken; but for all that the people will think her to be released by the Vestal authority, and therefore it is absolutely requisite, that this fair one stay where she is, until after the Siege of *Ardes*: But lest her Captivity should be troublesome unto her, or that she should pass under the notion of a slave, I will entreat *Tullia* to be civil towards her, as perhaps she may like being in *Rome*, as well as in *Campania*.

Celeres, *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, *Artimedorus*, and *Zenocrates*, did use many more arguments unto *Tarquin*, to make him change his mind, but he began to give them such sharp answers, as they fearing to incense him, and make him suspect something of the truth, they did not importune him any further; and *Celeres* carrying himself as *Clelia's* Brother, he gave *Tarquin* a thousand thanks for promising her to release her after the Siege of *Ardes*, and in the mean while to treat her well. And indeed *Tarquin* commanded that some of *Tullia's* Servants, should the very same hour go and wait upon her, and that they should let any see her who would: So as *Aronces* making use of that liberty, he went unto her that afternoon, but was carried thither by *Celeres*, who went to see her as his Sister, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, went also with them, to the end this visit should not render her in the least suspected.

Clelia was that day in her negligent dress, but yet in the midst of negligence so handsome, as it was apparent that she was naturally so, and so when she had no company. There being then none with her but the Captive Ladies who loved her dearly, she had so much liberty as to receive *Aronces* as a Man whom she was glad to see; yet she had restrained her self by reason of *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates*, had not *Celeres* in presenting them unto her, hinted that she needed not to stand in fear of them. So as this meeting, notwithstanding the pitiful condition wherein they were, was very comfortable unto them. And to the end they might have the more freedom of discourse, *Amilcar* who had seen all the Ladies but the day before, began to talk with them as familiarly as if he had been acquainted all his life, for being between the pleasant *Plotina* and the lovely *Cesonia*, who carried out their misfortunes with more constancy than the rest, it was an easie matter for him to turn discourse in a more merry mood. As for *Artimedorus*, he durst not talk over-much because he was no Roman: And as for *Zenocrates*, though when he pleased he could speak the Language very excellently well, yet it was never his custom to talk much upon the first acquaintance; yet he listned with such ingenious attention, as made it apparent that he knew what wit was, and that he was a Master of it himself. As for *Celeres* he addressed himself and his discourse unto those Ladies who were of the most melancholy mood; so as by this means *Aronces* talked with *Clelia* in private, with whom he had not had a minutes discourse never since that terrible Earth-quake, which separated them upon the Banks of the River *Vulturnus*; and he was so transported with joy at the opportunity, that it did appear in his eyes, in his actions, and in his voice. I beg your pardon, Madam, (said he unto

to her) for that joy which perhaps you find in my face; for considering the condition wherein you are, I may seem much too blame to expres joys; yet I must needs tell you Madam, that at this time I am not a Master of my own thought; but am so over-joyed at the sight of you, to see you out of my Rivals power, and to find some sparks of goodnes towards me yet in your eyes, as I cannot chuse but abandon my heart and soul unto joys. But Madam, to plump up joys into a fuller strain, I beseech you tell me whether you are any thing joyed at the sight of me, and in seeing me fuller of love then I was, when I had the happy honour to be the most amorous person upon Earth. If the very sight of you did not please me (replied *Clelia*) truly Sir, I should think my self so unreasonable, as that I should be extremely ashamed at my self. Oh Madam, (said he and interrupted her) I beseech you do not Sir me so, for I am still the very same *Aronces*, whom the fair *Clelia* was once pleased to call her Brother, when she began to cast a favourable look upon him as her Lover; and be confident, Madam, that I shall most joyfully renounce the Quality of a King's Son, rather then you should take from me that glorious Title of your Slave. Treat me not therefore, I beseech you in a ceremonious manner; imagine your self to be upon the Throne, and me in Fetters at your Feet, and use no such offensive Sirs unto me; for my thoughts are so tender and so full of respects unto you, as if you do not call me as you were wont to do, my joys at the sight of you will lessen. Since you will have it so, my dear *Aronces* (said she unto him) I shall live with you as I was wont at *Capua*, and I can assure you that you are to me no more considerable, since I know you to be a King's Son, then you were before; for truly, fortune in giving you a Crown, hath not given you any thing which I can put in comparison with your virtue. Oh Madam (said he unto her) I beseech you commend me less, and tell me a little more plainly, that you do love me as you were wont to do; and without any telling me of my virtue, tell me only, that the tenderness and constancy of my love, hath moved your heart: That my Rivals hath made no impression in it, and that you would be glad to reign still in mine. In telling you, I am the same in *Rome*, I was in *Capua* (replied *Clelia* modestly) surely I shall tell you as much as you can desire: After this, *Aronces* used the most tender expressions in the World unto *Clelia*; and in the transports of his passion, he talked to her of compleating their Marriage, though she was a Prisoner, though *Clelius* could not come to *Rome*, nor think of carrying her unto *Clusium*. Also he himself perceived that his reason was not sound, and was glad that the prudent *Clelia* did set some limits unto such tumultuous desires, as made him think upon things both unreasonable and impossible.

After which, he gave a short account of all the passages which had happened: And she also did tell him all she knew; for she told him how *Horatius* went unto the place where the Earth-quake was, which gave him the occasion of his voyage, that was so variously talked of at *Capua*; she told him how strangely she was amazed when she saw her self without any relief in the hands of *Horatius*, who yet did treat her with very much respect; she told him afterwards, how when the Earth-quake was ceased, *Horatius* carried her into a house which was not shaken down, which belonged unto one of those that were with him, when he carried her away; that there he got a Coach, how he procured a Woman to wait upon her; and how after he had written unto *Stenius* after he was at *Capua*, he was forced to seek his fortune: She told him afterwards, how *Horatius* resolving upon *Perusia* for his retreat, he took that way. But Madam (said *Aronces* to her) when I saw you in a Bark upon the Lake of *Thrasimenes*, and when *Horatius* defended himself against the Prince of *Numidia* who assaulted him, then you were not in the way to *Perusia*. It is true (replied *Clelia*) but chance so ordered it, that in this voyage *Horatius* did meet with the Son of him who commanded, in one of the Isles of that Lake, which is beyond that, where they then kept the Queen your Mother; so as contracting friendship with him, and having trusted him with all his secrets, *Horatius* changed his intention, and resolved to carry me into that Isle, where the Man assured him to find a safe Sanctuary. And accordingly, he did put me into a Bark with him, his Men and with those of him he met, we were no sooner upon the Lake, but the Prince of *Numidia* appeared upon the Shore with Armed Men, and having found another Bark he and his Men went into it, and fell upon *Horatius* as you saw; and I am most confident, that if these two had not stood in fear of hurting me, the meeting had proved mortal to them both. But I beseech you Madam (replied *Aronces*) how came the Prince of *Numidia* so just in the nick with his Armed Men? I conjecture (answered she) that I was the cause of it; for you must know, that meeting accidentally with a Pencil and some paint, when I fell into the power of *Horatius*, I writ upon all places where I passed, on doors and walls, both my name and the place where they carried me. And understanding that Morning we should go unto this Isle, I writ these words in a Window.

If any Friend unto Clelius *chance to pass this way, let him know, that they carry* Clelia *unto one of the Isles upon the Thrasimenian Lake.*

So as supposing, and with reason, that the Prince of *Numidia* passing by chance that way, and finding this writing, he took these Men and followed me. However, after the Combat with *Horatius*, and this Prince who was wounded, we came unto this Isle where he presently recovered. But hearing of that express command which the Prince of *Perusia* had sent to seek me and *Horatius* in all his Dominions. He who promised unto *Horatius* a safe Sanctuary in this Isle, recalling his word did oblige him to depart; so as then seeking out for a place of shelter from the violence of *Tarquin*, and for a protection against all the World, he carried me to *Ardes*, which he knew was in no correspondency with the King of *Rome*. And indeed, he was there very well received; but as for my part, melancholy was much my disease: yet I was so happy as to find much comfort in the Company of *Cesonia*, whom you see there with *Amilcar*, and whom I found to be a most generous friend; for when *Horatius* saw that in all probability *Tarquin* would be prosperous in the Siege of *Ardes*, and resolved to get out, *Cesonia* at my request came out also, and perswaded all the rest of these

Ladies

Ladies to come with her. As ſoon as *Clelia* had ſaid ſo, the Prince *Sextus* entred, and cauſed the diſcourſe to alter; but *Amilcar* knowing that *Clelia* pleaſed the Prince very much, and having a deſire to take him off, he went unto him, and ſpeaking in a low voice, Sir (ſaid he) this fair Priſoner whom I ſee you look upon more then any of the reſt, is indeed the faireſt of them all; but let me tell you, that the pleaſant *Plotina*, whom you ſee on my right hand, is far the jocondeſt, and more eaſie to be wrought upon: It is true (replied *Sextus*) but her beauty is infinitely more charming then any of the reſt: I grant it (replied *Amilcar*) but the worſt is in gaining her, you muſt ſigh, and cry, and cringe, and pule, a long time for it; but in all likelihood the conqueſt of the other will be obtained with a laugh and a pleaſant jeſt.

After this, *Sextus* ſitting down, and finding what *Amilcar* had ſaid to be very pleaſant, he made it the ſubject of diſcourſe, but in ſuch a manner, as it was taken only for general diſcourſe, wherein none of the Company had any particular intereſt. After he had ſtated the Queſtion in hand, it is not (ſaid he) to know whether a fair and merry Miſtreſs, be more amiable than fair and melancholy, or a fair, proud, and capricious Miſtreſs, but the queſtion is, which of them is the moſt fit to cauſe Love? Oh Sir (replied *Celeres*, not knowing *Amilcars* deſign) a fair and merry Miſtreſs makes men in love with her, but will not be in love her ſelf, and I know nothing more intollerable than a ſprightly blith humour, who will oblige one with a thouſand civilities; concur with one in a hundred pleaſures, let you tell her what you will, and will her ſelf be very free; who the very firſt day you ſee her will laugh, ſing, dance, and play with one as freely, as if he were of Twenty years acquaintance, who will deſire you to come and ſee her, who will bid you extremely welcome, and who will give one the greateſt hopes in the world, and all to no purpoſe. And as ſoon as ever ones back is turned, ſhe will never think on what he ſaid, or what ſhe anſwered. For my part (replied *Amilcar*) I wonder why you ſhould complain ſo; for I conceive nothing more ſweet than to find ſome hopes growing with ones Love; to find ſome recompence as ſoon as he begins to profeſs affection, to meet with that pleaſure in the beginning of a Paſſion, which others never meet with but in the end; and all the while never to ſhed any tears but thoſe of joy: As to that which you ſay concerning the forgetfulneſs of a fair and merry Miſtreſs, I ſay, pay back oblivion for oblivion; and if ſhe will forget what you ſaid, do you forget what ſhe ſaid. Were I of *Amilcars* temper, (replied *Celeres*) I ſhould without difficulty do as he ſays; but I aſſure you (replied he) the matter is not ſo eaſie as you imagine, for I have ſeen all ſorts of Lovers; I have my ſelf loved perſons of a blith, jocund, and frolick temper; I have loved melancholy, proud, fickle, fantaſtical Miſtreſſes, I have loved the little, the great, the black, the brown, the fair, and all ſorts. Since ſo, ſaid the Prince *Sextus*, you are the moſt experimentally able to tell us, whether it be more ſweetneſs in loving a pleaſant, merry Miſtreſs, or a Melancholy or a fantaſtical. It is very true (replied *Aronces*) *Amilcar* is fitter to ſpeak unto the Queſtion than any other; yet he himſelf is of ſo pleaſant, equal, and merry a compoſition (ſaid *Artemidorus*) as I fear his partiality will make more againſt the melancholy, than againſt the proud and fantaſtical fair ones. To ſhew my freeneſs from partiality (replied he and laughed) chuſe which of theſe three you will maintain, and I will undertake to defend the other. Oh I beſeech you (ſaid the pleaſant *Plotina*) do not forſake the cauſe of the merry ones, and let him take part with the merry and fantaſtical; you will defend that ſide ſo well your ſelf, both by your beauty and agreeableneſs of humour (replied *Amilcar*) as you need none to take your part, yet I conſent to be the Protector of the fair and merry ones.

For my particular (ſaid the Prince *Sextus*) I will pretend to judge: As for my part (ſaid *Aronces*) I will not put that in any doubt which my heart hath been ſo long reſolved upon. And for my part (ſaid *Zonocrates*) ſince I am yet much unreſolved in matters of Love, I ſtill pretend unto no ſide, but only to be an Auditor. Since ſo (ſaid *Celeres*) I will make choice to defend the melancholy Ladies: And to undertake a task more hard than that (ſaid *Artemidorus*) I will maintain, provided you will pardon the defects of my Language, that there is more pleaſure in being loved by a fair, proud, and fantaſtical Miſtreſs than any other, though I muſt thus far agree that there is much more ſweetneſs in being loved by a melancholy beauty who is not fantaſtical. As for your Grecian accent (replied *Amilcar*) I will excuſe it, but I beſeech you give me leave to ſpeak firſt, for I cannot endure to take ſo much pains as to anſwer the reaſons of others. But conſider, I pray, (replied *Amilcar*) that others had rather reply upon your reaſons: Perhaps (replied *Plotina*) his reaſons will be found ſo good, as none will be ſo bold as to reply unto them, or ſhew their own. Since you are the only ſhe in all the company (replied *Cleſimica*) who can pretend unto this quality of mirth, perhaps others will alſo find their Protection as well as you. I aſſure you (replied *Amilcar*) it will not be an eaſie matter to find it; for to enter in the Argument, hath not love its riſe and life out of joys, out of pleaſures, and looked upon as the greateſt felicity in the World, the moſt amorous ſighers that are, never ſigh but for joy, all the ſobs and ſorrows of a Lover are cauſed by his hopes of being happy. Is it not much better then to meet with love in delights and joys, than to ſeek it by ſad ſighing and difficult ways, in ſuch as will never let one laugh but after they have cried? Had I been called unto Natures Council when ſhe invented all theſe ſeveral ſorts of Flowers which ſhe produced, I ſhould never have given any Prickles unto Roſes; ſuch a Lover am I of all delights as I would have them without any mixture of ſorrows; and I am ſuch a profeſſed enemy unto all gloomy and melancholy Lovers, who will always go the moſt painful ways unto love, and had rather ſigh with the Turtle, than ſing with the Nightingale, as I cannot chuſe but ſigh to think upon their follies. Oh *Amilcar* (cried out *Plotina* and laughed) you defend our cauſe methinks ſo faintly, as I fear you have a will to be baffled in it. Experience is ſo much above all reaſons (replied *Amilcar*) as we ſhall be able to defend our cauſe againſt all the protectors of the proud and melancholy Miſtreſſes; and if to give them a moſt ſenſible example, you will be pleaſed to let me love you, and you love me again this will be reaſon enough, to prove that it is better to be loved by a fair merry Miſtreſs, than either a melancholy or a fantaſtick. When you have ſhewed your reaſons (replied ſhe and ſmiled) we ſhall ſee whether we ſhall authorize them

by

by our example. I must tell you then again (replied he) that I know nothing more vexatious than to Court a melancholy, or a proud fantastical Mistress, nor any thing so sweet as to be lov'd by a fair and pleasant merry Mistress: For first when one Courts a melancholy Deity, he must be full of all familiarity, he must pay all possible reverence, he must sigh and pule a long time, he must be extremely circumstantial in the declaration of his love, he must pay both great and small services, he must be full of applauds, of sweetness, of tenderness, of rapture, of assiduity, and amongst all these one ingredient of despair. And when all is done, you must either be loved or not loved, if you be not loved then there is abundance of time lost; and if you be loved, commonly it is but a little; for of a hundred melancholy Mistresses, there are not two to be found who are not both jealous and hard to be obtained, and who does not drive into despair by their continual complaints. So that often one is much more miserable in obtaining their affection then in being denyed it. As for the proud and fantastical (added he) they are yet worse, for one knows not where to find them. At first, they will hardly look upon those hearts which are offered to them, one would say that they wronged them in adoring them, or at least one is infinitely obliged unto them, for doing so much honour as to receive their offering; they will disdainfully turn away their head, because one shall not look them in the face, and will sometimes so behave themselves, as if you were to render them all humble thanks for that they have not killed you. I know very well that there are some good fantasticks, and that some days one shall oblige them, by telling them such things as angred them the day before: I know also, that at another time the same things will displease, which before did please, so as you can never be at any certainty with them in matter of love; nor be sure you can keep that love which you get the day before, how can one be ever at any quiet, or enjoy any delight in them? for my part I cannot endure to be smiled upon one day, and brow-beaten the next; I know these proud ones and fantastical ones, will sometimes go further then others will, but I know withal that they will repent it, and what is gotten with a great deal of pains, is kept but by chance, for one will never enjoy their affection with any tranquill delight. Therefore I do conceive it much better to court the love of a fair, jocund, frolick, and merry Mistress: For first, the Conquest is much more easie, one shall enjoy it in peace; if she should have any tang of jealousie or anger, she is pacified with a serenade, and all quarrels are but trifles which will be reconciled at the next treat, or diversion; I know very well that these merry Mistresses perhaps do not love so zealously; but withal, they do not expect one should love them so extremely; so as giving as much liberty as they take, both parties will be well agreed. They will require nothing from you but such things as are pleasant in themselves; for they will walk with you, they will laugh, they will rally, sing, and dance, and to do all these for the love of them, are no difficulties: and therefore is it not much better to serve such, then others who are so full of the morals and politicks of love, and who require if you will get their loves that you also do exactly know them, who rank sighs, sobs, and tears instead of pleasures.

I have divers more arguments to use (added *Amilcar*) but I shall not stand in need of all my force against such enemies, as I fear not, since their cause is so bad, and mine so good. Though I want your eloquence (replied *Artemidorus*) yet for all your Art, I hope Justice will carry it against your specious reasons which have no solidity in them. For the question is not whether hath most or least trouble in loving a merry Mistress, or a fantastical, or a melancholy; but the question is, which hath most sweets in it. And I do very confidently affirm, that of all the several tempers which a Mistress can be of, none is so fit to move great and sensible delights as she that is fair, proud, and a little fantastical. For it is most evident, that whosoever does take away resistance and all difficulties from Love does murther Love; or at the least doth take away all the sweet and pleasing transports which makes all Lovers happy. And I must also affirm, that to be compleatly happy in Love he must mix with his love, the glory to make it fervent, and must have an amorous kind of ambition, to redouble the violence of that passion; it is a most high delight after a Man hath been long a slave unto a Mistress, to be at last a Conquerour, and to deserve that glorious title he must have met with such resistance; he will imagine it most glorious to have vanquished that heart which seemed invincible, and he must be able to tell himself that he deserves to vanquish.

Moreover, though a resentment of glory were not necessary to render that passion the more ardent, yet it must be confessed that Love is either hot or cold: And it must be concluded as impossible, that those desires which a merry Mistress creates in the heart of a Lover, can ever be so sharp as those inspired by a proud beauty, which seem more delicate because they are more difficult to obtain. Not but that a well accomplished Man who is resolute in his Love may be assured to vanquish, if he doth but know how to manage all occasions, and to make use of several favourable and critical minutes which may be met with in the conversation of all proud and fantastical Mistresses; there are some hours when it may be said there is an *interregnum* in their hearts: I must also maintain that the most sensible favours, are more often obtained by humour, and fancy, then by tenderness and acknowledgements: and a proud fantastical Mistress wins more in an hour, then a merry Mistress can in a year. I grant it (replied *Amilcar*) but commonly all proud and fantastical Mistresses, do within an hour repent themselves of all the favours they have done; they will even hate themselves for loving you too well: and sometimes they will punish you for what they themselves did voluntarily grant: and their repentance for doing any thing over obligingly moves them unto a thousand more angry words. 'Tis true (replied *Artemidorus*) sometimes quarrels do arise when one loves a proud beauty; But oh, *Amilcar*, how sweet are the reconciliations? and what delight is it to see them repent and pay with usury those favours they suspended; and to confer fresh favours to repair the wrong? what pleasure is it I say, to see this lofty and noble pride to stoop and make excuses, and give many marks of submission? what high delight is it sometimes when they would favour you, to see them vex and fret at themselves, and their hearts out of obliging weakness, to pant so as they are forc'd to be favourable unto you? when one hath obtained any favour from a proud beauty, her

her pride will be the sweetest thing in the World unto you: for her pride unto others will make you give hearty thanks, she is not so to you; whereas an equal tempered Mistress who is universally merry and affable unto all, she does rather vex then please one. Therefore I conclude, that there is more glory and delight in loving a proud fantastical and coy Mistress, then one that is pleasant, merry, and affable, and though perhaps one may be happy, in a melancholy and in a merry Mistress both; yet the conquest of a proud Mistress is more easie, then the conquest of one who gives hopes the very first day that one begins to love them.

If *Celeres* (replied *Amilcar*) do defend the cause of fair and melancholy Mistresses, as you have of the proud, I shall stand in need of the fair *Plotina's* help, to maintain the cause I undertake. Grecians being before all others in eloquence; replied *Celeres*, and *Artemidorus* having a most vast will; Perhaps my reasons will not sound so well as his; Not that his side and that which I am to defend are much opposite, for few proud and fantastical Woman who are very merry; and few also who have not some touch of melancholy; but it is a certain kind of sweet and charming melancholy which makes most violent and tender passions grow in the heart of a Lady. When I speak of a fair and melancholy Mistress (added he) you must not imagine I mean such as are of a gloomy, frowning, fretting and angry humour: for I make a great difference between Sadness and Melancholy. But I mean such a sweet and charming melancholy as is not an enemy unto all pleasures, and gallant diversions. I mean, I say, a melancholy which has a sweet languor and passion in its looks: which makes the heart great, generous, tender and sensible; and puts into it such a zealous disposition unto love, as those who know not what a melancholy heart is, do not know what love is; and I am confident that a Lover who is acquainted with all the delicacies of this passion, does find more delight in a certain kind of languishing and passionate lustre in the eyes of his Mistress, then he shall in all the mirth and jollitry in the World: He will not value those eternal laughers who think themselves worthy of pity if they do not laugh from morning to night: and certainly the most sensible delights of that passion, are not those delights which move laughter: And if after a thousand sighs and secret groans, a Mistress afford but one favourable word which gives any spark of hope, a Lover will not hearken unto it with more sensible delight, then unto all the ingenious rallery in the World: not but that he has his joys; but they are such joys as are rather languor then mirth; such joys as are peculiar only unto love, and melancholy is so particularly proper unto that passion, that his very pleasures have a tincture of melancholy. His studies and musings, which seem so dull and heavy, are infinitely pleasing unto him: and at his faintings of spirit are preferrable, before all diversions in the World; and though there appear no blithness in his eyes, nor ever laugh, yet he thinks himself very happy. I know very well that at the first acquaintance, a merry person is extremely pleasing: and that it is much easier to get acquaintance with such, then those more serious. For, as *Amilcar* said very well, one shall get familiarity with them the very first day of acquaintance; they will laugh, sing, dance, and tell a thousand merry stories: whereas on the contrary, one must go more slowly to work, with those whose temper, most take me; for commonly, upon the first acquaintance with them, one shall see but the out-side of their beauties and wit, nor will they shew all their ingenuity of a long time; and when you do know all, still you are to seek their hearts; so as discovering every day fresh graces, you have every day fresh delights; but it is otherwise with jocund and pleasant persons; for at the very first they shew you all their beauty, their hearts, and all their affections; and certainly if you love them not at the very first, you will never love them. And also, if she love not you at first, she will never love you, nor afford you any but common favours.

And the very truth is, they only who have passionate Souls, do know how to take every thing as a favour, who only can invent innocent delights, and can make hope last, after they have given you their affections. For my part, I must ingenuously confess that I do love the merry better then the melancholy, but I must withal tell you, that I would not spend all my life in mirth. I would have my friends of that temper, but not my Mistresses, for there is nothing more cruel then to love one who never minds nor observes any thing but pleasures: It is otherwise with a passionate melancholy Mistress; for if you give any obliging language she remembers it a hundred times, she repeats it unto her self in secret, and she will make you glad to see she remembers it, by hinting something or other handsomely which will let you know it. If you play a lesson on the Lute unto her, and there be any passionate Ayrs in it, which seems sutable unto your love of her, she will resent it with tenderness; she will make application unto her self, and answer you with such sweet and languishing looks, as shall most sensibly delight you: But on the contrary a merry Mistress never minds any passionate Ayr, but begins her self to sing some song or other which signifies nothing. If you send any passionate or amorous Epistles unto her, she runs over it in reading; or if she have any diversion in hand, perhaps she will put it in her pocket and not read it, till she be more at leisure; and when she hath read it, perhaps she will burn it, or may be throw it into her Cabinet, and never read it at all. But when a serious, passionate, and melancholy Mistress receives a Letter from her loved servant, her heart beats when she takes it: she opens it with a blush, and she reads it with care and secretie; she reads it over and over an hundred times, and seriously ponders upon every syllable, and though she remember every word, yet will she read it again and again. The truth is, there is nothing so sweet as when one is loved by such a melancholy virtuous person, to see how she will be troubled in denying any slight favour which you shall ask of her, and will deny it in such an obliging manner, as a merry Mistress would oblige you less in granting it, then she in denying. I do know very well, that such use to love very ardently, and desire also to be ardently loved, and therefore they use to complain very often, but what though? is there any thing in this World so sweet as to see a Mistress complain she is not loved enough? can she possibly give you a more apparent testimony of her Love? a merry Mistress indeed complains sometimes that you do not enough divert her, but she will never find fault that your passion is not strong enough; yet quite contrary

trary with a melancholy Mistress, for she will complain she will grieve, and will even be sick for sorrow and anger, she will break off with you by all means though God knows she cannot, and when you have once appeased her, she will fil up your Soul with infinite joys, and you will find in her all the favours and ardency of a new affection, nothing is so sweet as these reconciliations in Love.

You shall also have this advantage by loving a Mistress of a serious and passionate temper, as never to hazard any thing as you shall often in loving a merry and fantastical humour, for if you find the last of these in a good mood, when she hath not power to deny her heart unto those who divert her, she will give her heart unto you, but yet she gives it rather by chance than choice: a proud and fantastical Lady will often do the like, and love you more out of an humour than out of any inclination. But a vertuous melancholy Mistress, who hath a tender Soul and a noble heart, she is long in denying you, and will not bestow her affection, but when she cannot chuse but give it, but yet when she doth give it she giveth it freely; and yet she gives it not all at once as the others do, she shews her heart by degrees; and when you do see the bottom of it, you shall be so happy as to see none but your self in it. Indeed a passionate and melancholy Mistress, hath love in her head as well as her heart; she can remember and repeat every passage, and whersoever she is, her mind is still with her Lover, she thinks upon all the places where she hath seen him, and would never be out of his sight, she hath continually a hundred thousand things to tell him, which yet she never does; and there is in this kind of Love such a sweet miscellany of joys and inquietudes, as she is continually in the one or the other. For not to be mistaken, I must affirm, that to know all the delights of Love, one must know all the bitters of it, and whosoever cannot make a great misery out of a trivial matter, shall never take any great delight in a great favour. But if one will be happy in love, he must pick out great pleasures from slight favours, and must have a heart so sensible, as the very sight of a place where once his Mistress hath been, must fill his heart full of joy, as such joys as must grieve him; his heart must be full of thoughts upon her, he must think upon nothing else; and he must think upon her, sometimes with delight, and sometimes with grief. But the fair and merry Mistress, and also the proud and fantastical never use to have any such tender thoughts, It is onely the charming melancholy which is able to inspire a zealous, lasting, and pleasing Passion; As for a merry Mistress, it may be said she rather lends you her heart than gives it; for she never gives it so absolutely, but she can recal it as often as she finds any one that can divert her more. As for a proud and capricious Mistress, it may he said that one can never get her heart without a ravishment, unless perchance she cast it upon you out of anger, rather than give it you of good will; and you can never be so sure in possession of it, but you may lose it again by the same capricious toy which gave it you. But as for a melancholy Mistress, when she gives her heart, she gives it wholly and absolutely, and gives it in such an engaging manner, as (when one knows all the delicacies of this kind of affection which so few do know) it is impossible there should ever be any change in love: And if it were lawful in *Rome* to use so sacred a comparison with a prophane, I would say, that melancholy is the Vestal which preserves the fire of Love in the heart of a Lover, since without it, a zealous and lasting Love cannot be.

Good *Celeres* (said *Amilcar*) say no more, for though I have undertook to be the defender of merry Mistresses, and mirth, yet I think if I were not near the lovely *Plotina*, you would convert me. The truth is (said *Artemidorus*) that *Celeres* and his expressions have tendered my heart. But the wonder is (said *Aronces*) that *Celeres* who hath so eloquently discoursed upon Love, yet never had any of those great and violent Passions, is able to instruct others so well. It is true (replied *Celeres*) and though I was never any more than a pidler in Love matters, yet I am very well acquainted with the Passion: And had I not thwarted my own temper, or had ever met with a lovely Melancholy Mistress who would have loved me, I should have been the deepest in Love of any man living. For my part (replied *Amilcar*) I can scarcely believe you; for since my first beginnings in matters of love, I have begun a hundred several loves, which have made me so knowing in that Passion, as I have been loved two or three several times with all imaginable violence. For ought I see (replied *Sextus*) if one should desire you to tell us the History of your life, they should desire more than one single History. True Sir (replied *Amilcar* and laughed) and to speak properly, you must desire me to relate the History of my Adventures. For my Part, said *Plotina* then, I have a great desire to know them: I think, added *Cesonia*, that this curiosity would be general if there were any hopes of being satisfied. For my particular, pursued *Clelia*, I cannot tell whether or no I am deceived, but I think *Amilcar* had rather relate the adventures of any other than of his own. It is very true Madam, answered he, there is nothing more unhandsome than to relate ones own worth; for if one be modest be will not enough commend himself, and if one be not he will commend himself too much.

But I perceive (said *Plotina* unto *Sextus*) That the dispute is ended, and no judgment is given, whether the merry or the melancholy, the proud or the fantastical, have the advantage. Though I took upon me to be Judge (replied *Sextus*) yet I should be very presumptuous if I should pronounce any sentence before so many beauties whom I know so little: perhaps there may be more of them merry than I imagine; and those who seem melancholy, are so out of some accidental Cause, and not out of temper; and therefore I think it much better to entreat *Amilcar* that he would be pleased to relate unto us, some of those beginnings in love which he spoke of. Oh Sir, replied he, I am not fit to be my own Historian: But if you desire to have a Relation of some such Adventure, I have had a hundred friends in my life who have had many gallant and extraordinary adventures; which I am acquainted with as well as my own; and you need only but to tell me what kind of Story you would have. Since it is fitting to divert Prisoners, (replied *Sextus*) I pray let us have no tragical stories: With all my heart, replied *Amilcar*: for I am the least acquainted with them; but still I would gladly know a little better of what nature you would have a History. I would if it be possible, replied *Sextus*, have one that should not end either with a death or a marriage: Oh Sir, replied *Amilcar*, I can fit you, for I have a friend who has run through adventures enow to afford a hundred Stories; which never ended

ſo. All the Company laughing at what *Amilcar* ſaid, and at his manner of ſaying it, they began to preſs *Amilcar* unto a Relation of one of theſe hundred Hiſtories which he ſpoke of; ſo as he thinking it to be good ſervice to *Aronces* if he kept *Sextus* from talking unto *Clelia*, he ſet himſelf to relate an Adventure, in which he was very perfect, and which for its ſingularity deſerved to be told unto ſo noble a company: and therefore with eyes full of jollitry, he began to ſpeak in as free an Air, and little troubled as if he had but three words to ſpeak: But as he was turning towards *Sextus*, with intentions to addreſs his ſpeech unto him, that Prince deſired him to make his addreſs unto all the Ladies in general: And *Amilcar* obeying him, began thus.

The Hiſtory of Artaxander.

SInce I was ever very ſincere; I muſt at the firſt tell you, that the names which I ſhall name in the Relation of this adventure, are names only ſuppos'd, That I ſhall alſo vary from the true places where the things were done, and that I my ſelf do not well know, whether he whom I ſhall name *Artaxander*, was big or little, black or fair. But yet I can aſſure you, it is not more true, that you are all of you the faireſt Priſoners in the world, than it is that all I ſhall now tell you did really happen in ſome place of the world or other, and that not long ſince: For I cannot endure old ſtories of three Ages ago; but what I am to tell you is an amorous adventure, a new adventure, a gallant adventure, and a moſt certainly true adventure. I muſt further tell you, that *Artaxander* who ere he be, being come to *Crete*, a Town which harboured the moſt fair and gallant women upon earth, and having quickly gotten the moſt accompliſh'd men and faireſt women for his friends, not then having any engagement of love upon his ſoul; he went out to walk with one of his friends in a Garden out of the Town, which is one of the moſt delectable places in the Iſle, and the Iſle you know is one of the beſt in all the *Ægean* Sea. And this Garden being from the Town two miles after the *Italian* meaſure, they went on horſeback. In coming thither they ſaw two Coaches before the gates; And *Artaxander* preſently enquiring whoſe they were, he underſtood that one of them belonged unto a Lady whom I will call *Cephiſa*; and the other unto a Lady who had a Neece which lived with her, whom I will call *Paſithea*, becauſe indeed ſhe reſembled one of thoſe Graces who owned that name. But he no ſooner heard this, then he was very glad of it: for he had heard much talk of *Paſithea*, though he had never ſeen her, for ſhe had been in the Country ever ſince he came to *Crete*: ſo as turning towards his friend, whoſe name ſhall be *Philiomes*: well friend (ſaid he unto him) I ſhall now ſee her whom I have heard ſo much of. Doubtleſs you will (replied he) and I am not the moſt miſtaken man alive, if ſhe be not as well pleaſed with the ſight of you, as you will be with the ſight of her. After this *Artaxander* whoſe action was all freeneſs he entred into the Garden; and no ſooner in but he ſpied five or ſix women about a Fountain, who talked very loud and with much joy. Among the reſt, *Artaxander* fixed his eyes upon one who was of a middle ſtature, and a moſt rare beauty: her Action was ſprightly, her Garb pleaſing, her eyes ſhining and merry, the ſmile in her Looks and the blithneſs of her behaviour, ſeemed as if ſhe did counterfeit ſome body as ſhe talked unto one of thoſe Ladies whoſe name was *Cephiſa*. And indeed, *Artaxander* and *Philiomes* ſtaying behind a Hedge and looking upon all this good Company, they perceived that *Paſithea* was counterfeiting a Lover of the old faſhion, who was then in *Crete*: and one who had a kind of forced ridiculous Air with him, which rendred him intollerable, though otherwiſe he had wit enough. *Paſithea* did counterfeit him ſo admirably well, as though *Artaxander* and *Philiomes* did not hear the name of him whom ſhe did imitate, yet by her tone, her walk, and her action, they knew very well whom ſhe did ſo perfectly perſonate. So as *Artaxander*, who was excellent good at the ſame faculty, and who was a particular friend unto all thoſe Ladies except *Paſithea*, he undertook a piece of Gallantry, which hit very happily: for knowing him very well whom *Paſithea* did counterfeit, he came from behind the hedge, walking as the man uſed, and putting himſelf into the ſame garb and poſture as he uſed, when he would be pleaſing: After he had ſaluted all the Company in general, he accoſted *Paſithea* in particular, in a language ſo like that which ſhe was imitating, as all the Company were very pleaſingly ſurpriſed. But as for *Paſithea*, ſhe was ſo aſtoniſhed and took ſuch delight in this kind of gallantry, that after ſhe had heartily laughed at this paſſage; I beſeech you Sir (ſaid ſhe unto *Artaxander*) let me enjoy your friendſhip and acquaintance; for having a great deſire to ſee my ſelf, and know how I behave my ſelf, and how I ſpeak, I will then entreat you to perſonate me as well as the man which you now did imitate: As for my friendſhip Madam (ſaid he in his own ordinary tone) I cannot well tell whether you can have it or no: for the truth is, you are too fair for friendſhip: Oh Sir, replied ſhe, I ſhall be very well contented with your friendſhip, and let love alone; and therefore to be my friend is no ſuch difficulty as you imagine: Whatever it be Madam, (ſaid he unto her) let us leave the future unto the will of Love and Fate, and give me leave to tell you thus much, that though I never had the honour to ſee you until this quarter of an hour, yet I have expected a ſight of you this fifteen days with much impatience: And let me tell you further, (added he and laughed) you are obliged unto me, for not giving away my heart unto one of theſe fair ones, until I had the honour to ſee you: leſt I ſhould have been forced to have recalled it when you came: 'Tis very true indeed (ſaid the amiable *Cephiſa*) *Artaxander* as great a Gallant as he is, has not yet made any addreſſes of Gallantry unto any of us: I muſt confeſs my ſelf much obliged unto him (replied *Paſithea*) and to return civility for civility, I can aſſure him that in all my voyage I did not accept of one heart which was offered unto me. And yet I muſt confeſs I was ſomewhat near it, when *Cephiſa* ſpoke to me in your behalf; for I make no doubt but that you are the ſame *Artaxander*, of whom ſhe hath ſpoken ſo nobly. Yes Madam (ſaid he unto her) I am the ſame *Artaxander*, but the difficulty is how I ſhould make good the commendations of *Cephiſa*, as Madam, you are able to make good thoſe praiſes which all the world gives you. But Madam, give me leave to tell you, that though I have profeſſed I would not have any to throw away their loves upon me, yet I think my ſelf obliged to give my heart to you in recompence

pence of your not accepting any heart for my ſake. Though I ſhould not give it, yet you have power to take it away from me whether I would or no; and therefore to keep you from theft, I had better be liberal and give it. Did you know my good humour (replied ſhe and laughed) you would not ſpeak as you do: for my fooliſh fancy is to love that which is ſtoln better than that which is given me: If ſo Madam, replied he, I beſeech you give me my heart again to day, and ſteal it from me to morrow. After this all the reſt of the Ladies and *Philiontes* alſo mixing in the diſcourſe, it became extremely pleaſant: for *Artaxander* having a new deſign of pleaſing, and *Paſithea* the like, they did exceedingly divert themſelves and others alſo. For they did put into practice all that I had ſaid concerning mirth and merry people in the height; and if *Artaxander* had been acquainted with *Paſithea* all his life, he could not have been more familiar with her than he was: before they parted, *Paſithea* and he were whiſpering their conceits of all the company; he taught her one Song, ſhe him another; he compoſed a Copy of verſes *ex tempore*, upon a Poſie of Flowers which ſhe gathered and threw unto him; and ſhe again replied. Moreover ſhe gave him her hood and gloves to hold whilſt they were at a Collation in a green Arbour; ſhe gave him alſo ſome of thoſe fruits which were upon the Table; and letting a Ring accidentally fall, which was of no high price, and which he reached up ſhe let him wear it, yet asked it of him at firſt: but when he told her that he loved to keep that which he found, as well as ſhe did what ſhe ſtole, ſhe anſwered him that he ſhould not have it unleſs he ſtaked ſomething againſt it and won it; then if you pleaſe Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I will ſtake and lay my ſelf againſt this Ring, that you are the faireſt in the world; and becauſe we will not put it unto chance; Judges ſhall be choſen to divide the wager. So this pleaſant wager was laid, and the Ring was adjudged unto *Artaxander*. After this, they all went to ſee the houſe unto which the Garden belonged, there to reſt themſelves and where all this fair company did ſit down and enjoyed a pleaſant proſpect out of a Cloſet with an open Balcony. But *Paſithea* entring laſt becauſe ſhe ſtayed talking with *Artaxander*, all the places were taken up except two before the Balcony. I perceive (ſaid *Paſithea* and laughed) they know I am not like thoſe Ladies who will be always in the ſhade, ſince they ſeat me with the Sun in my face. Thoſe who have ſuch a complexion as yours (replied *Artaxander*) who are ſo young, ſo fair, and eyes ſo ſprightly cannot be ſeated better than you are: eſpecially (added *Cephiſa* and ſmiled) when they would ſhew themſelves. I muſt confeſs indeed (replied *Paſithea*) that I deſire both to ſee and be ſeen: but withal I muſt tell you I am not ſo affectedly fooliſh as ſome Ladies are, who will at any rate be always ſhewing all the beauty they have, and whoſe minds run wholly upon ſuch ſetting themſelves off as makes them ridiculous to all beholders. And it is very ordinary (ſaid *Artaxander*) for I never came in any place where I did not find ſome Ladies in placing themſelves in an advantageous light as any would be in placing of a picture. I know one *Cretan*, replied *Philiontes*, who is the moſt ambitious woman upon earth; ſo very extreme, as I think ſhe would not appear fairer than others, but only out of her ambition, and without the leaſt ſmack of Gallantry: This Lady was one day put to a pitiful perplexity, for be pleaſed to know, that this Lady who had a thouſand quarrels in her days about matter of place, and would contend for it with ſuch as were much above her quality, this Lady, I ſay, came one day to one of her friends, whoſe chamber was ſo contrived as the higheſt place in the Room was the worſt in the world for a beauty to be in: for the pureſt complexion there ſeemed to be yellow, by reaſon of reflection from a window oppoſite to a plot of yellow flowers, which cauſed that yellow reflection. Alſo the compoſure of this Ladies face was ſuch, as if ſhe were in an advantageous place, her eyes ſeemed hollow and ill-favoured, ſo as knowing this place was not favourable to her, ſhe was then much perplexed between the intereſt of her ambition, and the intereſt of her beauty; for ſhe knew well that if we took up that place, ſhe ſhould look pitifully upon it; and if ſhe did not ſeize upon it, then another Lady would ſit above her: ſo as not knowing upon a ſudden what to do, becauſe it was a thing ſhe could not foreſee, for the Chamber was new built, and ſhe had never been in it, ſhe fell into a miſerable perplexity. But I pray Sir (ſaid one of the company unto him) if ſhe had never been in that Chamber, how could ſhe know it had that ill quality? The Queſtion is ingeniouſly asked (replied *Philiontes*) and as eaſily anſwered. For you muſt know that when this ambitious Lady firſt entred, ſhe ſaw one ſtanding in this dangerous place; upon whoſe face ſhe ſaw what would reflect upon her own, if ſhe were in her room. So as not knowing whether ſhe ſhould take it or no, to gain a little more time of conſideration ſhe ſtepped back, and ſeemed as if ſhe had ſome private buſineſs with one behind her, ſhe carried her unto the other end of the Chamber to talk with her; but the beſt jeſt was ſhe knew not what ſecreſie to talk of, inſomuch as the other was as much amazed, to hear her talk of ſo many ſenſeleſs nothings, as that Lady was in finding out an expedient, how to avoid this diſadvantagious place. But at the laſt, after much talk to no purpoſe the other Lady did gueſs the cauſe; for ſne began to find fault with the Chamber, and ſay her own was far beyond it, ſhe ſaid this was ill ſcituated; ſhe could not find a convenient place to ſet a bed in it; ſhe would alter all the doors and windows; purpoſely to make better lights, ſuch as would make her ſeem fair, and and to ſatisfie her Ambition, ſhe would turn the very courſe of the Sun, ſhe would have the whole houſe pulled down, though it was a moſt ſtately Fabrick, rather than expoſe her ſelf unto a light which was diſadvantageous unto her beauty. I know a Lady in the place from whence I came (replied *Paſithea*) who would do as much, if the occaſion ſhould preſent it ſelf; but I know others at *Crete* who are as ridiculous; for there is a woman whom *Cephiſa* knows as well as I, who becauſe ſhe hath very white hands; is continually doing ſomething or other which may give her an occaſion of ſhewing them. For one while ſhe will be mending ſomewhat about her own dreſs, and another while ſhe will be ſo officious too, to be mending ſomething about her friends; ſometimes ſhe will purpoſely let fall her hood, that ſhe may take it up and ſo ſhew her hands; and when ſhe is at any gallant Collation, ſhe will always eat of that which is far off her, and not that which is near, becauſe ſhe would have a pretence to reach forth her hand and arm, and ſo ſhew their fairneſs. Fie, *Paſithea*, (replied *Cephiſa*) you have ſaid too much: No truly (replied ſhe) I have not ſaid enough yet; for there are ſome who think themſelves ſo fair, as that they do not on-

ly shew their hands unto others, but are continually looking upon themselves.

For my part (said *Artaxander*) I know a Lady who indeed hath admirable white teeth, who most certainly had never laughed, if her teeth had not been so; for all the composure of her face was serious and melancholy, yet knowing the whiteness of her teeth, she laughed in spight of natures teeth, and got an artificial smile which is the most rediculous thing in the World; for her mouth is alwaies opened with a laugh though there be no signs of any mirth in her eyes or face; and her lips are so used to shew her teeth, as I am confident that she sleeps open mouthed. All the company laughing at this pleasant description which *Artaxander* made of that Lady, it was confessed that such things were often to be found, and that it was a weakness which beauties ought to correct themselves for, since nothing is more ridiculous then affectation. And yet nothing is more ordinary (replied *Cephisa*) especially amongst young people; nothing is more fantastical than to rowl the eyes by Art, and yet many women consult with their Glasses, only to learn the trick of it, but the truth is, a woman should not use any arts to please, but only such as belongs to the handsome dressing themselves, and chusing such colours as best becomes them, but I cannot endure any should practise to make faces, nor to shew any parts of their beauty with so much affectation as if they had a design to sell them. The *Tirian* and *Sidonian* Merchants do not use more care in shewing their rich Dies and Tapestries, than many great Beauties in shewing theirs. For my part (said *Pasithea*) I am resolved none shall ever upbraid me with any fantastical affectation. I believe it (replied *Cephisa*) but yet you may be upbraided with that jocund humour which will not let you think upon any thing else; they wrong me who think my mind runs not much upon pleasures (replied she) for indeed I will always love that which pleaseth me, the way then to get your love (replied *Artaxander*) is always to please you, It is true (said she and laughed) and if you please me always as well as you have pleased me this day, we shall always agree very well. Oh! sweet *Pasithea* (replied he) I am much joyed to hear you say so; and that you may know me better, give me leave to tell you I am nothing like those men who cannot be Masters of their own minds; who are sometimes merry and sometimes sad, and cannot speak out of their humours: As for me, I have four or five several sorts of spirits, and I am able to chuse which of them I please at any time; therefore since that in which I am this day doth please you, you shall see me in it as long as I live.

And indeed after this, *Artaxander* and *Pasithea* grew as intimately familiar as any two in the world. *Pasithea* told him where she dwelt, *Artaxander* asked leave to come and see her, she granted, and when he went, he stayed always very long with her. They parted always with so many signs of friendship, that never any growing affection appeared more sensible than between these two. And since the first day of visit they were almost always together; for the humour of *Artaxander* much delighting *Pasithea*, and the humour of *Pasithea* much pleasing *Artaxander*, an interest of pleasure did unite them, and caused them to be continually together; so as in a few days *Artaxander* perceived that his heart was wounded with the sharpest darts of Love; it is true, his Passion met with no bitter rubs, but he might in reason and without vanity, have as much hope as love; for *Pasithea* was so sweet towards him, and he knew so well that he pleased her, as he was almost sure of being loved. And indeed within a few days *Pasithea* gave him as many signs of affection as she possibly could; she permitted him to talk of his love, and did not forbid him to hope; a while after she let him believe he was beloved: Indeed the hearts of these two were so accustomed unto pleasures, as perhaps they did not so sensibly as others, gust the happiness which they enjoyed; and it must be granted that when any do come out of a state of sorrows into a state of joys, they are the most sensible, but happy they both were, and if *Artaxander* contrary to his custom had not taken a fantastical conceit in his head, his love of *Pasithea* had lasted longer. But the better to make you understand the business, you must know, that when *Artaxander* was most pleased with *Pasithea*, and most confident of his being pleasing unto her, he fell in talk with *Cephisa*, who was no hater of him, and aggravating his good fortune, he opened his whole soul unto her; but conceiving this, *Cephisa* did lend but an hollow ear unto him, nor did think him so happy as he thought himself, he asked her the reason, wondring very much she did no more congratulate his good fortune. For truly, (said he unto her) *Pasithea* is wondrous fair, her humours are infinitely pleasing, I please my self in pleasing her, she esteems me beyond my merit; she loves me almost as well as I would desire, and we see one another continually. You do very well Sir, (said *Cephisa*) to mention this last thing, for without it all the rest would not make love subsist. For certainly, if *Pasithea* were but one month out of your sight, as pleasing as she is she would easily forget you.

Melancholy people (replied *Artaxander*) are so confidently perswaded that merry people will find Consolation in all conditions, as I can hardly believe what you say, unless you can give me an example of it. If that will convince you (replied *Cephisa*) I shall easily find one; but since you may perhaps think I disguise the truth, I pray ask *Philontes* who is your particular friend, what passed between *Pasithea* and a most handsome man who died about four months since, and for your further satisfaction desire *Pasithea* her self to relate the adventure of that illustrious dead man: to the end you may engage your heart no further than she engaged hers. *Artaxander* was very desirous that she would tell him further, but she kept firm to her resolution, and therefore as soon as he was parted from *Cephisa*, he went unto *Philontes*. As soon as they met, he asked him whether *Pasithea* had lost a friend or a Lover within this four months? As for a friend (replied *Philontes* and laughed) *Pasithea* can never lose him, for people of her humour can never have any; but as for a Lover, she did lose one whom she loved as well as she could love, and whom she ought to lament as long as she lives: But pray why did you never acquaint me with this Adventure (replied *Artaxander*) I perceived you so well pleased with *Pasithea* from the very first, (replied *Philontes*) as I thought it not fit to acquaint you with a passage which the knowledge of it could not be advantageous to you: And I should never have spoke of it had not you spoke first. But I pray (replied *Artaxander*) what was the name of him she loved, and what kind of man was he? he was so very handsome and of so noble a mind, (replied he) as my eye never yet saw a better? his Quality was much above *Pasithea*'s

they

they began to love when they were Children playing together; this lovely Lover gave a thousand heroick Testimonies of his Love unto this Lady, he ventured his whole estate for her sake, he adventured his life for her several times; and it was impossible to express more love then he did to her. *Pasithea* also, in requital of his affection, answered him in all that virtue would allow; and I am confident that *Philocrates*, as long as he lived had no cause to complain; for he being continually in her eye, he did continually please her, yet did not know her heart to the bottom. How (replied *Artaxander* then) was it *Philocrates*, whom I saw about four months since? who died in the same place where I was? was it that same *Philocrates* who loved, and was loved of *Pasithea*? The very *Philocrates* (replied *Philantes*) the very same *Philocrates*, who though he was most dearly loved all his life, yet was soon forgotten after his death. Oh *Philantes*, (replied *Artaxander*) unless there were some great disgust between *Pasithea* and him at parting, it is impossible a Man of his merit should be so soon forgotten: you are so far in favour with *Pasithea* (replied *Philantes*) as you may easily make her tell you all passages between them; and therefore I will tell you no more, and indeed, do what *Artaxander* could, he could not get *Philantes* to tell him any more: so as curiosity augmenting, by the difficulty of finding satisfaction, the fancy took him in his head to go unto her, and know how it was possible she could comfort her self so soon, after the death of a lover who had so much merit. So going unto her, according to his custom; and finding her alone, he seemed at the first not to know any thing of *Philocrates* his love to her, but only named him as one who was his Friend. He had no sooner named him, but *Pasithea* began to speak, how (said she without any extraordinary distemper) did you know *Philocrates*? Yes, replied he, and he died in my Arms, for whom I much lament, for he was a Man of great parts. For my part, replied *Pasithea*, he has diverted me many a time: but as for you *Artaxander*, I believe you have no great reason to lament him: for had you seen him in *Crete*, I believe you would not have been good friends. I understand you very well Madam, replied *Artaxander*, and to speak truth you are in the right; for it is not usual for two Rivals to be friends. You know very much for a stranger (said she unto him) I cannot tell what I know as a stranger (replied he) but I conceive that I know not enough as a Man unto whom you have given your heart; and therefore I beseech you lovely *Pasithea*, tell me ingenuously all the passages betwixt you and *Philocrates* until he parted from *Crete*; and fear not that I shall be jealous, for you may imagine there is no danger of a dead Rival. At the first *Pasithea* was something shy in satisfying the curiosity of *Artaxander*; for, said she, I cannot endure to trouble my self with talking of past things unless they were serviceable to things present, or things to come. But at last, being overcome by the perswasion of *Artaxander*, she began to relate all the passages of *Philocrates* his love unto her, especially all the Diversions, Treats, Feasts, and Merriments, which he had given her; so as they being all pleasant passages, she laughed as heartily in relating all these things, as if the Man who gave them all unto her, were not dead, at least not dead so lately. But the wonder was, that in this relation, she confessed ingenuously that she did most tenderly love *Philocrates*; that he never gave her the least distaste, and that they parted as most dear friends, and that she was much obliged unto him after his death, because by his last Testament he had given her a great part of his Estate: Sure then Madam (said *Artaxander* to her) the memory of *Philocrates* must needs be very dear unto you; I assure you (said she) I do think upon him sometimes with much delight, for we have laughed together many a merry time; then remembring some things which she had not told before, she began to tell them with such freeness of spirit, as if she never had any interest in what she told: so that as long as this Relation lasted, *Artaxander* could not see the least grief or sorrow in her eyes, or face. But on the contrary, there was such extreme joy in her words, in her voice, and in her eyes, that as well pleased as he was to see his Rival's death, did not move the heart of his Mistress, yet he was very sad.

Thus *Pasithea* supposing that he would think she did too obligingly remember him whose adventures she had related, she affected to shew her insensibility, by shewing her jollitry. And to that end she began to talk of a hundred merry passages; and she related to *Artaxander* some things which her dead Lover had spoken unto her: He told me the day before his departure (said she unto him) that though death was alike to him in all places, yet he should grieve more to die far from *Crete*, then to die near me. Believe me (said I unto him) I do not understand your reason, since I profess unto you, that if you were very sick in danger of death, I would not see you: For what delight soever can be taken in the sighs of a dying Lover, I profess I would not be present at your last groan; and therefore I cannot see any reason you have to desire dying in *Crete*, more then the furthest part of *Africa*. Yes Madam (said he unto me) if I die in *Crete* I shall have a Tomb, and I should hope that the sight of my Urn would hinder you from engaging in a new affection. And therefore, *Artaxander* (added she and laughed) if you take any care for the burial of your Rival, you do not know that you do a thing against his intention, and a thing which hereafter will be serviceable unto you.

However, since it was his Fate to die, I am very glad it was in *Africa*; for I should have been troubled in passing by his Monument; and I cannot endure any sad objects; for I do not know any greater folly in the World then to grieve, when it is a thing cannot be helped by grief. Believe me, Madam, (replied *Artaxander* very discontentedly) in this you are the wisest Woman in the World: You speak in such a tone (said she) as if you took it ill I did not cry for the death of your Rival. I know not, Madam (replied he) whether I should take it well if you should cry; but I confess I think it strange you should so little grieve; and to be plain with you, I will do what I can to perswade my self, that it is my self who gives Consolation to you after his death. But Madam, it is impossible I should ever be so perswaded; for the first time, I had the honour to see you in the Garden, where you were so pleasantly personating that ridiculous Lover, whose gestures were all after the old mode, you had then more jolity and blithness in your eyes and mind, then ever I saw you since; yet it is so

short

ſhort a time ſince my Rival died, and as one can hardly imagine him to be dead. Thus I muſt conclude, with ſorrow to my ſelf, that it was not I who did comfort after your loſs, but that it is only your own natural temper, which is to love the diverſion, and not the divertor, unleſs it be for ſuch diverſions as proceed directly from his perſon; ſo as ſuch as think to be tenderly loved by you, will be much deceived, and miſerable; for ſince my Rival could not attain to any perfection of love from you, no Man elſe can ever pretend unto it; and to be plain with you, I think it wiſdom in my perſon to diſengage himſelf from ſuch a one as you, who is not capable of any violent paſſion.

Since you think that you have found out a new fantaſtical, and pleaſant way of complaint (replied ſhe) I wonder not you ſhould make your ſelf a little merry with it, and ſince I think my ſelf a little good at Rallery, as if I did believe you ſpoke your real thought. Seriouſly Madam (replied *Artaxander*) I am much afflicted to ſee you ſo much incapable of loving aright, and that you ſhould ſo little love the moſt lovely Man upon earth. I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe) that I loved him as well as ever I could, and that I do not love you better then I did him. I do believe it, Madam (anſwered he) and believe it eaſily; for my Rival was a Man incomparably above me in all things, he hath done you a million of ſervices; a million of ſervices more then ever I did, and I make no queſtion but that you loved him more than you do me. And therefore you need not think it ſtrange, I ſhould grieve at the ſmall affection which you had unto him. For Madam (I muſt tell you again) that I wiſh I had been the Man who had comforted you, and that I had ſeen you weep the firſt time I had the honour to ſee you, in lieu of ſeeing you laugh, I wiſh that I had wiped away your tears. But had you ſeen me crying (replied ſhe and laughed) you would not have loved me, and ſo far would you have been from courting, that you would have fled from me, and therefore I ſee no reaſon you have to complain. I complain, Madam (replied he) becauſe you did not well enough love my Rival; for being perſwaded that you did not love me ſo well as him. It much concerns the happineſs of my life, to think that you loved him very well; and therefore it is not ſo fantaſtical as you imagine, that I ſhould grieve that you grieve no more for his loſs. I do not tell you (replied ſhe) that I love you leſs then I loved him; but out of my plain ſincerity, I told you that I loved you no better then I loved him. I do believe you, Madam (replied he) indeed I do believe you, and I do too much believe you for my own tranquillity; for when I do conſider that an abſent Lover, and a dead Lover are both alike unto Women of your humour; and when I conſider, that as ſoon as I am out of your ſight, you will forget me as one whom you never ſaw, my vexation is more then I am able to expreſs. Moreover, my imagination is ſo weak and apprehenſive, as I cannot chuſe but think that if I were either dead or abſent, you would within one month contract affection with ſome other, and would relate unto him all our adventure as merrily, as you have related unto me, the adventure of my unfortunate Rival. And therefore to be downright plain with you, I am reſolved to the utmoſt of my endeavours to diſ-engage my heart; and conſidering your extreme inſenſibility, if I could revive my Rival I would do it, to the end he might upbraid you with your affection unto me. Oh Sir (ſaid ſhe and laughed) if you could work that wonder, you would put me to it indeed; for then I think I ſhould quit you both together, and perhaps make choice of a third, before either of you two. As *Paſithea* ſaid ſo, much company came in, ſo as the diſcourſe of neceſſity became general.

But as chance would have it, the diſcourſe did fall upon the very ſame ſubject; for *Cephiſa*, began to talk of a Lady, who after the Death of her Husband did ſtrange things to teſtifie the exceſs of her ſorrow, and who afterwards did ſo chear up ſelf, as if ſhe had quite forgotten him. For my part (ſaid *Paſithea* then) I think theſe things the greateſt follies in the World; for when any hath received a loſs of this nature, all a whole Town will run to comfort the party afflicted: If you chance to meet one of them, and ask whither he is going? they will anſwer, that they are going to comfort forſooth; ask another, and they will anſwer the ſame; and yet thoſe they go to comfort would not be comforted unleſs they came, as if the tears of others were the Pearls that muſt inrich them; but there is no greater folly in the World, then exceſſively to grieve when there is no remedy, and the greateſt wiſdom is to chear up preſently as ſoon as one can; and I aſſure you it is my maxim, that when I loſe any whom I love, I will do all I can to forget him.

Indeed I have heard ſay (replied *Cephiſa* craftily) that when *Paſithea* loſt a perſon whom ſhe loved dearly, and from whom ſhe had his Picture and ſeveral Letters, ſhe preſently burned all his Letters and threw away his Picture. I do confeſs it (replied *Paſithea* ſharply and bluſht) and ſo both I and all elſe ought; to what purpoſe is grief for the dead? And to what purpoſe is your affection unto a living perſon, replied *Artaxander*, ſince it is a thing impoſſible to be ſure of it? Do you think (ſaid ſhe) that the affection of theſe death-lamenters, is more ſure then mine? for I am moſt confident, they cry, and pule, and lament more out of temper than affection. I grant they do cry out of their tempers (replied *Artaxander*) but it muſt be granted alſo, that they do love zealouſly or coldly, by the ſame reaſon, and you are of a temper to love nothing but pleaſures and joys, you are incapable of any ſorrow or affection. I would gladly know (ſaid a Lady in the Company what preciſe limits are to be allowed unto ſorrow: If you will believe *Artaxander* at this time (ſaid *Paſithea*) he will tell you, that you ought to live ever upon the grave of the party loved, or at leaſt to cry Eternally, and make Fountains of your eyes. And if you will believe *Paſithea* (replied he) ſhe will tell you that you may dance upon the grave of your friends that ſorrow is a fond weakneſs, and that the loſs of a fair day to take the Air in, deſerves to be lamented more, then the loſs of the moſt perfect Lover or the moſt faithful friend in the World.

For my part (ſaid *Cephiſa*) I love not extreams in any thing: I think a middle way may be taken, and that without either deſpair or inſenſibility, we may grieve, and comfort our ſelves in a reaſonable manner. I would gladly know (ſaith *Paſithea*) how you mean it, that when one hath loſt a Lover, they may know whether they may make another; if when one hath loſt a Husband, ſhe may marry again; and

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if when one hath loſt a friend, one may get another in his Room. You aſk many things at once (replied *Cephiſa.*) And which is moſt ſtrange (added *Artaxander*) though you ſhould make the moſt juſt Laws in the World, yet ſhe would break them all. Since I cannot deny *Paſithea* (replied *Cephiſa*) I will indeavour to content her though I am as well as you perſwaded that ſhe deſires to know more then ſhe would learn, at leaſt put in practice. Though I ſhould break all your Laws (replied ſhe) yet I ſhould do no ſuch work of wonder, ſince the Laws of the greateſt Kings are broken every day: Speak then *Cephiſa* (ſaid ſhe and laughed) and teach me the art of crying handſomely. You know ſo well how to laugh handſomly (replied *Artaxander*) that I cannot beleeve you will ever learn to cry: if I had known how to laugh ſo well as you ſay, you would have taught it me ſince I firſt knew you (replied ſhe) but good *Cephiſa*, anſwer unto all my queſtions one after another; and to begin with the firſt, tel me whether when one hath loſt a Lover, one muſt bury themſelves with him, or make a vow againſt being fair, and uſe ones eyes in nothing but crying: for if it muſt be ſo, I promiſe you I will never permit any to love me, unleſs he can lay in good ſecurity that he is immortal, leſt I ſhould be put to die with him, or elſe lead a life ſo melancholy as is not worth the living.

To give you my opinion clearly (replied *Cephiſa*) one ſhould never be ingaged in any particular affection; but ſince an innocent love is allowed, and one hath the misfortune to ingage the heart to love one whom death takes away, one ought never to ingage again, without any exceſſive ſorrow; yet ſince it is ſo natural to be ſo comforted with time in the moſt ſenſible ſorrows, I will not abſolutely condemn one whoſe heart ſhall be moved the ſecond time unto a particular tenderneſs; but if any woman ſhall go beyond twice, I profeſs I ſhall hold her to be neither reaſonable nor virtuous. Then you allow one to have a ſecond Lover? replied *Paſithea*, after one hath loſt the firſt: It were much better never to have any or at leaſt no more but one (replied *Cephiſa*) but to ſuit my Laws with humane imbecillity, I will allow one to have two Lovers, provided there be a long interval between the death of the firſt, and the beginning of the ſecond love, alſo upon condition that the ſecond Lover be worthy to ſucceed the firſt; and that one ſhould defend ones heart againſt the ſecond more reſolutely, then againſt the firſt; that one ſhould be ſecretly aſhamed of any new ingagement; and that one ſhould not ingage until time and reaſon, have allowed ſome comforts: I would not have any new Lover baniſh the firſt out of the heart of a Lady: but I would have it to be time and reaſon which ſhould comfort her, and to put her into a Condition of loving the ſecond time: And I dare boldly ſay that any woman whoſoever which ſhall ingage her ſelf in any new affection, preſently after the death of the firſt Lover, as a moſt unfaithful perſon, more unhumane and more inſenſible then if ſhe were unfaithful to her living Lover. It is manifeſt (replied *Paſithea*, that all your Lovers are living and well; but if you were in fear they would dy before you, then perhaps you would not ſpeak as you do. Yet I am contented with this Article; and therefore tell me whether it is lawful to have two husbands, as well as two Lovers? Since Cuſtome hath allowed it (replied *Cephiſa*) I ſhall not contrary it; but if you would have me tell you ingeniouſly what I think, I muſt poſitively confeſs that I would more willingly pardon a woman who admits of two Lovers, then her that admits of two Huſbands; for it leſs wounds a delicate *Genius*, to beſtow the whole heart twice for a time, then to give it for all the life. And indeed, if ſome ſtrong reſentments of Love or Ambition will not excuſe a woman that marries twice, ſhe is inexcuſable: At leaſt I am ſure it is better to be a proud nice Miſtreſs then to be one of thoſe wives who as ſoon as ever they have buried one Husband are in bed with another, and never lament his loſs, but in hopes that their tears will prefer them unto another more agreeable to their fancy. Yet thoſe who are onely poſſeſſed with two innoceat paſſions, they have much more to ſay in excuſe of their imbecillity; for it cannot be denied but that there is ſome ſweetneſs to reign in the heart of a well accompliſhed man, and to be zealouſly loved; and the delight to have a faithful and obedient ſervant, may in ſome ſort excuſe her who after a long lamentation for the loſs of the firſt, does deſire to have ſuch another Captive; but I cannot conceive what delight a woman can take in taking a new Maſter: And I ſhould not beleeve it poſſible, if experience did not every day ſhew us examples of women, who without any Ambition or love or reaſon for it, do marry themſelves again onely to marry, without any other reaſons for their marriage. Nor will I ever truſt thoſe great mourners, who would ſhut themſelves up in the Tombs of their dead Husbands; for I have ſeen ſo many of them ſo ſoon comforted, as I like much better a ſorrow that is more wiſe and laſting, and will ſooner allow a woman two Lovers then two Husbands. As for that (ſaid *Artaxander*) I beleeve *Paſithea* will not contradict you: I do confeſs it (replied ſhe) and I will diſpenſe with her from the pains in telling whether ſhe may take new friends in lieu of others that are dead. I do believe, replyed *Artaxander*, that you have no mind to know it. I confeſs that alſo, ſaid ſhe; but it is becauſe all my friends are well, and I would not trouble my ſelf ſo far as to conſider upon any others. You ſhould have ſaid, replyed *Cephiſa*, that you know well enough already how to uſe them; for have you not loſt *Philocrates*? 'Tis true (ſaid ſhe without any bluſh, or ſhame) and I have taken *Artaxander* in his place: I know not Madam, replied he, whether I am in the place of *Artaxander*; but I think his place to ſeem better then mine, but it is much better to be at reſt in a grave, then to be in the heart of ſuch an humored woman as your ſelf.

But methinks (replied *Paſithea* and laughed) that *Cephiſa* hath not ranked *Philocrates* aright: For he was my Lover, and ſhe has ranked him amongſt my friends. After this the ſpirit of *Artaxander* was ſo incenſed againſt the inſenſibility of this hard hearted woman, as he returned her a hundred ſharp expreſſions: And then the company parting, *Artexander* carried *Cephiſa* to her lodging, who doubtleſs bore him ſo much good will, as was very likely to become love; and therefore ſhe was not ſorry to ſee him ſo incenſed againſt *Paſithea*: but rather on the contrary did blow the bellows to kindle a greater diſlike; for ſhe acquainted him with an hundred particularities of her former gallantry which *Paſithea* had not told him, becauſe ſhe did not remember them. And indeed *Artaxander* with all jollities, was much grieved that *Paſithea* ſhould ſo indiffe-

indifferently resent the death of his Rival: and he could not have grieved more if she had loved some other then he was, that she loved not him enough: For truely (said he unto *Philiomtes*) what security can I even have in the affection of *Pasithea*; since I have it from her own mouth, that she cannot love me better then she did *Philocrates*, whom she loved not at all since she can be so soon comforted. But you have not loved many others, replied *Philiomtes*. who loved you no better then she doth, and yet never torment your self. 'Tis true (said he) but I loved them no better then they loved me: but my affection unto *Pasithea*, for I intended towards her such a violent passion as might have been set for an example unto all Lovers: yet now I see, my best course is, not to love her at all; and methinks I owe so much respect unto my dead friend, that I ought not to contribute unto the pleasure of one who does so little lament him; Also I should serve *Pasithea* but right, if I did make her lament *Philocrates*. The way to know whether this jocund Lady do love you better then she did her first Lover (replied *Philiomtes* and laughed) is to let *Artaxander* die. Oh *Philiomtes*, (replied he) that remedy is too violent: when you understand me well, replied he, you will find it a better remedy then you imagine; For my meaning is, that *Pasithea* shall not find it in you for a certain time, that same *Artaxander* who loved her, and who had the art to please and divert her. Cease therefore if you will be ruled by me, from being so complaisant and sweet unto her; never see her unless it be to chide her; be reserved and melancholy; and make that pleasing *Artaxander* whom she loved to die, and see if she will love him after death, and use all her endeavours to revive him: And indeed *Artaxander* smothering all his joys, he seemed to be a very sullen and melancholy man, and behaved himself as one who cared not a rush for diverting her: he never saw her but with a sour face, he talked not as he was wont: he did not laugh at what she said, he moved no delight, but when he spoke he complained against her, so as *Pasithea* began to think it much better if he were dead, then to be present with her in such dumpish humours. And one day she told him her mind; for as he began to upbraid her with her cold affection: I pray *Artaxander* (said she unto him) either assume your good humours again, or else I shall be worse to you then to *Philocrates*: for I do but forget him, but I shall hate you most horridly. Oh Madam, said he unto her, I do defie you: for I am confident that you can neither love nor hate: and therefore I cannot hope to be loved, so I do not fear being hated. But Madam, if you will not have *Artaxander* to trouble you, you must not do more for him then you did for *Philocrates*. Truly, said she, I cannot; for I did as much for *Philocrates* as virtue would permit me, and neither will, nor ought do more. Then, Madam (replyed he) I must love no longer, since I cannot be contented with such an affection as you had unto *Philocrates*. Were I inspired onely with a bare piece of gallantry, a light Love, such as I have seen a hundred in my daies, you should not speak thus: But, to my misery, I was resolved to love you otherwise than so; and since there is no medium, you must either love me more than you did *Philocrates*, or else I must not love you at all. *Artaxander* (said she) as I cannot do as you would have me, so if you can do what you say you would I perceive Madam (said he unto her) that you think I cannot; but perhaps I shall shew you, that it is possible to break any chaines which you can give; and to try whether I am master of my self, I will deprive my self of the happiness in seeing you. And indeed *Artaxander* did presently rise up, and went away from *Pasithea*: Also to make it appear, that his design was to break off with her, he sent her back her Picture which she gave him, and went the next morning into the country with *Philiomtes*, at whose house he lay; for *Philiomtes* being the onely son, and a very well accomplished man, he was almost master at home, though he had a Father and Mother, and having a very noble and pleasant house in the Country, he carried *Artaxander* with him for a month who by the help of himself and the Muses doe cheer up himself after the loss of *Pasithea*, and all this voyage was as pleasant as any man alive. Thus this beginning of love did end, neither by death nor marriage, nor hatred, nor jealousie. But to pass from one into another, you must needs know what accident fell out that same night *Artaxander* and *Philiomtes* returned unto *Crete*. But first I must acquaint you, that since their departure there was come a Lady to the town, whom *Artaxander* never had seen, which Lady had a daughter who passed for the onely rare beauty in the world.

This Lady having formerly lodged in the house of *Philiomtes* Father, and had contracted a great league of friendship whith his Mother; they came thither very often in the absence of *Artaxander* and *Philiomtes*, their house being just over the way. But to come speedily into this other beginning of Love which I promised, and to acquaint you with that which absolutely chased *Pasithea* out of *Artaxanders* heart, you must know, that there being much company at supper with *Philira* (for so will I name the Mother of the great beauty whom I will name *Cynesia*) as ill luck was after all the company was gone, those servants who should have extingnished the lights, and made clean the room, were so negligent, as that within an hour after the house was on fire; and so violent at first, that *Philira* and *Cynesia* fearing their lives more than any thing else, went out and went unto the house of *Philiomtes* his Father which was over the way, and so far off the fire, as there was no fear of catching: but by the help of neighbours the fire was quickly quenched, yet *Philira* and *Cynesia* durst not go home, for all the houshold stuff was carried out in hast for fear of burning; and the Mother of *Philiomtes* desired *Philira* and *Cynesia* to take a lodging in her house: and she with more convenience offered this piece of civility because *Artaxander* and *Philiomtes* being out of town, their chambers were ready prepared to receive these Ladies. And so *Philira* was carried into the chamber of *Philiomtes*, and the fair *Cynesia* unto that of *Artaxander*. But as commonly in all such disorders, things are not done regulary, and as *Cynesia* had not her own woman to wait upon her, so the servants of the house did but half shut her door, and making hast to go into bed and regain the time of sleep which they had lost, they left a candle burning in the chamber of the fair *Cynesia*, who was not at all sorry for it, because being frighted with the accident of fire, she thought she should not sleep; but she was mistaken, for silence, rest and weariness, did lul her into a deep sleep as well as all the rest of the house. Mean time, you must know, that the weather being very hot

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and night's much better to travel in then daies, *Philantes* and *Artaxander* to avoyd the excessive heat, did take Boat at Sun-set to return unto *Crete*, giving order unto their men to come by land the next day; for the Moon shining all night, fancyed much pleasure in returning thus; for the night was clear, the sea serene, the boat covered over with Orange and Mirtle branches, which gave a most admirable odour; they had cushions to lean upon, if a desire of sleep came upon them, and the Rowers were excellent at the art, neither was the boat so little, but they might talk and not be hard by the Rowers; so as I have heard both *Philantes* and *Artaxander* say, that they never pulled a more lovely night then that; for two such such wits could not want discourse: sometimes they would sing, sometimes muse, sometimes make verses, sometimes rally with the Rowers; they admired the beauty of the Sea which the sparkling of the Stars did silver; they lent a pleasing ear unto the murmur of the waves in the silence of night, and at last hark'ning to the stroaks of the Oars, which are very apt to cause sleep, they slept; and when they waked they enjoyed the most pleasant prospect in the world at their approach to *Crete*: also they had slept so soundly, as they imagined they had slept as much as ordinary, and as much as they needed: At last they came to *Crete*, and the town having no other wals but the sea on that side, they might easily goe to their own house; and they went through all the City and met not a man in the streets, for it was very late, and about an hour after *Philira* and *Cynesia* were gon to bed: Mean time, as they could not imagine that their chambers were taken up, so they went directly home; and indeed they were much amazed to see some signs of burning in their neighbourhood. But at last knocking gently at the gate for fear of waking the Master and Mistress of the house, a slave who lay close by, heard the knock, so as imagining that perhaps it was some of *Philiras* servants who came to speak with their Mistress, he did rise up, and half awake, and half asleep, he went unto the door; at the which he no sooner was, but knowing the voice of his Masters son, and of *Artaxander*, he opened the door in all hast: As soon as they were entred, this slave would have called up some men to wait upon them and light a candle, but *Philantes* would not let him wake any, and the Moon shining as light as day he forbad him, but bade him go to bed again: The slave obeyed, and being one whose office was only to open the door, and beside, a dull fellow, he knew not that *Philira* and *Cynesia* had taken up the chambers of *Philantes* and *Artaxander*: He knew well that they were in the house, for he saw them come in, but his business not being above stairs, he never enquired where they lodged, so as *Philantes* and *Artaxander* parting, because their chambers were not both up the same stairs, they went each of them to their own. But *Artaxander* was strangly surprised, when coming to his chamber door he saw it open, and a light burning in it; but much more was his wonder, when he saw such night dresses as Ladies use, lying upon the Table; but again his admiration was incomparably great, when he saw one of the greatest beauties in the world lying in his bed, who did lye in the most advantageous posture to appear fair, and make *Artaxander* in love with her; For the weather being very hot, the Purple Curtains about her bed were all drawn open, and gave him the liberty to see and admire her beauty, which seemed the more wonderful, by reason of his surprise at such a fair object. *Cynesia*, who was of a notable tall stature, did ly upon her right side, and the cloths upon her being very thin, one might see the whole shape of her body; her head leaned upon one arm, and the other lay loose upon the pillow: also having undressed her self in a kind of tumultuous hast, a part of her dresses were untied, and her black locks lay curled upon her most admirable white neck: As for her left arm, it lay bare upon her Pillow, and shewed its delicacy. *Artaxander* found every part of her face most rarely excellent; and though her eyes were shut, yet he judged of them by the rest. She slept with a lovely smile; and though complexion does not use to shew it self much in sleeping, yet *Cynesias* was as fresh as any rose; her lips so red, and her curled hair so black, together with her pure complexion, was the most inviting object in the world. *Artaxander* being strangely surprised at this fair apparition, he knew not what to think; and his wonder was the greater because he knew not *Cynesia*: He judged her to be a person of quality both by her dress, and a Carkenet of Diamonds about her neck, which she had forgotten to put off, and also by a Case of Picture which was tyed about her left Arm with a black Ribband, though the Case was not a very rich one yet *Artaxander* knew that none wore any such but people of quality.

Artaxander being then in this Condition, he knew not what to do; for he had a good mind to waken this fair one, to see whether her eyes were as fair as he immagined them; but fearing to procure her hatred, if he should affright her when she waked, and found her with a man in that place, he durst not attempt, but bethought himself of a more respective and gallant a course. For having in his Pocket by chance the case of a Picture, much more rich and handsome then that which *Cynesia* had tied about her Arm, he went softly towards the fair one, and kneeling down, he untied the black Ribband about her arm extreamly nimble, and tying his own case in lieu of that which *Cynesia* wore, he never awaked *Cynesia*. But I forgot to tell you, that this Case which *Artaxander* tied upon *Cynesias* Arm, was made to put *Parthenias* Picture in; and ever since he had sent her back the Picture he wore the empty Case: So as having a Silver Pen and Ink about him, and having a quick fancy, he writ these four Verses within the Case, before he tyed it unto *Cynesias* Arm.

Night's better than the Day
Such Mysteries to discover,
As you my Love know may
And yet not know the Lover.

He had no sooner written these four Lines in the Case and had tyed it unto her fair Arm, but he heard some coming up the stairs. So as fear lest he should wake this fair one he went haltily to the place where he heard the noise, and went so gently as he did not awake *Cynesia*. He was no sooner at the stairs top, but he met his friend, whose adventure was much different from his; for in lieu of finding a great beauty in his bed he had found the Mother of *Cynesia*, whom time and age had withred into extream uglines. Yet he knowing her, because the Moon shined as light as day in the Chamber, he made

a gentle retreat without any disturbance to her rest, and came to his friend: So as meeting upon the stairs top, and relating to each other their several adventures, *Artaxander* whose sleeping beauty had weakened his spirits, he intreated his friend to go out again with him; they commanded the Porter to speak not a word of their returning, went to lye both together at a friends house. And *Philiontes* finding it a pleasant conceit, that *Cynesia* should not know how her Picture Case came to be exchanged, he consented unto his friends Proposition. And so all was done as *Artaxander* desired, for they went out of the house; they charmed the Port for speaking of their return out of the Country, and went to lye all night at the house of a Cousin unto *Philiontes*. But to the end, they should not go to their own house until night, they sent to meet their men who were to come by Land, commanding them not to come to Town till the latter end of the day, and charging them to keep it secret, that they came by Water; but on the contrary to say that they came by Land and with them.

But the most pleasant part of all the adventure was, that *Artaxander* having slept sufficiently in the Boat, and being very fresh and lively, he fell into discourse with *Philiontes* concerning his sleeping beauty, and to ask a hundred several Questions. For Heavens sake (said he unto him) do not hinder me from loving her; and you cannot do me a better Office any way in the World, then to contribute something which will make me in love: But to tell you truly, I would not have this fair one of *Pasithea's* humour but would have *Pasithea* with all her jollities so vexed to see me captivated by another, as she shall grieve more for it then for *Philocrates*. I assure you friend (replied *Philiontes*) you have found out any excellent expedient for it: For first all fair ones in generall cannot indure to lose their servants, and *Pasithea* in particular will be vexed no the Soul if you should love *Cynesia*. Moreover, be assured that this fair one is of a far different temper from the other; for her temper is melancholy, though she be very pleasant in Company, and hath a most merry Ayr with her: But withal, she is sometimes a little fantastical. Yet having a Passionate Soul and a tender heart, her capricious fancies never last long. Oh my friend (said *Artaxander*) this is enough; for *Cynesia* being fair, witty, pleasing, melancholy, and a little fantastical, I shall hope even out of variety onely, for a thousand delights in loving her; but you do not love her yet (said *Philiontes* and laughed) Truly friend (replied *Artaxander*) though I do not yet, yet I shall do ere long, and did I but once see her eyes open, I should not doubt but to be in love with her: However (added he) I am ingaged to be so, since I told her as much by the Verses which I writ in the Case that I exchanged with her; and therefore though I should not be in love with her, yet I must seem so a while. But if you be not in love with *Cynesia* said *Philiontes*) and she keeping your Picture Case, your gallantry will cost you somewhat dear: If she keep it (replied *Artaxander*) she will do me such a favour as will make me in love, for I must tell you that favours and beauty have a strong influence upon me. But how can she know (replied *Philiontes*) that it was you who made the exchange? she may easily guess it (replied he) for I intend this evening to wear the Case which I took from her in such a place as she cannot chuse but see it. In saying so, *Artaxander* took the Case out of his Pocket which yet he had not opened, because his mind was wholly taken up with this adventure. But he was astonished, when at the opening he saw the very same Picture of *Pasithea* which he had sent her back, when he quarrelled with her. At the first he believed that these two Ladies were friends, unknown to him; and that *Pasithea* had sent *Cynesia* her Picture whilst he was in the Country, but he was not long in this belief, for *Philiontes* told him that they were enemies; so as not knowing what to think upon the adventure, he was extreamly perplexed. For my part, (said *Philiontes* unto him) I am apt to believe that *Pasithea* being of no reserved humour, she hath giving this Picture unto some new Gallant that hath sacrificed it unto *Cynesia*. But if that be so (said *Artaxander*) it must be concluded that *Cynesia* hath some Lover whom she doth not hate; for those who take such pledges do ingage themselves as much as they think to ingage others. What you say (replied *Philiontes*) perhaps is but imagination, which I will think to be but upon an ill foundation; for since you are resolved to be in love, at what rate soever, I must take heed of telling you any thing which may hinder you. The truth is (replied *Artaxander*) love is an excellent Antidote against wearisomeness, in a place where one hath nothing to do; for there the sending of a common Message, or the receiving of one, doth pass for a whole daies work; if you be in love, you will have no sooner done one thing, but you will be thinking upon another; your own very musings will please you; and nothing doth so sweetly take up the spirits of a gallant love; as for great and violent passions, they possess them over much. For my part (said *Philiontes*) I conceive one should either not be in love at all, or else love in good earnest; for certainly the greatest Passions procure the greatest pleasures. It is true (said *Artaxander*) but withall, they bring with them the greatest sorrows: I must confess it (answered *Philiontes*) but I am of such an humour, as I would have all or none: I value not those slight affections, which require as much pains about them, as a high Passion; they will take you up as much time, but will not recompence the labour. For a thousand of these half loves will never be able to conquer a whole heart; and therefore if you will be ruled by me, either love not *Cynesia* at all, or else love her in the hight. So I am resolved (replied *Artaxander*) though it were onely to be revenged upon *Pasithea* for caring so little to lose me, and bestowing her Picture so quickly upon another, as it is very likely she hath. But whilst *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* were thus talking, the fair *Cynesia* slept soundly, and it may be well said, that by her sound sleeping, she prepared new Arms for the Conquest of *Artaxander*. For when she awaked, her complexion was more fresh, and her eyes more sprightly. But in awaking, she was all wonder to see a Case about her Arm all set with shining Diamonds in lieu of her own, and which was incomparably more rich; she no sooner saw this surprizing change but she blusht; and raysing her self upon her bed, she held her Arm out to the light, as if she had been mistaken; but the more she looked upon this Case, the more sure she was that some came into the Chamber whilst she was asleep, and did imagine it to be a man, thinking such a kind of gallantry could not proceed from any Woman. So as a resentment of

of modesty, did for a while raise some inquietudes in her mind. Yet upon second thoughts of the adventure, she concluded, that he who made that advantagious exchange, had a noble heart, so as she hath since confessed, that she was then fuller of curiosity then care. Her greater wonder was that she knew there was not any Man in the house but only *Philiontes* Father, who being very old, could not be suspected of such a thing.

She knew very well that he had a Son, for she was acquainted with *Philiontes*. And she was not ignorant that *Artaxander* also had lodged in the house, for though she knew him not yet she had heard talk of him. But she could not dream of them, because she heard say, that they were in the Countrey, and no speech of their return. As she was in this amaze a particular Friend of hers whose name was *Cleophila*, came in to see her, and to rejoyce with her that the fire in her Mothers house had done no greater hurt. But as soon as she saw her, and saw her so fair: Oh *Cynesia* (said she unto her) it appears by your eyes that you have rested very well, for all the trouble of the night: But for my part, had I been in such a fright, I should have hid my self all the day after. For my complexion would have been so dull, my eyes so hollow, and my heart so faint, that I should have swounded with fear; yet I see that you had not the least fear of being burned. It is true (said *Cynesia*) I have slept as soundly this night, as if no accident had happened, or as if I had not changed my Bed. And to make it appear true, I will tell you of the strangest piece of gallantry, that ever you heard of: After this, *Cynesia* told *Cleophila* all the passage, and that she might better see the Case, she held out her Arm, entreating her friend to untie the Ribbond. *Cleophila* had no sooner untied it, but *Cynesia* opened it; but she was extreamly surprised at the sight of those Verses which *Artaxander* had written, and so much, as that she could not read them aloud, but first read them to her self, and then recited them unto *Cleophila* in this manner.

Night's better than the Day
Such Mysteries to discover,
As you my Love know may,
And yet not know the Lover.

Afterwards, she looked upon *Cleophila*, who was not less surprised then she: And upon serious consideration, *Cleophila* concluded, that it must of necessity be *Artaxander*. Not that I can discover it by his stile in Verse (said she) for he useth to write much better; but since they were doubtless writ upon a sudden, they may very well be his; for I have known sometimes when *ex tempore* he hath writ no better; and therefore I will conclude that it was *Artaxander* who is the Authour: That it was he who saw you asleep, and that it is he who is in love with you. But *Artaxander* is in the Countrey (replied *Cynesia*) *Artaxander* then is in more places then one (replied *Cleophila*) for I tell you it can be none but he: And I must tell you that to conquer such a heart as his sleeping is no small glory to you. Alas (replied *Cynesia*) as for his heart I cannot pretend unto it, for hearts are never taken sleeping. I do assure you (replied *Cleophila*) that though you had fewer charms then you have, yet *Artaxander* loves you. For this beginning of acquaintance and adventure, is in such a pleasant way, as I make no question but he will answer it as pleasingly. It vexeth me exceedingly (said *Cynesia* then) that he who writ those Verses, hath left me such a Box as I will not keep; and the worst is, that the Picture of *Pasithea* is in it which he took from me. So as those who know not how the case stands, but are ignorant that she and I are enemies, will think that I have shewed it out of malice; for as the case is between us, they cannot imagine she would give me her Picture. How? (said *Cleophila*) had you *Pasithea's* Picture? and was it in the Case which is taken from you? Yes (replied she) and that is it which most troubles me, for I cannot endure to be suspected of being guilty of any malice: But I beseech you (replied she) how came you to that Picture? Ah *Cleophila!* (answered *Cynesia*) I shall blush to tell you; yet know it I must (replied she) if ever you will know any thing of me. Since you will know it (replied *Cynesia*) I will tell it in two words. So I know it (said *Cleophila*) I care not whether it be in two, or a thousand words; but lest we should be interrupted, I pray tell me quickly. You know (replied *Cynesia*) that *Clidamis* hath a long time born a little good will unto me; and you know also, that all the World has laid it in his dish, that he hath been an unfortunate Lover all his life long. 'Tis true, (answered *Cleophila*) for *Clidamis* had been in love with above a hundred Women, and not one of them ever loved him: and yet he is handsome, and has wit and spirit enough: yet I thought that his misfortune would have ended in you, and that you were no hater of him: for I know he has been often with you in the Country. 'Tis true, replied *Cynesia*, but it is as true also, that the more I saw him, the less I loved him: And in my opinion, the reason why *Clidamis* makes no better progress in his loves, is, because whosoever sees him one day shall see him eternally the very same: he is always equally handsome; always equally civil and respectful; he will never love you more nor less; nor never hath any spirit and wit more one day then another. So as I believe people are so accustomed to see him always the same, as their opinion of him is also always the same, and he shall be no better loved at the end of the thousand visits then he was at the first.

But be what he will be (added she) that's no matter, and to return from whence I digressed, know, that *Clidamis* one day being extreamly earnest with me to tell him why I did not love him, I answered again, that the reason was, because I knew that he was never loved by any. The truth is (*Clidamis* (said I unto him) though I would, yet I dare not love you: for after all your baffles in matter of love: I should be ashamed to be more indulgent then any other unto you: and I am so addicted to do as others do, that I never was the inventer of any fashion: you may imagine then, that I who will not so much as wear a Ribbond which others do not, will never give my heart to an unfortunate Lover, unto whom never any gave any heart unto: And therefore if ever you would have me love you, you must first make your self loved by some other; that having an example to follow, I may the more easily be perswaded to follow: But Madam (said he unto me) should I court another to love me, I should seem as if I did not love you. Seem what you will (said I unto him) but I assure you I shall never

never love you unless some do first begin, and unless all the World do know it. I believe Madam, said he unto me, that all this is but ingenious rallery; for you being perswaded that I cannot love any but you, and that none will ever love me unless I love them, and therefore it will be very difficult for me to procure that example which you require; and though I should procure such an example, yet you would not follow it. Seriously Sir, said I unto him and laughed, I believe I should love you more then I do, if any else had loved you. We'le see that Madam (said he unto me) for I will go immediately unto *Crete*, with a full resolution to try whether I can make any beauty love me, upon condition you will not take it ill, if I do dissemble with her in seeming to love her. Since my aim was only to be rid of *Clidamis*, and believing that he would not be loved in the future more then in time past. I told him that I consented unto the condition. So he left me in the Countrey, and went to *Crete*, just as *Artaxander* broke off with *Pasithea*, because she did not lament the death of *Philocrates*. As chance would have it *Clidamis* heard of the difference between them, and hearing of *Pasithea's* humour, he applied himself to her; and he found her heart so inclinable to him, as either to be revenged of *Artaxander*, in letting him see she could as readily forget him living, as *Philocrates* dead, or for some other cause, she received him very well; she gave him her Picture, which he sent unto me yesterday, summoning me to keep my word, and assuring me that *Pasithea* loved him, and that he still loved me. As chance was, I tied this Picture to my Arm, intending to restore it unto *Clidamis* the next time I saw him, and so it chanced that it was taken from me in manner as I told you.

I profess, replied *Cleophila*, it is a most excellent adventure: for if *Artaxander* have this Picture, as I am confident he hath, it will amaze him to think how you should come by it: for it is not possible he should be ignorant of the enmity between you and *Pasithea*: Also the Adventure may be more pleasant yet: for if *Pasithea* be drawn with a garland of flowers upon her head, very likely it is the same Picture which she gave him, and which he restored back to her. At least I am sure, the Limner told me that he did draw *Pasithea's* Picture after the same manner.

I assure you (said *Cynesia*) the Picture is so drawn, so as if it be *Artaxander* who took it from me, he will wonder extreamly, to see a Picture which was once his in my hands. However it be (said *Cleophila*) I am confident you would not be sorry to see *Artaxander* your Captive. So as it would spite *Pasithea* (replied she) I must confess I should not be very sorry. Truly, replied *Cleophila*, though it should spite no body, you could not be sorry, for *Artaxander* is so brave a Man, as that to conquer such a heart must needs rejoyce one. But I beseech you (said *Cynesia*) let us talk no more of *Artaxander*, for perhaps it was not he who came into my Chamber: and though it were, yet perhaps my eyes when he sees them will blast the adventure. Your eyes are so lovely (replied *Cleophila*) as you may assure your self that though the heart of him who saw them sleeping, was not captivated, yet waking, he will be. However since it is very likely, that you will see him this day, who saw you in the night, I advise you to dress up your self as handsomely as you can.

As *Cleophila* spoke this smilingly, *Cynesia* smiled also: And as I have been told since, did dress her self with a little more design of being handsome, then if her aim had been only a general design to please every one. But being not at home, as soon as her Mother and she were ready, they returned thanks for their entertainment, and went to their own house. Yet *Cynesia* did not shew her Mother the Picture Case which *Artaxander* had left in lieu of her own, lest the adventure should become too publick. *Cynesia* was most perplexed to think what she should say unto *Clidamis*, who she imagined would come to see her; for she could not restore *Pasithea's* Picture unto him. Nor would she have him think that she kept it as a sign of her love. So as to gain time, upon a pretence of setting their house in order after that tumult of fire, she desired her Mother to pass away that afternoon at a friends house, and not to stay in her Chamber to receive all the visits which would be made after that accident. So as by this means *Cynesia* was not at home until night, and so *Clidamis* would lose his labour, if he came. Mean time, *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* being advertized that their Men were at the Gates of the Town, they went through a back lane to meet them and croslng over a great plain, it chanced that they passed just before the Gates of that Ladies house, where *Cynesia*, her Mother and *Cleophila* did pass away the day: So as these three Ladies came out, at the very same time when *Artaxander* and *Philiontes* passed by in their Countrey habits, as Men newly come to Town: *Cleophila* was much surprized at this; For all she spoke unto her Friend, was only her imagination, yet she shewed her *Artaxander*, who took no notice of these Ladies no more then *Philiontes*, because they were talking together very earnestly: So as they being on Horse-back, and the Ladies on Foot, they lost the sight of them: for since it was not far from home they were entred in, before they could come to the door. However, since *Cleophila* was full of curiosity to know the truth of this adventure, and since the arrival of *Artaxander* did much perplex her, she got *Cynesia* to entreat her Mother, to desire *Cleophila*, that she would lie that night at her house. And indeed so it was. These Ladies had no sooner supped, but *Clidamis* with other Ladies of the Neighbour-hood came to visit *Cynesia* and her Mother: And all were no sooner set, but *Philiontes* and *Artaxander* entred. The first of these presented his friend unto the Mother and the Daughter, as a stranger which their Town had gotten during their absence. *Philiontes* spoke so highly of *Artaxander* unto these two, that they received him very civilly. But *Cynesia* was strangely amazed, to see the Picture Case which was taken from her, tyed with a lively coloured Ribbond, and worn by *Artaxander* in such a place as was most obvious to the eye of *Cynesia*. But as she was amazed at the sight of it, so *Clidamis* was much more; for he could not imagine by what adventure, this Case which he had sent unto *Cynesia*, could come into the hands of *Artaxander* whom she never saw before, but was presented unto her as a Man absolutely unknown unto her. However *Cynesia* could not doubt but that it was *Artaxander* who came into her chamber when she was asleep, & therefore out of modesty could not chuse but blush; but to hide it, she began to talk with *Cleophila* in a low voice, who being very glad that she had guessed aright, begun to ask her

a merry manner how she liked her new Lover? I am so perplexed at the perplexity of *Clidamis* (replied she) as I have not leisure to answer your foolish question. Why, said *Cleophila*, you need not perplex your self about *Clidamis*; for since he knows that you are a stranger unto *Artaxander*, he cannot think you to have any hand in this pleasant adventure. After this every one taking their places, *Artaxander* did so well order the matter, as that he sate next *Cynesia*, and talked with her, so as *Clidamis* could not hear what he said; for *Philira* the Mother of *Cynesia* having set her self to relate unto him the accident of fire which happened, and being extreme earnest in telling how frighted she was, he was almost all the night taken up with hearing, and could not put in a word to interrupt her; for she was an eternal talker, and would never give over her tale as long as she had any breath. But whilst poor *Clidamis* was hearkning to her much against his will, and whilst all the rest of the Ladies were hearkning also, *Philiates* talked with *Cleophila*, and *Artaxander* with *Cynesia*, whose intention being earnest to restore the rich Case unto *Artaxander* which he had left with her, and to get back that which he had, that she might restore it unto *Clidamis*, she was very glad of the opportunity of talking in private with him; hoping to find a fit occasion for compassing her ends; yet it was not so easie as she imagined; for *Artaxander* turning the talk another way she could not bring it about, and he according to his ordinary jollity, began to chide her for being so long in the Country, as familiarly as if he had been her most intimate and ancient friend, and he made the most pleasant and satyrical invective against a Countrey life that ever was heard. But (said *Cynesia* unto him) why should you complain against me? for you knew me not yesterday, and hardly know me to day. That's the reason, Madam, why I complain (replied he) for if I had had the honour to have known you sooner, I should never have had the shame of bearing any other chains but yours, and perhaps by this time, I should have had the glory of getting some place in your heart. But, Madam, that you may not think me one of those common flatterers, who use to talk, and often knows not to whom, I beseech you give me leave to tell you, that you are not so unknown to me as you imagine; and that within these eighteen hours I did admire you, and something more. But first (added he, and looked earnestly upon her) give me leave to rejoyce that I find your eyes more lovely than I did imagine them; though I must tell you, I did imagine them to be the fairest in the World; and certainly I had great reason for it; for it was nothing likely that the gods should bestow upon you so many several excellent beauties, and not give you fair eyes also. And I assure you, most charming *Cynesia*, as soon as ever my good fate brought me to the place where I saw the most lovely sleeper that ever eye beheld; I presently conceived you to have the most dangerous and captivating eyes in the World. Oh I beseech you *Artaxander* (said she and turned away her head) do not make me blush. Oh I beseech you Madam (replied he) think your self beholding to me for staying so long as eighteen hours before I would see your lovely eyes; and as great as my desire was to see them, for being so respective as not to waken you. The truth is (replied *Cynesia*, and blushed) your boldness made me more ashamed then ever I was in my life. Ah Madam (said *Artaxander*) I was happy then, but not bold; and if you will be so good as to pardon my boldness, in telling you that in all likelihood I shall be extreamly in love with you, I shall acquaint you with the whole adventure. Since I am of opinion (replied she) that there is not so much power in me as to make any in love, I cannot easily believe you have any inclination that way: but I will confess, I would forgive you any thing, upon condition you will ingenuously tell me what made you so liberal when you plaid the thief; yet I must declare unto you before-hand, that the Picture Case which you took from me was none of mine, and that which you left in lieu of it shall never be. I assure you, Madam (replied *Artaxander*) I know not any thing you have of mine but my heart, which I beseech you seriously not to restore; for I am confident it can never be in better, or more fair hands. However it be (said she) tell me by what enchantment this adventure came about? You phrase it right, Madam (replied he) in calling it an enchantment: for since the time that *Cupid* was in his Cradle, never any fell in love so until now. I pray (replied *Cynesia*) let *Cupid* alone with his Mother, and only acquaint me with the accident. So *Artaxander* began to make her a faithful relation of the whole passage, and so happily for himself, and pleasingly unto *Cynesia*, as she took some delight in it: yet she always interrupted him, when he told her how fair he thought her. It is enough *Artaxander* (said she) it is enough; for I desire to know no more then so much as will justifie you; and to make it appear that I am not unjust, I am contented to treat you as an innocent person, and will think my self obliged unto you. Though it would be most glorious unto me to be obliged unto you, Madam, (replied he) and more then for you to be obliged unto me; yet I must assure you that there is nothing in the World which I would not do for your service. If so, said she, then I pray restore unto me the Picture and the Case which you have, and I will restore that which I have unopened; for as I told you before, that which you have is none of mine, and that which I have of yours shall never be. As for the Picture which is in the Case I took from you, Madam (replied he) I shall without much difficulty restore, since it has not the honour to be yours, but upon this condition, that you will tell me whose it is; for I should be very glad to know unto whom *Pasithea* gave it. But Madam, as for the other Case which you have, since you say you did not open it, I beseech you do; and know that what is written within it, is more true now then when it was written. Did I not know *Artaxander* any other way (replied *Cynesia*) I should think him to be all Rallery; but since I do know his humour, I will make a better Interpretation of him; and to testifie it (added she) I will trust my self with you, and confess that the Picture of *Pasithea*, belongs unto *Clidamis*. How, Madam? replied *Artaxander*, is *Clidamis* my successor? thanks be to the Heavens he shall never be my Rival, unless he be in love with you. You speak with so little seriousness (replied *Cynesia* and smiled) as I hardly know whether I did well in trusting you with a confidence of this Nature. However, since divers reasons make me desirous to let *Clidamis* have his Picture again, and to keep him ignorant by what strange accident you come to have it, I entreat you if he talk with you, to tell him, that upon your return you found it upon the Table in your Chamber,

where

where I had forgotten it I will tell him as much, Madam, replyed *Artaxander*, provided you will likewise tell me, why *Clidamis* did put this Picture into your fair hands; for he can't be ignorant that you and *Pasithea* hold no correspondencie of friendship, and so if he be in love with *Pasithea*, he is very unwise to trust you with her Picture. We have been so small a time acquainted (replyed she) that I were out of my wits if I should tell you all you ask. Then Madam (replyed he) you have driven me out of my wits; for though I have known you as little as you have me, yet I am ready to trust you with all the secrets of my heart and soul. But to return unto *Clidamis* (added he) I perceived that he looked upon me from time to time with much curiositie; and he look'd upon after such a manner, as moved to think that if he were my successor in the heart of *Pasithea*, he might perhaps also be my Rival in the heart of *Cyneſia*. As *Artaxander* said so, *Cleophila*, who had gotten *Philiontes* to tell her all the adventure of the night before she came unto them; and *Philiontes* joyning also, the discourse between these four persons was very pleasant. For my part (said *Artaxander*) I am more then ever perswaded of the infallibility of Destiny; for if Fate had ordered, that the fair *Cyneſia* had layn in *Philiontes* his Chamber, then perhaps it would have been he who should have faln in love with her, and not I. For heavens sake (said *Cyneſia* pleasantly, and interrupted him) do not think your self engaged to say you love me, because you have told it me in four verses; and least you should (added she, and offered him the case) I pray take it again. But, Madam (said he unto her) you said even now you did not open it. 'Tis true (said she) but as I am willing to pardon all the flattering untruths which you told me, in talking with you, so you may very well pardon me this. Oh Madam, replyed he, I will pardon you with all my heart; provided you will believe I cannot flatter when I speak of you. After this *Cyneſia* still demanding the Case which he took, and offering to restore his, he told her that he could not do that all in one day, but beseeches her to stay the restitution of that which he had from him, untill he had so far advanced himself into her favour, as to obtain her Picture: And indeed, do what *Cyneſia* could, she could not make him take it that day, but was contended with his restoring that which belonged unto *Clidamis*, who was so astonished to see such private discourse betwixt *Artaxander* and *Cyneſia*, that he knew not what to think upon it. But it bring late, the company parted; and *Cyneſia* being desirous that *Clidamis* should not be too much troubled at this adventure, she entreated him to wait upon *Cleophila* home; and that Lady undertook to restore the Picture and Case unto him, and to tell him (as it was contrived) that *Artaxander* found it by chance upon the Table in his Chamber; and that he need not trouble himself about it, because *Cyneſia* never told *Artaxander* that the Picture was his.

As for *Artaxander*, he found *Cyneſia* more charming awake then asleep, and returned home with his friend with a strong disposition to love her: And indeed he did easily apprehend this growing passion; for though it was never wont to break his rest, yet now he slept not a wink all that night; for when he fancied himself in the same Chamber where he had seen *Cyneſia*, and in the same bed where he saw that fair one asleep, his imagination did so perfectly represent her, as he could not possibly rest although he had some pleasing slumbers. On the other side, *Cyneſia* hearing that *Artaxander* was never hated by any, she thought him more amiable then *Clidamis* who was hated by all; and she was nothing sorry, that she had gotten this new acquaintance. But since she was resolved not to keep his case, she sent it unto him the next morning; and so handsomly that he could not chuse but receive it; for she caused it to be left with one of his servants for him, the servant not knowing what, or from whom it was: And *Cyneſia* being a person unto whom such presents were not to be presented: he durst not any further importune her to keep it. This his gallantry passed for a noble piece of Liberality, and cost him nothing; but to speak the truth it cost him something that was dearer to him then the Case; for had he never seen *Cyneſia*, he had not lost his heart and his liberty; yet at the first, he was not sensible of his misery, but on the contrary he thought himself so happy in this affection which was growing in his heart, as he could not hide the joyes which she had. Moreover his thoughts of revenge upon *Pasithea*, did kindle in him much satisfaction; for he had such a hatred unto the follies of that Lady, as made him consider that if *Cyneſia* did not make him quite forget her, it was not impossible but he might renew again with her. On the other side, *Pasithea* who never looked for any thing in love but what would divert her, and who thought that *Clidamis* did love her, she valued not the loss of *Artaxander*, though every hour in the day did allow her one minute of sorrow for it, because she could not meet with any who could divert her as well as he. As for *Clidamis*, he was in a most miserable condition; for he was not loved by her whom he did love, and was loved by one whom he did not love. Thus did he receive all the favours which love could confer upon a lover, and yet was not happy. Also he was sensible of all those sorrows which that passion could inflict upon a lover; for he was loved where he would not be, and not loved where he would: He was jealous, and knew not directly the cause: The new acquaintance of *Artaxander* did fret his heart; he was vexed that *Pasithea's* Picture had been in his hands: he knew not whether he should cease counterfeiting love, or whether he should seem to cease loving *Cyneſia*, and see whether she would recall him: And indeed his perplexity could not be greater. As for *Cyneſia*, she also had some secret disgust of heart, yet since those disgusts were not very disagreeable she was not much disquieted: But for *Artaxander*, he was so glad at his being in love, as not being able to hide his joyes, he shewed it unto *Cyneſia* within the space of five dayes, from his first acquaintance, And being alone with her he began to give most humble and hearty thanks, and that with such earnest expressings, as she did really believe that she had either said or done, something which had obliged him, though she could not remember it. And she began to rub up her memory, and find out the reason why he should so emphatically expresse his gratitude: Upon a recollection of all her thoughts, she could find nothing, unless it were that she having spoken much good of him unto some she had conversed withall, he might come to the knowledge of it. Yet not thinking this cause enough to oblige unto so many thanks, she asked him, what

she

ſhe had done for him to deſerve them? At the firſt he would not tell her; for truly, Madam (ſaid he unto her) I am afraid leſt you ſhould repent of your goodneſs unto me, and leſt that repentance ſhould leſſen my joyes, if I ſhould tell you. It is not my cuſtome (replied ſhe) to repent of any thing done that may pleaſe ſuch men as I eſteem; and I aſſure you, the principal reaſon why I am ſo deſirous to know what it is, is onely to the end, that I may do the ſame again.

Oh Madam (ſaid *Artaxander*) then I muſt tell you what it is you have done for me, not becauſe it will oblige you to do it again; for you cannot chuſe but do it whether you will or no, you will do it as long as you live, and the thing which you will do is abſolutely the moſt pleaſing thing in the World unto me. For Heavens ſake *Artaxander* (ſaid *Cyneſia* then) tell me what it is I have done which ſo much pleaſeth you, and which I cannot chuſe but do again? You have made me in love, Madam (replied he) and in ſo doing you have done me the greateſt pleaſure in the World, you have delivered me from a moſt drowſie idleneſs, and I thank you heartily for it, for otherwiſe I know not what I ſhould have done in *Creet*: Thus, Madam (added he, and would not give her time to anſwer) you have infinitely obliged me; for you have rouzed my ſpirits out of a dull ſluggiſhneſs of mind, which is the moſt unſupportable thing in the World. Though I ſhould grant, I have cauſed you to be in love (replied ſhe) yet I cannot confeſs that you ow me any thanks: For (added ſhe and ſmiled) unleſs you were ſure of a favourable reception, I cannot ſee you have any reaſon for your thanks, which I am ſure you cannot know, becauſe I know it not my ſelf. Oh Madam (replied he) it is a moſt high happineſs to love you; and love hath ſuch a ſecret and charming influence upon me, as I do prefer all its torments, before all other delights whatſoever; and therefore, though I know not whether you will be ſweet or ſharp unto me, yet I muſt thank you, for making me in love, as much as for the moſt obliging favour you could beſtow upon *Artaxander*. Though I know very well (replied *Cyneſia* very ſweetly) that it is not handſome for me to entertain any Lovers, yet I think my ſelf obliged to treat you leſs ſeverely then any other; for ſince you think that to be in love is ſufficient to make you happy: one need not to fear the being too much importuned with your Complaints. I did not ſay, Madam (replied *Artaxander*) that to be in love is the height of happineſs; but my meaning was, that I ſhould be moſt miſerable if I were not in Love; and that I ſhould be leſs miſerable by being in Love, then by not being ſo.

After this *Cyneſia* anſwered him with all the modeſty becoming her Sex, but yet without any bitterneſs or incivility; and though ſhe did forbid him any more talk of his Paſſion, yet it was in ſuch a manner, and made him not fear being hated, though he did not obey her. And *Artaxander* did continue his expreſſion of Love, and ſo often, and handſomely as he perſwaded her to hear him. *Artaxander* as pleaſant as his humour uſed to be, yet he could be of a very ſerious temper when he would; and he found in *Cyneſia* all qualities requiſite to pleaſe him: ſuch as expected mirth from her did always find it, they who looked for Melancholy found it in her alſo, for ſhe could ſuit her ſelf unto every humour; moreover, ſhe was exceedingly modeſt, but ſuch a modeſty, as did not muzzle up the ſpirits of men, but allowed the fancy ſo much civil Liberty, as made her Converſation very pleaſing; Sometimes ſhe would have ſome little and delicate fantaſtical quirks which did marvellouſly increaſe love; but theſe fantaſms never appeared unto any but her Lovers, and not at all in common Converſation. The worſt in *Cyneſia* was, ſhe was extream ſubject unto her own inclinations; and ſo very much, that if ſhe had not been very virtuous, her reaſon could not reſtrain her. However, it is without all queſtion, that *Cyneſia* was as amiable a perſon, as was in the World; and *Artaxander* loved her extreamly, who hoping to be loved again by degrees, and deſiring to ſpite *Paſithea*, did uſe all ſuch indeavours as are expedient to win upon *Cyneſia*, and to be revenged upon his firſt Miſtreſs. As for *Clidamis*, *Cyneſia* did treat him ſo courſely ſince her acquaintance with *Artaxander*, as he ſought for all occaſions to vex her, ſince he could find none to get her love: And for *Paſithea*, no malicious ſtratagem was un-invented, and un-ſought after, to ſpite both *Artaxander* and *Cyneſia*. But in lieu of ſpiting them ſhe did very much delight them; for *Artaxander* was very glad to find a greater ſhare in *Paſithea's* heart then he imagined; and *Cyneſia* alſo was glad that ſhe had gotten a Slave from that merry fair one. So as joyning all theſe petty circumſtances together, they began a moſt tender, gallant, and publick love between *Artaxander* and *Cyneſia*. For *Clidamis* and *Paſithea* did watch them ſo circumſpectly, as that they to vex them did publiſh every trivial thing that paſſed between them. They never walked together but it was divulged; they never held any long private diſcourſe but it was told; and *Artaxander* was generally as well known by the name of *Cyneſia's* Lover; as by his own, but ſo far from being vexed that he was very glad of it; for *Cyneſia* being known to be a moſt illuſtrious perſon, her honour was not in any danger; and indeed, ſhe was noble every way, her quality was high, ſhe was admirably fair; ſhe had a moſt ſublime wit, and thoſe who ſaid *Artaxander* was in love with her, then ſaid alſo that he was not hated.

Things being upon theſe terms, a chance happened which wrought a great change in the heart of *Artaxander*, who then certainly did love *Cyneſia* moſt tenderly: But before I directly tell you the cauſe of it, I muſt let you know; that there was a man in *Creet* whoſe name was *Alphidemon*, whoſe miſ-fortune was to be eſteemed of none; Yet he was not very unhandſome and to ſpeak truly of him he was not worſe then a thouſand others, of whom people uſe to ſpeak neither well nor ill. His quality was high enough, to excuſe his mediocrity of merit if he had been diſcreet. But however, he was ranked amongſt thoſe who were unpleaſing, even by thoſe who were unpleaſing themſelves, and was not at all eſteemed. *Artaxander* at his coming to *Creet* had ſeen him amongſt others, and had rallied with him a hundred times, never thinking he ſhould hereafter have any further intereſt in him. But *Artaxander* being upon ſuch terms as I told you with *Cyneſia*, he went to walk one evening in a Garden with *Philemes*, unto whom he talked concerning the joys he had in loving *Cyneſia*, and of his hopes of being loved, aggravating the great delight he took in having moved the heart of ſo noble a perſon. After a long time of walking they entred into a green

Arbour,

Arbour, intending to reſt themſelves; but as they entred they found *Cephiſia* and *Paſithea* there. At firſts they would have retired as if out of reſpect; but *Paſithea* being that evening in her merry and malicious humour both, ſhe called unto *Artaxander*. I pray, Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him) do not ſhun *Cephiſia* who is your friend, in expectation of your new Miſtreſs. Since I do not love to moleſt the pleaſures of others (replied he and laughed) I would have retired leſt you ſhould expect there my Succeſſor, unto whom I will yield in every thing. I aſſure you (replied ſhe ſharply) it is more honour for you that *Clidamis* ſhould be your Succeſſor, then for you to be the Succeſſor of *Alphidemon*: And to be plain with you, it is more advantageous to me, to be upbraid for not loving a brave man, then it is for *Cyneſia* for loving a man of ſo low a merit: And I think it a greater ſhame for you to ſucceed *Alphidemon*; then for you not to be loved more then *Philocrates* was. This diſcourſe did ſo ſurprize *Artaxander* that he knew not what anſwer to make; for he knew, that ſhe durſt not be ſo bold as to ſpeak thus in the preſence of *Cephiſa* and *Philiontes*, if there were not ſome ground of truth for her accuſation which ſhe made againſt *Cyneſia*. Yet he ſmothered his reſentments and did not appear any thing moved at what ſhe ſaid; Did you know (ſaid he unto her) what advantage I draw from all this you ſpeak againſt *Cyneſia* and me, you would never have told it; but you would rather give *Clidamis* a thouſand commendations, then to blame *Cyneſia* whoſe merit and virtue cannot be blemiſhed.

I ſpeak not concerning the merit of *Cyneſia* (replied ſhe ſubtilely) for I know it is much, and that's the reaſon I blame her, ſince ſhe loved a man of no merit. As *Artaxander* was going to anſwer, though he knew not well what to ſay (for I know all his thoughts as well as himſelf) A great company of Ladies with *Alphidemon* came into this Arbor. As ſoon as they were entred, *Alphidemon* bolted out ſuch poor expreſſions, as *Artaxander* was forced out, and went preſently to enquire, whether it was true that *Cyneſia* who was a perſon ſo full of wit could ever love ſuch a man. As ſoon as he came into a ſolitary walk which was not far off, he looked upon *Philiontes* who followed him: and beginnnig to ſpeak, I pray *Philiontes* (ſaid he unto him) deliver me out of this perplexity of mind; and tell me ingeniouſly, whether that which *Paſithea* ſaid concerning *Cyneſia*, have any ground of truth in it? For ſince I am but a ſtranger at *Creet*, I am ignorant in the Hiſtory of it; and therefore I conjure you by our friendſhip to tell me whether *Cyneſia* ever loved *Alphidemon*? All I can ſay (replied *Philiontes*) is, that all the town doth ſay it, and all the world believes it. But *Philiontes*, how comes it to paſs, replied he ſurlily, that you did not acquaint me with it when I began to be acquainted with *Cyneſia*? becauſe you did earneſtly entreat me (replied he and laughed) to ſay nothing unto you which might hinder you from loving her, and told, that I was a very bad friend if I did. And to tell you truly, I did not think it fit to acquaint you with a paſt adventure which was not advantagious unto *Cyneſia*, whom I eſteemed very much, and who is a Lady of infinite merit. And when all is done, though ſhe did love *Alphidemon*, yet ſhe loves him not now; and ſcandal it ſelf could never ſay there was any criminal affection between them two. Oh *Philiontes* (ſaid *Artaxander*) a woman of any wit could never be innocent, if ſhe could love ſuch a man as *Alphidemon*, though ſhe were as modeſt and chaſt as *Diana*: And I had much rather be ſucceſſor to a brave man who had obtained ſome conſiderable favours from the perſon I ſhould love, then to be the ſucceſſor of a fool: and truly there is ſomething in this adventure which doth ſo cruelly wound my imagination, as from this very minute, my heart which was ſuch a ſubject unto *Cyneſia*, begins to revolt. But what does it concern you (replied *Philiontes*) whom *Cyneſia* did love, ſo ſhe love you now? It concerns me ſo much (replied he) as I do not think I can love her, any longer, at leaſt I am ſure that having ſuch an opinion as I have of *Alphidemon*, and ſince *Cyneſia* hath loved him, and all the world knows it, it is impoſſible ſhe can confeſs any favour which can oblige me, or be honourable unto me: For when I remember all the fond groſſities and fooliſh abſurdities of *Alphidemon*, and all I have heard ſay of him, and all I have ſeen him do, I am ſo aſhamed to ſucceed him in the heart of *Cyneſia*, that as charming as ſhe is, ſhe ceaſeth to be ſo unto me, as ſoon as I conſider ſhe could love *Alphidemon*. Truth is, I ſhall value her heart as a prophane place, wherein I would not raign; nor ſhall I now think her eyes lovely, ſince ſhe has looked favourably upon him: And me thinks ſhe has done me a manifeſt injury in loving me after *Alphidemon*. I profeſs (replied *Philiontes*) this is a moſt pleaſant adventure, that after you have broke off with *Paſithea*, becauſe ſhe did not enough love a brave man, you ſhould break off with *Cyneſia*; becauſe ſhe did love a fool. Oh *Philiontes*, replied *Artaxander*, this laſt adventure is much worſe then the other, for it blaſts both honour and love. For to tell you truly, the hatred of *Cyneſia* would be more honourable to me then her love, ſince ſhe can beſtow her love where no merit is: and I think that I ſhould ſuffer leſs if *Cyneſia* had been perfidious to me by dividing her heart with ſome of my Rivals, who were a brave man, then I ſhould in her being faithful unto *Alphidemon*: And if I can but once cure my ſelf of this Paſſion which I have to her, I will make a vow never to engage my ſelf in love with any other before I am very well informed whom ſhe hath loved: For to be the ſucceſſor of a Fool in matter of affection is the worſt quality upon earth. I think it a leſs ſhame to have a Fool to ones Father then to ſucceed *Alphidemon*: for I cannot help the one; it is none of his fault; but in the other caſe the fault is all his own; he might have choſen whether or no he would offer his heart; or he might make a retreat after the offering, if he hear that he cannot be loved unleſs he be the Succeſſor of a Fool. But ſince many things are ſpoken which are not true, I will know from the mouth of *Cyneſia* whether it be ſo; as I did from *Paſithea* alſo the paſſages betwixt *Philocrates* and her. So the next morning *Artaxander* ſought for an opportunity of finding *Cyneſia* alone; but as ill luck for her was, he could not find it, for ſhe was not within: ſo as *Artaxander*, going to viſit ſome other of the neighbour-hood in expectation of her return, he heard nothing but ſpeeches very diſadvantagious concerning *Alphidemon*. One ſaid he was ill-favour'd; others that he was dull; ſome ſaid his wit was but ſhallow; others that he was too rough; other that he was a clown; and every one had ſuch a terrible cry upon him, as made *Artaxander* extreamly ſorry: For though commonly

monly men love to hear faults found in their Rivals, and to hear them ill ſpoken of, yet *Artaxander* had other reſentments, for he thought that all which was ſpoken in diſadvantage of *Alphidemon*, did reflect upon him; and that every ill quality which was attributed unto *Alphidemon*, was ſhameful unto himſelf: ſo as his mind being extreamly incenſed, he went the ſecond time to *Cyneſia*, and found her alone; for *Philira* was gone another way and not returned; ſhe received *Artaxander* with all thoſe joys which ſhe uſed at her firſt ſeeing him: but as for him, he had ſuch anger in his eyes, and a kind of ſullenneſs in his humour as quickly moved *Cyneſia* to ask the cauſe. So as without pumping for any ſet ſpeech to ſatisfie her deſire, he began to ſpeak: Madam, ſaid he unto her, I do conjure you to be ſincere, and promiſe to anſwer directly and truly to what I ſhall ask. I do promiſe it (replied ſhe and bluſht) for I am confident you will ask me nothing, unto which I may not anſwer. Nay, nay, Madam, ſaid he, do not deceive your ſelf; for the thing which I ſhall ask is of ſuch a nature as it will never be told unleſs you be engaged by oath; and therefore before I ask the Queſtion, I will have you ſwear to tell me truely. If you do well conſider, replied ſhe, the ſtrange manner of your importunity, you may well think that I will not engage my ſelf by oath, for you tell me that you would have me promiſe to tell a thing which I ought not to tell unleſs I be engaged by oath; how can you think then that I ſhould promiſe to tell you that which reaſon forbids me to tell? Think better with your ſelf, and without any oaths or obligations upon me to promiſe any thing, tell me what you would know; and afterwards I will ſee if I can ſatisfie your curioſity or no. Oh Madam, (cryed he out) if you were clearly ingenious, I would promiſe what I deſire: but in telling me nothing, you have told me all, and I have no more to ask you. *Artaxander* ſpoke all this in ſuch a ſurly and angry manner, that *Cyneſia* being troubled at it, and knowing that ſhe had done nothing ſince ſhe was acquainted with *Artaxander* which could anger him, ſhe promiſed to tell him truely whatſoever he ſhould ask her. Then I conjure you Madam (ſaid he unto her to tell me ingenuouſly whether you ever loved *Alphidemon*? *Alphidemon* (replied ſhe and bluſht) was of my acquaintance ſo young, as it may well be ſaid, we began to ſee light, and be acquainted both together. The matter is not, replied he, when you began your acquaintance; but to know whether you loved him or no: what cauſed you to love him; how it came to paſs you loved him no longer? and what reaſons did induce you to change your mind? you ask me theſe Queſtions with ſuch an arrogant tone, replied ſhe, and they are ſo troubleſome to be anſwered, as if I were not exceedingly indulgent towards you, I ſhould not anſwer them at all: but ſince perhaps you may think I conceal'd ſome crimes if I do not ſatisfie your curioſitie, therefore I will ingenioully anſwer to your demands, and tell you that as ſoon as ever I began to open my eyes, I began to be acquainted with *Alphidemon*; and I will confeſs that from the very firſt dawning of my days, I had a ſtrong inclination towards him and permitted him to love me. And that you may ſee my great confidence in your diſcretion, I will confeſs farther, that the continuance and aſſiduity of his courtſhips, joyned with my own inclination, brought me at laſt to love him; and ſhould have ſtill loved him, had he not been guilty of ſuch a lightneſs as damped my ſpirit, and obliged me to break off with him. And the truth is, though I well enough knew *Alphidemon* to be a man of no great reputation in the world; yet ſhould I have continued faithful unto him, had he been ſo to me. For I muſt in my own juſtification tell you, that the world doth much wrong *Alphidemon*; and that he is much more amiable, then is beleeved, to one he loves; being certainly very ſweet, and complacential. Oh Madam (ſaid *Artaxander*) *Alphidemon* is leſs amiable towards thoſe he loves then towards thoſe he loves not, becauſe he ſees them oſteneſt; but certainly he is not leſs amiable towards thoſe of whom he is loved; and that's the reaſon you find him not ſo diſagreeable as all the world doth. As I have already confeſſed, that I bore affection to him (replied ſhe) ſo I muſt with the ſame ingenuity tell you, that I do not love him. I would willingly believe it, Madam (replied he) but that you did love him, is enough to make me the moſt miſerable of all men: And ſuch is my mind, as I ſhould think my ſelf much leſs miſerable, if you had loved one who was worthyer of you then I am, to know that you loved the worſt, and moſt unworthy of all the lovers you ever had. I muſt confeſs, Madam, I wonder how it was poſſible I ſhould win any thing upon your heart, ſince *Alphidemon* did; for I am nothing like him, my making is not like his; I do nothing that he does, I ſpeak not like him, nor are my thoughts the ſame with his; and indeed I know no two greater contraries then *Alphidemon* and *Artaxander*. How was it poſſible he ſhould pleaſe you and I too? How could you love him and me likewiſe? I wonder that the man whom of all the world I moſt deſpiſe, ſhould be the man whom you the moſt of all eſteem. As for that, I ſhall give you ſatisfaction (ſaid ſhe) by explaning the affection which I had unto *Alphidemon*, and the affection I bear unto you; for I loved him by inclination only and you by inclination and knowledge. Oh Madam (ſaid he unto her) blot out your inclination to me, for I will have nothing in common with *Alphidemon*.

I will blot you out of my heart alſo (replyed *Cyneſia* ſharply, being angry at *Artaxanders* ſurly tone) for men may render themſelves unworthy as well by phantaſticalneſs, as by want of merit. When I began to love you Madam (replyed *Artaxander*) I gave you moſt hearty thanks for making me in love, as for a very great favour: But ſince I underſtand you have loved *Alphidemon* I muſt confeſs Madam, that if you ſhould take me out of love again, I ſhould thank you much more; for I know nothing more cruel then to be ſucceſſor unto *Alphidemon*. Since certainly Madam, this happy *Alphidemon* could never have won upon your heart but by telling you a thouſand ſimple and ridiculous fooleries, and as many impertinencies, and by doing the ſame things before you, which have made all the Town deſpiſe him. Judge Madam, I beſeech you, what honour it will be unto me to make the ſame conqueſt he did? *Cyneſia* being much offended at *Artaxander*, though ſhe could not give one good reaſon to excuſe her affection unto *Alphidemon*, yet they quarrelled untill the return of *Philira* who turned the diſcourſe. At

his going from thence he went unto *Cephiſa*, who as I told you, bore ſuch good will unto *Artaxander* as was likely to grow over tender, if ſhe had not ſtriven againſt that growing inclination: So as when *Artaxander*, who loved her very well, did relate unto her the ſquabbles 'twixt him and his Miſtreſs: But firſt, ſince ſhe had not ſeen *Artaxander*, ſince *Paſithea* in her preſence had vexed him by calling him the ſucceſſor of *Alphidemon*, ſhe no ſooner ſaw him come into her Chamber where ſhe was alone, but beginning to ſmile, *Artaxander* (ſaid ſhe) you are very much obliged to me; for though that which *Paſithea* ſaid unto you before me, was enough to make any one laugh, yet I did not laugh at all; but on the contrary, I did chide her for what ſhe had ſaid, and almoſt fell out with her in your behalf. I do confeſs my ſelf obliged unto you (replied *Artaxander*) and ſhould be much more, if you could make me out of love with *Cyneſia*. Oh *Artaxander*, replied *Cephiſa*, you do not conſider what you ſay. I conſider but too much (anſwered he) for the more I conſider, the more I find it a ſhame to be the ſucceſſor of *Alphidemon*: And I am ſo weary of my two laſt adventures, as I am almoſt reſolved to alter my courſe of life. Indeed (purſued he) if you will give me leave to love you with ſuch a tender amity as ſhall be a medium between love and common amity, and will endure I ſhould turn weather cock, and relate unto you all my follies, I will abſolutely renounce all thoſe high paſſions which they ſay do only afford great delights: For my part (ſaid *Cephiſa*) I am willing to accept of your offer, but to tell you truly I do not think you are able to do as you ſay. I am not indeed (replied he) but in all likelyhood I ſhall be ere long; for I aſſure you I cannot find either pleaſure or honour in *Paſithea*'s love, ſince ſhe could not love a man of much merit long enough. Neither can I endure *Cyneſia*'s love, ſince ſhe could love a man unworthy of her affection; and to tell you truly, the affection of a woman to a fool cannot be innocent: It is men of wit, ingenuity, and gallantry, who can only deviſe a thouſand innocent delights to entertain their Miſtreſs, between the time of their firſt being in love and the time of conſummation. As for a fool lover, as ſoon as ever he has groſly told his Miſtreſs that he loves her, he tels brutiſhly that he preſently expects a recompence of his love, and if he find it not preſently, two to one but he caſts off his Miſtreſs. Truly *Artaxander* (ſaid *Cephiſa*) me thinks you go a little too far; for *Cyneſia* is virtuous. I think ſhe is, when I think well upon it (replied *Artaxander*) but when I do not, I ſometimes doubt it; for what can a man of ingenuity ſay unto ſuch a man as *Alphidemon*? and what innocent delights can you imagine from a lover that hath no ſmack of gallantry in him? Never ask what delights one can find in love (replied *Cephiſa*) for love brings its delights with it: and as ſoon as a heart is poſſeſt with this paſſion, the mind is alſo prepoſſeſſed: it cannot ſee things as they are, but ſees them only as love will have them: So *Cyneſia*, being very young, and having a ſtrong inclination to *Alphidemon*, love will not let her reaſon ſee his faults; not but that I do condemn her; for I cannot indure one ſhould love that which is not amiable. 'Tis true (replied *Artaxander*) and if one will love, let them love where they may have reſt, and not as I did; though I can ſay to my comfort, that any other then my ſelf might have been catched; but how could I gueſs, that thoſe things which do afflict me, ſhould have done ſo: My fears alſo at the beginning of my love to *Cyneſia*, were wrong placed; for I feared her wit would have been too delicate and high, that ſhe would have thought me a Man not ſufficiently accompliſhed; that my Gallantry would have ſeemed to her of too merry a ſtrain, and that ſhe would be inſenſible of my paſſion; but the truth is, I feared thoſe things which I needed not to fear; and I did not fear that thing which only I ought to fear; 'tis true there was no ſhadow of any cauſe to fear it; for how could I poſſibly imagine that *Cyneſia*, who ſtood upon her wit and glory, ſhould ever love *Alphidemon*, whom all the World deſpiſed, and who indeed deſerved no eſteem? The truth is (ſaid *Cephiſa*) this could not be divined or believed, unleſs there had been a hundred ſuch circumſtances as would have put it out of all doubt. For my part (ſaid *Artaxander*) I am better informed then any elſe; for *Cyneſia* hath confeſſed to me that ſhe loved *Alphidemon*, even with the ſame breath that ſhe ſpoke kindly unto me; unto me, I ſay, who does not a jot reſemble nor never will, nor will ever have to do with any thing that ever was his.

After this, *Artaxander* began to walk about the Chamber and muſe, as if he had been alone, though *Cephiſa* was with him, naming ſometimes *Alphidemon*, and ſometimes *Cyneſia*, as they came into his mind; and he was above a quarter of an hour in this dump; *Cephiſa* would not diſturb him, becauſe ſhe thought it good ſport, and indeed becauſe ſhe was not ſorry that *Artaxander*'s heart was diſ-engaged from the love of *Cyneſia*. But at laſt, perceiving himſelf, he rouzed out of his ſtudy, and had many pleaſant conceits upon his being *Alphidemon*'s ſucceſſor. After which, he returned to his Lodging, and in his way he met *Alphidemon*, whoſe very ſight did much incenſe him; for he was very unhandſome and ſlovenly, he ſaluted clowniſhly, as if he were a Man of poor quality; and when he came to the houſe of *Philicnes* his Father, he there heard a hundred ſimple paſſages of *Alphidemon*. So *Artaxander* being more and more exaſperated, and conceiving that it was not fit he ſhould any longer love a perſon who could love *Alphidemon*, he reſolved to break off with *Cyneſia*. For (ſaid he unto *Philiantes*, who would have diſſwaded him) I ſhall have this ſatisfaction that thoſe who will ſay, ſhe would have made me *Alphidemon*'s ſucceſſor, will ſay alſo, I refuſed it, and renounced the ſucceſſion. If you quit *Cyneſia* (replied *Philiantes*) you will ſo rejoice *Paſithea*, as if you be of any vindicative temper, you will not leave her. I am fuller of revenge then you imagine (replied he) but I will not be revenged upon my ſelf; and if I ſhould continue loving *Cyneſia*, only becauſe I will not joy *Paſithea*, I ſhould be extreamly aſhamed of being *Alphidemon*'s ſucceſſor. But (ſaid *Philiantes*) can Men love when they liſt, and ceaſe when they will? I know not that (replied he) but I will try. And indeed *Artaxander* went no more unto *Cyneſia*, but went every day unto *Cephiſa*, chearing up himſelf with his Amity for the loſs of his love. Mean time *Clidamis*, who quickly heard how ſquare went between *Artaxander* and *Cyneſia*, he returned to her and quitted *Paſithea*; but *Cyneſia* not liking him ſo well as ſhe did *Artaxander*, ſhe gave him but cold entertainment; imagining that *Artaxander* would

would take it well. On the other ſide *Paſithea* was vexed to the ſoul to ſee *Clidamis* forſake her, and that it pleaſed *Artaxander* whom ſhe would gladly re-call.

As for *Cyneſia* ſhe could not imagine what courſe to take to cure *Artaxander*: It was in vain for her to ſay that ſhe never loved *Alphideman*, becauſe ſhe had confeſſed it: nor would ſhe make *Alphideman* more eſteemable or eſteemed than he was. So as ſhe had no other way, ſince ſhe ſtood much upon her honour, then to ſeem as if ſhe cared not for *Artaxander*'s ſlighting her. Mean time *Artaxander* being quite out with all manner of gallantry, the friendſhip of *Cephiſa* was a real Cordial to him; for beginning the rules of friendſhip with her, he found himſelf in a very good condition, and did not alter as long as he was at *Crete*: He gave *Cephiſa* an account of all his follies, and took more delight in telling, then he ever did in the acting them; for *Cephiſa* being of an excellent and pleaſing ſpirit, having alſo much good Will unto *Artaxander*, and he likewiſe to her, their Converſation was with ſuch a friendly liberty as made it very agreeable: And when *Artaxander* left *Crete*, he was more ſorry to part from his friend, then from all his Miſtreſſes; and I am confident he lived in more content with *Cephiſa*, then ever he did with *Paſithea* and *Cyneſia* with whom he had thoſe beginnings of love which you deſired to know, and which I have told you with ſo little Art, as I have reaſon to fear that all theſe illuſtrious perſons who have heard me, will repent of their curioſity.

For my particular (ſaid *Clelia*, ſeeing *Amilcar* had no more to ſay) I am far from repenting, for I do think theſe two beginnings of love worth a whole Hiſtory. For my part (ſaid the Prince *Sextus*) I am very affectionate unto *Artaxander*, becauſe methinks he reſembles *Amilcar*. Truth is (replied *Aronces*) *Artaxander* is ſet out in an excellent Character: I concur with you (ſaid the merry *Plotina*) but yet methinks if *Amilcar* had been in *Artaxander*'s place, he would either not have quitted *Paſithea* ſo ſlightly, or elſe he would have returned to her, after he had quitted *Cyneſia*; for I do not think him ſo fit for a friend, as for a Miſtreſs. I have yet been ſo little known unto you, Madam (replied *Amilcar*) that methinks you judge too rathly. However (ſaid *Coſonia*) I much deſire to know what this *Artaxander* is? my deſire is the ſame (ſaid *Artimedorus*) for my particular (ſaid *Zenocrates*) I would gladly know both *Paſithea* and *Cyneſia*; my curioſity is for *Cephiſa* (added *Clelia*) for methinks a friend that gives more comfort then two Miſtreſſes, muſt needs be of much merit. I profeſs (ſaid *Plotina*) I would give any thing to know the true names of all theſe perſons: Truly all your Curioſities are to no purpoſe (ſaid *Amilcar*) for if you did know the Names you do not know the perſons. If you will (ſaid *Celeres* in a low voice unto *Plotina*) I will give you the Key unto this Hiſtory, upon Condition you will ſeem as if you had it by Inchantment. *Plotina* having a pleaſant and merry wit, ſhe thought it would make good ſport, if *Celeres* would be as good as his word; ſo as preſſing him very obligingly unto it, he told her the true Names of all thoſe whom *Artaxander* had introduced in the adventure which he had related; and then retired handſomely from *Plotina*, of whom *Amilcar* took no notice when ſhe whiſpered with *Celeres*; for his deſign being to keep *Sextus* from talking with *Clelia*, he applied himſelf in talk wholly unto that Prince: So when *Celeres* was gone from *Plotina*, ſhe began again to entreat *Amilcar* he would be pleaſed to tell them the true Names of *Artaxander*, of *Paſithea*, of *Cyneſia*, of *Cephiſa*, and all the reſt of whom he had ſpoken; and he ſtill perſiſting in his denial, ſhe told him that ſhe requeſted a thing from him which ſhe could tell, as well as himſelf. And to teſtifie that I ſought only to be obliged unto you, if you will promiſe me to confeſs the truth, I will engage my ſelf to write ſuch a Key as all the Company ſhall know the true names of every one they deſire: Ah lovely *Plotina* (replied *Amilcar*) if you can make that good, I will not only engage my ſelf to tell you whether your Key be true, but I will engage to be in love with you as long as I live, though you ſhould too little love another *Philocrates*, or too much love another *Alphideman*. I deſire no more (replied ſhe) ſo taking Pen, Ink, and Paper out of her Pocket, ſhe went unto the Window to write the Names which *Celeres* had told her. And after ſhe had written them, ſhe gave the Paper unto *Zenocrates* to read: So as all the Company flocking about him, he began to read what *Plotina* had written, which was in theſe terms.

The true Key unto the Hiſtory of *Artaxander*.

Artaxander.	*Amilcar.*
Paſithea.	*Beliſa.*
Cyneſia.	*Lindamira.*
Cephiſa.	*Liriana.*
Alphideman.	*Phelinix.*
Clidamis.	*Alberites.*
Philiontes.	*Timaides.*
Crete.	*Sydon.*

Zenocrates had no ſooner done reading, but every one was earneſt to tell *Amilcar* that they knew him to be *Artaxander*. Well (ſaid *Amilcar*) I will be *Artaxander* if you will have me; for I am as merry a Man and Complaiſant as lives: But I would gladly know, by what Inchantment *Plotina* did find it out. After this, *Amilcar* muſed a while, and then looking upon *Celeres* who could not chuſe but ſmile: Ah *Celeres* (ſaid he) it is you who have betrayed me, for I have heretofore made you the Confident of my Follies. Yet I would gladly know (ſaid *Clelia*) why you took ſo much pains in changing all the Names of all theſe perſons and your own? for we know neither *Beliſa* nor *Paſithea*. It is true (replied he) but you do know *Amilcar* better then you do *Artaxander*, and it was for his ſake only that I put a guiſe upon the reſt.

But the wonder is, that in my haſt of changing names I have committed a merry errour and none takes any notice of it; for I have given a Grecian name unto an Affrican. For my part (ſaid *Sextus*) I ſee no reaſon more than the reſt of our Company, why you ſhould conceal your having intereſt in the Company, why you ſhould conceal your having intereſt in having what you have related. I told you already, Sir (replied he) before I began to re-

late the ſtory, that I did not love to be my own Hiſtorian, and I muſt tell you again, that I never will, and that thoſe who will write ſuch Books as that famous blind man did, whoſe works all *Greece* adores, muſt always introduce ſome perſons to tell the adventures of others. For then the Relator commends or condemns thoſe of whom he ſpeaks according to their merit. They will impartially deſcribe the perſons whom they do introduce, they will deſcant upon things, and mingle their own thoughts with theirs; but when any are their own Hiſtorians, all that they ſhall ſay in their own advantage is ſuſpected; and it is ſo difficult to do, that if it be a woman who tels her own tale, ſhe cannot handſomely ſay, I made him in love with me; and if it be a man, he cannot well ſay, that he was loved, or that he was valiant; and therefore it is a thouſand times better to have the Story told in the third perſon then in the firſt. There is reaſon in all you ſay (replied *Aronces*) yet ſome men would think it ſtrange that a third perſon ſhould know ſo many particulars of things, wherein he himſelf hath no intereſt. I am perſwaded of what you ſay (replied *Amilcar*) but yet it may be an ill grounded perſwaſion; for ſome men do better know all the advantages of others then of their own, becauſe they may come to the knowledge of them from the mouths of perſons unintereſted, yet true it is, that thoſe who read, ought to enter into the very thoughts of the Writer, and ſo the relator of the perſon whoſe ſtory is related; but upon the whole matter, I cannot indure to hear a Woman tell of all her Conqueſts, or a man of his exploits; ſometimes when they are forced upon it, I will allow them to do as well as they can: and to put in practice what I ſpeak of others, I make a promiſe unto my ſelf, never to relate any thing that hath happened unto me, unleſs to one perſon only at once, and as ſeldome as poſſibly I can. I am very glad of this reſolution (ſaid *Plotina* and laughed) for ſince it is very likely that we ſhall have ſome adventures together, I ſhall be ſafe, and need not fear that you will ever tell what paſſeth between us; unleſs it be under ſuch diſguiſed names as will keep me ſafe from my dangerous interpretations. I do believe (ſaid *Ceſonia*) that you would not be glad to have your adventure told in that manner: but am perſwaded that if it were, you your ſelf would find out a key for it as you have done unto the Hiſtory of *Artaxander*. For my part, (ſaid one of thoſe melancholly Ladies, who fretted at her captivity) I wonder much at the exceſſive curioſity which I have obſerved in all the company to know the true names of the perſons whom *Amilcar* brought into his Story: for ſince it changeth nothing, neither in the adventure nor in the thoughts, what matter is it whether the perſons were *Grecians* or *Africans*? And why ſhould ſo much ado be about that which cannot afford any real diverſion; for my part if *Amilcar* had ſaid at the beginning of his relation, that he was going to relate an adventure which he had invented, I ſhould have hearkened with as much delight as I did, and ſhould have more admired the ingenuity of him who could ſo handſomely invent an adventure. Whatſoever you are pleaſed to ſay (replied *Plotina*) certainly there is more pleaſure to be taken in hearing a thing which is known to be a truth, then in hearing a known falſhood. There are ſome truths (replied *Clelia*) which are ſo unpleaſing, and ſo far from probability, and there are ſome inventions ſo full of delight and likely, as it may be ſaid, that ſometimes a lye is more pleaſing then a truth, and reſembles truth, more then truth it ſelf doth. Since every one ſpeaks after the rate of their own beauty, I will not diſpute by reaſon, to uphold that which concurs with his own inclination.

You ſpeak very well (replied *Sextus*) and therefore pleaſures are not to be condemned in any whoſoever, and my humour is ſuch as I will never condemn them in others; but I cannot endure that others ſhould condemn them in me. For my part (ſaid *Zenocrates*) that ſometimes I ſee many things which do not pleaſe me; but the natural irkſomeneſs which I have to all things which do not delight me, cannot make me condemn them, but paſs by, and ſay nothing. For my particular (ſaid *Amilcar*) I always condemn thoſe who condemn others. Certainly (ſaid *Aronces*) one ought to be very reſerved in giving his opinion upon the pleaſures of others. And yet it is ſo little uſed (replied *Celeres*) that nothing is more ſubject to cenſures then pleaſures. Tis true, replied *Artimedorus*, but it muſt be confeſſed withal, that nothing does better diſcover the bottoms of mens hearts; and therefore it is not without cauſe that ſome ſhould ſo accuſtome themſelves to obſerve them: for in ſolid and ſerious affairs, the mind is cloſe, and cannot be known; but in matter of pleaſures, ones hearts and ſpirits lie open; they are diſcovered to the bottom: And by them beſt are mens manners and inclinations known. Tis ordinarily ſeen (ſaid *Clelia*) that by little things great ones comes to be known. For my part, ſaid *Amilcar*, men may be much deceived in judging of me, by my pleaſures: For I take them ſo many ſeveral wayes; when fortune brings me to a place, where I cannot have them, I make pleaſures of my buſineſs, rather then want them: The truth is, one cannot live without pleaſures; and thoſe who ſeem never to enjoy any, but are naturally ſober and grave, muſt certainly they find delight even in their own Melancholy. After this, *Sextus* finding by the ſilence which *Clelia* and the reſt of the Ladies obſerved, that they thought it time to end diſcourſe, he did riſe up; and went away with *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*: Who after they had waited upon *Sextus* to his lodging, they went every one to their own: But the ſweeteſt part of that night unto *Aronces* was, that when *Sextus* did riſe up, and Amilcar had cunningly engaged him in talk with *Plotina*, *Aronces* found an opportunity of a little talk with *Clelia*, when none could hear but her ſelf: So as this pretious opportunity made him paſs away the night in much delight. Mean while ſince the ſiege of *Ardes* drew on, and ſince the preſence of *Tarquin* was neceſſary he muſt prepare himſelf for a departure. Yet he had found *Clelia* ſo fair, that he could willingly have deferred it ſome days, if his ambition had not been ſo prevalent with his heart: For though *Tarquin* had never any violent inclinations to love, yet he found ſomething ſo extraordinary in this fair priſoner, that for her he muſt in the Morning; giving orders that ſhe ſhould be waited upon very diligently; and conferring many favours upon others for her ſake. Mean while, the proud and cruel *Tullia*, knowing it, ſhe was very importunate in behalf of the Veſtals, with *Tarquin* to releaſe them; ſhe cauſed *Verenia* to come the ſecond time unto that Prince: But he was more moved

moved against her this second visit, then the first: For he told her, that to recompence her endeavours of raising a Rebellion in *Rome*, he would send to seek her brother all the World over, that he might send him and all his Family into another World. After which preparing for his departure, he did depart the next morning: Followed by the Prince *Sextus*, the Prince of *Pometia*, the Prince *Collatin*, the young Sons of *Brutus*, two other young men of quality of the *Aquiline* Family; all the bravery of *Rome*, *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Celeres* and many others. This departure was so sudden that *Sextus* could not see the prisoners: But *Celeres*, passing for the Brother of *Clelia*, he went to her, and carried *Aronces* with him, who had the happiness to bid her adieu; But this adue was so sad, as it may be said they did onely communicate sorrows, and make an exchange of grief. For when *Clelia* considered, that she was under the power of *Tarquin* who did most horridly hate her Father; when she thought that this proud Tyrant did too favourably look upon her; that the Prince *Sextus* did the same: That the cruel *Tullia* had shewed no civilities unto her: That *Aronces* was going to the Wars where he might die: The *Celeres* who passed for her Brother, might perish also as well as *Amilcar*; and that she was to be left without any help in the hands of most wicked people, it was impossible but she should be extreamly grieved. On the other side *Aronces* who more sadly resented the miseries of her he loved, then his own, never considering what might be said of him in the King his Fathers Court, he thought upon nothing but the pitiful condition of *Clelia*. Yet since *Tarquin* had promised to deliver her, when the siege of *Ardes* was ended, this hope did something moderate his sorrows. But the truth is, his fears of her being known to be the daughter of *Clelius* did take away the greatest sweetness of his hopes. Also the very grief of being from her, and leaving her under the power of that Tiger *Tullia*, did so extreamly afflict him, as it may be said, this onely was enough to make him worthy of compassion. Also they expressed themselves unto each other, the most sadly that can be imagined, whilst *Celeres* and *Amilcar* who was with them this visit did take their leaves of the other Ladies, But the adieu of *Plotina* and *Amilcar* was as merry as the other was Melancholly, and at parting were as full of their pleasant frollicks as ever. Yet *Amilcar* set a more serious face upon the matter, when he took his leave of *Clelia*: For maugre all his mirth, he did most obligingly resent the misfortunes of this fair one. But after they had left her, *Aronces*, *Celeres*, and he, durst not go and see *Verenia*, lest if it were known, *Tarquin* should suspect them: But they went secretly unto the virtuous *Sevilia*, purposely to oblige her to let *Verenia* know, that her illustrious Neece had in their persons, some defenders against the Tyrant. After which they went unto that Prince, as well as *Artimedorus* and *Zenocrates*. Mean time, there might be seen go out of *Rome* that day; the most magnificent equipage of War, that ever was seen since the first Foundation of that proud Town; for under their former Kings the *Romans* either out of poverty or moderation, never used any superfluities. Moreover *Amilcar* being equally agreeable unto *Tarquin*, unto *Sextus*, unto the Prince of *Pometia*, and unto *Titus*, he shared himself amongst them during this march; for he was sometimes with one, sometimes with another, and though their humours were all different, yet he pleased them all. As for *Aronces*, he was so full of sorrow, that he entertained only himself. *Artimedorus* he talked with *Zenocrates*, for they two had enough to talk on in matters wherein none else had any interest; and for *Celeres* he entertained *Collatin* in discourse of the siege. However *Tarquins* Quarter being betwixt *Rome* and *Ardes*, the Camp was so near that Famous City: as one might goe and come betwixt them in a day, but reason did forbid *Aronces* from doing so, lest he should render himself suspected: So as it might be said, that he was as miserable as if he had been further off from *Clelia*, since he durst not go and see her. But *Tarquin* was no sooner come to the Camp then he gave out orders concerning the siege; he went to view all the several Posts, and would have the strangers with him to the end they might see that the way of *Roman* War had great congruity with the *Grecian* and *African* way. As for *Aronces* he accompanyed *Tarquin*, he reasoned so rightly, and gave such good advice unto this Prince, he began from that day to look upon him not as an ordinary man: But as *Tarquin* and this brave Troop were upon a hill which *Aronces* said was requisite to be made good, they of *Ardes* made a salley: And so advantagiously for themselves at first, as by the favour of another hill upon the left hand *Tarquin* was set about before he was aware. So as then he was very happy in having so many brave men about him: For maugre the vigorous assault of his enemies, who doubled them in number, they repulsed them, and did such prodigious things that day, as made all who saw him admire: For knowing that *Horace* was in *Ardes*, he bore a secret hatred unto those who defended him; yet when he considered that *Ardes* was the harbour of his noble friend whom *Tarquin* hated only for his virtue, his heroique heat, which made him do such great exploits did began to slack; But for all that when he considered that at the end of the siege *Clelia* was to be delivered, he thought upon nothing, but what might conduce to the taking of this Town; so as bestirring himself that day to defend him who besieged it, he did defend him as if he had infinitely esteemed him, as if he had most dearly loved him, and as if he had been incomparably tender of him, though at the bottom of his heart he had a most horrible aversion against this proud Tyrant. So as desiring to signal him self upon this occasion; he did as I told you before, such marvellous things as made both his friends and enemies admire him. Also all they who followed *Tarquin* did acts worthy of eternal memory; and one would have said, that the *Romans*, the *Grecians* and the *Africans* did vie valours with each other in vanquishing those who assaulted them. So as all these brave men fighting together, they beat the other as brave and as strong as they were, and did drive them to their very gates, after they had killed many, and took more prisoners than they themselves.

But amongst those who *Aronces* took with his own hands; hee found two who told him things very different; for after some of *Tarquins* Troops were come up to relieve them, and that they could retreat without fear of any sallies, he asked these prisoners concerning the state of the town, and the number of men to defend it? Sir, said one of the souldiers, there are men enough to find you work;

and

and if the valiant *Horace* doe escape his wounds, as it is hoped, he and *Herminius*, joyning together, will make you pay dear for your victory. How? (said *Tarquin*, and blusht for anger) is *Horace* and *Herminius* both in *Ardes*? Yes, Sir, replied the courageous souldier; and had they been in the head of those troops you have beaten, perhaps you had found a sharper business of it. *Tarquin* being incensed at the boldness of this prisoner, commanded him to be put to death; but since it was *Aronces* that took him; oh Sir (said he to *Tarquin* with extream generosity) since this prisoner belongs to me, I beseech your Majesty not to be so cruel unto him, for I think my self obliged to defend his life; and I assure you he did so stoutly defend it, that he merits better usage. I will give him to your valour (replied *Tarquin* in a rought one) though his insolency deserves death; for how durst he in my presence commend two of my most mortal enemies and enemies whom I hate as much as *Clelius*, and *Horace* and *Herminius* deserve it.

After this, *Tarquin* casting his eye upon the other captive, whom *Aronces* took, he began to ask him who he was? for he seemed to have the ayr of a stranger. Sir (said he in very broken Roman language) though I am taken amongst your enemies, yet I am not so; for I belong unto the Prince of *Numidia*, who sent me into *Ardes* to know whether a daughter of his who was stoln away was there. He had no sooner said so, but *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, and *Celeres* did know the man, and that he did belong unto the Prince of *Numidia*, therefore their hearts began to beat extreamly, fearing he would tell something which might give *Tarquin* some cause to think that *Clelia* was the daughter of *Clelius*; but as good luck was, the man had heretofore been servant to *Amilcar*, who turning his eyes towards him; he made such signs to hold his peace, and in such a menacing manner, as the poor fellow not knowing what to say, or not to say, he said just nothing. *Tarquin* seeing him to be a stranger and ignorant in in what he desired to know, he let him go amongst the rest of the prisoners, at which *Aronces* was very glad; but desiring to know a little more concerning the Prince of *Numidia*, when *Tarquin* was gone to his quarters, he went unto him who kept the prisoners to speak with this *African* who might satisfie his curiosity; and he went with *Amilcar*, who made the man to tell, that the Prince of *Numidia* desiring to get into that party which was opposite unto that which *Horace* took, he had a desire to know whether he was in *Ardes*, as it was reported he was; so as *Aronces* was likely to see his Rival arrive in the Camp of *Tarquin*, and to arrive in such a manner as to be known who he was: However he must dissemble his resentments, and for *Clelia*'s sake comply with all the pleasures of the Prince *Sextus*, because it was he above all the rest, from whom he was to hope for *Clelia*'s protection, if *Tarquin* should hear by any ill fortune that she was Daughter unto *Clelius*; for *Sextus* being not capable of that politique hatred which the King his father was, it was to be hoped that *Clelia* being very fair, and pleased him, he would defend her in case *Tarquin* should offer either to hurt her or love her too much: for *Aronces* saw she was in danger of these two extreams; so as though he was very melancholy at the heart, yet he was forced to seem merry in the face, and though he was free from any licencious Debauchery, yet he lived as if he were the greatest Libertine of all men upon earth. And since *Tarquins* design was not to take *Ardes* by force, but by hunger, the time was likely to be long, and *Sextus* brought into the Camp a way of life more voluptuous then in *Rome*, for they did nothing but feast continually from Tent to Tent, and from Quarter to Quarter: However there was a necessity of complying with his humour, though against the hair of ones own; and sometimes is is wisdom not to seem wise. Thus *Aronces* being both amorous and prudent, did comply with the times, and was at all these tumultuous feasts of which *Sextus* was the Ring-leader, also he treated this Martial and merry crew, in his own Tent, and treated them in a manner so magnificent as did amaze the *Romans*, and in such a neat fashion as made all the Grecians admire. *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, and also *Zenocrates* did treat them in their turns, as men that knew how to goe through any thing they undertook. But *Sextus* mixing matters of love in all things, the discourse in all these feasts was commonly either upon Beauty, or the humours of women, either in commending or blaming of them. So as all this merry company was at Supper one night with the Prince *Sextus*; he began to chide *Collatine*, because his wife could never be seen, though she had the reputation of the fairest woman in all *Rome*. For indeed (said he unto *Aronces*, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* though) *Collatine* be Nephew unto the King my father, and by consequence *Lucrecia* of quality to be known by all in *Rome*, yet she is known by none, but her Reputation which seems to be upheld by Enchantment; for since she will not see the Queen, because she was once ill treated by her, she will not be seen in any place where her beauty may be judged of; if she do pass through the streets unto the Temple, her Head is always pulled down, and she never frequents any other place. If she do walk, it is in places so solitary as none ever use to come at them; and the truth is, *Lucrecia* is never seen but by five or six people, whom none ever sees: And yet for all this, she hath the reputation of being the fairest Woman that ever was seen in *Rome*. But to tell you truly, I do not believe it (added he and laughed) for if she were so fair as reported, I am confident she would shew her beauty, mauger all the Roman austerity, in spite of all the vigilancy of Parents, mauger *Collatine* himself and all his jealousie; for I must certainly conclude, that if she be fair, he must needs be jealous, since none ever sees his Wife. Oh Sir (said *Collatine*) you are extreamly unjust in accusing me of any jealousie; and I were the most unreasonable Man living were I jealous of *Lucrecia*. I must tell you (replied *Amilcar*) that a beauty solitary, and a solitude voluntary, is one of the rarest things in the World; and therefore though you be not jealous, yet the Prince *Sextus* is very excusable in suspecting you to be so. For my part (said the Prince of *Pometia*) I know *Lucrecia* a little better than you do, and I am sure that the cause of her retiredness proceeds not from any jealousie in *Collatine*, but only from her own modesty and from a fancy she hath, that there ought to be a great difference between a fair Mistress and a fair Wife. For my particular (said *Sextus*) I am not of her fancy, for I think it fit a Wife should be the Mistress of her Husband, and that a Mistress never ought to be the Wife of her

her Lover. The truth is (said *Artimedorus*) a Wife ought not to give over her gallantry towards her Husband, as soon as she is married; and a Mistress should be so familiar with her Lover as to become his Wife, by her little care she takes to please him. And yet it often happens so (replied *Aronces.*) I would have a Lady rule her Lover (said *Amilcar*) for if the Husband do cease loving as soon as she is married, I would have the Wife cease being his Mistress, and I would not have any such difference made betwixt Gallantry and Love as usually is. I do confess it (said the Prince *Titus*) for I cannot endure that Men when they see any Ladies, should say, I could like such a Lady for my Mistress, but not for my Wife; and on the contrary, I could affect such a one for my Wife, but would not chuse her for my Mistress; for I conceive what becomes a Wife, becomes a Mistress; and what becomes a Mistress renders her to be a charming Wife; and I would have my Wife as charming as my Mistress; and I would not have my Mistress more Cocket then I would have my Wife. Then you would have her as austere as the Sibyls (replied *Sextus*) and that she be as solitary, salvage, imperious, critical, censuring others, thinking ill upon the least conjectures, and melancholy; that she deprive her self of all pleasures, to have this only, that she hath the reputation of a good Woman and when she will can give over the World. Oh Sir (replied the Prince of *Pometia*) *Lucretia* is none of those; for she is excellent society though solitary, she is severe and rigid onely to her self; she alwayes thinks well of others, and she maintains it neither good nor modest for any Women to suspect those of their sex in general, of any great weakness; she never condemns pleasures in others, she puts a good construction upon every thing, she is not lumpish nor Melancholy; and if she were not solitary she would be adored by all the World. You love her Sister in law so well (replied the Prince *Sextus*) that you are not to be believed in all you speak to the advantage of *Lucretia*. If a Husband may be allowed to commend his own Wife (replied *Collatine*) I would say, that the Prince of *Pometia* doth not flatter *Lucretia*; and that the affection he bears unto my Sister, doth not move him to speak against truth. For my part (said *Sextus*) I do not insist upon such critical formalities; and therefore *Collatine*, without any consideration of being Husband unto *Lucretia*, I pray you tell me ingenuously, and impartially whether her beauty be comparable to the beauty of that fair Prisoner which you saw when the Vestals demanded her liberty? For my part I must profess unto you, that I never in my life saw any so fair.

The truth is, she is very fair (replied *Collatine*) yet I know not whether it be because I affect black beauties, better then the fair: But I profess unto you, that I think *Lucretia* as fair for a black beauty, as that prisoner is for a fair beauty: And of the two I would leave the fair and take the black. For my part (said *Aronces*) I should not do so; upon this the Prince *Sextus* having an extream desire to see *Lucretia*, did becken unto all the young Gallants to second his design, so as every one began to affirm that *Lucretia* was not so fair as reported. If she be so as she is represented (said *Zenocrates* then) I am sure she is not so fair as one I have seen in *Sicily*. For my part (said *Artimedorus*) I know one that will not yield unto her. For my particular (said *Amilcar*) I have met with many *Lucretia's*, but I know onely one fair prisoner in all the World. *Aronces* had a good mind to say so also, but he durst not for fear of suspition; so as he let all the rest speak, who all confessed, that though they had Mistresses of their own, yet the fair Prisoner, was the fairest that ever was seen. As for the Prince of *Pometia*, he did not say any thing against her great beauty, but only said that *Lucretia* and his own Mistress could not be compared together, because they were so opposite as two contraries could not be more, the one having fair hair, and grey eyes; and the other black hair and black eyes. Mean time, This feast which *Sextus* made, having raised the spirits of *Collatine* to a jolly height, he was that time full of rallary; so as the Prince *Sextus*, beginning again to chide him for his pretended jealousie, though he knew well enough that he was not jealous, *Collatine* did rise up upon a suddain, and looking upon all the company. To make it appear I am not jealous (said he unto them) And to let you know that *Lucretia* does merit all the reputation of beauty which she hath, I freely offer to take horse immediately, and carry you all unto my house. *Collatine* had no sooner said so, but *Sextus* ravished with joy, did take it at his word: So as though it was late, they all took horse, and went to *Rome*: so came to *Collatine* where *Lucretia* was, who not expecting so great a company was working with her Woman, an excellent piece of work she made the business of her solitude. However being alwayes naturally handsome, though she did not think of seeing any that day, yet she was not in such a negligent dress, as did any thing take from her beauty; but on the contrary, her dress was very advantagious. So as all this Company making a great noise at their coming, and hearing that her Husband brought them, she prepared her self to receive them very well. So *Lucretia* leaving her work, she went to meet them, and not knowing that her beauty was the cause of this journey, she shewed it in its full lustre: for she had four slaves who walked before her with lights, which made it at first appear unto all that came, she merited all the reputation of beauty which she had: and that there was none but *Clelia* who could dispute with her for being the greatest beauty in the whole World.

The Prince *Sextus* was so blasted, that he stood dumb as he was the first time he saw *Clelia*; so as *Amilcar* observing him, he jogged *Aronces*, who was very glad to see it, in hopes that perhaps his inclination to *Clelia* would lessen, by his liking *Lucretia*. So as *Amilcar* (after he had asked *Aronces* pardon for the injustice, I was going to do his Mistress) he began to cry aloud that the fair prisoner was vanquished; that *Lucretia* had got the victory, and that *Collatine* was the happiest man upon Earth. *Zenocrates* also did highly applaud the beauty of *Lucretia*. *Artimedorus* did the same. The young Sons of *Brutus* as much. The two young *Aquilians* no less. The Prince of *Pometia* asked every one what they thought; the Prince *Titus* said as others did; and *Collatine* himself in saying nothing, did yet imply that *Lucretia* was never fairer then she was that night. All the while, this Wise and Modest Lady was so surprized at their expressions, and at their tumultuous commendations which they gave her, as she knew not what to think. Yet being of an admirable spirit, and not having forgot the mode of the World in her solitude, she did handsomely retire

tire. But the Prince *Sextus* being charmed with the beauty of *Lucretia* as much as with *Clelia*, he was ſomething deaf to the motion, and with *Amilcar* began to make a long invective againſt ſolitude: For truly ſaid Amilcar unto *Lucretia*, whilſt *Collatine* was talking unto ſome others whom he had brought thither) you are infinitely to blame for thus hiding as you do, the greateſt beauty upon earth; for take in which way you will, ſolitude is good for nothing. Yes Sir, replied *Lucretia*, it is good to ſatisfie thoſe who ſeek it and love it. But Madam, anſwered *Sextus*, thoſe who do love it and ſeek, if they were as you are they ought not to love or ſeek it. 'Tis true (added *Amilcar*) for ſolitude will not let either beauty or virtue ſhew it ſelf; and is good for nothing, but to give the World occaſion to ſay that when the Wife is fair and ſolitary, her Husband is jealous. Though I do not expoſe my ſelf unto the World, replied *Lucretia*, yet I do not think that any will ſay that *Collatine* is jealous. If they do not ſay ſo, replied *Sextus*, it is in your preſence, when they can ſay nothing elſe but that you are the faireſt perſon that ever was ſeen. But yet, ſaid Amilcar, I would gladly know, what delights can ſolitude afford? Though no other, but to be ſure they will trouble none (replied *Lucretia*) nor be troubled by any, yet this is a great pleaſure; for theſe are two things which often happen unto ſuch as expoſe themſelves unto the World. Did I ſee in all your Chambers (ſaid Amilcar) abundance of great and ſtately Mirrours, which would let you ſee your ſelf every way, I ſhould not then wonder what pleaſure you could take in your ſolitude, for I am confident you would be infinitely pleaſed with looking upon your ſelf: but that you ſhould paſs away your life poring upon works, and that a piece of ſeveral coloured Tiſſue ſhould take up your eyes and mind, this is a thing above my underſtanding. I know (added he) that a perſon who has ſome ſecret affection gnawing upon her heart which makes her apt to muſe and ſtudy, ſhe indeed may eaſily paſs away whole daies in working upon ſome excellent piece, becauſe that would be a handſome pretence for her entertaining her ſelf, and talking unto none; but that a Woman of Spirit ſhould find any delight in paſſing away her life with drooping eyes and hands buſied in Worke like Bees in their Hives; this is a thing which I cannot comprehend. Therefore I muſt conclude that thoſe who paſs away their whole lives ſo, have either very ſhallow Spirits; or elſe have ſome ſecret cauſe of reſervedneſs which doth buſie and divert them. For my part (replied *Lucretia* and blu...'d) ſince I have no ſecret confederacy with any; it muſt be then concluded that I delight in my works, becauſe my Spirit is very ſhallow. Oh no Madam; ſaid *Sextus*, I can never believe that: But perhaps you have a fancy by this way to make all the World believe you have as much virtue as beauty: But Madam, let me tell you, after a long accuſtomacy unto this kind of life, you will not know how to enter into ſociety again and commonly all your ſage beauties, do make themſelves the moſt miſerable people in the World, by beginning a form of life too ſevere. But Madam, if you will follow my advice, you ſhall add nothing to the *Roman* auſterity: Be not more ſevere then the Veſtals; Quit *Collatia*, and return to *Rome*, and do not anticipate old age, by a living death: For ſo I muſt phraſe ſolitude. For my part, replied *Lucretia*, I think the life ſo infinitely ſweet, as I cannot give it ſo terrible a name: And to tell you truly (added ſhe and laughed) I think the life ſo pleaſant, as I aſſure you, I think this is the worſt night I paſſed away ever ſince I became ſolitary at *Collatia*. *Lucretia* ſpoke this with ſuch a ſprightly Air, as that it was as much as told the Prince *Sextus* it was late, and time to retire; ſo he left *Lucretia* with ſo much eſteem of her, as all the company (except *Collatine* who took no notice of it) did plainly ſee ſhe had pierced his heart.

The truth is, it was a thing not difficult to do; for the love of *Sextus* was only of ſenſual love, wherein the mind was not much conſiderable. But at laſt all the company after they had left *Lucretia*, in her Chamber they reſted themſelves an hour, and ſuch repaſt as haſt would permit, they returned to the Camp: But in their return, *Artimedorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, who had a deſire to advance *Lucretia* in the heart of *Sextus*, and ſo chaſe out *Clelia*, they did nothing elſe but commend the beauty of *Lucretia*, and envy the happineſs of *Collatine*. Alſo they told *Sextus* in a low voice, that certainly *Lucretia* with all her virtue was of a very paſſionate temper, that her eyes did ſpeak as much; and that ſhe was not ſo hard to be overcome as *Clelia*, who was of a more cold temper: So as *Sextus*, whoſe nature was impetuous, abandoning his heart to the beauty of *Lucretia*, and not quite chaſing out *Clelia*, he returned to the Camp, not knowing directly whether he was more taken with the black or the fair beauty. Truth is, ſince he had ſeen *Lucretia* laſt it ſeemed ſhe had the advantage of the other. Alſo hearing ſo many cry up the beauty of *Lucretia* his heart was the deeper wounded; for nothing does more blow the fire of a growing love then applauds of her who is the cauſe of it. As for *Arruns*, though he wiſhed heartily that *Sextus* would love *Lucretia* rather then *Clelia*, yet he could get no further expreſſions from him then that *Clelia* was leſs fair than *Lucretia*. So he returned to the Camp without almoſt ſpeaking one word; and when they came near the Camp, he rid ſome twenty paces behind the reſt, becauſe he loved more to muſe then mix with ſuch tumultuous diſcourſe, and he obſerved that all the company ſtayed; ſo as coming up to them, he ſaw one of the King of *Romes* Officers, who told the Prince *Sextus*, that there was come into the Camp an Envoy from the King of *Cluſium*, who came from the King his Maſter, to advertiſe *Tarquin*, that the Prince his Son, who ſtole out of his Court was unknown in his Camp, and beſeeched him that if it was ſo, he would ſecure him, leſt he ſhould marry the daughter of a man who was his enemy, with whom he was in love; adding, that the Ladies name was *Clelia*, that ſhe was the daughter of *Celius*, that ſhe was taken away from *Horatius*, and that ſhe was lately come out. This (ſaid the Envoy) was no ſooner told unto *Tarquin*, but he imagined that the daughter of *Celius* muſt needs be one of thoſe Ladies captives which were in *Rome*, and therefore I was ſent in all haſt with orders that they might be more ſtrictly looked unto; for *Tarquin* remembring how earneſt the grand Veſtal was for the liberty of thoſe captives he did not doubt but *Clelia* was one of them; and he ſeemed ſo incenſed againſt her, though he knew not which was ſhe, that he ſwore he would put her to death; though for no other reaſon then to hinder the

King

King of *Clusium's* Son from marrying her. But (said the Prince *Sextus*) does the King believe, that the King of *Clusium's* Son is in his Army? Yes, Sir (replied he, and whispered) for he told that Envoy there was many strangers with you, whose mind might well become the Sons of Kings; so as this man does very impatiently wait for your return at your Tent door, to spy if any of those who are with you be Son to the King of *Clusium*. Though *Tarquins* Officer spake this in a low voice, yet *Aronces* heard it, and heard it with unimaginable grief, yet he conceived that it was extreamly expedient for him not to discover his thoughts, and therefore set the best face he could upon the matter: when the Officer had left the Prince, and was gone away, he observed that *Sextus* looked sometimes upon *Amilcar*, sometimes upon *Celeres*, and sometimes upon him; for he could not imagine *Arsimedorus* or *Zemecrates*, two Sons unto the King of *Clusium*, because their Accent was purely Greek, and he knew very well that the King of *Clusium's* Son was not brought up in *Greece*. But desiring to talk of this with the Princes his Brothers though they seldome used to talk and converse together, he severed those from the rest, and rid some twenty paces before, not taking any notice of those who followed; for he did not think that the last thing which the King his Fathers Officer had told him, had been heard; so as *Aronces*, closing with this occasion, he beckned unto *Celeres*, and staying some places behind, they rid softly, so as they were a hundred paces behind the rest when they entred into a thick and dark Wood. So as *Aronces* desiring so much liberty alone as to think what he should do, he took a little blind path way with *Celeres*, which after a hundred turnings and windings did bring them into a little solitary Valley, where there was four or five poor Shepherds cottages upon the side of a little Rivulet; no sooner were they there, but they stayed, and imagining that *Sextus* would send to seek them, *Aronces* looked upon his friend with eyes so full of sadness, as was enough to melt a heart into sorrow. Now *Celeres* (said he unto him) what say you now to the cruelty of my destiny? Fortune indeed is very cruel unto you (replied *Celeres* unto whom *Aronces* had told all he heard) for I must confess I know not what course you ought or can take. I can dye *Celeres* (replied he) and that's the most reasonable course I can take. Consider but my condition well and you will find that I have reason to do so; for as I gathered from the speech of the Officer, *Tarquin* does almost certainly know that the Daughter of *Clelius*, is in his Power, and he will be glad to know that *Clelia* is she that is the Daughter of his Enemy. Moreover if I do return to the Camp, I am sure to be a Prisoner, for I shall be known: If I do not return they will follow me, and which is most considerable, I shall do an ill Office unto *Clelia*, since I cannot return unto *Rome*: both you and I, and *Amilcar* also shall pass for cheats and impostors; for we have told *Tarquin* that you are *Clelia's* Brother. And yet in not going I see more danger towards her; for perhaps by talking unto *Tarquin* I shall stay his fury against that admirable Lady. Your greatest comfort is (replied *Celeres*) that since *Tarquin* hath some inclination towards *Clelia*, certainly he will not treat her so cruelly. Oh *Celeres* (cryed out *Aronces*) what comfort can it be to see a Tyrant in love with ones Mistress? Yet I must confess that now I am angry that the beauty of *Lucretia* pleaseth *Sextus*, more then the beauty of *Clelia*; for I know none fitter then he, to stand between her, and his Fathers fury. But alas unto what a pittiful condition am I brought, who for the safety of *Clelia*, must wish well unto my most insolent Rivals? As they were thus talking, they heard a great noise which made them look about; and they were no sooner turned, but they espyed coming out of a corner in this Valley, the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horacius* who were fighting, and *Herminius* parting them, though they were both Rivals unto his friend, and though by their death he had been rid of two redoubtful enemies.

This sight did so surprize *Aronces* that as the state of his mind then stood, he knew not whether what he saw was true or no; for he could not imagine that *Horacius* should be so soon recovered. It is true that it well appeared, those two stout Rivals had not all their strength; for though they fought with abundance of animosity and courage, yet one might plainly perceive, that both of them were weak, especially *Horacius*; as for the Prince of *Numidia* it was long since he was well recovered of his Wounds, and therefore had time enough to gather strength, if his melancholy had been no hinderance. But *Aronces* and *Celeres* seeing this Combate, and seeing *Herminius* very busie in parting them, *Aronces* was in sufficient perplexity. However men of great Souls when they see others fighting, have but two wayes to chuse, either to part them, or to take side. *Aronces* not being able to take the latter of these wayes; because it was hard for him to chuse between two Rivals, and because he scorned advantages, he went straight towards them with *Celeres*, whom he acquainted with his intention. But though they went as men whose intentions were to help *Herminius* in parting them, yet they did not at the first take it so, but recoyling back some paces, they turned both against *Aronces*, as against him that was most to be feared, and asked him, which of them two he would have to fight with him: But *Aronces* not hearkening to what they said, cryed out that it was not a time to fight and kill one another, when there might be some use of each other to deliver *Clelia*; but it was better to suspend their Animosities, as he would his, until she were free. He had no sooner said so, but he saw the Prince *Sextus* appear at the end of the Valley with all his Troops; for he seeing that *Aronces* did not follow him, he believed therefore that it was he who was Son to the King of *Clusium*; so as turning back, he fortuned to light just upon the place where these three Rivals were together.

Mean time, as things stood, since neither the interests of *Aronces* nor *Horacius* was not to fall into the hands of *Tarquin*, they both of them took a way through the thick of the Wood, and *Herminius* followed them. But when *Aronces* saw that the Prince of *Numidia* stayed behind them, he hastily bid Adieu unto his friend and his Rival, and turned back, not being able to leave such a terrible enemy as the Prince of *Numidia* about *Tarquin*, lest though that Prince should not be so cruel as to put *Clelia* to death, yet he might be so unjust as to marry her unto that Prince. So as finding it more safety for her, to return to *Tarquin*, since his Rival was to be there: He went to *Sextus*. And when that Prince asked him who those were which rushed through

the Wood, out of his friendſhip to *Herminius* and generoſity to *Horatius*, he ſaid that they were men he knew not, and that as he met them he parted them, imagining that *Sextus* could not diſcern them, becauſe their faces were turned the other way.

After this, *Aronces* preſented outo him the Prince of *Numidia* though his Rival. After which, *Sextus* taking *Aronces* apart, he asked him whether it was true, that he was Son to the King of *Clusium*? I have asked *Amilcar*, *Artimedorus*, and *Zenocrates* (ſaid he unto him) who are all your friends, but they will tell me nothing; yet ſince I love you, I ſhall be glad to know it, that I might the better ſerve you. *Aronces* was now hard put to it; for conſidering the inclination which *Sextus* ſeemed to have to *Clelia*, he thought it no prudence to tell him who he was, ſince it was likely that e're long he would know *Clelia* was the Daughter of *Clelius*, whom they would not have him to love. Yet the new inclination of *Sextus* unto *Lucrecia*, did take off that objection: and judging alſo that he could not long hide himſelf, he confeſſed that he was *Porſenna*'s Son. He had no ſooner confeſſed this, but *Sextus* bluſht; and looking upon *Aronces*, tell me truly (ſaid he) is this pretended Siſter of *Celeres*, the Daughter of *Clelius*? I know ſhe is, and therefore will not ſeek for the reaſon, why you would not ſay that *Lucrecia* ſeemed fairer in your eye then ſhe. However, (added he, and would not give *Aronces* time to Anſwer) I will not adviſe you to put your ſelf into the hands of the King my Father, unleſs you will hazard the life of *Clelia*, but I will promiſe you to protect her as far as I am able, and alſo to ſteal her away if *Tarquin* ſhould come to the laſt extremities againſt her. And therefore when I begin to march ſteal you away from me the ſecond time, and I will promiſe none ſhall follow you. Since what *Sextus* ſaid, ſeemed to be very obliging, *Aronces* thanked him, and without telling him preciſely whether he would follow his Counſel, or not, they began to march; but in marching *Amilcar* being come to *Aronces*, he gave him an account of all paſſages: Afterwards marching a little aſunder from the reſt, he began to examine the pitiful condition wherein they were, and their ir-reſolution what courſe to take. For truly, ſaid ſhe, he who adviſes me to keep out of the hands of a violent Prince, he himſelf knows not what Juſtice or Generoſity is; he ſeems to be in love with *Clelia*; he can love as many beauties as he can ſee, and conſequently may love *Clelia* and *Lucrecia* both at once; he tells me of ſtealing away the Perſon whom I love, to ſave her life, and doubtleſs if he ſhould ſteal her away, he would not give her unto me.

But on the other ſide, if I ſhould put my ſelf into the hands of *Tarquin*, I ſhould be a Priſoner both to him and to the King my Father: I ſhall perhaps be only an unhelping Spectator of all thoſe puniſhments, which the Tyrant will inflict upon *Clelia*, and ſhall not have ſo much liberty as to die with her. But alas, if I ſhould flie or hide my ſelf, what can I do that way either for *Clelia*, or for my ſelf? I durſt not go to *Rome* and endeavour to deliver *Clelia*, I cannot go into the Camp and kill *Tarquin* if he intend to put her to death; and which way ſoever I look, I ſee nothing but inevitable miſery. As *Aronces* ſaid ſo, and as *Amilcar* was going to reply, they came to a place in the Wood, where ſeveral ways croſſed: So as *Sextus* turning aſide his head, he made a ſign unto *Aronces*, as who ſhould ſay, this is the place where he ſhould ſeparate from him; but that which ſeemed to prompt him to a reſolution, was it which made him more un-reſolved, not being able to imagine that *Sextus* could have ſo much generoſity, as to have no ſelf end in the counſel which he had given him: So as ſtaying in that place with *Amilcar* not knowing himſelf which way to wend, his Soul was tumultuouſly agitated with thoſe various thoughts which Love did raiſe, as he could not ſtir a ſtep either backward or forward.

The End of the Firſt Part.

CLELIA,

AN

EXCELLENT

NEW

ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO

MADEMOISELLE de LONGUEVILLE.

The SECOND PART.

Written in *French* by the Exquisite Pen of *Monsieur de Scudery*, Governour of *Nostredame de la Gard.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Dorman Newman* and *Thomas Cockerel.* 1678.

TO MY

HONOURED LADY,

THE LADY

Dorothy Heale.

MADAM,

IF to comply with your *Modeſty* were not to ſin unpardonably againſt your other *Vertues*, whoſe infinite merit enforceth all perſons to diſobey you, by a profeſſed admiration and acknowledgement of them, I ſhould fear to own this Duty. But the offence being ſo general, and the Perſon againſt whom it is committed of ſo great a Goodneſs, I am the better encouraged to hope your Pardon for a zeal ſo inconſiderable, that the noiſe thereof will be ſoon loſt in the crowd and univerſal acclamations of your Admirers.

Amongſt theſe, *MADAM*, you may behold thoſe generous Perſons upon whoſe Vertues *Rome*, the Empreſs of the World,

was

was Founded, ſuing to yours for Protection, which (if you pleaſe to hear them relate their misfortunes) I am confident your Charity will not deny, and they ſhall then confeſs themſelves rewarded far above the merit of their unjuſt ſufferings. It is not, *MADAM*, that I dare wiſh theſe vacant hours ſhould betray the leaſt minute of yours to a loſs; it will be happineſs enough that you allow them to live under your Name, in whom all thoſe ſcattered excellencies, which are here divided amongſt many Perſons, are united and perfected; for which there cannot be a greater veneration than that of

MADAM,

Your moſt humbly devoted Servant,

J. DAVIES.

CLELIA.

The Second Part.

BOOK I.

O Ye gods, cry'd out *Aronces*, with a doleful accent, viewing the ſeveral ways, whereof it was now in his power to take his choice, into what a ſtrange confuſion am I reduced! Why do you not either either enlighten my mind, or force my Will? Or why muſt I be ignorant of what I ought, or might, or would do? It is indeed high time, replied *Amilcar*, to reſolve on ſomething; for when all is done, you muſt either for the Camp or for *Rome*. It is reſolv'd, replied immediately *Aronces*; it is reſolv'd, and what ever may be the event, I muſt go thither where *Clelia* is, and there expect how Fortune ſhall diſpoſe of us. The Sage *Sivelia* will haply favour me with a retirement, ſhe well knows the tender affection of her Son *Herminius* towards me, ſhe hates the Tyrant, and loves Vertue, which is motive enough to oblige her to do me any good office. If I repair to the Camp, continued he, I ſhall be diſcovered to be the Son of *Porſenna*, ſecured, and ſent to *Cluſium*, without being able to do any thing for *Clelia*. In the mean time it is eaſily conceived ſhe will want aſſiſtance, whether *Tarquin* conſider her as the Daughter of his Enemy; or look on her as a Servant; or that Prince *Sextus* forgetting the beauty of *Lucrecia*, be abſolutely ſubdued by hers. Therefore my dear *Amilcar* do you repair to the Camp, and there employ that noble Talent which the gods have beſtowed on you, cunningly to divert *Tarquin* from cauſing any ſearch to be made for me at *Rome*; nay acquaint not even *Sextus* himſelf with my reſolution thither; be both the Protector of *Clelia's* fortune and mine; engage our friends to contribute their ſervices; and to be ſhort omit nothing which your generoſity, friendſhip, or courage ſhall ſuggeſt unto you, as fit to be done.

This ſaid, *Aronces* and *Amilcar* reſolved on a certain place, where they ſhould hear from each other, and ſo parted, the former making towards *Rome*, the other to the Camp. *Amilcar* made ſuch ſpeed, that recovering the time which he had ſpent with his friend, he overtook Prince *Sextus* before he had reach'd the Camp, which he did purpoſely, that he might be an eye-witneſs of the firſt tranſports of *Tarquin*, when he ſhould underſtand that *Aronces* was not in his power. But having joyned with this Prince, and thoſe which accompanied him, *Collatine* asked him where *Aronces* was; whereto *Amilcar* anſwering, that he had loſt ſight of him in the Wood, and believ'd he would ſoon overtake them: *Sextus*, who was ſatisfied, he would not return, and had his imagination filled with the beauty of *Lucrecia*, began to play upon *Collatine*, and told him that *Aronces* was fallen in love with his Wife, and haply was returned to *Collatia*. Be it ſo my Lord, replied *Collatine* ſmiling, you may lament the misfortune of your Friend; for as to the humour of *Lucrecia*, if I were not her Husband, I would never be her Servant, were I not reſolved to be the moſt wretched of all Men. Hah *Collatine* (replied *Amilcar*, who made it his buſineſs to divert the company from thinking on *Aronces*) what a happy Man are you to be Husband to one of the greateſt Beauties in the World, and yet be guilty of no Jealouſie? It is indeed, ſays the Prince of *Pometia*, a very rare thing. I am of your mind, replied *Sextus* ſmartly, but when all is done it is not ſo ſtrange that *Collatine* ſhould not be jealous of a Woman that never ſees any body, one that views not her own beauty, and one ſo jealous of her ſelf, that ſhe will not be ſeen by any. What *Sextus* ſays, replied *Artimedorus*, is queſtionleſs conſiderable, yet the felicity of *Collatine*, is not to be eſteemed the leſs, who is married to one who only loves him and ſolitude. For my part, ſaid the pleaſant *Zenocrates*, I ſhould rather wiſh to be a while jealous, then to have my wife given ſo to ſolitude. But I, replied *Collatine*, am very well pleaſed with mine, not that if ſhe were of an humour to be as gallant as they ſay your Grecian and African Ladies are, I ſhould be ever the more jealous. You would indeed do very well in that, replied *Amilcar*, for to ſpeak truly, jealouſie in a Husband many times haſtens the misfortune by fears, ſince that his jealouſies rendring him hateful to his wife, ſhe moſt commonly beſtows all the love ſhe abates him, upon ſome other.

Such was the diſcourſe this merry company entertained themſelves with, when they came to the Camp: but they had ſcarcely reached *Sextus's* Tent, but he ſees a Man conducted by an Officer of *Tarquin's* who very earneſtly viewed all thoſe which followed him, whence he inferred, that it muſt be that Envoy of the King of *Cluſium*, who came to

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seek *Aronces*. So that approaching *Amilcar*, he communicated this observation to him, and asked him softly, where his friend was. My Lord, replyed he, I left him so distracted, as to resolution, that as I dare not assure you whether we may not see him here to morrow morning (though it be contrary to my advice) so am I utterly ignorant where he is, as having onely a promise that I shall know. In the mean time I conjure you to serve him what lyes in your power, as also to protect *Clelia*; and this continued he, I conjure you to do by the beauty of *Lucrecia*. It is but a day since, replied *Sextus*, that if you had made any request to me, I was onely exorable by the fair eyes of *Clelia*: but now, added he laughing, those of *Lucrecia* carry it. Ah, my Lord (replied *Amilcar* laughing with him) you do well to prefer the *Brown Beauty* before that which is *Flaxen hair'd*, for the latter is often guilty of coldness and indifference, and seldome discovers any picquancy or passion.

Upon this the Prince enters his Tent, taking no notice that he had seen the Envoy of the King of *Clusium*, who having viewed the Prince of *Pometia*, Prince *Titus*, *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Celeres*, *Collatine*, and the rest of the company, told *Tarquin*'s officer, who conducted him, that he whom he sought was not there, and so made towards this Prince, to acquaint him, that he had not found his Masters Son. But he was hardly in his presence, ere *Sextus* accompany'd onely by *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, came into him. In the mean time, *Tarquin* being in a great distraction of mind, asked somewhat hastily, whether he had heard that *Ardea* should be reliev'd by *Collatia*, for to be short, continu'd he, I cannot conceive, but that you leaving the Camp, while I was engaged in so important a siege, you had some other design in it than your diversion. *Sextus* not us'd to brook such reproaches, was incens'd into a blush, and answer'd him as roundly. But *Amilcar* knowing how much it concern'd *Aronces*, there should be no mis-intelligence betwixt these Princes, he engaged himself into their contest with that pleasant confidence, which is so natural to him, and which gained him the oportunity to speak what he would, without offence taken. So that *Tarquin* recovering his tenderness towards his son, by the mediation of *Amilcar*, at length came to ask where *Aronces* was. My Lord, while we all came somewhat disorderly, every one according to his impatience, to be at the Camp, I am to learn whether *Aronces* be come before us, or be yet behind, and all I can say of him is, that I have not seen him since we came into a wood, that is not far hence. He had scarce said this, but *Tarquin* commanded he should be sought in his Tent, and all places he used to frequent; but it being fruitless to look after him, word was brought to *Tarquin* he was not returned. This gave him occasion to suspect he might be son to the King of *Clusium*, since that he appeared not. But to be more fully satisfied, he obliged the envoy of *Porsenna*, to describe him whom he sought, which he did so naturally, that it was no longer doubted, but that *Aronces* was the very Prince. *Tarquin* knowing that *Celeres* was his intimate friend, he sent him to seek him, and in the mean, inquired of *Amilcar* and *Zenocrates*, what they knew of the condition of *Aronces*. The latter answered, that his acquaintance with him was onely that he casually met him upon a journey, but for his birth and quality he knew nothing. And for my part, sayes *Amilcar*, though I know no more of him than *Zenocrates*, yet I am perswaded he deserves your Majestyes protection. Ah *Amilcar*, cryes out *Tarquin*, I would not wish *Porsenna*'s son in my power, but onely to hinder him from doing a thing which would cause me to hate him, and which one day would raise a war between *Rome* and *Etruria*. For, to be short, if *Clelius*'s daughter were once Queen of *Clusium*, I know nothing should divert me from entring into a war, should dethrone her, which I should be farther incouraged to, for that it were to satisfie the desires of *Porsenna*, who pretends an aversion she should ever reign over his Subjects. After some other discourse, *Celeres* returns, but though he answered what ever *Tarquin* demanded, with much prudence and circumspection, yet was this Prince further satisfied, that *Aronces* was the son of *Porsenna*; which thought *Celeres* did not acknowledge, yet was it easily discovered, that, not answering positively; neither as to the place of his birth, nor quality, there must be some secret reason that hindred him. But to be absolutely resolved; this Envoy of the King of *Clusium* having mentioned a mole which he that he sought had on his hand, *Tarquin* had observed it one day, that *Aronces* presenting him with two Prisoners he had taken, he stretched forth his hand to shew them unto him, so that the business being by this discovery put out of all doubt, *Tarquin* commanded he should be diligently sought out. He even sent to *Rome* to take him, if he were returned thither, and he spake with that violence, which easily discovered his mind disturbed by more then one passion. But my Lord, sayes *Amilcar* to him, may I presume to ask you what crime hath this pretended son of the King of *Clusium* committed? He loves the daughter of a man I hate, replied he furiously, and the King his father desires me to secure him, lest his passion engage him into something unworthy his quality, and the greatness of his courage. But my Lord, replyes *Amilcar*, do you know where the daughter of your enemy is, whom *Aronces* is in love with? In all likelihood, says he, she is among the Captives, which were taken at the sally out of *Ardea*; but this difficulty is to know which of them is the daughter of *Clelius*, for they are all very amiable; in the mean time, it is my greatest concernment to be satisfied. If you please, my Lord, replyes cunningly *Amilcar*, I will be your spie, for (added he slily) since there is no more to doe, then to cross *Aronces*'s Marriage, I shall easily wave the interests of his love to engage my self into those of his ambition. What you say is very pertinent, or very generous, replyes *Tarquin*, but all things considered, I am resolved to be my own spie, for I would not be deceived in this design.

Sextus hearing his Father speaking thus, was troubled at it, as inferring thence, that he must needs love *Clelia*; which consideration had almost reflected him to the inclination he once had to that Beauty, and taken away much of that which he now had to *Lucrecia*. But at length *Tarquin* being resolved to act alone, *Sextus* shifting place, changed with all his sentiments, and not considering *Clelia* otherwise than as his friends Mistress, he directed all his thoughts to *Lucrecia*, and imagining what a great satisfaction it is to conquer a heart wich was never conquered, he could think of nothing else; for *Amilcar*, he advised with *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and

and *Oeleres*, concerning the interests of their *Friend*, insomuch, as conceiving it requisite he should be acquainted with the state of his affairs, they sent to him a trusty Slave, directed to the vertuous *Sivelia*'s house, so to be brought to *Aronces*. But for *Tarquin*, he was in a strange disturbance, as not being able to remain long in that uncertainty; so that the siege of *Ardea* being in a good condition, he resolved to pass away a day or two at *Rome*, as well to discover by his own industry, which of the Captives was the daughter of *Clelius*, as to cause a strict search to be made after *Aronces*,

The next day therefore, without any further delay, he departed, and came to *Rome* the same night, where he was no sooner arived, but the cruel *Tullia*, who had perceived that *Clelia* had smitten the heart of the King her Husband, came and acquainted (though she knew nothing of it) that the Captive whom he preferred before all the rest, was certainly the Daughter of *Clelius*, and Mistress of *Aronces*, which she augmented with a hundred other things of her own invention, to induce him to believe it. But he not being thereby convinced, and that the secret passion of his soul, flattered him into a Wish, *that that person might not be the daughter of his Enemy*, he gave the less credit to *Tullia*'s relation. I know very well, answered he that by many arguments, *Clelius*'s daughter is among the Captives; for, to be short, they were taken escaping out of *Ardea*, whence the Envoy of the King of *Clusium* affirmes, that that daughter of my Enemy was departed not long before the siege. Beside, the Grand *Vestal*, Sister to *Clelius*, pleaded for their Liberty, with an earnestness by which I easily perceived, that there was an interest of family, which she was more tender of, than any Vestal Privileges. But all this does not absolutely satisfie me, that this fair Captive, of whom you spake, is the daughter of *Clelius*. If you were not prepossessed, replied the fierce *Tullia*, you would believe as I doe; for as she is more beautiful then the rest, so is she the more likely to kindle a violent passion. Nay she is withall more given to melancholly, she hath much the aire of a *Roman Lady*, she will not positively tell who she is; and I have observed, that twice or thrice she hath not answered to the name which she now hath, whence I infer, it is not her own, and that she is not yet sufficiently accustomed to the name which her companions have given her. But I beseech you, replyes hastily *Tarquin* whence are you so resolved, that this beautiful Captive must be the Daughter of *Clelius*? When you have told me (replied she as fiercely) the reason, why you would not have her to be your Enemyes Daughter, I will tell you why I would have her to be so: Did you not know it, replyed he, I would tel you, but since it is so easie for you to imagine it, I shall spare my self the pains. However it be, replied she, know that I think it unworthy, that he who hath brought *Rome* it self under subjection, should submit himself to a Captive, and haply the Daughter of his Enemy; and assure your self further, that *Tullia*, who hath violated all right to put the Scepter into your hand, can easily hinder that person from coming above her, who ought not to look on me, but kneeling.

Having thus said, this fierce Princess departed, and *Tarquin* being in a strange confusion of thoughts, was onely certain of this, that he had a greater affection to *Clelia*, than he had ever had for any. But indeed *ambition* had so taken up his whole life before, that it may be said, he had not the leisure to *Love*; but as things stand now, Ambition lay in a manner dormant in his heart, since he saw no further object to engage his wishes. And since there is a certain relation between Love and Ambition (since that certainly it is as great an ambition to reign in the heart of a beautiful person, as in a State) *Tarquin* was insensibly captivated by the beauty of *Clelia*. But as the cruel Tyrant knew as yet better how to hate then to love, he was strangely tormented in mind, fearing to find the same person the object of his hatred and his love. Is it possible, said he within himself, that I should be so infortunate, as to love the daughter of *Clelius*? No, no, added he, it is an absolute impossibility, for my Heart without the assistance of my Reason, would have soon discovered the Daughter of my Enemy, and would not have been guilty of so great a baseness as to have loved her. It must be so, continued he, there is such an Antipathy between *Clelius* and me, and I have so inveterate a hatred for him, that if he were certainly the father of this beautiful person, I should be naturally obliged to hate her. But in fine (continued he after he had paused a while) in case my heart have betrayed me, if I am really deceived, and that this fair and inchanting Captive be effectually the Daughter of my Enemy, what course should I take? At these words *Tarquin* stopt a while, but suddenly recovering himself, Ah! base spirit that I am, cryed he, do I deliberate how I should deal with the daughter of *Clelius*? No, no, continued he, I defie all further deliberation, I must renounce her love, I must burthen her with my hatred and chains, and put her to death, to be revenged of her Father. But am I certain I should do what I say (said he again to himself) I have certainly in my life done things so extraordinary, that such an action as this might be lookt on as an ordinary consequence of the greatness of my courage; but when all is done, I never did any thing that seemed so heard to do as this: I have sacrificed a Wife to my Ambition, tis true; but I had no great love for her. I dethroned *Servius Tullius*, I acknowledge it; but I had ever hated him; and I never yet met with a necessity should force me to destroy that which I loved because I have loved nothing but my own greatness, and therefore I must confess I am yet to resolve what I should do: if this fair prisoner proved my Enemyes daughter. Here *Tarquin* was silent, and having paused a while, he repaired to the lodgings of the Captives, with intention to try all means to discover which of them was the true daughter of *Clelius*.

But when he was employed in this visit, *Aronces* struggled with incredible afflictions. For as according to his expectation, he had found the sage and generous *Sivelia* fervent to serve him, so he was hid in her house, and by her means held correspondence with all the secret friends of *Clelius* and *Herminius*, as also with the Grand Vestal. Thus he knew all that passed in the *Camp*, and at *Rome*, for the Slave which *Amilcar* had sent, was come to him, and by *Sivelia* he knew all that happened in the City. But that was it that rendred him the more unhappy, for as the state of affairs stood then, he could not rationally hope to apply any remedy thereto, *Tarquin*'s power seemed to be so strongly establisht, that nothing could shake it. He was indeed generally hated, but withall he was generally feared, in as much

as had he been beloved, he could not have been better obeyed than he was; and to be short he was become so dreadful, that men durst hardly think ought against him. There was not one true Roman who wished not it were in his power to destroy him, but there was not one who had courage enough to undertake it: so that it might be said that *Rome* had alwayes an infinite number of men fit to be conspirators, before there ever was any conspiracy; so dreadful were the proud *Tarquin* and cruel *Tullia* grown. Thus all that *Aronces* could do, was to bemoan himself, and endeavour to find out some means to send to *Clelia*, to see if there were any possibility to carry her away. But that was a thing seemed not so easie to be done, he being obliged either to continue this retirement, or run the hazard of being taken. *Sivelia* was of such a high spirit, that she never went to *Tullias*; nor was the Grand Vestall's absence thence without suspition: it was not fit many were acquainted with *Aronces*'s retirement in *Rome*; all which augmented his misery as much as could be. *Tarquin*'s arrival was no small affliction to him, nay he escaped not the misery of being acquainted with his visit to the Captives, and that the design of it was onely to discover which of the prisoners was the daughter of *Clelius*, so that his sufferings were such as will hardly admit a perfect imagination of them: For he considered himself every moment ready to be discovered and secured, and that *Clelia* would be found out by her fathers inveterate enemy, and the cruellest enemy that ever was. Alas (said he to himself, during the visit) what a deplorable condition am I in? for if *Tarquin* discovered *Clelia*, and that the hatred he beares her father exceeds the love, it is said, he bears her, he will destroy her, nay, will invent new torments to do it; but if his love to her shall outvie his hatred to *Clelius*, to what persecution is she, to what misfortunes am I exposed? But cruel and proud *Tarquin*, continued he, though thou were loved as much by the People as thou art hated, and that all my subjects were thy Guard, nothing should discourage me from attempting to deliver *Rome*, that so I may deliver *Clelia*, if so be thou art so unjust as to evil intreat her.

But while the unfortunate *Aronces* thus sadly entertained himself, *Tarquin* was in the lodgings of the Captives, from whom he had received the greatest civility which he could expect from persons, whose liberty could not be obtained without his consent. The end therefore of his coming thither that day, being to discover *Clelia*, he entertained them all secretly one after another, as soon as the first civilities were over. He was desirous *Clelia* might be the last he spoke with, because it was she he wisht might not prove the daughter of *Clelia*; so that not doubting but to find her among the Captives, he talkt with the sage *Cesonia*, the merry *Plotina*, and her companions before he spoke to *Clelia*. But though he sifted them very craftily, yet he could not make any great discovery; for being all excellently witty, and withall, bearing a great affection to *Clelia*, they told him nothing whereby he might be informed which was the daughter of *Clelius*.

But at length, taking *Clelia* aside, and viewing her sometimes with the looks of a Lover, sometimes with those of an Enemy (such a distraction was in his soul) I beseech you, Madam, says he to her, deliver me out of the greatest disquiet I ever was in, and, if it be possible, restore me into a condition, wherein I may both make you happy, and entertain some hope of being so my self. There is such a distance between your fortune and mine, replyes modestly *Clelia*, that I cannot easily imagine how the same thing can make us both happy: and, my Lord, continued she, can there be any thing wanting to your felicity? There is Madam, sayes he to her, and to acquaint you wherein my happiness is deficient, you are to know, there are in my soul two passions, both which I would fain satisfie, that is, *Revenge* and *Love*; for, for my part, I have every where placed *Revenge* among the most violent passions, since there is not any thing from whence proceeds greater violence as to Desire, nor greater sense as to pleasure. I therefore conjure your assistances to appease these two passions which excercise such a Tyranny over my soul. As concerning *Love*, pursued the Tyrant, I shall need onely to tell you, that you were no sooner in my chains, but I was in yours, I need say no more to engage an answer from you which shall make me happy. But for *Revenge* you must tell me which of the Captives is the daughter of *Clelius*, for as for your part, I am confident you cannot be the daughter of a man indeprecably hateful to me, and one whom I will destroy sometime or other, what part soever of the earth affords him a retreat. *Clelia* hearing *Tarquin* in such a fury, could not but blush, which he observing, and interpreting to signifie as much as that he might thence conceive she was the daughter of *Clelius*, he was surprised into the most horrid agitation of spirit could be imagined. However *Love* prevailing in this first sally, Ah Madam (cryed he taking her by the hand) be not the daughter of my Enemy, I conjure you, for I perceive that all your beauty could hardly fasten love so in my heart, but that hatred would forcibly displease it, If therefore you are not *Clelius*'s daughter, shew me her whom I must sacrifice to my vengeance; but if you are she, deceive me if you can, and name some other to me who shall suffer all those punishments which the daughters of *Clelius* (the daughter of my most mortal Enemy) deserves. I shall presently believe you Madam, continued he, and I shall not afterwards trouble my self to be undeceived, so you but satisfie the love I bear you.

What you tell me, my Lord (replyed *Clelia*, with an admirable expression of a great courage) is so sudden and so strange, that I hardly know what to answer to it: But now I am provided, and shall do it so exactly, that you shall not need any further to persecute either my companions or me. Know therefore my Lord, that I do not conceive my self any wayes obliged to tell you whether I am *Clelius*'s daughter, or not, and so I shall tell you nothing which may give you any light in that you so much desire to know, yet shall not stick to tell you what I truly conceive of your demand, whether I am she or not. For if I am not she, but some one of my companions be daughter to that unfortunate Exile, I will dye ere I discover her, having heard what I have said. But if on the contrary, I am she, whom yet you would not know, but that you might hate and destroy, I declare unto you, that if the mettal of my heart be right, I shall with rather your hatred, than your love, and shall never submit to flatter the passion of a man would take away my father's life. Therefore, my Lord set your mind at rest for this matter,

matter, for as my Companions will not betray me, in case I were *Clelius*'s Daughter, so neither shall I discover whether the Daughter of *Clelius* be among them: And to puzzle your enquiry the more, I will not positively tell you, whether *I am* or *I am not* Daughter to that noble Roman. I would not believe that you are his Daughter (replyed he abruptly) but you discover somewhat the fire of his heart; and if the mildness of your looks did not abate the sharpness of your words, I should immediately treat you as the Daughter of *Clelius*. As I am perswaded (replyes *Clelia*) that I have said nothing to you, which I ought not to have said, so I cannot admit of any repentance for it. But my Lord, continued she, whether some one of my companions be *Clelius*'s Daughter, or that I am she, is it possible you should not see, that your mind cannot be guilty of these cruel sentiments of detestation, without a greater injustice than any you now stand accused of? All the violence you have committed since you came into the World, were done in order to your mounting the Throne; but what would it advance you to sacrifice a wretched Captive? To be revenged, replyed he insolently, in the Daughter of all the mischiefs the Father hath, or hath endeavoured to do me. For I am certain, continued he, that in what place soever *Clelius* is, he is perpetually plotting my ruine, and when he shall not imagine any possibility to accomplish his design, he will persecute me with his wishes, and it will be his affliction that he cannot do it.

But to be short (Madam) there is no mean in this case, you must either name me a daughter of *Clelius*, whom I may as highly hate, as I love you. I have told you already how gladly I would be deceived; but my *Vengeance* requires a *Victim*, for in that transportation I now am in, if you do not what I desire, I shall deal with all your companions, as daughters of *Clelius*, that so I might not be deceived as to that point: And so while you receive from me a thousand and a thousand expressions of affection, they shall as many of my detestation, and preteaded cruelty. Ah my Lord, cryed out the generous *Clelia*, though I were at my own disposal, though *Tullia* were not your Wife, and though you offered to raise me into the Throne, I should abhor the love of a Prince so unjust as you are. How now Coyness, sayes he to her, do you slight the passion of a man, who never loved any thing but Glory and You? Who hath brought all that have resisted him under subjection, who hath subdued a heart as great, and as high flown as yours, and yet makes you that offer which never was made to any? In the mean time, continued he, do not imagine that what I say is an airy threat, for I go presently, and begin the punishment of your Companions, by separating them from you. To be short, *Tarquin* commanded the Captain of his Guards to be called, but *Clelia* staying him, no my Lord (sayes she to him, with an undisturbed generosity) it shall never be said, that I have altogether escaped the injustice of *Tarquin*; and my life, in the condition I am, is not so precious, as that it should be preserved by any treacherous act. Know then, unjust Prince, that I am the daughter of the noble *Clelius*, and that my true name is *Clelia*. Ah Madam! replied he, why do you tell me what I desire not to know? I tell it you (replied she with a wonderful constancy) that you may see I am not unworthy my Fathers virtue, and that though I had not my birth in *Rome*, yet I have a heart truly Roman.

Clelia uttered these words with a confidence so allayed with modesty and composure, that *Tarquin* was amazed at it. Ah Madam, cryes he, you must questionless have a greater sence of the love I bare you, than I imagined, since you discover such a secret to me. But I know not (continued he sighing) what reason you have to trust me, for the agitation of mind I am in, makes me uncertain whether I yet love you, or begin to hate you. Hate me, hate me, my Lord, replied she, for it will be much easier for you to satisfie your love. I have at this instant so great a desire to hate you, replied he, and have so much reason to justifie it, that I despair not to subdue that other cruel passion which is in my soul. But to do it the more easily, I must forbid my self your sight, for though I am incensed by your confidence, yet the sweetness of your looks dis-ingages my cruelty and dis-arms my fury. And I wish it the pleasure of the Gods, my Lord, replyed she, I were so powerful as to re-instate Reason in your Soul, and banish thence that injustice which makes you hate my Father, and so fills your government with violence, that you can never expect Love where you find Obedience. Ah, excessive Charm! (cryed he, relenting on a sudden) how little would I have the hatred of all the World, so I had but your love! You are yet, continued he, at liberty, to retract what you told me. Tell me, I conjure you, that your affirming your self to be *Clelius*'s Daughter, was onely out of design to save your Champions, hoping the Love I bear you would exempt you from punishment: I promise you belief, and though all the World should tell me that you were my Enemies Daughter, and that he himself should confirm it, I would not credit it, if you did not tell me so your self. To be short, have you not observed, that I have not done what I might for your discovery, and on the contrary, have only said that by which I might not discover you? For I might more easily have screwed out this secret, by giving you hopes of all things, and promising to pardon the Father for the Daughters sake, which you might, with justice expect from a man so deeply in Love as I am. Tell me then, I once more conjure you, that you are not *Clelius*'s Daughter; deceive me, since it is for your advantage I would be deceived: But to deceive me right, abjure the interests of my Enemy, and if the sacrificing of *Tullia* can translate you into her place, I can easily consent to it. No, no, my Lord, replied *Clelia*, without seeming to be moved, I shall never recant; and since I have confessed my birth to you, my discourse and resentments shall be proportionate to it. I will not promise so much for my part, replied he, for if you will obstinately persist to be his Daughter, who hath so often endeavoured to dethrone me, I shall soon deal with you, as such a mans Daughter deserves. When I told you my name was *Clelia*, replyed she, I prepared my self to suffer all your outrages, and that like a Daughter of *Clelius*, that is to say, with an unalterable constancy. Hah, 'tis too much, cryes out the unjust Prince, so boldly to name my Enemy, and make it a glory to be the Daughter of a man who hates me beyond the measure of all hatred that ever was.

This fury having seized *Tarquin*'s mind, it exhaled such black and ominous vapors into his imagi-

nation, that though *Clelia* were the same she was wont to be, that is, one of the most beautiful persons in the World, yet he looking on her with eyes troubled and eclipsed by the several passions which were stirring in him, thought her not now, what he thought her a quarter of an hour before. Being therefore as unlikely to treat her with the same respect, he commanded her to be carried to a lodging apart, that she should be carefully watched, and should not be admitted to speak with any whatever. All her friends and companions, who were on the other side of the Chamber, hearing this unjust command, cast themselves at *Tarquin*'s feet, to beseech him not to separate them from *Clelia*. If there be any one among you, replyed he insolently, that will be *Clelius*'s Daughter instead of her, I will be content, if she be. For my part, sayes the generous *Cesonia*, there's not any thing I will not say or do, to keep such a vertuous person from being ill intreated. What you say is great and noble, replyed *Clelia*; but if you think me worthy of so high a testimony of friendship, I must intreat you not to envy me the Glory to be Daughter to the most vertuous Roman, that ever *Rome* was Mother of: Take not that from me, I conjure you, since it is almost the only comfort I have left me. At these words, *Tarquin* being at a loss of all patience, caused the order he had given for the separation of *Clelia* and her companions, to be put in execution, he remaining immalleable amidst the Tears of so many eminent Beauties; which done, he departed to his Apartment.

But he was no sooner arrived there, but one of those he employed to discover what passed in the houses of those unfortunate Nobles he had banished *Rome*, acquaints him, that there was a man lay very secret at the vertuous *Sivelia*'s house; adding, that it was in all likelyhood, *Herminius*, who was come away disguised from *Ardea*, and come to *Rome* to raise some tumult while he were ingaged in that Siege. *Tarquin* being then extreamly disturbed in his mind, did not at the first consider the probability, or improbability of this report; but being alwayes ready to do violence, he commanded a strong party to go and search *Sivelia*'s house, in case she should make any resistance against those should come and demand *Herminius*. But he had scarcely given this order, but another relation arrives and confirms the former, and assures him that *Aronces* lurked somewhere about *Rome*; so that concluding that he who was said to be at *Sivelia*'s, might very well be the King of *Clusium*'s Son, he called back him he had commanded to the Mothers of the generous *Herminius*; for considering that the business now concerned the taking of a servant of *Clelia*'s, and one of so great quality, he made some distinction between an Enemy and a Rival, and added some new Orders to the former, that, in case they should find at *Sivelia*'s neither *Aronces* nor *Herminius*, they should bring to him the vertuous Roman Lady, to see if he could sift any thing, he desired to know, out of her.

He who was ordered to *Sivelia*'s house, could not be there so soon, but, by her intelligence at Court, she had understood, that *Tarquin* had separated *Clelia* from the other Captives, that she was narrowly watched, and that there was a rendezvous of those whom this Tyrant used to employ, when some violence was to be committed in any of the houses of those illustrous Citizens, whom he hated only for their virtue. So that she, as famous for her Prudence as her Generosity, conceived that order might concern her, and that haply *Tarquin* had been acquainted with *Aronces*'s retreat at her house; for *Amilcar* had once sent thither, and it was not impossible, but that a Slave might reveal a secret of so great importance; So that to go prudently to work, she thought fit *Aronces* were accquainted with the state of Affairs, and considered what were to be done for his safety, if they came to search the house for him: For having a high esteem for him, and looking on him as a friend of her sons, and, though unfortunate, yet guilty of a great Vertue, she was resolved to do as much for *Aronces*, as she would for *Herminius*, for whom she would have done any thing. Engaged in this consideration, she went to *Aronces*, who had just made an end of writing to *Amilcar*, and acquainting him how things stood, she proposed how much it concerned him suddenly to change his lodging. But I beseech you, sayes she, conceive not I make this Proposition to you, out of any suggestion of fear for my own concernments, for it is long since I am prepared for any violence the Tyrant shall be guilty of. But it so much concerns you, that you be not taken, besides the satisfaction my Son receives in my serving you, that I shall neglect nothing. The safest way therefore is, that you depart my house, and that very suddenly, and lodge your self in some one less suspected. When you are gone, continued she, fear not, I shall discover where you are, though *Tarquin* put me to the greatest torments, imaginable. I should be very unhappy, replyed *Aronces*, if I should expose one of the most vertuous Ladies in the World, to so great misery, and I would rather return into the power of *Tarquin*, than lay you open to his cruelty. To be short, if the admirable and unfortunate *Clelia* wanted not my assistance, I would spare you even that trouble of finding me a refuge. But (generous *Sivelia*) it is you have acquainted me with her condition; and if the contrivances of *Amilcar*, seconded by your endeavours, with those of your friends, and *Clelius*'s, put me not into a condition to carry her away, when *Tarquin* shall be returned to the Camp, I fear I shall be the most unfortunate man in the World, since that otherwise the earth shall not own a more unhappy person than *Clelia*.

This done, *Sivelia* conceiving the departure of *Aronces* was not to be delayed considering the intelligence she had received, told him, that for to make his retreat good, he should be let out at a back-door into a blind street, abutting on the *Cyprian* street, and that there was a Garden-gate, which should be opened to him, as soon as she had acquainted herewith a certain friend of hers, who was Aunt to *Brutus*. But that you may be the more confident of her fidelity sayes she to him, know that this illustrious Roman Lady is a friend of *Clelia*'s that she abominates the Tyrant, and that if her life might deliver *Rome*, she would be glad to sacrifice it. She is very ancient, yet guilty of a great vigour of body and mind; a lover of Glory and Honesty, a Kinswoman of my Husbands, and one that hath a great affection for me.

Here *Aronces* staying her, told her, there needed so much precaution, and that he wholly resigned himself up to her disposal; so that to lose

no longer time, *Sivelia* sent one of her servants to this Aunt of *Brutus*, whom she before had prepared for the business, having indeed alwaies foreseen what she now feared would happen; so that it being near night, all was accomplished with ease. Thus *Aronces* having taken leave of *Sivelia*, who promised to acquaint him with what she should learn, and to send him what ever came from *Amilcar*, went from the house of this vertuous woman to that of *Brutus*'s Aunt, who not knowing him as yet to be the son of *Porsenna*, entertained him onely as a friend of *Clelius* and *Herminius*, and an enemy of *Tarquin*.

But he was hardly out of *Sivelia*'s, but he who was ordered to come to her house, was at the door followed by those that were able to force obedience. They soon were masters of the gates: but *Sivelia* knowing they could not find what they came for, she her self gave order all the lodgings of the house should be opened to them, Which done, the Tyrants officer in this business telling her, that he was commanded by *Tarquin* to bring her to the Palace; she told him, that heretofore she had more willingly obeyed him, when she was commanded to depart *Rome*, than she could now, that she was to go to a place where she had not set her foot since the death of the generous *Tanaquil*, and the Princess of *Ameriola*; but that howsoever she was ready to go along with him. To be short, followed by many of her Slaves, she is conducted to *Tarquin*, who no sooner cast his eye on her, but he asked her, whether it were *Herminius* or *Aronces* who had lain concealed in her house. My Lord (replies she without the least disturbance) if you truly knew what I am going to tell you, that is, that I shall tell you nothing which shall give you the least discovery of what you desire to know. For if neither *Aronces* nor my Son had been at my house, I should be obliged to say, I had not seen them; and if either of the two have really been there, I should so much the more earnestly assure you that your intelligence hath been false. for there are some emergencies wherein truth it self is criminal. If you might therefore, with less trouble to your self, have spared your pains of sending for the widow of a man of a great vertue, whom you did not love, and mother of another, whom you hate, though all the world assure me he hath all those qualities which can render a person of Honour worthy to be loved. The question is not, whether I have, or have not reason to hate *Herminius*, replies the rude Tyrant, for I never much examined that in all my life, because I suppose those that are in soveraign power do *right*, when they do what they *will*. But the business now is, to tell positively in what place he now is, who lay secret in your house, and whom you now have disposed elsewhere. No, no, my Lord, I shall never be forced to tell what I know not, or what I have no mind to reveal; therefore all I have to do, is to assure you that you get nothing out of me which may be prejudicial either to *Aronces* or *Herminius*, and that this resolution is such as no rewards, nor menaces, can make me change. *Tarquin* seeing this constancy of *Sivelia*, was extreamly exasperated, and spoke all he conceived would shake her resolution, but it proved fruitless, and she behaved her self with so much cunning and indifference, that he was somewhat doubtful whether he had been truly informed. So that to gain leisure to examine his own apprehensions, he sent *Sivelia* back to her house, and commanded all out of his presence.

But this solitude lasted not long, for the cruel *Tullia*, who had learnt how things stood, came to tell him that he was not so diligent as he should be, to satisfie the King of *Clusium*, that in the mean time he might want the assistance of his armes, seeing the obstinancy of those of *Ardea*, and that for this reason he should have searched for *Aronces* in all the houses in *Rome*. It is true (continued she, out of a hideous design of wickedness) there is a short and a surer way to satisfie *Porsenna*; for since, as they say, the daughter of *Clelius* is among the Captives, the onely way is suddenly to dispatch her, for that done, where ever *Aronces* be, he will soon resolve to return to *Clusium*, there being, questionless, no more approved remedy against Love, than the death of the person loved. I think the advice very good (replyes *Tarquin* somewhat sullenly) but presently holding his peace, he studied a while, as if he would have examined whether that which *Tullia* said, or he said himself, was well or ill spoken. So that in this secret discourse, perceiving that *Tullia* passionately wished the death of *Clelia*, rather out of a suggestion of jealousie, than any reason of state, he became the protector of her, to whom he had carryed himself as a Tyrant and a Persecutor, and not acquainting *Tullia* that he really knew the daughter of *Clelius*, when you have advised me to put to death all these Captives; said he to her, you consider not, but that onely one can be my Enemyes daughter, that the rest are persons of quality of *Ardea*; that, if we should happen to treat with that City, which defends it self so obstinately, these Ladies will be demanded, and that it might prove of ill consequence to have recourse to so violent a remedy in the present conjuncture. Those of *Ardea* will be the more hardly reduced, and the secret enemies I have in *Rome* will make it the pretence of an insurrection, when I am returned to the Camp. Of a hasty man you are a very prudent man, replies smartly *Tullia*, but I am but too well satisfied, that your Prudence is more obliged to your Love, than to Policy. In the mean time I am to tell you, that though *Ardea* should prove irreducible by the destruction of these Captives, and that *Rome* it self should thence rebell, I shall find the means to destroy the daughter of *Clelius*, that it may never be said, that a Princess who lifted you up into the Throne, be so slighted by you, as to be thought less considerable than a Captive. Fortune, Madam, replied fiercely *Tarquin*, hath placed you where you are, and me where I am; therefore let us continue as we are, and assure your self I shall ever do what I ought, to make the best use of that authority, which you say is derived from you.

As *Tullia* was going to make some mischievous reply, *Amilcar* (who had prevailed with Prince *Sextus* to send him to *Rome*, both to visit *Aronces*, and endeavour to make *Tarquin* return to the Camp, so to divert him from seeing *Clelia*) had sent in a message to the King for audience. *Tarquin*, who was well pleased, his conference with *Tullia* was thus interrupted, gave command he should be admitted, which caused this fierce Princess, who at that time regarded not what news came from the siege of *Ardea*, to retire grumbling, But *Amilcar* was scarce come in sight, but *Tarquin* having received him as well as the present disorder of his mind would

would permit, asked him the reason of his coming, My Lord, said he to him, Prince *Sextus* knowing what zeal I have for your service, hath been pleased I should come and represent unto you, how necessary your sudden return to the Camp is, for since the enemy had understood by certain spies, that you were not there, they are strangely encouraged, insomuch that they have ever since excercised us with perpetual sallies. There is also a certain report scattered in the Army, which hath generally disheartned your Souldiery, for it is said you intend to raise the Siege, and will not return any more to the Camp: Therefore am I come in the behalf of all your Captains, to conjure you to return as soon as you can possibly. Prince *Sextus* himself (added he very cunningly) acknowledges that his humour, inclined to pleasures and diversion; is not so proper to retain soldiers in a regular discipline. Thus my Lord, if you credit me, you will soon disburthen your self of those affaires which detain you at *Rome*, and repair to the Army. For, to be free with you, I do not conceive you should be so earnest to satisfie the King of *Clusium*, that you should be wanting to a design so important as the siege of *Ardea*.

Tarquin thanked him for his advice, and told him he would follow it, but that he must continue yet a day or two at *Rome*. *Amilcar* having by this means insensibly dispersed part of the heavines, which clouded this Princes heart, husbanded so discreetly his humour, that this fierce Tyrant entred into discourse with him, about *Aronces* and *Clelia*, as if he would play the mediator between *Porsenna* and them and that he had changed his sentiments of *Clelius*, though indeed it was onely to lure *Amilcar*, reciprocally to tell what he knew of them. But he being faithful to his friend and withal, reserved as *Tarquin* thought himself, told him nothing that could prejudice either *Aronces* or *Clelia*, though it were the hardest task in the world, for he must neither have over-flattered *Tarquin*'s love, nor yet too much awaken hatred and there was a certain moderation to be observed, which onely *Amilcar* was able to find out. But at length, after a long conference, which amounted to nothing, *Amilcar* retired. However, he could not that night have any account of *Aronces*, because it was too late; and not coming to know what had happened at *Sivelia*'s till the next morning, he durst not go thither in the day-time. But as soon as it was night he visited that vertuous Lady, from whom he received all the civilities, which a friend of *Aronces* and *Herminius* could expect: so that as soon as the first salutations were over, and some little discourse about the present posture of affaires, she told him she would bring him to the place where *Aronces* was. But generous *Sivelia* (said *Amilcar* to her, when he knew where *Aronces* lodged) doth not *Brutus* live with his Aunt? He does, replies the discreet Lady, but trouble not your self for that. I am satisfied, replied *Amilcar*, he is a man will not dive very deep into your designes; but if I am confident of his stupidity on the one side, I am fearful on the other. To be short continued he, who told you that this man, who seems to have so little judgement and whom the world looks on almost as an Ideot, may not have wit enough to discover that *Aronces* lyes concealed at his Aunts? Not but that I am perswaded he hath more understanding than is believed, for I have seen him smile twice or thrice more opportunely, than if there were no reason for it. However it be, sayes the sage *Sivelia*, fear not *Brutus*, and be assured I would not have exposed your noble friend to any danger. I crave your pardon, Madam, replyes pleasantly *Amilcar*, and that for no light crime, since it is one of the greatest, that I had not absolutely cast my self on your prudence, but presume to dispute any thing which the sage *Sivelia* had done. But I assure you I shall not, while I live, be guilty of such a miscarriage, and that I had not now slipt into it, if the friendship I bear *Aronces* had not made me fear what I needed not, since he is under your conduct. Friendship with me, replies the generous *Sivelia*, signifies a thing so sacred, that if it had engaged you into some speeches I must needs have distasted, I should not have been displeased. But it is not come to that, for what you said proceeded from caution, and were it not that I am better acquainted than you, with the whole family of *Brutus*, I should have been to blame to have done what I have.

This said, *Sivelia*, according to her first intention, caused *Amilcar* to be brought to *Brutus*'s Aunt, where *Aronces* lay hid; but he had no sooner seen her, but he thought her worthy to be a friend of *Sivelia*'s and that the affections of these two illustrious persons were cemented with Vertue and Generosity; for she discoursed with him with so much judgement, and so great goodness, that he might justly conceive, that *Aronces* would not have trusted himself to a greater Sanctuary. But at length this illustrious Romane, who was called *Racilia*, perceiving he was in some impatience to see *Aronces*, led him to his chamber, where none had so much a sight of him, save two Slaves, of whose faith his Lady was confident, not fearing to be deceived in them, as having in matters of great importance, when her whole house was concerned, made trial of their discretion.

As soon as *Aronces* perceived *Amilcar*, his patience quickly reacht him, to express the joy he had to see him, and to know what occasions brought him to *Rome*, and what, since his arrival, he had learned of *Clelia*. He had such an art to make his thoughts so easily intelligible, that though at first he uttered but four or five words *Amilcar*, by the paraphrase of his looks and actions, understood all he would say. To spare him therefore the pains of asking, he told him in few words the occasion of his coming, and what he had done at *Rome* since his arrival, assuring him, for his greater comfort, he doubted not but to take away *Tarquin* to the Camp, and consequently remove him, both from *Clelia* and him; adding, that he was really much obliged to Prince *Sextus*, who seemed concerned in his safety, and that of his Mistress. Alas my dear *Amilcar*, said he to him, I am afraid he is but too much concerned in *Clelia*. No, no, replyes this pleasant friend, you have now nothing to fear on that side, for *Horatius* the amiable *Zonerates* and my self have done nothing since your departure but railed at flaxen haired Beauties, and celebrate the brown, and presently *Lucrecia* runs so in his mind, that he can talk of nothing else, unless it be when *Collatine* is present, nor can he well abstain then, and some dayes since transported with his amorous imaginations, he had almost discovered to him the passion he had for his wife. Ha, *Amilcar*, how am I obliged to you sayes *Aronces*, to have removed

moved from me so terrible a Rival? and how much would you add to that obligation, if you could hinder *Tarquin* from being one? But if he were not, replyed *Amilcar*, he would be an enemy to *Clelia*, and she should be equally a mark of his hatred, or his love. Good God! cryes out *Aronces*, that which I think in this occurrance, is absolutely criminal; for if I should believe my first apprehensions, I could wish *Tarquin* were rather an Enemy to *Clelia*, than a lover; but after a consideration, resumed he, since that as an Enemy he might take away her life, that as a Lover he may preserve it, and that his love is the necessary obstacle, which staves off the lamentable effects of his hatred; let us, if we can, wish that he may continue his love to *Clelia*, but let it be withall, our prayer, that we could dispose of her in such a place as where she may fear neither his Hate nor his Love. To this end, replyed *Amilcar*, I shall make it my indeavour to continue in *Rome*, when I have obliged *Tarquin* to depart, to see if there may not be some means to corrupt the Guards of *Clelia*, to carry her away, or even to perswade the cruel *Tullia* to dismiss a Captive, who possesse the heart of *Tarquin*. *Aronces*, who could think of nothing but *Clelia*, swallowed all *Amilcar* said, as if things were really arrived to that pass, and as those whose souls are governed by a violent passion, he discoursed of occurrences which in probability would never come to pass. He made a hundred frivolous objections, proposed for expedients, things almost impossible, though he knew them to be such, and he kept *Amilcar* so long that the sage *Rasilia* was fain to send them word that it was time he retired lest that returning late to his lodging, he were suspected engaged in some Plot at *Rome*, and that it should be discovered it were so indeed; so that these two friends were forced to separate. My dear *Amilcar*, sayes *Aronces*, embracing him, how happy are you, that you are not acquainted with Love! and how wretched am I, who have not the power even to wish I know it not, though all the unhappiness of my life proceed from this passion. Truly, replyes *Amilcar* smiling, if you knew how idle he is that loves nothing, you would not think me so happy as you do, for many times I know not how to dispose of my leisure, nor of my reason, no not of my thoughts: and were it not that my own frolick humour gave me some diversion in the Camp, where there are no Ladies, I know not what would become of me; nay, so far am I from being able to elude Love, real or feigned, more or less, that many times I create to my self an imaginary love, which plaies with me the Lieutenant of a real one. This created passion, when I have none real, exercises my imaginations without disturbing my mind; and this amorous disposition, causing neither great grief, nor great joy, does yet gently entertain the fondness of my fancy. In this condition I can more easily make Love-verses, than when the soul is hurried away with some violent passion; and in this humour I can be almost as trivially pleasant in talk, as if I proposed to my self all those indulgences, which feed the hopes of the happiest lovers. Ah, my dear *Amilcar*, cryed *Aronces*, you rather affect Love in general, than direct it to your particular Mistress, and could I be but of your humour, I should be much less miserable than I am.

Being at this point, they heard a certain noyse upon the stairs, which enquiring what it was, they were told that *Brutus* was come into the house, so that *Amilcar*, to give him way to repair to his lodging, stayed a little longer with *Aronces*, yet not without a little reflection on *Brutus*'s late staying out, for that he could not imagine, that one of no greater designs than he, could be guilty either of humour or business to detain him so long. But he made no longer discant on it, and so parted with his friend, after he had once more promised him the utmost of his power for *Clelia*, and to engage *Tarquin* to a sudden return to the Camp, that he might endeavour in his absence to carry away this beautiful person, and that so, as *Aronces* and she might return to *Clelius* at *Capua*, to avoid at once the cruelty of *Tarquin*, and the violence of *Porsenna*. But for *Amilcar*, his intent was to pass into *Sicily*, and thence return to the Prince of *Carthage* his Master, knowing well, that by reason of the interests which were to be reconciled between the Republique and that Island, *Tarquin* was not to be thought over considerable, *Rome* being not at that time able to wage a Sea-war.

But as humane prudence cannot with certainty foresee whatever shall come to pass, though one be ever so expert in the art of disputing by conjectures, Fortune disposed otherwise of things. At first sight it seemed likely things would have happened as *Amilcar* had imagined, for he acted his part with so much subtilty, that within two dayes he got *Tarquin* to return to the Camp. It is true, the former of these two daies proved infinitely crosse to *Clelia*, for *Tarquin* came once more to visit her, and talkt to her things so contradictory, that it was easie to perceive that Hatred and Love caused a strange disorder in the heart of that Prince. But as his soul, through the whole course of his life, was rather accustomed to hate than to love, so he insisted more on things harsh and cruel, than those which speak sweetness and passion; and he much more easily found out words fit to express his hatred than his love: so that he omitted no menace he thought would oblige her to deny her self to be the daughter of *Clelius*, and to resolve to satisfie his passion. But she being fortified with a rocky constancy, a vertue that hath no parallel, and an extraordinary faith to *Aronces*, answered him with a confidence might convince him, she would not retract what she had said. Whereupon having shook hands, with all hope of making her change her resolutions, and his love coming to act the last part, he remained a certain time silent, not so much as looking on *Clelia*, as if he were afraid her beauty might soften the hardness of his heart. He therefore leaned on a window which opened towards Mount *Palatine*, and musing on the present posture of his soul, Love became predominant, and flattered himself with a perswasion, that if he could subdue the hatred he bore to *Clelius*, he might conquer *Clelia*.

But he had hardly entertained the imagination, that to gain *Clelia*, he must send for *Clelius*, and recant his own former apprehensions, but Love gave place in his turn, and Hatred as being the stronger, entred on the government of his Soul. So that being resolved to depart the Chamber where *Clelia* was, disorderedly he lifted himself from the window, and began to go towards the door. But not being able to do it without looking on the beautiful person, and meeting with her eyes pregnant with a

new

new birth of tears, he once more ſuffered a change in his imaginations, and not taking the leaſt time to conſult. Well cruel perſon ſaid he to her, what muſt be done to make you flexible? muſt I ſtifle the hatred I bear *Clelius*? Muſt I love you as the Daughter of my Enemy? Muſt his baniſhment be revoked? Muſt he be preferred before all other Romans? Speak Cruelty, ſpeak, and ſet a price on your heart that I may purchaſe it; for to be ſhort, I will ſacrifice the hatred I bear *Clelius*, and the love I profeſs to *Clelia*; but that heart, as obſtinate as it is, ſhall one day come into my poſſeſſion. I am perſwaded, replyes the generous Virgin, that if you ſhould ſend for my Father to come to *Rome*, he would not conſent, and that it were as hard for him to forget the injuſtice you have exerciſed towards him, as for you to forget your own cruelty. Therefore I have nothing to anſwer you, but what I have already, for I am not only againſt you, becauſe you hate my Father, but alſo becauſe he hates your tyranny, and that I hate it my ſelf. Not but that if you could repent you of all your violences, the hatred might diſſolve from my heart, but, my Lord, that love ſhould take its place, it doth not follow, that which you deſire of me being ſo abſolutely impoſſible to be granted, that it is not worth your beſtowing a thought on't. Ah, 'tis more than enough (cryes out the Prince exaſperated by the conſtancy of *Clelia*) and I cannot ſuffer this obſtinate aſſurance, wherein you ſo much glory. How, continued he, bluſhing for anger, I ſhall be thought weak for my deſire; to love you as the Daughter of *Clelius*, for endeavouring to ſubdue my hatred, and offering a horrible violence to all my inclinations; and I ſhall be aſhamed to have been guilty of this baſeneſs to no purpoſe. If it be ſo, continued he with a certain threatning action, you ſhall rather repent your obſtinacy. As I have never deſired any thing but what reaſon and vertue ſuggeſts, replyed *Clelia*, ſo, my Lord, do I never repent, nor can all your power ever oblige me to entertain a thought of that nature. We ſhall ſee that, ſayes he arrogantly to her, when I ſhall once be able to hate you, which I hope I ſhall, if you learn not that I am well Verſed in the art of Revenge, and that it is eaſier for *Clelius* to undergo baniſhment, than for you to ſuffer the torments I ſhall aſſign you. When you once begin to hate me, replyed *Clelia*, without the leaſt agitation of ſpirit, you deliver me from one of my greateſt torments, by diſburdening me of your love. If I were of your opinion, replyed he, I would ſtruggle with my paſſion, and love you while I live. If you take it ſo, anſwered *Clelia*, I muſt certainly be the more wretched, but you will be never the happier: Therefore, my Lord if you will truſt me, hate me, ſince that thence only you muſt derive your quiet. My life is at your diſpoſal, and there is no puniſhment which you may not inflict on me; but for my will, my Lord, it is not in your power to regulate it according to your humour, and my Father is the only man in the World, whoſe empire extends to that. Since you will have it ſo (replyed he with a Barbariſm, which carried ſomething terrible along with it) I will hate you, and that moſt horribly. But what do I ſay? continued he, I hate you already, and if I were not reſolved to make you ſuffer a tedious puniſhment, you ſhould not long hug your ſelf in the vain glory you derive from oppoſing one whom never any oppoſed but to his repentance.

Hereupon *Tarquin* left *Clelia*, but withal commanded ſhe might be carefully looked after, and that none whatſoever ſhould ſpeak with that fair and vertuous perſon, no not even *Tullia* her ſelf. As he went out he met *Amilcar*, who deſirous to diſcover ſomewhat of his ſentiments, ſaid to him ſmiling that he was come to beg the favour of him, that he might viſit the Captives; for, my Lord continued he, I ſuppoſe you trouble not your ſelf much to ſuffer thoſe to be ſeen whom you do not believe the daughters of *Clelius*. You are in the right, replyed, *Tarquin*, and on the contrary, I ſhould be well pleaſed you ſaw them, conditionally you will inform me what they ſhall tell of *Clelia*. I told you, my Lord, once before, replyed cunningly *Amilcar*, that I was a friend to *Aronces*, but that I do not conceive my ſelf obliged blindly to humour his paſſion, if ſo be he be guilty of any, and it is not impoſſible but that I may be very ſerviceable to you in your deſigns. But my Lord, added he, it is neceſſary I ſee *Clelia* her ſelf, for from her companions I ſhould get nothing, ſince they are not together, and it were much the ſhorter way, that I ſhould ſee her the firſt, whether your deſire be I ſhould ſcrue ſomething out of her which you would be glad to know, or that I muſt endeavour to make her change her reſolution. Beſides, my Lord, continued he, I muſt needs tell you, and that with an ingenuouſneſs which cannot proceed but from the earneſt deſire I have of your quiet, that great Perſons, ſuch as you are, cannot condeſcend to a hundred trifles which yet muſt be known to make one able well to Husband the inclinations of Women. You have ſpent your whole life, either to learn the art of Government, or to put in practiſe ſome noble kingly Science, which conſiſts only in things high and ſoveraign; but on the contrary, to diſcover the Secrets of Women, and take in the Garriſons of their ſpirits, a man need aſcend no higher than a certain Art, called the Trifling Art, if I may ſo expreſs it, which I have ſtudied all my life, and am admirably perfect in. In the mean time, my Lord, you are not to conceive, that this Art is eaſily learned, for, take it from me, there is as much required to know all the ſeveral wayes of Application, wherein a man muſt addreſs himſelf to the Reſerved, the Jocund, the Fair, the Deformed, the Gentle, the Fierce, the Weak, and the Obſtinate, as skilfully to govern ſeveral nations of ſeveral inclinations: For whereas ordinarily every Nation is actuated and informed by a certain general inclination, almoſt all Women are ſo wedded to their particular humour, which muſt neceſſarily be found out by him whoſe buſineſs it is to over-maſter it. There are ſome a man muſt be as ſubmiſſive to as a Slave; there are others which you muſt in a manner ſlight, before you have their love. There are ſome cannot be brought acquainted with Vice, but by continually preaching of Vertue to them; others on the contrary, though pleaſantly free in diſcourſe, yet of a conſtant Vertue. There are ſome, into whoſe greateſt ſecrets you skrue not your ſelf, but by entertaining them with trivial ſtories; there are others only reducible by Preſents; others whom you engage when you give them occaſion to preſent you with any thing; there are, to be ſhort, ſo many ſeveral ſorts, that, without any extraordinary correſpondence with Woman-kind, a man may be eaſily deceived. But for my part, my Lord, I dare brag I cannot be, and if you would pump out any ſecret

secret, I am the fittest handle in the World for such a business. I am convinced, replyes *Tarquin*, but the question is, whether a friend of *Aronces* be fit to make representations of *Clelia*. At these words *Amilcar* was a little to seek, for that a certain punctilio of Vertue made him a little shie, and hardly induced even to deceive *Tarquin*, though a Tyrant; but considering there was no other way for him to serve his friend, he answered him in such ambiguous terms, that *Tarquin* might expound them well, even according to his intention. So that really believing that *Amilcar* thought it more advantagious for *Aronces*, to suffer himself to be cured of the love of *Clelia*, than to persist in the disease of it, he was inclined to burthen him with part of his secrets. Whereupon, taking him along with him to his chamber, he entertained with a Panegyrick upon *Aronces*, telling him how earnest he was for his quiet and his glory, and to rid him of his love, he was, if possible, to be perswaded that *Clelia* loved him not, and to perform this the better, it was to be certainly discovered whether she did love him truly. It is true, continued *Tarquin*, correcting himself, that *Aronces* is a person so amiable, that it is not to be doubted but that he is beloved where he loves. Ah my Lord, replyes *Amilcar*, smiling with that freedome he took, when he endeavoured to please, it is apparent that your soul hath been guided by *Ambition*, rather than *Love*, since you conceive there is any regard of equity in the choyce of a Lover. Besides that to speak truly, a King can never be well acquainted with things of this nature, for the respect which men bear to persons of your quality, causes them not to appear to you without disguise; and so you are to learn, that there is nothing so humorous as the choyce which Love makes. For sometimes you see men of excellent parts love persons of ordinary merit; and very often it's observed that Women despise very handsome men, and adore others, who can boast of almost nothing recommendable. For which reason I have ever relyed more on the fantastick humours of those I have loved, than on my own Addresses and Services, nay than on a certain Drollery I am guilty of, which they say, is sometimes requisite to entertain Ladies. Therefore, my Lord, though *Aronces* be indeed, a graceful person, it follows not he is beloved, and if you will grant me the liberty to entertain *Clelia*, I promise you a faithful account of her heart. I am content, replyes *Tarquin*, conditionally you truly inform me, whether she love *Aronces* or not. But my Lord, (replyes *Amilcar* very cautiously) I do not engage my self to discover the whole secret of her Soul at the first visit, and you must give me leave to see her more than once; nay it were not amiss if you suffered *Plotina* to be with her, for she being a merry conceited Lass, and one that pretends some friendship to me, I may make use of that affection to make her reveal what you desire to know.

This *Amilcar* uttered, in a manner seem'd so natural, that *Tarquin*, notwithstanding his distrustful humour, was surprized by it: So that by this means *Amilcar* got one of *Clelia*'s friends to be with her, and had the liberty to see her, which was no small comfort to that beautiful Captive, and the unfortunate *Aronces*, whom *Amilcar* acquainted with all this the same day. But to continue this intelligence, he related divers things to *Tarquin* concerning the consent of these two persons, whence he concluded, that he really was an engine very fit to discover what he was impatient to know.

In the mean time, the news that came from the Camp, pressing *Tarquin*'s return thither, he left *Rome*, not being fully resolved whether he should love or hate *Clelia*, none being able to guess whether of these two passions should have the disposal of his mind. For, in some strict charges that he gave, he provided that the cruel *Tullia* should not, in his absence, meddle with the Captives; and in others he seemed to be the absolute disposer of *Clelia*'s destiny. He set over her as a guard, one he had employed in his most horrid cruelties, for it was the same who was accused of having poysoned *Brutus*'s Father and Brother, by the command of this cruel Tyrant, who had never furnished him but with such tragical Commissions. Nevertheless he commanded him to admit *Amilcar* into *Clelia*'s Chamber, until he should receive order to the contrary, allowing this friendly African eight dayes to find out the true apprehensions of *Clelia*, which expired, he was to render him an account. He also charged all those Spies, whom he had alwayes kept at his own charge, to use all means possible to discover if *Aronces* were not at *Rome*, and to learn precisely who that man was, who (he had been informed) lay hid at the vertuous *Sivelia*'s. He spake more insolently than ever he had done to the cruel *Tullia*, who certainly wanted not an earnest desire of being able to destroy him whom she had elevated into the Throne, could she have hoped to be countenanced either by the Senate or People.

But her cruelties had so allarmed the general hatred against her, that she could not hope the least assistance, though she should undertake to destroy *Tarquin*, for that none would have trusted her.

Amilcar, in the mean time, acquainting *Aronces* with every dayes adventures, they sent to the Camp, and writ to *Artimedorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, that they might take notice of what passed; as also that they should oblige Prince *Sextus* to do what lay in his power for *Aronces*, and keep *Tarquin* from returning to *Rome*, at least till the siege of *Ardea* was over: On the other side *Sivelia*, going almost every day to *Racilia*'s, visited *Aronces*, where was resolved what was to be done. These two vertuous Ladies went also sometimes to see the grand Vestal, but secretly, and advised with her about the means to relieve *Clelia*. But though *Aronces*, by the advice he gave, was as active for *Clelia* as any other, and was as it were the intelligence of all those designs which were moving for her Liberty, yet he was overwhelmed with incredible misfortunes, but chiefly for that he was forced to confine himself for certain dayes, not daring to stir abroad for fear of being taken, and that he durst not act by himself.

In the mean time, *Amilcar* knowing whatever news was stirring in *Rome*, as well as if he had lived there all his life, found there was a knot of young men, persons of quality, who were very desirous to shake off the Yoke of Tyranny; and when they were sure they were not heard, expressed their hatred of the Tyrant with much freedome, though till that time none durst so much as speak of him, ever since he was established in his power. But being very raw, as if it were the first Year of their acquaintance with this World, their courage much

exceeded their prudence, so that *Amilcar* looking on those young men as fit for the execution of any dangerous enterprise, if there were need, thought fit to court their correspondence; for though they were of the Army, yet they often came to *Rome*, the distance between it and the Camp being not great. Besides that, upon *Tarquin*'s return thither, a cessation of all hostility for eight dayes was agreed on; during which time there were some offertures made of an Accommodation.

In the interim, two Nephews of *Publius Valerius*, a Kinsman of *Horatius*, and an Uncle of *Lucretia* came to *Rome*, into whose company *Amilcar* shuffled himself so handsomely, that they distrusted him not; and he so flattered their humours by the sport he had made them, that he soon commanded their hearts: so that he concluded, that if there were any occasion for them, he might command them, especially if they were to be imployed against *Tarquin*; for they were no longer scrupulous even in his presence, to discharge whole vollies of derisions and imprecations at the Tyrant. There was one thing which particularly made them glory in their Resentments, which was, that there was another combination of young men which they called, by way of abuse, the *Slaves of favour*; for indeed the young *Vitellians*, the *Aquillians*, and *Brutus*'s two Sons, who were yet of the youngest, were much at the devotion of Prince *Sextus* and the two Princes his Brothers, so that not being able to comprehend how those, whose fathers and most of their friends, had been destroyed through the cruelty of *Tarquin*, could be faithful to the Prince, they cast at them, among themselves, all the injuries imaginable, whence *Amilcar* presumed he should find them ready to execute any adventurous action when occasion should serve.

But during the cessation of the siege of *Ardea*, it seemed to be the pleasure of Fortune, there should be a kind of a general truce in the hearts of so many illustrious afflicted persons. For *Aronces* had the opportunity to write to *Clelia*, by *Amilcar*, and by the same hand received her answer. *Clelia* consequently had the happiness to receive fresh expressions of her Lovers faith, and to give reciprocally the like of hers. *Plotina* had the felicity to see *Amilcar*, who was so precious in her esteem; *Amilcar* had the satisfaction to entertain her, and the glory of being so effectually serviceable to his friend. And the vertuous *Sivelia* was felicifyed in the company of her illustrious Son, who taking the advantage of the Truce, came disguised to *Rome*, not onely out of a consideration of love, but also to see his noble Mother, and visit *Aronces*, whom he was not a little glad to acquaint with what he knew of *Horatius*, as also to endeavour to do him some good office: for he had received by the Spies which those of *Ardea* had in *Tarquin*'s Camp, that *Aronces* was not there, and was conceived to lurk in *Rome*. So that not doubting but that *Sivelia* could give some account of him, his resolution was to be fully satisfied. *Horatius* for his part, in his excessive affliction, had some benefit by the Truce, for that it afforded him the leisure to perfect the cure of his wounds, and to consider what he should do to outvie the generosity of his Rival, yet without violating the interest of his love. Nay, even *Tarquin* himself was at some ease, for that he received from *Amilcar*, what gave him some shadow of hope.

As for Prince *Sextus*, he had the least share in this happiness, for the love of *Lucretia* exercised such a tyranny over his soul, that he had not the least command of it himself.

As for Prince *Titus*, and the Prince of *Pometia*, they also having some secret interest to manage at *Rome*, found their convenience of the Truce as well as others: Nay, even the cruel *Tullia* put on a little more cheerfulness, and became less furious than she was wont, as being in some hopes to corrupt him who kept *Clelia*, who not conceiving himself sufficiently rewarded for the late murthers he had committed by the orders of *Tarquin*, seemed enclined to swallow the promises of this cruel Princess.

Things being in this posture, the noble *Herminius* came one evening to *Sivelia*'s, *Amilcar* being in the house, who was extreamly glad to see him, for he had a natural affection for him, and infinitely esteemed him for his parts and vertue. *Herminius* also, who had as great experiment of the merit of *Amilcar* as any living, was overjoyed to find him at his vertuous Mothers, from whom he had received a thousand expressions of tenderness, which he had requited with as many obliging testimonies of gratitude and true friendship.

But *Sivelia*'s enjoyment was somewhat obscured by a certain fear she had, lest her Sons return might be discovered; but *Tarquin* not being at *Rome*, and *Amilcar* advising, that *Herminius* should for more safety, lodge with *Aronces*, she was received and with more quiet enjoyed the presence of a Son, in whom all the vertues made a glorious constellation, and in whom his greatest enemies found not the least declination to any evil habit. For indeed *Herminius* was in his inclinations noble, in heart free, passionate, compassionate, and generous; in humour he was mild, civil, obliging, complaisant, having a mind fit for all things, and fortunate in finding out many pleasant and innocent circumventions to divert his friends of both sexes. Moreover, though he was a very discreet person, and sufficiently reserved among those who had not much of his company, yet, when he pleased, he screwed up his humour to a certain bravery and sprightliness; but to those he loved not this was mystical, and his frolickness might confidently be taken for an expression of his esteem and his affection. He was excellent good at writing of Billets of all sorts, and had such a happy and easie vein of Verses, that it was *Amilcar*'s judgement, *Greece* afforded not a more generall, a nobler, and a more nimble wit, than that of *Herminius*, insomuch, that sometimes he would wish he might change wits with this illustrious Roman saying, that *Phocilides* the *Milesian*, who was then alive, had never made better Verses then he, nor *Sappho* more amorous. *Amilcar* therefore having an infinite esteem for *Herminius*, made a thousand obliging expressions to him at his coming to *Sivelia*'s, but at last left this dear Son with his excellent Mother. But after promise he should go to *Aronces* his lodging, whither he was going himself, and where, according to his custome, he used to pass away the Evening. *Sivelia* therefore having acquainted *Herminius* how all things stood which concerned his fortune, sent notice to *Racilia* of her sons arrival, and begged the same favour for him as she had done for *Aronces*. To which that generous Matron having made such answer as was fit she should, *Herminius* went to her house, where he was received

received as a kinſman of her husbands, and as a friend for whom he had a great tenderneſs. He had alſo the happineſs to ſee a Neece of hers, whoſe name was *Hermilia*, a Virgin, if any in the world, had extraordinary excellences both of body and mind; but he was much ſurpriſed to find that neither *Aronces* nor *Amilcar* had ſo much as ſeen her. Not that *Racilia* was confident of the diſcretion of this Beauty; but the reaſon ſhe gave *Herminius*, was, that ſhe found *Aronces* ſo afflicted, and *Amilcar* ſo frolick, that ſhe thought the melancholy of the one would not admit diverſion, and the frolick humour of the other was enough for his friend and himſelf. But *Herminius* aſſuring the intereſt of a Kinſman of the fair *Hermilia*, told her Aunt, that his friends muſt needs ſee her; *Racilia* then, without delay, accompanied with her daughter, conducted *Herminius* to *Aronces*'s chamber, where they found *Amilcar*, who had that day brought a Letter from *Clelia* to that illuſtrious Lover, which conſequently affording him as great ſatisfaction, as the unhappy ſtate of his affairs would permit him to receive, he entertained *Herminius* with a many expreſſions of gladneſs, having firſt asked *Racilia* leave to embrace his friend. But theſe firſt ceremonies of friendſhip being over, *Herminius* preſented *Hermilia* to him, acquainted him who ſhe was. How, cryes out *Amilcar*, hath this fair Virgin been in the houſe ever ſince I came hither? She has, replyed *Herminius* ſmiling, and had it not been for me, this Treaſure had been yet hidden from you. Ha Madam, ſayes *Amilcar* to *Racilia*, your generoſity is very great in regard of your compaſſion, not to conſider that the ſight of this beautiful perſon is an excellent medicine for unfortunate perſons. It may be, replyed obligingly *Aronces*, ſhe is as likely to make, as to cure ſuch. But if you'l believe me, ſayes *Racilia*, there is no great danger of her doing either, for ſhe ever ſayes that a man is not to ſeek his comfort any where but in himſelf, and that in her own nature ſhe is ſo harmleſs, ſhe can do no hurt, which her compaſſion ſhall not allay, if it cannot cure. As I have never been ſo unhappy as to do any, replied the modeſt *Hermilia*, ſo I am not certain whether I ſhould be ſo good as I am believed, and ſo I ſhould have as great a pitty for thoſe ills I were guilty of, as for thoſe I were not.

This paſt, *Aronces* being Maſter o'th' Ceremonies in his own chamber, though it were in *Racilia*'s houſe cauſed theſe Ladies and his two friends to ſit down. It is true, that while *Amilcar* ſpoke to this vertuous Roman and her Neece, *Aronces* liſtned to *Herminius*, who acquainted him with all he knew of *Horatius*. As I am true to you, ſayes he in a low voyce, I muſt needs confeſs that I have diſcovered in your Rivall, the moſt generous reſentments in the world; for it is conſtantly believed, that in ſome intervals, he wiſhes he could love you, and that he could give over loving *Clelia*. But in others he hath an extream indignation to be obliged to you for his life, and cannot but wiſh himſelf the poſſeſſion of her whom you love, or at leaſt deſires you might not poſſeſs her. So that Generoſity and Love being at continual variance in his heart, Reaſon, inſtead of deciding ſo great a difference, ſometimes is of one ſide, ſometimes of the other, and rather foments than qualifies this civil war. But I pray, ſayes *Aronces* to him, how long may *Ardea* hold out? for it concerns me the Siege continue, that it may be the longer ere *Tarquin* return to *Rome*. As for *Horatius* and my ſelf, replies *Herminius*, we ſhall maintain it ſo well with the general aſſiſtance of the inhabitants (who are ſo reſolute, that they will not yield till after all extremities) that in caſe the Treaty come to no effect; as I verily believe it will, *Tarquin* ſhall find he hath more work to do then he conceives; for his Army is daily weakned, and the People of *Ardea* becomes more warlike by Diſcipline, ſo that it is probable our Forces will be the greater at the end of the Siege, than they were at the beginning, though we have no forraign ſupplyes.

But while *Aronces* and *Herminius* were thus ingaged, *Amilcar* entertained *Racilia* and her charming Neece; and having an admirable inſinuation, to ſift out any thing he had a mind to know, and yet do it by way of diverſion, he pleaſantly asked *Racilia* why the women at *Rome* were reſerved, and more given to ſolitude, than in *Greece* or *Africk*, or indeed in any other parts of *Italy*. Is it that the men are here more terrible? or is it that the women are guilty of too eaſie a reſentment of (not to ſay) a greater diſpoſition to love? or is it that they are threatned more like priſoners? If you had known *Rome*, as I have known it, replied *Racilia*, you had much more reaſon to ſpeak as you do; for when I was young, all the women were as reſerved as ſo many Veſtalls, they were not ſeen but in the Temples, and upon Feſtival dayes, Marriages were contracted rather upon conſideration of the intereſts of Families, than any acquaintance of the perſons, and mens hearts are ſo inflamed by a love of Fame, that they thought not of any thing elſe.

But ſince the death of the vertuous *Tanaquil*, and the dethronement of *Servius Tullus*, the greateſt part of the Roman Ladies are not indeed Romans, and women live a manner here as they do in other places. But a little farther, ſayes *Amilcar*, I would fain know why they are alſo more auſtere here than in other cities, and why they have been yet more then now they are? For my part, replyed *Racilia*, when ſhe had well conſidered it; I think, it proceeds from this, that *Rome* was built by men that had no wives, and who came not by them, but by forcing them from their neighbours. For being at the firſt afraid, leſt they ſhould again forſake them they kept them very ſtrictly, and uſed them to a ſolitarie kind of life, which after became cuſtomary and decent. Certainly, replyed *Amilcar*, this decency is very unjuſt and very rigorous. Beſides, continued he, if the women at *Rome*, were not handſomer then elſewhere, I ſhould be contented they were mewed up, but they are ſo handſome, that it is an affront to the Gods who govern the world, to hide the greateſt ornament of it, and I am confident, he who ſhould take the fair *Hermilia*'s opinion in this caſe, would find that her thoughts and mind were at no great diſtance. As I am not handſome enough replied ſhe ſmiling, to oblige you to conceive that I am troubled for the ſight of the world, ſo am I to learn what makes you believe there is ſuch an affinity between our thoughts. If I durſt tell you before the ſage *Racilia*, what your Glaſs tells you as often as you conſult it, replies *Amilcar*, you would acknowledge I had reaſon to ſay what I do, and withall perſwade your ſelf, that there is no Beauty in *Rome* hath ſo much cauſe to quarrel with the retirement of Women, nor ſo

much reason to rejoyce that it begins to diminish I know not (interrupted *Racilia*, smiling with a certain Majesty) whether *Hermilia* can answer what you say, but had it been to my self at her age, I should not have been much troubled at it. I am so desirous, replied pleasantly *Hermilia*, not to do you any dishonour, that if I should answer, I might haply answer to purpose, but being not assured of it, I had rather return nothing to such webs of flattery; and he that weaves them, knows well enough that I am not to be caught with them, and haply conceives I should, could I not blush at his commendations. You answer so nobly, in not answering, replied *Amilcar*, that certainly I am not the first that told you that you were one of the greatest Beauties in the world. But to return into our way (said he, directing his speech to *Racilia*) I would gladly ask you, Madam, who are Vertue it self, whether you believe these extraordinary retirements are the only pales of Modesty, which is so natural to the Sex, and whether, on the contrary, an honourable liberty may not contribute a great lustre to their vertue. For what commendation can that woman deserve, who sees not any either pleasures her, or she can affect, to have all her lifetime a new heart, which she knows not on whom to bestow, had she a desire, and which none desires of her? However, replyed *Racilia*, there are at *Rome*, as well as other places, women that bestow their hearts. If it be so, returned *Amilcar*, I believe they bestow them unhandsomely and out of time, for there being not here so great a freedom of Conversation as there is in *Africk*, they must needs bestow them, not knowing on whom, and must measure men onely by the outward sight, which is the most deceitful thing in the world. To be short I know a man in *Greece* who is well-set, handsome, of a good stature, a good face, free in his action, in his carriage noble enough, and at the first sight, one that seems a man of business and quality; for he acquits himself very well of his first complements, comes confidently into company, departs the same, is not discountenanced at any thing, and till you ascend higher than the questions, of what weather it is, or some such piece of intelligence, comes off pretty well. He laughs with a good grace, so it be with others, but the mischief is, that when he laughs alone, he laughs in a wrong time, and then are discoverd a low reptile spirit, that creeps not up neer a Mediocrity, and a soul purely materiall, Judge now, if some great Beauty who had seen this man, onely in the Temples, or on some Festival-dayes, and should bestow her heart on him, would not be finely trapanned. Your exaggeration is so pleasant, replied *Racilia*, that if all men had such excellent parts as you have, I should not quarrel, that there is a free toleration of Conversation in *Rome* since *Tarquin*'s government, and *Tanaquil*'s death. But to be plain with you, I think it a very extravagant thing to have a house open to all manner of persons, and to entertain a sort of trifling Amorists, to tell trivial stories unhandsomely, and to no purpose; and in what countrey soever I had been born, I should never had loved company without choice. Nor are there many true Romans that do so, and those who are any thing careful to preserve the customes of their countrey, comply with the times with a certain moderation, which makes a distinction between their Houses and an Exchange, so far as to banish solitude. In few words there is here a noble personage, who is called *Publius Valerius*, who hath a daughter of excellent endowments. To all persons of Honour his house is open, and he freely suffers his friends to see both his wife and daughter *Valeria*.

At these words *Herminius*, who was talking with *Aronces*, and who confusedly heard the name of *Valeria*, made a stop, and harkned to what was said of her, which made *Racilia*, who knew that Lady had a great interest in the heart of *Herminius*, smile a little, however going to continue her story, *Amilcar* staying her, Ah Madam, said he to her, I beseech you tell me whether this *Valeria* be of my acquaintance or not, or am I the most abused man in the world, if I have not once seen her with the Queen, She goes not often thither, replied *Hermilia*; but certainly it must be the same that I mean, replied *Amilcar*, for, being extreamly taken with her, I asked whether she came not often to *Tullia*, and I was told, very seldome. But to be further assured whether it be the same, I can onely tell you, that she, whom I saw with the Queen, and whom I was infinitely taken with, is a Lady of a mean stature, and hath not such great staring eyes, as are sometimes the emblems of a natural stupidity, but such as being neither great nor little, cast a ray full of mildness, passion and spirit, which pleases and charmes, and which at once argues ingenuity, vertue, goodness and love. Moreover, she hath a sweet, sprightly, and a serious look, which is infinitely pleasing. Her mouth is narrow, her lips carnationed, something a pale complexion, her hair ashie coloured, and the air of her countenance so free and so noble, that a man cannot but come near her as soon as he sees her. And, to be short, I prevailed so much, that I stood two hours near this inchanting Beauty. Could you as exactly describe her mind as you have her person, replied *Herminius*, you would make an excellent piece of it. I am of your mind, sayes *Hermilia* smiling, that indeed *Amilcar* had admirably drawn *Valeria*; but he shall give me leave to tell him, that, for her mind it is you onely are concerned to commend it, though it deserve the commendation of all the world. I confess (sayes *Amilcar*, not giving *Herminius* leisure to answer) that I had not time to discover the whole mind of *Valeria*, but if I have not known it, I have guessed at it, and I am confident she hath at once, a great, noble, lofty, pleasing and modest mind; and to advance a little higher in my discovery, I also affirm, she hath a heart full of passion and tenderness, and that if she be not in love, she is fit to be, and that most passionately. Ah *Amilcar*, cryed out *Herminius* smiling, you know more of her than I, for I can tell you no news of *Valeria*'s heart. Without being curious to dive too deep into your secrets, replied *Racilia*, I must needs agree in the same vote with *Amilcar*; for I believe *Valeria* fuel for the greatest affection. However, I have not a whit the less esteem of her, continued she, because I am satisfied, she will never be guilty of an irregular affection, and whereas she is guilty of tenderness, she is so much the more worthy praise; since it is not to be doubted, that she ever loved what was not worthy to be loved, and constantly endeavours that her esteem and her friendship may be the reward of Vertue. *Herminius* hearkned to this discourse of *Racilia*, with an extraordinary

ordinary content, and it was easily perceivable, that, if he durst, he would have said much more of her than she: insomuch as *Aronces* observing it, whispered to him as much as signified, that he was convinced that *Valeria* governed his heart. But perceiving, as he spoke to him, that he was unwilling to make a publick profession of it, he diverted the discourse, and thought to make an end of it where it began, pleasantly concluding, that though the Roman Severity were guilty of no other inconveniences, but depriving us of the acquaintance and conversation of *Valeria*, it ought to be condemned.

But I assure you, replied *Amilcar*, it is guilty of many more, for, to speak truly, there are two things which are in a manner equal in the hearts of all people, in what place soever they are born; the desire of *Liberty*, and a certain natural inclination to *Love*; and I am confident there is not a woman in *Rome*, but could love some one or other, if she would be guilty by her inclination, and would be glad to be at liberty. In the mean time, according to that manner of life which they are forced into, they are reduced to an impossibility both of being loved, or loving innocently, and locked up as Captives. Whence it will happen, that those whom nature hath endued with a passionate inclination, and a violent desire of liberty, will hate their Fathers, Mothers, the custome of their Countrey, and their own Vertue, which forbids them a thousand and a thousand indifferent things. So, to come nearer what I aim at, walking, conversation, noble entertainments, whereas they are in themselves harmless pleasures which bring no dishonour to those who make use of them, are transformed to crimes to almost all the women of *Rome*, through the impatient desire they have to them, and the continual quarrelling they have with those who forbid them the use thereof. For in fine, it is not so far from hence to *Capua*, but they can hear that such a severity is not exercised there as here. It is true, said *Aronces*, that to speak rationally, the vertue of women is checked very much by an excessive restraint, and a denial of those pleasures, which bring with them nothing of scandal. Ha, generous *Aronces*, cryed out *Racilia*, that which to you seems so harmless, is not of so little consequence as you conceive.

As I have lived a many years, and have been banished *Rome* long enough to know how they live in other places, so I can assure you, that those things whereof you make so slight account, are those which cause the greatest disorders that happen among women. I am so well opinioned of my own sex, that if my judgement be taken, there is no woman can at first sight prove faulty, nor can be guilty of any premeditated design to engage her self into a dangerous affection. But commonly, familiarity, opportunity, a desire to please, the pleasure of their conversation, whom we see often, the enjoyment they mutually receive from us, the desire to be preferred before others, and friendship it self, do all contribute to the generation of Love, who would never be born in Solitude, nor would ever appear, if men would onely be contented to look on women at publique Festivals, and not speak to them. For we must not say that Love is the child of that Beauty which passeth to the heart through the eyes onely; since it is an error condemned by experience, that this passion is not lasting, when it is bred and nourished by the onely desire of Beauty.

But to return where I left, I knew a woman at *Tarentum* (during the time I followed my banished Husband) who had been brought up by her Mother according to the Roman severity, insomuch, that though she were very beautiful, yet did she live in a great restraint, though in a City where there is liberty enough. She however bore it patiently, was satisfied with her manner of life, she was pleasing, jocund, and seemed to be so indifferent, that it was said in the house, that *Madam Indifference* did what she pleased. For my part, it was ever my opinion, that the moderation of her humour was her onely felicity. However it be, being of this condition, her mother having some business in the Country, left her with an Aunt of hers, who was not so much addicted to solitude as she; but she had not left her behind, had not some little indisposition of body disabled her for the journey. To be short, she kept her chamber four or five dayes, during which time being not very sick, her Aunt, for her diversion sake, admitted to her all those that came to visit her. The first day she being utterly unacquainted with this fashion of the world, was very troublesom to her; the second proved little better; the third she did not think very tedious; the fourth she thought very divertive; and the fifth, she was the first took occasion to inveigh against her former solitude, and did it so gracefully, that she infinitely pleased an honest man who was there that day. The man hereupon making it his business to return her the content he had received from her, came at last to please her effectually; yet could he not assure himself an interest in her heart. For as Indifference is the temperament of pratling Cocknies, so she had not much more affection for this Lover than for another, but had such a huge ambition to be courted, that she became the veriest Gossip that ever was; and all the endeavours of her Mother, when she returned out of the Country, could never cure the infection she had contracted from this worlds conversation. You had spoke more truly, if you said that of solitude, replied *Amilcar*, for in my opinion, all the disorder of her mind proceeded from the solitude she had lived in before, which made all things seem new, all things pleasant to her, her mind and senses being equally surprised by that which was strange to them. The great secret therefore is to accustome young people to all harmless pleasures, lest they should one day prove dangerous to them. For certainly it is with pleasures, as it is with perfumes, which a man smells not when he hath alwaies about him. Therefore added he pleasantly, if ever I have a daughter, she shall dance as soon as she can goe; the first word shall be taught her, shall be *Gallant*, she shall know *Love*'s name before her own: and after all this, she is more likely to prove a Vestal, than a Gossip. *Racilia* smiled at this humour of *Amilcar*'s as well as *Hermilia*, and *Herminius*; but for *Aronces*, melancholy had so stiffened his complexion, that his face would not admit the lightest appearance of joy, so that the vertuous Matron perceiving how little he seemed concerned in the company, retired, taking *Hermilia* with her, and leaving with him *Herminius*. *Amilcar*, who was not afraid to be seen, thought it his duty to conduct her to her lodgings; which done, he returned to *Aronces*'s chamber, where he staied as long as he could. But at length he left him, and repaired to his lodging, lest in case he did not

come

come in, it might be ſuſpected he had a hand in ſome plot in the City. Soon after *Herminius* alſo left *Aronces*, and went into another Chamber joyning to his, where *Racilia* had deſigned him a lodging.

Now is our illuſtrious Lover left alone to comment on his afflictions paſt and preſent. But at laſt he fell aſleep, overwhelmed with his diſcontents, and flattered with a ſmall hope of the poſſibility of delivering *Clelia*. It is true, he ſlept not long, for the Sun had no ſooner appeared, but he heard people talking with *Herminius*, ſuch whoſe voyce he had no great acquaintance with, ſo that knowing it was of equal concernment to that generous Roman, not to be diſcovered, as to himſelf, he was deſirous to know whether they who ſpoke were his friends or his enemies. Hearkning therefore very attentively, towards the place whence he heard the voyces, one whereof he thought he ſhould remember, he was fully perſwaded that it was the voyce of *Brutus*, *Racilia*'s Nephew. But ſoon after he was of the contrary opinion, for that calling to mind his ſtupidity, he diſtruſted what a minute before he abſolutely believed. For though he heard not diſtinctly what he ſaid, becauſe he ſpoke not very loud, yet he concluded him a very underſtanding man, for that when he had given over ſpeaking, he, to whom he had directed his diſcourſe (who was the ſame *Publius Valerius* who was afterward called *Publicola*, and whoſe daughter had been ſo much commended the night before) ſpeaking a little louder, told him, all he had ſaid had been excellently well ſpoken. But, ſaid he, when all is done, my hope tyres, and I expect no more of Fortune. I know, replyed he, to whom he ſpoke, that whatever *Herminius* hath propoſed, is ſo ſtrong, that there ſeems nothing to be oppoſed againſt it; and that in all appearance, *Tarquins* power is ſo ſtrongly eſtabliſhed, that nothing can overturn it. For, the People is accuſtomed to the yoke of his Tyranny, the Senate is full of his own creatures, or, to ſay better, his Slaves; the Army is at his devotion, and there ſeems not even in *Rome* to be one true Roman. So that to judge of things according to outward appearance, *Rome* is for ever enſlaved, and we quietly expect to ſee Vice triumph eternally over Vertue, and to ſee *Sextus* one day ſeated in the Throne, for, as to the Princes his Brothers, they are better endowed, than to think they ſhall ever poſſeſs their Fathers place. But, in fine, notwithſtanding all theſe reaſons which ſeem ſo invincible, I ſhall ſtill retain a hope of Liberty, though I do not yet apprehend the ways whereby *Rome* may be delivered. For when I call to mind how *Tarquin* came to uſurp the Supream power; when I reflect on the vertue of the late lawful King, whom this Tyrant cauſed to be maſſacred; when I conſider the great number of innocent perſons, whom he hath either baniſhed or put to death; when I review all the wickedneſs of *Tullia*, and ſtirring them in my memory with thoſe of *Tarquin*, I ſee a confuſion of Parricides, Poyſonings, Murthers, and all Impieties imaginable, and cannot believe but all the Romans remember it as well as I, and thence infer, that, though we know it not, there are thouſands and thouſands of Romans that abhor *Tarquin*, that earneſtly deſire his deſtruction, and only expect a favourable occaſion to manifeſt the deteſtation they have for him. I therefore hope, that as Fortune hath dandled him a long time, he may at laſt meet with a Check in his Game, and that by a happy frolique of the ſame unconſtant Fortune, we ſhall meet with a conjuncture of time fortunate for the deliverance of our Country. It may indeed happen, anſwers to that *Herminius*, that the Siege of *Ardea*, may prove ominous to the Tyrant, and that from our ſo well defending the City, that he cannot take it; it may be, I ſay, this is a fit conjuncture to make a riſing at *Rome*. For if the ſiege laſt yet a while, his Army will be weakned, he will not loſe a Soldier, who leaves not in the family whereof he was a ground of complaint, nay he will loſe his power in the Senate, ſince as you know, when ſome propoſed the difficulty of taking *Ardea*, he ſlighted the advice was given him, and treated the Authors of it, as ignorant perſons both in war and policy. Moreover, the people whom he hath employed ſo long time about the building of *Jupiter*'s Temple, and the Scaffolds of the *Circus*, is certainly weary of ſuch an endleſs work, beſides that, having expended vaſt ſums, the Treaſure he had got together out of other mens Fortunes to that end, are almoſt exhauſted. So that if it happen, that this Prince ſhould not take *Ardea*, it is not unlikely but that the vertue of the Romans might be ſo far recovered, as to be ſtrong enough to make the Tyrant flie. But how can the taking of *Ardea* be obſtructed, replyed *Publius Valerius*? For when the Army he now hath ſhall be mouldred away by the obſtinacy of the beſieged, and that the people weary of the War ſhall not take up Arms; *Porſennas*, who waits his aſſiſtance to bring his Son into his power, and hinder him to marry the Daughter of the generous *Clelius*, who, they ſay, is in *Tarquin*'s power, will furniſh him with Troops. To do what I propoſe, replyed *Herminius*, it muſt be endeavoured that *Tarquin* may not be ſupplyed by the King of *Cluſium*, and that *Ardea* may be relieved by the King of *Cere*; for in this conjuncture, it is the concernment of *Rome*'s Liberty, that her Tyrant may not encreaſe his power by any additional conqueſt. You ſpeak very well (replyed he who made the third man in the Dialogue) but ſince I muſt ſay all I have in my mind, it is your part to do what you ſay is neceſſary for the ſafety of *Rome*, for it is you muſt maintain *Ardea*, it is you muſt perſwade the King of *Cluſium*'s Son, that by the correſpondency he holds in his Fathers Court, he may hinder *Tarquin* from having any ſupplyes, if he deſire it; and it is you alſo, that muſt perſwade him to make uſe of the intelligence, which I conceive he hath in the King of *Cere*'s Court, to obtain relief for *Ardea*, while in the mean time *Valerius* and our ſecret Friends ſhall ſo diſpoſe things at *Rome*, as that advantage may be taken of the firſt favourable opportunity which Fortune ſhall afford. But who hath told you, replyed *Herminius*, that I am acquainted with the King of *Cluſium*'s Son? *Aronces* himſelf (replyed he who ſpoke) yet he thinks not that he told me ſo much, continued he, for he was deceived as well as others, and believing me the moſt ſtupid of mankind, he heeded me not, when one day he talked with *Celeres* concerning his Fortune; ſo that I have from his own mouth, all that is to be known concerning his Birth, to confirm what I have ſaid. Moreover, you know that *Racilia*, as well as your noble Mother, is a true Roman, and conſidering how much it concerns all true Romans to have

Aronces

Aronces their friend, ſhe hath told me all ſhe knew, either from *Sivelia*, or the grand Veſtal who is alſo of our correſpondence. For in point of Inſurrection, we muſt be ſure to make thoſe who are Ring-leaders for Religion of our party. Therefore *Valerius* courts as much as may be, the friendſhip of the *Salii*, who you know challenge a great Veneration in *Rome* as well as the *Veſtals*. Since you are ſo learned, replyed *Herminius*, I conceive it is fitting as well for *Aronces*, as your ſelf, that you two be better acquainted; and if you will give me leave, I will go into this *Hero*'s Chamber, to diſpoſe him to know you as you are, and to oblige you and *Valerius* to unite your intereſts for the deſtruction of *Tarquin*.

While theſe three excellent men were in this diſcourſe, *Aronces*, who heard all, was ſo ſurpriſ'd, that he was at a loſs, whether he ſhould believe what he had heard; for he was ſatisfied, that he was not miſtaken in the voyce, and that he who was with *Valerius* and *Herminius* could be no other than the ſame *Brutus* who ſeemed to be ſo ſtupid. Yet he remembred he had heard *Amilcar* ſay, that he had ſeen him ſmile very opportunely twice or thrice, and that he had more underſtanding than was believed. But after all conſideration, he could not apprehend, during the preſent tumult of his thoughts, upon what rational account ſo wiſe a man was reſolved to go for an abſolute Ideot, nor how he could ſo naturally ſeem ſo having ſo great a reach; as he found in him by the things he had heard. Hence his aſtoniſhment increaſing every moment, he could not hear that *Valerius* and *Brutus* conſented to what *Herminius* had propoſed. But preſently he hearing rapping at his Chamber door, which he having cauſed to be opened by a Slave that waited on him, ſees *Herminius* enter, who not giving him the leiſure to ſpeak, My Lord, ſayes he to him, I come to offer you the friendſhip of the two moſt noble Romans that ever *Rome* nurſed, and to beg yours for them. For mine, replyed *Aronces*, you ſhall diſpoſe of it as you pleaſe between your two friends; and I am glad to receive theirs. But *Herminius*, tell me preſently, whether my ears have deceived me, is it not *Brutus*, whoſe voyce I have heard? Am I not deceived? No my Lord, replyed *Herminius*, and this *Brutus*, to whom that name was given for the eternal memory of his apparent ſtupidity, is the greateſt and nobleſt ſoul you ever knew; he is a man capable of things of greater, and things of leſſer conſequence; he is both ſolid and pleaſant, and whoſe obſcure life it ſo ſtrange, that nothing can be more. But I beſeech you ſayes *Aronces*, diſguiſe him not any further to me, and ſo ſtarting out of bed, while *Herminius* went to fetch in his two illuſtrious friends, he was at the Chamber door ready to receive them.

Brutus, who was at his own houſe, in that it was his Aunts, made *Valerius* and *Herminius* go in before him; but as it was not fitting ſuch an interview ſhould have any witneſſes, *Aronces* bid the Slave, who attended him, though he nothing doubted of his fidelity, to depart the room. Which done, looking on *Brutus* with admiration he ſeem'd not to him the ſame man he had been, for though he was not very handſome, yet now he ſeem'd indifferently well-favoured. His Phyſiognomy was ſprightly, and giving his mind liberty without affecting that ſimplicity, whereby he uſed to conceal it, *Aronces* preſently knew, that he whom he ſaw, was the ſame whom he had heard ſpeak. But he was further confirmed by what this illuſtrious Roman ſaid to him; for after that *Herminius* had by a pertinent complement opened the interview, that *Valerius* had complemented in particular, and that *Aronces* had ſpoken to all three according to his excellent wit, and pleaſing way, which is ordinary with him; it coming to *Brutus*'s turn, you ſee, illuſtrious Prince, ſaid he, how far the Tyranny of the wicked *Tarquin* extends, ſince that to preſerve my Life, I was forced to loſe my Reaſon, or at leaſt to conceal it, ſo as he might have no knowledge of it. But I beſeech you, continued he, conceive not that my only deſign in it was by ſuch a humerous carriage, to avoid death; for if my feigned ſtupidity proceeded not from a nobler cauſe, I ſhould not think my ſelf worthy your notice. In the mean time, as I cannot now particulariſe my Fortune to you, be pleaſed to give me leave to conjure you not to judge of me before you underſtand me perfectly, either from my ſelf or *Herminius*, who knows the myſterie of my life, and whoſe apprehenſions I acknowledge as my own. What I have heard from you not a quarter of an hour ſince, replyed *Aronces*, what I received from *Herminius* juſt now, and what you tell me your ſelf, give me ſo much caution, to interpret all things to your advantage, that without knowing any thing of your adventures, I yet believe that your feigned extravagance is an effect of a great wiſdome, and a great generoſity. You are in the right, my Lord, ſayes *Valerius*, in what you ſay; for I can aſſure you, that ſince there have been any generous men, there have not been any that could ever arrive to ſuch a conſtancy, or, to ſay better, obſtinacy of generoſity, as that of the illuſtrious *Brutus*.

Upon this, *Herminius*, who had not brought them together to commend one another, changed the diſcourſe; and, as it is certain, that in great men there is a certain ſecret Sympathy, which unites their hearts ſooner than thoſe of others; ſo in one half hour, theſe conceived themſelves of a long and ſtanding acquaintance, and the ſprightly *Herminius* knew ſo well how to humour his friends, that he was in a manner the cement of their Society. By no other aſſurance than that of his honeſty, which was equally known to all, he raiſed ſuch a confidence between them, that upon his ſingle word they mutually truſted to one another that which was of greateſt importance in their fortunes. But when they had ſo diſcovered themſelves one to another, they found that their intereſts, though different, required the ſame remedies. For *Brutus* and *Valerius* wiſhing onely *Rome* delivered from the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, looked no further than how to take away from him the power he had uſurped. *Herminius* was ingaged in the ſame intereſt, and in divers others; and *Aronces* deſirous to deliver *Clelia*, and to avoid falling into the hands of *Tarquin*, could no other way accompliſh his deſign, better than by deſtroying him who kept his Miſtreſs Captive. Upon which *Herminius* telling him, that if he hoped to bring about ſo great an interpriſe, he muſt, by the means of the friends he had in his Fathers Court, hinder him to ſupply *Tarquin*, and oblige the King of *Ceres*, to relieve *Ardea*, or at leaſt to make a deverſion; *Aronces* having conſidered of it, told *Herminius*, that he muſt oblige *Zenocrates* to go to *Cuſi-*

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um, for that he was well known, and much esteemed by the Princess of the *Leontines*, a Woman of great authority, and much subtilty; that he must take with him a Letter to her, and another to Queen *Galerita* his Mother, and that *Celeres* should be sent to the King of *Ceres*, with whom he had been long enough when he was young, to expect credit, when he spoke on the behalf of *Aronces*. For though his Court had sometime been a Sanctuary to *Porsennas*, yet, as he was nothing interessed in the siege of *Ardea*, so was it not impossible to perswade him, that it concerned him that *Rome* became not so powerful, as to be able to oppress all its neighbours. To make this more feasible, *Herminius* engaged himself, that those of *Ardea* should also send to that King. For though their City was besieged, yet was it not so narrowly, but that some every day came in, and went out of it. But *Aronces* not knowing how to acquaint *Zenocrates*, nor *Celeres*, but by the means of *Amilcar*, he desired permission of *Brutus* and *Valerius*, to communicate their designs to him, promising he would be answerable for his fidelity; you may also ingage him to contribute his subtilty to the business, replied *Herminius*. It is not necessary, replyed *Brutus*, for I know by experience, that one African is more subtil than all the Romans. I have been also told, that he hath suspected that I had more understanding then my words betrayed, and if I had not been very cautious indeed to avoid his survaying, I am confident, he had pryed into my heart. If he had, replyed *Aronces*, you would have fared never the worse for it, for *Amilcar* loves not to hurt those who hurt not him.

While *Brutus* and *Aronces* were in this discourse, *Herminius* was fallen into so deep a musing, that *Valerius* who awoke him out of it, asked him the reason thereof. He at first seemed a little suspitious to tell him, but *Valerius* having aloud expressed his curiosity to know it, *Aronces* and *Brutus* joyned with him to press him to declare what he thought. At last resolving to comply with their desires, Conceive not, said he to them, that the denial I made you, proceeds from any humour I have, my thoughts should be a secret to you; but I wish you had given me leave to decide within my self, whether a certain scruple of Vertue be well or ill grounded. But since, in the mean time, you will know it, it is fitter you should be Judges of my thoughts, than that I should judge of them without you. Know then that I was considering with my self, whether it were not to be feared, that the different interests which equally oblige us all to destroy the power of *Tarquin*, may not flatter us so, as not to see any difficulty in a design to change the whole face of Government. For if you will have my true apprehensions, I shall tell you, that if *Tarquin* had been legally chosen, I should never endeavour to force him from *Rome*, though even he had banished me, though he had destroyed my house, and were the most unjust Prince in the World, I believe we ought to reverence the Gods in the persons of those who have a legal power, and should undergo their violent domination, with the same patience as we endure Earthquakes and Deluges. I know well enough that the business now in hand is not of this nature. For *Tarquin* is a Tyrant, and his cruelty is such, that we may innocently endeavour to destroy his power; but I beseech and conjure you, consider well whether we may not expose *Rome* to a greater Tyranny; and whether while we hope to make her fetters lighter, we may not make them heavier. For, in fine, a change of this nature cannot be effected without a general alteration of the body of the State; and what is more to be feared is, that, if the design fail, *Tarquin* may strengthen his authority by the destruction of so many thousand of Innocents and the ruine of many illustrious Families. So it may come to pass, that instead of being the Deliverers of our Country, we shall be the Destroyers of it, and we may be accused of having preferred the desire to be revenged for our private injuries before the publique Tranquility.

If *Tarquin* could be more wicked then he is, replyed *Brutus*, there were, questionless, some consideration to be had of what you say, which certainly is worthy of your Vertue. But can *Rome* be more miserably dealt with than she is? Is there any one house of honest people, which *Tarquin* persecutes not? or can there be one found under his government who suffers not? The Rich he impoverishes; the Vertuous he either banishes, or puts to death; nay sometimes he torments the Innocent, only to satisfie his humour, though it conduce nothing to the confirming his authority. Let us not therefore raise any more doubts, generous *Herminius*, about a thing of such importance, and so much glory continued he, and let us expect the success of our designs from the Gods. Since I am no Roman, replyed, discreetly, *Aronces*, I conceive I ought not to speak upon this occasion; and as I am, continued *Valerius*, I will presume to say, that *Rome* is so oppressed with the weight of its chains, that there can be no change but must be advantageous to her. Since it is so, I have no more to say, replyed *Herminius*, for it is possible my reason should have a stronger light than both yours.

Hereupon *Brutus* and *Valerius* departed, and *Herminius* stayed with *Aronces*. It is true, he was not there long alone, ere *Amilcar* came in, who was strangely surprised at what he heard from these two friends; for though he had some light jealousies that *Brutus* had more understanding than was conceived, yet he could not believe what he heard of him; and if *Aronces* and *Herminius* had not promised he should see him in the Evening with all his reason, and all the excellences of his mind about him, he would still have doubted their words. In the mean time, not to lose time, *Amilcar* having understood about what *Aronces* had a meeting with *Brutus*, *Valerius*, and their noble friend *Herminius*, sent immediately a Slave to the Camp, to bring *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* to *Rome*, to receive instructions what they were to do. For *Herminius*, he returned to his Chamber to write to that inchanting Beauty, from whom proceeded all the Enjoyment, and all the Torment of his life; for he was never sensible of any pleasure, but when he thought on her; nor did he feel the hardship of Exile, but onely in this consideration, that being not in *Rome*, he was far from *Valeria*. But Friendship had a strong influence over his soul, and that which he had for his illustrious Mother, and for the admirable *Clelia*, caused him both pleasures and afflictions. But at last, Love became Mistress of all the Passions, and he had a greater tenderness for such of his friends as were in love, than others, so penetrable was his heart to this Passion, *Aronces* in like manner, for his part,

part set himself to write to *Clelia*, whom *Amilcar* visited every day, and his intention was to give his friend his Letter in the Evening, to be delivered the next day to that incomparable Virgin, who led a very melancholy life.

The merry disposition of *Plotina* was some comfort to her, and the visits of *Amilcar*, allayed her affliction much, not only by the hope of Liberty, but also those testimonies of Love, which she received by him from her dear *Aronces*. That which was heavyest in her affliction, was, that she heard no news from *Clelius*, nor *Salpicia*; but having a great and resolute heart, she underwent her misfortune with a great constancy. Her former misfortunes were now a kind of comfort to her, for when she called to mind that terrible Earth-quake which had separated her from *Aronces*, and put her into the power of *Horatius*, when she reflected on what passed in the lake of *Thrasimene*, where the Prince of *Numidia* fought with this fierce Rival, who had carried her away, and that to recover her from him; when she was near *Ardea*, and was an ocular witness of that cruel combat, wherein the illustrious *Aronces*, after he had delivered her, was like to perish, had not his great Valour, and his good Fortune rescued him; when she considered the condition she was in when she was brought before the cruel *Tarquin*, and when the grand Vestal interceded for her liberty, and afterwards when she remembred *Tarquin*'s fury after she had acknowledged her self the daughter of *Clelius*, she considered that in all these adventures she could not hope to have *Plotina* with her, to see *Amilcar*, to have the means to write to *Aronces*, and to receive from him. Conceiving hence some weak hope of a better fortune, during this cessation of *Tarquin*'s tyranny, she spent her time somewhat comfortably with that merry-conceited Virgin, whose humor was so near of kin to mirth, that she made a pleasure of that which would have been an affliction to another.

In the mean time *Amilcar* to continue the opportunity of visiting *Aronces*'s Mistress, and to knit longer delays, writ every day to *Tarquin*, and fed him with hopes, that in time he should discover *Clelia*'s most secret apprehensions; and that she might be brought over to prefer the interest of his Family, before that of *Aronces*. He also visited the cruel *Tullia*, and was not unwelcome to her; for as it concern'd him for his friend's sake to keep in her favour, so he knew excellently well how to manage her humour. When he was in her presence, and that it was opportune, he took occasion to set Ambition in the front of all the passions, and represented Love as a Satyr, and all the pleasures that attend it: Cruel actions he called Confident actions, when they conduc'd to their advantage who did them; and (in fine) he had gained such an influence on her, as he doubted not to make use of her in opposition to the tyrant, if there were need. This cruel Princess knowing that he had the permission to visit *Clelia*, was glad to hold a correspondence with him, that by that means she might take away that Captive from *Tarquin*, when she should think it fitting. *Tarquin*, for his part, wanted not employment, for the siege of *Ardea* found him work enough. Love and hatred Dichotomized his heart and was a greater torment to him than his cruelty had caused to others.

As for *Sextus*, his mind was full of *Lucretia*, whose beauty had made such an impression in his heart, that he could think of nothing but the means how to satisfie his passion. The Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, were not without their secret Loves; *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had each of them their Secrets and their Afflictions; and only *Celeres* was at liberty, though he had a soul naturally very passionate. But yet in the condition he was in, his tender affection and wit was spent in bemoaning his unfortunate Friends, and in finding out ways how to serve them, and therefore he was over-joy'd that he could imagine the means.

But whilst these several persons had their different resentments, there was no mention of the Prince of *Numidia*, who had been expected in the Camp; nor could *Aronces* imagine what resolution he should have taken, for there was no likelyhood he should have cast himself into *Ardea*, besides, that *Herminius* knowing him, he was confident he was not there. But, in fine, night drawing on, *Amilcar* return'd to *Aronces*'s chamber, where he found *Herminius*, *Brutus* being not yet come, so that while they expected him, *Amilcar* related to *Aronces* all he had done, and afterwards renued the desire he had to be informed of that mans life, who had so cunningly concealed his Reason; for I cannot believe, said he, there was ever any man so unhappy, or at such a distance from all kinds of pleasures. I cannot well apprehend what he could have done; they say he married very young, he hath children, and he seems not to have an estate proportionable to his birth. How then could he conceal his reason from his wife, while she lived? How could he subsist, carrying himself so, as if he had not the discretion to govern his estate? And how could he live without Love, without society, without friends, without pleasure, and without any comfort? How could he endure to be treated like a stock, and a mad man? And how could he abjure all acquaintance with Fame? How could he be perswaded to renounce both to love any thing, or be beloved, and could brook the contempt of all the World? It is indeed true, replyed *Aronces*, that this seems incomprehensible; but a greater miracle than all this, is, that though *Brutus* hath constantly acted the Sot, he yet hath preserved that great and admirable understanding, which you shall by and by find in him. When you shall understand it of your self, replyed *Herminius*, you will be much more amazed; for, as I have told you already, *Brutus* hath not only a good understanding, comprehension, judgment, and an acquaintance with great things, but he hath withal, a lively, nimble, delicate, and an admirably versatile wit. Besides he understands so exactly all the contrivances of Love, and knows as well how to make use of all those ingenious circumventions, which sometimes do sooner conquer the heart of a great Beauty, than the most signal services, that neither *Greece* nor *Africk* afford a Gallant that knows better than he, the art of reducing of an illustrious soul. But you consider not, says *Amilcar* laughing, that while you would describe *Brutus*, you really draw your self, for I can easily see your picture in it. You know *Brutus* then so much the better by it, reply'd he, and here he comes in good time to confirm what I have told you. And indeed *Brutus* was coming in while *Herminius* was speaking of him, but it was after such a

maner as *Amilcar* was surprised at it. For knowing there was none in the chamber, but *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and he; he did not shadow his reason as he was wont to doe, but entered with a certain freedome, which *Amilcar* had never observed in him. But he was no sooner come in, but going straight on to that witty *African*, since that when I deceived the distrustful *Tarquin*, and the suspicious *Tullia*, said he to him, I could not over-reach the subtile *Amilcar*; I were as good shew him what I truly am, that being obliged to me for my confidence, he may help me to keep a secret, wherein haply the safety of *Rome* is equally embarqued with my own. What, the *Brutus* whom I now see, replied *Amilcar*, is he the same as I have formerly seen! Spare your exclamations, replies *Herminius*, till you have seen him better than you now doe, for you have yet but a glimpse of him. Ah *Herminius*, replied *Amilcar*, I will see him throughly, and I confidently promise there shall be nothing I dare not do, might I but obtain from *Brutus* the History of his *Thoughts*, for according to the manner of his life, I believe he can hardly afford us any thing else.

If I had nothing else to tell you, replied he, your demand were easily granted; but my life may afford things of greater consequence than you conceive. If there wants onely fidelity to become worthy the knowledge of your adventures, sayes *Aronces*, I will be responsible to you for *Amilcar*'s and my own; and if you will think your self requited with twenty Histories for one, added *Amilcar*, you shall have all mine for yours; for if you believe me, I was never so much oppressed with curiosity. Since I am obliged in point of honour, to satisfie it, replied *Brutus*, I promise you an account of my whole life; but if you have it not from my self, you must take it from *Herminius*, who knowes all my adventures and all my thoughts, or from one of his Kinswomen, who hath known much of the secret of my soul. But it shall be conditionally, that I be not present at the relation, for I do not find my Spirit strong enough to hear the recital of my past happiness, at a time when I pretend to no other pleasure, then that of revenge. and the deliverance of my Country, from the slavery wherein it is. *Aronces* and *Amilcar* thinking the request reasonable, it was resolved, that on the morrow *Herminius* should relate unto them the life of *Brutus*. But he could not do it so soon as these his two Friends could have wished, for that some occasions of his found him writing all the morning, and in the afternoon, he had the happiness to see the inchanting person whom he loved, in *Hermilia*'s Chamber, who to further his satisfaction had feigned her self sick, so to oblige *Valeria* to give her a visit. It was therefore after night, ere he related to *Aronces* and *Amilcar* what they were so impatient to know. It is true, that *Brutus* being employed otherwise, they had as much leisure as they could wish, yet were they so importunate, as if they feared they should never have enough of it. For as soon as *Amilcar* was come, and had given *Aronces* an account of what concerned *Clelia*, they pressed *Herminius* to a performance of his promise.

Accordingly, this noble Roman, who needed not study long about what he had to say to them, but only to observe some order, began in these terms, directing his speech to *Aronces*, being first assured, he was not over-heard by any, but those who were to be acquainted with a secret so hidden and so important as that which he was going to reveal unto them.

The History of Lucius Junius Brutus.

YOu are not to expect, my Lord, in the History I am to relate to you, to meet with those extraordinary accidents which of themselves suffice to make a relation pleasant, since my particular business is to discover unto you a life absolutely obscure. I shall make you acquainted with a man, of whose worth *Rome* it self is ignorant; one thought equally a stranger both to understanding and courage, yet one, notwithstanding his seeming stupidity, never guilty of dishonour in his actions, nor extravagance in his speech, though he have strangely accomplished so great a design as to keep one of the greatest hearts, and noblest minds that ever was, undiscovered from the fiercest Tyrant upon earth. Look not therefore to find him gaining of Victories, besieging of Cities, and doing those illustrious actions, which ordinarily fill up the life of a Heroe, yet I must bespeak for him the highest of your esteem, and the greatest of your praises, which I am confident you cannot deny him, when I shall fully have represented him to you.

But in the mean time, do but reflect on your thoughts of *Brutus*, but two dayes since, consider him wrapt in those cloudy distracted looks, which promised neither goodness nor discretion; call to mind that affected stupidity, which when he spoke since, seemed to disguise it into non-sense, that so when you shall conceive your self obliged to acknowledge that this very man whom in this relation I shall call no otherwise than *Brutus* (though it be not his true name) is the most generous, the most pleasant, the most amiable person in the world, and one as capable to undertake affaires of the greatest, as well as the least consequence, you may be pleasantly surprised into a greater admiration of him. But that you may not make his vertue so much the object of your astonishment, you are to know, that he is of as noble a Family, as any *Rome* affords, for he is descended from one of those gallant Trojans, who having to extremity defended their City, followed *Æneas* to seek out another countrey, under the conduct of those Gods, who direct them to *Italy*. The Family of *Brutus* Fortune seemed to be particularly prodigal to: as to Riches; for *Marcus Junius*, his Father, was one of the wealthiest Citizens of *Rome*. For which reason *Tarquin*: before he made himself King, had brought about a Marriage between him and his only Sister, *Tarquinia*, out of intention, if occasion served, by the strength of his Brother-in-lawes wealth, to bring to effect his own secret designs. For, though he knew *Marcus Junius* to be a man of a great vertue, and that *Tarquinia* enclined more to the peaceable humour of the Prince of *Ameriola* (who was then living) than to his, yet could he not be perswaded: but that the interest of alliance would easily engage *Junius* into any interest of his. But this conjecture deceived him, for this generous Roman could not be taxed with the least concurrence with the crimes of *Tarquin*, and the

the vertuous *Tarquinia* ſpilt as many harmleſs tears, as her brother had ſhed, of innocent blood, ſince his aſſuming the Soveraignty.

Thus may *Brutus* be ſaid to be the Offspring of Afflictions, and I have it from *Sivelia*, that *Tarquinia* never had merry day from the death of *Marcus Junius*, till her own. For beſides that ſhe abhorred the impieties of the proud *Tarquin*, and cruel *Tullia*, and ſympathized with all thoſe unfortunate Innocents whom they ruined, ſhe her ſelf lay open to the violence and tyranny of her own brother.

But that you may be the better informed what juſtice *Brutus* had to hate *Tarquin*; I muſt in few words tell you whence proceeded the hatred of *Tarquin* to *Brutus*'s Father. You are then to know, that as ſoon as *Tarquin* had by thoſe ſtrange wayes, known to all, made himſelf King, he initiated his reign, with all the injuſtice imaginable, it being his deſign, by the ruin of all honeſt men, to eſtabliſh himſelf in the Throne he had uſurped. He did not preſently engage his Brother-in-law in this deſign, out of a hope, that being gradually diſciplined into theſe violences, he would in time be even prevailed with to be the executioner of his cruelties, as you ſhall ſoon underſtand.

Being ambitious to over-maſter his Neighbours, as well as the Romans, he was no ſooner ſeated in the Throne, but he plotted the ſubjection of the *Latines*. But that proved a harder task than he conceived: for there was one *Turnus Herdonius*, a man of great authority among them, oppoſed him, becauſe he refuſed him his Daughter, whom yet he was willing to beſtow on another of that Nation. *Tarquin* looking on this man as one that would prove a rub to all his undertakings, if he were not deſtroyed, and conſidering withall, that to attempt it openly, would be dangerous: reſolved to do it by treachery. Knowing therefore that the whole Senate was ſatisfied with the integrity of *Junius*, he told him, that he was certain, that *Herdonius* was in Conſpiracy againſt him, and all the Senators, in order to bring the Romans under ſubjection to the *Latines*, and to make himſelf Maſter of both Nations: but having no teſtimony to prove this againſt *Herdonius*, it was neceſſary a perſon of Authority, ſuch as he was, ſhould by his credit maintain the accuſation when it were once advanced.

He had ſcarce made an end of his propoſal, but this vertuous Roman, after denial ſharply reprehended him, and told him, that if Vertue did not diſſwade him from diſcovering the crimes of a Brother-in-law, he would ſoon acquaint *Herdonius* with it, and I know not certainly, whether he did not threaten to do it, ſo to divert him from ſo pernicious a deſigne; for knowing well enough what a Kidney *Tarquin* was of, he eaſily perceived that he would falſely charge *Herdonius* with this pretended conſpiracy. Not but that *Herdonius* was both miſchievous and ambitious enough, but it is alſo as certain, he never was guilty of any attempt againſt the Tyrants life, much leſs againſt any of the Senate, and that his main deſign was to make himſelf as ſtrong as he could to oblige *Tarquin* to preſer him before his Rival, and conſequently beſtow on him the Princeſs his daughter.

But in the mean time, *Tarquin* being as ſubtile as wicked, ſeemed to reſt ſatisfyed with the reaſons of *Junius*, and thereupon promiſed he would do no violence to *Herdonius* but by juſt and honourable wayes. However, he made a ſhift to diſpatch him otherwiſe, for corrupting a Slave belonging to *Herdonius*, who, while his Maſter, was out of doors, ſuffered a number of ſwords and other arms, to be brought into his Maſter's houſe, the cruel *Tarquin* confidently dreſſed up an accuſation againſt him, inſinuating that it was fit enquiry ſhould be made into the buſineſs; and ſo engaging all thoſe to whom he ſpoke of it, by the apprehenſion of their own danger, he perſwaded them they ſhould be fully enlightned, as to what he ſaid to them, by ſearching *Herdonius* his houſe. This was done, and there were found the Arms which *Tarquin* had ſecretly conveyed thither, and ſuch other circumſtances as amounted to make him thought guilty; upon which thoſe whom *Tarquin* had purpoſely brought along with him, ſeized diſorderly every one on a ſword of thoſe which were found, and without any other ceremony threaten him with death. He is taken, bound, and by *Tarquin*'s order caſt into the Spring-head of the *Ferentine fountains*, where he no ſooner was in, but overwhelmed with ſtones, he was preſently drowned. The buſineſs was done ſo of a ſudden, that *Junius* knew it not ere it was too late to prevent it, though as ſoon as he had notice that ſome Souldiers were commanded to *Herdonius*'s, he went to divert *Tarquin* from ſo ſtrange a violence. But he could not make ſuch haſt, but that *Herdonius* was dead, and all he could do was to acquaint *Tarquin* that he was not ignorant of his crime in it.

This buſineſs broke off all correſpondence between him and *Tarquin*, inſomuch that he went not to Court, but when honor oblig'd him; he gave order, *Tarquinia* ſhould go very ſeldom to the Queen; ſo that both of them made it afterwards their whole buſineſs to ſee well educated two ſons which they then had, whereof *Brutus* is one. It is true, he was then but a child, but his brother, who was ſix or ſeven years elder than he, made ſome advantage of the inſtructions they gave him.

Another thing which extreamly exaſperated *Tarquin* againſt *Junius*, was to ſee what uſe he made of that exceſſive wealth which he was maſter of; for when *Tarquin* had confiſcated the eſtate of any vertuous Family, *Junius* and *Tarquinia* ſecretly reliev'd all thoſe whom he had ruin'd; which they did after ſuch a manner, as if they conceiv'd themſelves obliged to enrich thoſe whom the Prince impoveriſh'd, and that it was their part to reſtore what he took away from all vertuous people. *Tarquin* therefore thought, that their liberality did as it were, diſ-arm his Tyranny by making him uncapable to make men miſerable, and that *Junius*, having married his Siſter, robb'd the Crown of all he was ſo prodigal of. Nay, he conceived that this mans Vertue ſecretly reproved his Vices, ſo indeed that at laſt he was no longer able to endure it. Being therefore reſolved to rid *Junius* out of the way, and tempted withall with the advantage of being Guardian to his Children, and conſequently diſpoſing of all the great Wealth of that houſe, he cauſed him to be poyſon'd. But as it is hard to meet with poyſons that leave no marks of their malignity, the vertuous *Tarquinia* knew (but too much to her grief) that her noble Husband was taken away by the cruelty of her Brother. But that which was moſt remarkable in his death, was, that *Junius*, who had an infinite affection for *Tarquinia*, and doubted not but that he was poiſoned at a Banquet, where he was forced

to afford the tyrant his company, yet had the generosity not to tell her of her Brothers cruelty, nor ever mind her of revenging his death. But if he shewed himself so reserv'd to her, he was more open to his eldest Son, who was arrived to years of discretion. For he sent for *Licinius*, an ancient friend of his, whose faith he trusted with all his secrets, and speaking to his Son in his presence, he enjoyned him to be as dutiful to that vertuous friend, as to himself, to prefer Vertue before all things, never to forget that his Father lost his life through the injustice of an Usurper; never to miss any occasion might conduce to the deliverance of *Rome*, and to instil these resentments into his younger Brother, as soon as he should be capable to receive them; which done, he died in an admirable assuredness of mind.

But *Tarquinia*'s constancy was at the first onset over-mastered by her grief, and it was impossible she should not betray some light supicion she had, about the death of *Junius*, even while the fierce *Tarquin*, and the cruel *Tullia*, were comforting her for the loss which they caused her; for this inhumane Princess had a hand in this, as in all the rest of her husbands enormities. But *Tarquin* catching at so visible a pretence, soon began to ill-intreat his Sister, and possessing himself of all the wealth of the Family, reduc'd *Tarquinia* to a very sad condition; for he left her not any thing to dispose of, nor was she suffer'd to have her eldest Son with her, which added infinitely to the affliction of this generous Roman Lady, who in that very circumstance underwent the greatest persecution which could fall upon her after the loss she had received. For *Tarquin* observing in his Sisters eldest Son, certain great and vertuous inclinations, and that he had withal a great understanding and courage, caused him barbarously to be murthered, and that so confidently, that he troubled not himself whether he were accused for it or not, or studied any pretence for it, as if there were not any other account of his loss to be given, than that he feared, that that illustrious unfortunate man should revenge his Fathers death, and recover that prodigious wealth, which he had possessed himself of.

Tarquinia, who had yet hardly dried up her tears for the death of her husband, was so transported with that of her Sons, that to save what was left, she resolved to steal out of *Rome* with this child, and she did it so much the sooner, insomuch as she was advertised by *Licinius*, that *Tarquin* would within a few days, snatch him out of her Arms. So that this wise Matron, assisted by the counsel of this faithful friend of *Marcus Junius*, absolutely determined to forsake that place where her own Brother reigned with so much injustice. It is true, she had the happiness of *Licinius*'s company thence; for being hated by *Tarquin*, he thought it conduced to his safety to leave his country as well as she. So that *Licinius*, *Tarquinia*, and the young *Brutus*, who then had no other name than *Lucius Junius*, departed *Rome* disguised, and pitcht upon *Metapont* for the place of their retreat.

That which obliged *Licinius* to advise *Tarquinia* to that place, was making it his business to bestow the best education upon his Friend's Son, who had so much enjoyned it at his death, he thought there was no City in all *Italy* where it could be better done than at *Metapont*. And in effect, he was not deceived, for it being not long since that famous *Samian* Philosopher, whose renown hath so filled the World, died; most of his Disciples were there still, nor was it a small number, since there were neer six hundred, who particularly professed that they had learned of him, to honour Learning, and practise Vertue. Nay, *Pythagoras* had left behind him a Daughter, capable of the highest Disciplines, who had withal so great a Vertue, that her example was no less effectual in reforming the loosenes of the Women of that place, then the reprehensions of her Father. There were constantly with her *Archytas* of *Tarentum*, *Alcmaon* of *Crotona*, and *Hipasus* of *Metapont*, nay even the dreadful *Milo* every where famous for his prodigious strength, was forced to submit to the powerfulnes of her charms, and do honour to the memory of *Pythagoras*, who had lodged at his Fathers, while he sojourned in *Crotonia*. *Licinius* therefore believing *Metapont*, to be such a School, as were fit for the education of young *Brutus*, continued there with *Tarquinia*.

But my Lord, I had forgot to tell you, that *Marcus Junius* had enjoyned his wife at his death to marry that illustrious Roman, that so his children may have a vertuous Father, and that his Friend might have that wealth which he said he deserved better than himself, and whereto he had much right; for it was certain, that *Licinius* had been in love with *Tarquinia*, nor was she altogether void of love for him; so that though the second marriages are not very frequent at *Rome*, and that *Tarquinia* at first made some difficulty to obey her Husband, yet she was overcome, when she saw her self forced to it; considering with her self, it were much more to her reputation, to follow a banished Husband, than a banished Friend, how vertuous soever he might be, as also that *Licinius* would have a greater care of her Son, and would be inseparably engaged in her Fortune. Thus the vertuous *Tarquinia*, who was yet very handsome, though past that youthfulness which commonly illustrates a great Beauty, married the vertuous *Licinius*, but it was done privately, and there's not one in all *Rome* yet knows that he is *Tarquinia*'s Husband, and therefore cannot consequently imagine that the fair *Hermilia* is *Brutus*'s Sister.

How, interrupted *Aronces*, this beautiful Virgin whom *Amilcar* yesterday entertained with such gallant Courtship, is *Brutus*'s Sister? She is, replyed *Herminius*, for *Tarquinia* had this Daughter at *Metapont*, in the time of her banishment. But how, sayes *Amilcar*, is she said to be *Racilia*'s Neece? Supposing she were not *Tarquinia*'s Daughter.

The sequel of my discourse shall acquaint you, replyed *Herminius*; but to hasten to that which relates to *Brutus*, I am first to tell you, that in a short time, *Licinius* and *Tarquinia* were mightily esteemed at *Metapont*; however, they thought not fit to discover what they were, but rather to conceal their Quality, though they could not their Vertue, for which the wise and learned Daughter of *Pythagoras*, whose name was *Dame*, had so great a friendship for them, that she was particularly tender of the Education of young *Brutus*. She recommended him to the most famous of her Fathers Disciples, as soon as he had arrived an age capable to receive their instructions, and she her self gave him that advice, which hath not been finally

finally advantageous to him in the ſequel of his life.

For, my Lord, I muſt ſo far divert to the commendation of this learned Virgin, as to ſay, that no man in the world would think it a diſhonor to have a heart of the ſame metal with hers, inſomuch that *Licinius* and *Tarquinia* having experienced her prudence, goodneſs, and her vertue, depoſited with her the whole ſecret of their fortune, which reviving in this generous Virgin, the manner how her illuſtrious Father had ſometimes avoyded the tyranny of *Polycrates*, ſhe had a particular tenderneſs towards thoſe who forſook *Rome* to eſcape the tyranny of *Tarquin*. This conſideration occaſioned a ſtrict League between theſe three perſons, which was no ſmall advantage to *Licinius* and *Tarquinia*. For though *Dame* was not very rich her ſelf, yet ſhe is more eſteemed at *Metapont*, than thoſe who can brag moſt of the favours of fortune; and beſides that there is a great veneration for the memory of her Father, inſomuch that the people have made a Temple of the houſe where he lived, and that her Mother, named *Theano*, was alſo famous there for her Learning and Vertue, her own rare and excellent endowments purchaſe her the admiration of all the world. To be ſhort, ſhe made one expreſſion of Vertue which was very glorious, and ſuch as I cannot but acquaint you with, that you may the better know her, who hath inſtilled the firſt ſentiments of it into the illuſtrious *Brutus*.

You are then to note, that *Pythagoras* dying, left to his Daughter all he had written while he lived; not but that he had a Son, a knowing and vertuous perſon, but that he had a greater eſteem for this Daughter than for him; and believed that ſhe would the more exactly obey him in that command of his, that his writings ſhould never be carried out of houſe. This generous Virgin, though ſhe were not rich, yet obſtinately refuſed the infinite riches which were proffered her, if ſhe would but deliver up what her illuſtrious Father had entruſted her with; chuſing rather to live poorly, than diſobey the laſt deſires of him to whom ſhe ought more than her life, as being indebted to him for a part of her Vertue. This being an action very remarkable, proved ſo glorious to this excellent Virgin, that it gained her the general veneration of all *Metapont*. Hence came it that her friendſhip proved ſo advantageous to *Licinius* and *Tarquinia*. She was alſo the cauſe that *Brutus* was not brought up as other children, and that he was never taught any thing but what was manifeſted to him by Reaſon, not content with the ſimple performance of memory, as is the manner of moſt Maſters to deal with thoſe are committed to their charge. Beſides, though ſhe were daughter to a Philoſopher, who profeſſed auſterity, and one who had prevailed with the women of *Metapont*, voluntarily to beſtow part of thoſe things which ſerved them only for ornament, towards the building of a Temple for *Juno*, yet ſhe was of opinion, that thoſe who but began to live in this world, ſhould be allowed a certain honeſt liberty, and that Vertue ſhould have a kind of Adoleſcence, as I may ſo ſay, during which Feſtivals, Recreations, and innocent pleaſures ſhould be permitted, leſt the ſoul ſhould at the firſt aſſault be diſcouraged by the difficulties of ſtudy, and ſhould be over-whelmed by that which ſhould make her bear ſail againſt all adverſe fortune whatſoever. I ſhall entreat you (ſaid ſhe one day to *Tarquinia*, as I have learned ſince) if your reſolution be to bring up your ſon to great things, begin betimes to inſtil into him the love of Glory, and endeavour he may prefer it before all things. But how can I, replyed *Tarquinia*, conſidering my Son's age, inſpire him with deſires of Glory, ſince he is hardly maſter of his Reaſon? On the contrary, replyed this wiſe perſon, it is in this age, eaſieſt to weed out evil inclinations, and to cultivate the good, if the diſpoſition of thoſe they would correct, be but well underſtood. But commonly thoſe who have children, are more troubled to beſtow Wit on them, than Vertue. They are deſirous to teach them the Art of Writing, and ſpeaking well, not caring whether they are taught to do well; whereas if you follow my advice, you will think the Manners of your Son of equal concernment with his Mind. That which troubles me concerning *Junius*, replyed *Tarquinia*, is, that he is Vehement in any thing he deſires, that he is ſometimes as violently carried away with the conſideration of things of little importance, as thoſe of the greateſt, and that whatſoever his heart is ſenſible of, he obſtinately loves: And if he be ſo unhappy, as one day not to arrive to that faculty of diſcerning that there may be an obſtinacy without danger, he would be ſubject to very ſtrange things. I grant, replyed the vertuous daughter of *Pythagoras*, that what you ſay may come to paſs; but when all is done, the temperament of great minds ought to be ſuch as you repreſent that of your Son's, for there is nothing at ſo great a diſtance from true and heroick Vertue, as that ſoft indifference which obliges ſome perſons to be pleaſed with all things, or nothing; whence it comes to paſs, that they neither entertain great deſires of Glory, nor great fear of Infamy; that they neither love nor hate; that they follow cuſtome blindfold; that they are onely ſenſible of the afflictions of the body; their minds being in a manner inſenſible; and laſtly, that they are guilty of a certain indolence of mind, if one may ſo expreſs it, which renders them unworthy of life. In like manner, I ſhould be more prone to conceive greater hope of a man that ſhould in the beginning of his life, be ſtrongly hurried away by ſome evil habit, then one that faſtens on nothing; for to one that can love or hate irreconcileably, there needs no more to make him a vertuous man, but to repreſent unto him a rational object; but, with him, who is uncapable of any violent attraction, and whoſe heart lies legar to a general indifference, a man can never do any good; and Philoſophy it ſelf, who boaſts it hath remedies for all the indiſpoſitions of the ſoul, never had any could cure an indifferent mind. Nay, I am perſwaded, continued ſhe, that indifference is commonly an inſeparable companion of lowneſs of ſpirit; for it is ſo natural to man, to be carried towards that which he believes to be good, that if indifferent people were able to judge of things, they would faſten on ſomething. But certain it is, that this lukewarmneſs of temperament, which ſends forth but feeble deſires, ſheds but feeble lights, inſomuch as thoſe who are guilty of it, not knowing any thing certainly, cannot faſten on any thing with perſeverance.

I crave your pardon, my Lord, that I have been ſo

so particular in their circumstances, which seem not to be absolutely necessary to my relation; yet I hope you will not think them altogether unprofitable, since they serve to let you know what kind of education that man hath had, who hath so fortunately concealed the greatest mind in the world, and can as opportunely discover it when he pleases.

But not to abuse your patience, I shall enlarge no further upon this subject, and onely tell you, that *Brutus* had the learned *Damo* for the Tutoress of his youth, and the chiefest Disciples of *Pythagoras* were his Masters. I have heard him acknowledge, that the ingenious Commendations, and gentle and seasonable Repehensions of that knowing Virgin, were more advantageous to him than all his Books. She sometimes gave him very considerable advice, though she seemed onely simply to entrust him with the secret resentments of her heart: For *Brutus* having passed that age, wherein there is little danger of speaking any thing unseasonably, in company he seemed to have arrived to such a consistence of reason, that even those rational persons, with whom he conversed, admitted him five or six years older than he was. So that though he were yet very young, *Damo* numbred him among her friends, and those the chiefest. And certainly it was not without reason, for *Brutus* even at that time had a many excellent and winning endowments: He traveled into *Greece*, wherein though he spent but a year, yet it sufficed to polish his mind, and the Love he had for *Sappho*'s Verses, was so great, that the same passion taught him to make some himself, and those so good, as might be preferred before those of that famous *Lesbian*. Moreover he was couragious, meek, obliging, complaisant, and amiable, and born under such an Ascendent of love, that never was there any Lover guilty of a greater tenderness than he. Yet was not his affection fixed on any thing at *Metapont*, though he lived there after such a high rate, as raised him the love of all the Ladies there. Tis indeed true, that the friendship he professed to *Damo*, was a kind of Antidote against that Tyrannical passion, which hath been since, and still is, his mercileſs tormentor.

But since *Licinius* and *Tarquinia* could not think on *Rome* without regret; *Brutus* as soon as he was come to age, began to think of his return, and imagined it more glorious for him to die, than not to revenge his Fathers death. However he said nothing to *Tarquinia* of this intention of his, because she was sister to the Tyrant, who had ruined his house; but in fine, though he had an extraordinary tenderness for her, yet had he as great a hatred for *Tarquin*. But he did not yet perceive how he could hope to hurt him, yet he did what he could to avoid all assaults of love at *Metapont*, as being resolved to die at *Rome*. Nevertheless he had acknowledged to me, that once or twice he had received some impressions of Love, but that Ambition and Friendship had soon stifled them. So that though *Brutus*'s conversation at that time, was much like that of a Gallant and an Amorist, yet the Ladies had named him among themselves, *the Loveless Gallant*. That name indeed exposed him to a dangerous adventure; for you are to know, that the famous *Milo*, celebrated for his strength at the Olympick Games, yet one between whose body and mind there was no proportion would needs one day jeer him, and call him as others did, *the Loveless Gallant*. But he did it so bitterly, that *Brutus*, who certainly carries indignation enough in his heart, though, when he pleases he can put on as great a moderation, told him, with a malicious smile, that he was ready to acknowledge himself *the Loveless Gallant*, if conditionally he should confess himself to be *the Lover without Gallantry*. The dreadful *Milo*, whose force nothing could resist, presuming on the advantage which Nature had bestowed on him, returned *Brutus* a very sharp answer, who as confident of his courage, as the other of his strength, answered this famous wrestler with such a noble boldness, that the other conceiving himself affronted, blushed with madness, and, were it any glory for *Milo* to overcome thee, said he to him: I should soon teach thee, that some presumptions are unfortunate, by punishing thee for that thou art now guilty of, by provoking one who can, when he pleases, crush thee to pieces. I know very well, replied as roundly *Brutus*, that *Milo* hath been accustomed from his infancy to play with a young Bull, and that he carried one on his back at the Olympick Games: but I have never heard (continued he, with a smile full of contempt) that he knew as well how to fight with young Lions. Saying thus, *Brutus* layes hands on two swords which a Slave carried along who accidently passed by the place where *Milo* and he were walking. But he had no sooner taken them from the Slave, but casting one of them to *Milo*, Take that sword, said he to him, and, if thou wouldst preserve thy glory thou hast acquired, despise not an enemy who thinks he hath as great a heart as thy self, though he acknowledges thee to be the stronger. *Milo* entertained these words with a fierce look, while he took up the sword, which this illustrious Roman had cast him, and retreating two or three paces, and viewing with a threatning action, Young Confidence, said he to him, force me not to destroy thee, by casting thy self upon my arms, for I care not to overcome where there is no glory. But *Milo* had no sooner uttered these words, but he was convinced there was work for his strength to overcome the enemy he so much slighted. For *Brutus* making a pass at him with an incredible nimbleness, had run him through the body, had he not as readily warded the thrust with a back-blow, which made both their swords strike fire, which argued the strength of the arm which gave it. In the mean time *Milo* knowing that his advantage was to close with him, forgot not himself. He was greater than the ordinary size of men, his age double that of *Brutus*; he had all his lifetime practised wrestling, and all other exercises of the body, which requireth either sleight or strength; he was accounted the best wrestler in the world, and he was so excessively strong, that, it being beyond vulgar belief, that nature alone could make him such, people said, he derived it from a certain Stone, whose vertue was to bestow more than natural strength upon those that carried it. But though *Milo* had done things which might be justly attributed to a Gyant, *Brutus* found him more work than he expected, for he fought with so much judgement, that it was impossible *Milo* should close with him, though he made it his onely business to get him down. For *Milo* had no sooner thought of what he was to do, but *Brutus* shifting place, caused *Milo* to change his purpose, such a sleight had *Bru-*

tus in making his passes, and presently recovering himself out of the reach of that mercilesse enemy, who endeavouring onely to fasten on him, did onely ward his blowes, knowing that if he could but once get him under him, the victory were certain. Nor indeed had *Brutus* any great hopes to escape this bout, for having cut *Milo* over the left arm, he was so exasperated to see his adversaryes sword died with his blood, that he furiously ran upon *Brutus*, whom he got by the shoulder, but hapning to lay hold on him with his left hand, the wound in his arm pained him so, that he was forced to let go his hold, so that *Brutus* presently getting off, played upon him more furiously then before. The fierce *Milo* seeing himself in this condition, would cast himself a second time upon *Brutus*; but he having by his activity avoyded the blow, *Milo* was so inraged that he would offer at him by a black-blow over the head, which certainly, had it been effectual, had laid him along. But *Milo* having missed his blow, it happened the same strength should have gained him the victory, contributed to his being overcome; for he being desirous to direct his second blow on *Brutus*, his sword, missing his adversary, met with a tree, into which it sunk so deep, that striving to draw it out, he could not without breaking it. But what was admirable in *Brutus*, was that seeing his adversaries sword so engaged, he stood still and took no advantage of it, it being in his power, in this unfortunate Interval, to have killed *Milo*. But in this posture were they surprized by the Slave from whom *Brutus* had taken the swords, who being gone for people to part them, returned sufficiently accompanyed to put an end to the Duel. In the mean time *Milo* was so horribly enraged at the disgrace he received, that he knew not in a manner what he did, insomuch that in his madness taking hold of the Tree wherein was the piece of his sword, he shook it so violently that he took it up by the roots, and thought to have brushed those with it who were coming to them. This expression of a prodigious strength augmented *Brutus*'s glory, for there could be nothing so unexpected, as to see one of his age and strength over-master the terrible *Milo*, who had not met in all *Greece* with him that durst oppose him. But if the prudent *Damo* had not used all the interest she had in *Milo*, to perswade him to stifle the shame of being worsted, he would have broke forth into some violent course against *Brutus*. But she so well knew how to temper the bitternesse of his humour, that she forced him to embrace him whom he would with all his heart have smothered, were not the fiercenesse of his disposition restrained by the respect he bore her.

Thus, my Lord, have you had an account of *Brutus*'s infancy, who after this furious combat, was in greater esteem among the Ladies than ever. For though *Worth* be not the vertue of *Women*, yet is it certain that they love it, and that for its sake they prejudice other good Qualities, by preferring those who it may be are onely *Hectors*, before others, who instead of that one, have a many other rich Vertues.

Hereupon, *Brutus* seeing himself commended, and courted more than ordinary, was more inclined to fall in love with a very handsome Lady with whom the particular manner he came to be acquainted, is worth the relating to you. Besides that, though it be not she that gave such a violent assault to *Brutus*'s love, yet it is at least her acquaintance that hath been the cause of his coming to *Rome*, and that he lived here after the manner you have seen him.

You are then to know, that at *Crotona* there was a maid of an excellent wit, called *Bellanira*, who held correspondence by Letters with *Damo*; insomuch that writing to one another, as two persons who had no matters of state, but onely certain secrets of friendship to communicate, they gave one another an account of their pleasures, and principally of the new friends of either Sex, which they made. So that *Damo* receiving one day a Letter from *Bellanira*, shewed it to *Brutus*, and told him, she needed his assistance very much to answer it. *Brutus* conceiving it was some great affair that *Damo* should desire his advice in, opens this Letter, and found in it, if I mistake not, these words, at least I am certain it was to this effect.

Bellanira *to the wise* Damo.

I Once thought I should never have loved any thing but you, but now I am to tell you, that I have found a new Friend so worthy to be loved, that though I have your promise not to contract any new friendships, you would certainly come short of your word, if you knew her as well as I do. She is a Virgin, whose person endued with thousands of charms, wit, goodness, her inclinations absolutely noble, and her conversation infinitely pleasant; she is neither humorous, nor proud, but dearly loves her Friends, and is perpetually speaking to me of you, though she knew you no otherwise than by fame, and of whose friendship I have a thousand tender expressions. I desire to know whether I can, without ingratitude, refuse her affection, or without being unfaithful to you, divide mine with her, for since my heart is at your disposal, I cannot receive into it this new and charming Friend, without your permission, though I know not well how to keep her out.

When *Brutus* (who went at *Metapont* under a wrong name, which I cannot at the present call to mind) had read this Letter, he told *Damo* that it was handsomly writ, but saw not any necessity she had to answer it. You shall see that when I have done it, replyed she smiling; but when you have answered it, replyed he, I can do you no service in it. When you read it, answered she, you shall give me your opinion. Whereupon *Damo* taking writing-tables, writ to *Bellanira*, which when she had done, shewing it to *Brutus*, he therein read the Letter I am going to repeat to you.

Damo *to* Bellanira.

THat you may assure your self I am a person of as much sincerity as any in the World, I do ingenuously confess, that I am not a little glad that you have furnished me with a pretence to break the promise I made you, not to entertain any new Friendships. For if you have found out a Woman-friend you like so well, I can boast I have met with man I am so much taken with, that I think him worthy

ſo particular in their circumſtances, which ſeem not to be abſolutely neceſſary to my relation; yet I hope you will not think them altogether unprofitable, ſince they ſerve to let you know what kind of education that man hath had, who hath ſo fortunately concealed the greateſt mind in the world, and can as opportunely diſcover it when he pleaſes.

But not to abuſe your patience, I ſhall enlarge no further upon this ſubject, and onely tell you, that *Brutus* had the learned *Damo* for the Tutoreſs of his youth, and the chiefeſt Diſciples of *Pythagoras* were his Maſters. I have heard him acknowledge, that the ingenious Commendations, and gentle and ſeaſonable Repehenſions of that knowing Virgin, were more advantageous to him than all his Books. She ſometimes gave him very conſiderable advice, though ſhe ſeemed onely ſimply to entruſt him with the ſecret reſentments of her heart: For *Brutus* having paſſed that age, wherein there is little danger of ſpeaking any thing unſeaſonably, in company he ſeemed to have arrived to ſuch a conſiſtence of reaſon, that even thoſe rational perſons, with whom he converſed, admitted him five or ſix years older than he was. So that though he were yet very young, *Damo* numbred him among her friends, and thoſe the chiefeſt. And certainly it was not without reaſon, for *Brutus* even at that time had a many excellent and winning endowments: He traveled into *Greece*, wherein though he ſpent but a year, yet it ſufficed to poliſh his mind, and the Love he had for *Sappho*'s Verſes, was ſo great, that the ſame paſſion taught him to make ſome himſelf, and thoſe ſo good, as might be preferred before thoſe of that famous *Leſbian*. Moreover he was couragious, meek, obliging, complaiſant, and amiable, and born under ſuch an Aſcendent of love, that never was there any Lover guilty of a greater tenderneſs than he. Yet was not his affection fixed on any thing at *Metapont*, though he lived there after ſuch a high rate, as raiſed him the love of all the Ladies there. Tis indeed true, that the friendſhip he profeſſed to *Damo*, was a kind of Antidote againſt that Tyrannical paſſion, which hath been ſince, and ſtill is, his mercileſs tormentor.

But ſince *Licinius* and *Tarquinia* could not think on *Rome* without regret; *Brutus* as ſoon as he was come to age, began to think of his return, and imagined it more glorious for him to die, than not to revenge his Fathers death. However he ſaid nothing to *Tarquinia* of this intention of his, becauſe ſhe was ſiſter to the Tyrant, who had ruined his houſe; but in fine, though he had an extraordinary tenderneſs for her, yet had he as great a hatred for *Tarquin*. But he did not yet perceive how he could hope to hurt him, yet he did what he could to avoid all aſſaults of love at *Metapont*, as being reſolved to die at *Rome*. Nevertheleſs he had acknowledged to me, that once or twice he had received ſome impreſſions of Love, but that Ambition and Friendſhip had ſoon ſtifled them. So that though *Brutus*'s converſation at that time, was much like that of a Gallant and an Amoriſt, yet the Ladies had named him among themſelves, *the Loveleſs Gallant*. That name indeed expoſed him to a dangerous adventure; for you are to know, that the famous *Milo*, celebrated for his ſtrength at the Olympick Games, yet one between whoſe body and mind there was no proportion would needs one day jeer him, and call him as others did, *the Loveleſs Gallant*. But he did it ſo bitterly, that *Brutus*, who certainly carries indignation enough in his heart, though, when he pleaſes he can put on as great a moderation, told him, with a malicious ſmile, that he was ready to acknowledge himſelf *the Loveleſs Gallant*, if conditionally he ſhould confeſs himſelf to be *the Lover without Gallantry*. The dreadful *Milo*, whoſe force nothing could reſiſt, preſuming on the advantage which Nature had beſtowed on him, returned *Brutus* a very ſharp anſwer, who as confident of his courage, as the other of his ſtrength, anſwered this famous wreſtler with ſuch a noble boldneſs, that the other conceiving himſelf affronted, bluſhed with madneſs, and, were it any glory for *Milo* to overcome thee, ſaid he to him: I ſhould ſoon teach thee, that ſome preſumptions are unfortunate, by puniſhing thee for that thou art now guilty of, by provoking one who can, when he pleaſes, cruſh thee to pieces. I know very well, replied as roundly *Brutus*, that *Milo* hath been accuſtomed from his infancy to play with a young Bull, and that he carried one on his back at the Olympick Games: but I have never heard (continued he, with a ſmile full of contempt) that he knew as well how to fight with young Lions. Saying thus, *Brutus* layes hands on two ſwords which a Slave carried along who accidently paſſed by the place where *Milo* and he were walking. But he had no ſooner taken them from the Slave, but caſting one of them to *Milo*, Take that ſword, ſaid he to him, and, if thou wouldſt preſerve thy glory thou haſt acquired, deſpiſe not an enemy who thinks he hath as great a heart as thy ſelf, though he acknowledges thee to be the ſtronger. *Milo* entertained theſe words with a fierce look, while he took up the ſword, which this illuſtrious Roman had caſt him, and retreating two or three paces, and viewing with a threatning action, Young Confidence, ſaid he to him, forces me not to deſtroy thee, by caſting thy ſelf upon my arms, for I care not to overcome where there is no glory. But *Milo* had no ſooner uttered theſe words, but he was convinced there was work for his ſtrength to overcome the enemy he ſo much ſlighted. For *Brutus* making a paſs at him with an incredible nimbleneſs, had run him through the body, had he not as readily warded the thruſt with a back-blow, which made both their ſwords ſtrike fire, which argued the ſtrength of the arm which gave it. In the mean time *Milo* knowing that his advantage was to cloſe with him, forgot not himſelf. He was greater than the ordinary ſize of men, his age double that of *Brutus*; he had all his lifetime practiſed wreſtling, and all other exerciſes of the body, which requireth either ſleight or ſtrength; he was accounted the beſt wreſtler in the world, and he was ſo exceſſively ſtrong, that, it being beyond vulgar belief, that nature alone could make him ſuch, people ſaid, he derived it from a certain Stone, whoſe vertue was to beſtow more than natural ſtrength upon thoſe that carried it. But though *Milo* had done things which might be juſtly attributed to a Gyant, *Brutus* found him more work than he expected, for he fought with ſo much judgement, that it was impoſſible *Milo* ſhould cloſe with him, though he made it his onely buſineſs to get him down. For *Milo* had no ſooner thought of what he was to do, but *Brutus* ſhifting place, cauſed *Milo* to change his purpoſe, ſuch a ſleight had *Bru-*

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Thus, my Lord, have you had an account of *Brutus*'s infancy, who after this furious combat, was in greater esteem among the Ladies than ever. For though *Worth* be not the vertue of *Women*, yet is it certain that they love it, and that for its sake they prejudice other good Qualities, by preferring those who it may be are onely *Hectors*, before others, who instead of that one, have a many other rich Vertues.

Hereupon, *Brutus* seeing himself commended, and courted more than ordinary, was more inclined to fall in love with a very handsome Lady with whom the particular manner he came to be acquainted, is worth the relating to you. Besides that, though it be not she that gave such a violent assault to *Brutus*'s love, yet it is at least her acquaintance that hath been the cause of his coming to *Rome*, and that he lived here after the manner you have seen him.

You are then to know, that at *Crotona* there was a maid of an excellent wit, called *Bellanira*, who held correspondence by Letters with *Damo*; insomuch that writing to one another, as two persons who had no matters of state, but onely certain secrets of friendship to communicate, they gave one another an account of their pleasures, and principally of the new friends of either Sex, which they made. So that *Damo* receiving one day a Letter from *Bellanira*, shewed it to *Brutus*, and told him, she needed his assistance very much to answer it. *Brutus* conceiving it was some great affair that *Damo* should desire his advice in, opens this Letter, and found in it, if I mistake not, these words, at least I am certain it was to this effect.

Bellanira *to the wise* Damo.

I Once thought I should never have loved any thing but you, but now I am to tell you, that I have found a new Friend so worthy to be loved, that though I have your promise not to contract any new friendships, you would certainly come short of your word, if you knew her as well as I do. She is a Virgin, whose person endued with thousands of charms, wit, goodness, her inclinations absolutely noble, and her conversation infinitely pleasant; she is neither humorous, nor proud, but dearly loves her Friends, and is perpetually speaking to me of you, though she knew you no otherwise than by fame, and of whose friendship I have a thousand tender expressions. I desire to know whether I can, without ingratitude, refuse her affection, or without being unfaithful to you, divide mine with her, for since my heart is at your disposal, I cannot receive into it this new and charming Friend, without your permission, though I know not well how to keep her out.

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Damo *to* Bellanira.

THat you may assure your self I am a person of as much sincerity as any in the World, I do ingenuously confess, that I am not a little glad that you have furnished me with a pretence to break the promise I made you, not to entertain any new Friendships. For if you have found out a Woman-friend you like so well, I can boast I have met with man I am so much taken with, that I think him worthy

worthy to be a Servant to that Beauty you have so drawn to the life; for there issue greater charms from his mind, than can from her eyes, as being one, whose soul speaks greater excellencies than you have met with in all the men you have known. So that to deal sincerely with you, I should have been as much troubled to refuse admittance to this new friend, as you would be, should I oblige you, to break off with yours. I am willing therefore, that we be mutually guilty of Infidelity, and (the better to confirm our joynt-conquest) that we engage these two persons, who both love us, to love one another; lest that, if your friend should have a Servant that were not my friend, she might prevail with you to forsake me, and that mine having a Mistress which were not your friend, he would endeavor to lessen my friendship towards you. Propose therefore what I tell you to that amiable person, who robs me of part of your soul, and I shall make the same proposition to him who must keep you company in mine.

But for ought I see, interrupted *Amilcar*, the Sciences have not spoiled the wit of this daughter of *Pythagoras*, since she writes so excellently; and her Philosophy is not too austere, since she allows *Love* to be of the *University* of her Friends.

On the contrary, replyed *Herminius*, she holds that to be truly vertuous, requires a temperament full of passion, and that there cannot be a fervent affection for Vertue, where there is not withal a passionate tenderness. But to speak truly, did the Painters draw Love as she imagines it, they would disburthen him of his *Fillet*, his *Bow* and *Arrows*, and leave him only his *Torch*; for this wise Virgin says, she cannot endure the Love that is blind, and that it is enough a heart should be set a-fire, without being shot thorough with darts. In fine, she so purifies this passion, that she cleanses it from whatever is dangerous, and yet takes away nothing from it that is pleasant.

But to return to *Brutus*, after that *Damo* had shewn him the Letter she writ to *Bellamira*, he made as if he understood not himself to be that so well-liked person, she so mentioned to her friend, but purposely, that he might be the more fully satisfied of a thing which pleased him; but at length she reduced him to a necessity of rendering her a thousand thanks. Yet he told her, that he should never have confidence enough to see *Bellamira*, having seen what she writ to her of him; but she answered, it should not be long ere he saw her, for that she was resolved on a journey to *Crotona*, that she had engaged *Tarquinia* for the same place, and that she would oblige him to conduct her, and indeed within fifteen days all came to pass accordingly. But in the mean time, *Bellamira* and *Damo* writ to one another, with as much bravery as friendship; so that when they saw one another, *Brutus* found himself confirmed in the mind of *Bellamira*, who joyfully received him, and sincerely confessed to *Damo*, that she were to blame if she should refuse his friendship.

But this new friend of hers being not yet come to *Crotona*, as being expected within four days, these two loving persons resolved to put some trick upon the inchanting *Chrysis*, for so was that Beauty called. To this end *Damo*, who knew that *Brutus* could as easily disguise his mind, as discover it, when the humor took him, told *Bellamira*, that, the more to surprise her friend, 'twere fit *Brutus* should put on his stupidity the first time he should see *Chrysis*, to see how she would receive a Lover, of whom she had formed so great an Idea. *Bellamira* approving the proposition, and *Brutus* saying that it was easie for him, and not unseasonable at the first sight, to disguise his humor, rather than to be too forward to disclose it, promised so far to over-reach the fair *Chrysis*, that she should go near to despise him. And I promise you, replyed *Bellamira*, that as soon as she comes to know you, she will esteem you infinitely. It shall be therefore for your sake, replyed he. Nay, it shall be rather for her own sake, replyed the pleasant *Damo*, since she must be much to blame, if she know you and did not esteem you. For, to deal plainly with you, you will not be able to conceal your self. Not but that when you are among those that force you to it, you differ much from what you are among those you like, yet you also listen like one who has the discretion to be weary of hearing things of no entertainment. However it be, replyed he, I warrant you, I make *Chrysis* believe I have no common sence, and force her to some visible expressions of her contempt. For my part, replyed *Bellamira*, I am somewhat afraid, as well as *Damo*, that you will not be able to deceive *Chrysis*; whereas there is nothing more unhandsome than to undertake a pleasant circumvention, and not go through with it. I should find you in a greater fear, replyed *Brutus*, if I were obliged to gain *Chrysis*'s esteem at the first sight, to entertain her with great and noble things, and screw up her admiration, instead of purchasing her contempt: for truly, I think nothing harder than to act a part of wit, nor any thing easier than not to shew that wit one hath. You have too much for to hide it so easily, replyed *Damo*; but, put the case I have as you say, replyed he smiling, it will not be hard for me to do what I think. We shall see replyed *Bellamira*, but I am afraid you your self will be deceived, and that you cannot deceive *Chrysis*. That which makes for *Brutus*, replyed *Damo*, is, that whether he deceive her, or not, it will still be much to his reputation; for if he cannot conceal his wit, it will be said he is very happy, that he hath so much that he cannot hinder it from appearing; and if he do conceal it, he will be much commended for his subtilty, that he can conceal the greatest wit, from one of the sprightliest wenches in the world. *Brutus* returned this complement with another; and their discourse that day was so pleasant and divertive, that *Bellamira* could not conceive how *Brutus* could carry himself and not discover his worth.

But in fine, three days after *Chrysis* comes to *Crotona*, but so late at night, that she could not meet with any could direct her, either to *Brutus* or to *Damo*. In the mean time, *Bellamira*, whose imagination was tickled with the pleasure of her friends surprisal, sent her back word by a slave which *Chrysis* had sent to her, that she was very sorry she could not wait on her, as being somewhat indisposed. but that if she were as obliging as fair, she would give her a visit in the afternoon; which *Chrysis*, who had for *Bellamira* the greatest ardency of a new friendship, failed not to do, and came presently after dinner. But she was no sooner come in, than *Bellamira*, after the first ceremonies of complement, told her that this new friend of *Da-*

me's, who was to be her servant, was in *Cretona*, and was that day to be at her lodging, together with that excellent maid, who had honoured her with his acquaintance. But I beseech you, said she to her laughing, make me not ashamed, shew this day your greatest wit; and consult with my glass about your dressing, that your beauty may shine in its full lustre. Ah *Bellamira*, replied she, who grasps at wit, loses it, and I never miss it, so much as when I most think on it. But I pray you, continued she, what do you think of this friend of *Damo's*? I take him, replied *Bellamira*, to be the greatest wit in the world, and that if you can conquer his heart, it will be a conquest worthy of you. But, continued she, to spare both you and him the troublesomness of your first complements, I shall not exactly represent him to you, but shall leave that alone till discourse start out an occasion to do it.

Chrysis satisfied with what her friend said, fell into discourse about *Damo*, who soon after comes in; but he had hardly appeared, ere *Bellamira*, presenting *Chrysis* to her, said to her, See I pray, whether my infidelity be excusable, or if I could, without injustice, deny my friendship, to a person whom I think worthy of yours, which is much more precious than mine. *Damo* answered this Bravery very obligingly, both as to *Bellamira* and *Chrysis*, who talked with so much discretion, that she both justified *Bellamira*, and ravished *Damo*.

In the mean time comes in *Brutus*, but though *Bellamira* knew he was to disguise himself to deceive *Chrysis*, she herself was surprised at the manner of his carriage; for, as he came in, he changed the very air of his countenance, stupidity entred into his physiognomy, his civilities were so ungraceful, and uncertain, that *Chrysis* was extreamly disturbed, especially hearing *Bellamira* naming him by the name of that friend of *Pythagoras's* daughter. But if she was surprized at his arrival, she was amazed at his discourse for, for two hours together she could not observe in him a look or a smile, which might raise a suspition that he had but a common sense, so far was he from seeming to have any extraordinary parts. Not that he had betrayed himself by any extravagant talk, but there was such a natural dulness in all his discourse, that it was not to be imagined, that he, who spake so, did counterfeit; insomuch that *Chrysis* had not the least jealousie of it, but was absolutely perswaded, that he, whom she saw, was not the same she had heard of. So that coming to *Bellamira*, For Heavens sake, said she to her, what pleasure do you take to do me a discourtesie? Nay it is true, that you your self buy the delight you take in abusing me, at too dear a rate, when you purchase it with the conversation of the most stupid of mankind, and that for so long time. *Bellamira*, who was very much pleased at what *Chrysis* said, as being an evident token that she was deceived, burst forth into such a loud laughter, that *Chrysis* was confirmed in what she thought, that her friend had put a trick upon her; but that which was most admirable, was, that though she was satisfied she was deceived, yet could she not comprehend after what manner. So that the more she spoke of it, the more sport she found *Damo* and *Bellamira*, for she insinuated by what she said, that she did not believe *Brutus* to be *Brutus*, and was so far from thinking him able to understand what she said, that she did not stick to tell him so much.

But the man who seemed so stupid, upon a sign from *Damo* and *Bellamira*, ceased to be so, and surprised *Chrysis* after such a manner, that having heard him talk a quarter of an hour, she could not hold from breaking forth into a cry of astonishment. She would be angry with *Bellamira*, and to punish her for this advice, she told her she would honour her friends the more for it, and prefer this new one before her. Alas Madam, replied *Brutus*, do not break any of the Articles which are agreed upon between our two friends, for any concernment of mine, and remember that I am to be your Servant, not your Friend. Though I should do a less displeasure to *Bellamira*, replied she, in receiving you favorably as a Lover, than if I receive you as a Friend, yet you will give me leave not to inslave my self to the humours of two persons, who take up all their sport upon my account. Ah Madam, cryed out *Brutus*, if you will do *Bellamira* so great a spight; and deprive her of all your friendship, you must needs be guilty of some love; for do you conceive that any thing else can lessen the affection you have for that amiable person? Believe me, continued she, friendship is never destroyed by friendship, there must be something stronger than it self, that should force it out of a heart which it is once possessed of, and it is onely *Love* which can do what you pretend. For when all is done, a man may make many new friends, without injury done to the old; a man's mind is eatily divided into many friendships.

There are some friends, whose secrets a man is contented to know, and yet thinks not fit to trust them with his; there are others, to whom a man communicates things of importance, whom he would not entertain with trifles; and on the contrary, there are some, whom a man would acquaint with many inconsiderable secrets, to whom yet he would not commit matters of concernment. So that a man raises some kind of pleasure out of all, and though it be in a different manner, yet a man still takes some delight in all those for whom he hath never so little friendship. But Madam it is otherwise with *Love*, for when one is possessed with never so little of it, it presently causes a remission in the enjoyments of friendship; and when the heart is once wholly enflamed by it, there is no pleasure in the friends of either sex; what was divertive before, ceases to be so; the conversation of those we most esteem proves tedious; and pleasure it self is not pleasure, if it be not divided with the person beloved; for in fine, Love knows so well how to distrelish all the enjoyments of friendship, that if you would take a ful revenge of *Bellamira*, you must resolve to entertain a little love. If it be as you say (replied *Chrysis* laughing) I should be much obliged to you, if you can engage *Bellamira* to love some body, that so my friendship may prove unconsiderable to her. Ah, charming *Chrysis*, replied the lively *Brutus*, that is the way to be revenged on your self; for you would thereby deprive your self of the greatest pleasures in the world, and bestow it on *Bellamira*, who would little regard the delights of friendship, when she hath once tasted those of Love. But I pray tell me, says *Damo*, who hath taught you to talk so learnedly of a passion, which was never yet absolute Mistress of your heart? I am born under such a Love-star, Madam, replyed he, that even when I do not love any thing, yet from the simple imagination that I may love, I derive a sensible delight.

Upon this, *Chryſis* enclining to be pacified, there happenned very pleaſant diſcourſe between theſe three perſons: but it was ſoon interrupted by the enterance of a Lady who carryed ſeverity in her countenance, all whoſe actions were as it were ſet in tune, and whoſe very looks ſeemed to commend all that is called Pleaſure. Inſomuch that *Bellanira*, *Damo*, and *Chryſis*, who knew her, preſently ſtifled this diſcourſe, whereat *Brutus* much wondered; for he perceived they were quite other people than they were a minute before.

As ſoon therefore as this party was gone, he haſtily asked who that auſtere Lady was, who had diſturbed their diſcourſe. This Lady, replied the pleaſant *Chryſis* is one, whom a certain Diſciple of *Damo*'s illuſtrious Father, hath inſtructed to part with humanity and reaſon; but the worſt is, that ſhe is not the onely woman in *Crotona*, who hath vowed to obſerve this cruel Auſterity, which indeed is as pernicious as Calumny it ſelf; for they are a knot of women of the ſame humour, whom I cannot by any means away with. But I would know further, replied *Brutus*, how they have been induced to love Vertue, when ſhe is repreſented to them ſo deformed. To give you a true account of their ſeverity, replied ſhe, you muſt lay this down as an immovable principle, that the temperament is not to be changed.

The doctrine of the wiſe *Pythagoras*, though it be in it ſelf but one, yet hath it been diverſly interpreted, according to the ſeveral opinions of thoſe who have received it. So that there being a perſon of ſome quality, though of no great parts, among the Diſciples of *Pythagoras*, a man of a ſevere nature, he for the moſt part miſunderſtood his precepts, and miſinterpreted them to his own humour; inſomuch, that at laſt he hath hewn out a certain ſcrupulous moral Philoſophy, which frightens a mind rightly principled.

As for that, ſayes *Bellanira*, we are onely to conſider, after what manner the Ladies, who are under his tuition, ſpeak and behave themſelves; and we ſhall find them ſo chimerically ſcrupulous, that it is not eaſily imagined how diſcreet and knowing women could be cajolled into things ſo fantaſtick. And that which is yet ſtranger, added *Damo*, is, that theſe ſcrupulous Ladies, whoſe ſtomachs would turn to ſee Love but in picture, rail at all women, lightly condemning the moſt innocent actions; cannot endure thoſe pleaſures they themſelves take not, ſpare not the reputation of the deareſt to them of their own ſex, find fault with every thing they do not themſelves, and turn to the worſt what ever is done behind their backs, and whatever they underſtand not. Mereover, they are ſtrangely prying into all things, they would know what ever is done in other conventicles, that they may have ſomewhat to rail at in their own; they even have an indignation to thoſe delights, which they will not take themſelves, and they are ſo conceited on their pretended Vertue, that they treat all other Ladies as prophane perſons, unworthy their Society. But for my part, I ſhall never account theſe vertuous, who take occaſion from their Vertue, to augment their pride, and to contemn whatever is not of their way. But that which is further remarkable, added *Bellanira*, is, that none of theſe ſcrupulous Dames, who are ſo rigid in cenſuring the actions of others, reform any one evill habit in themſelves, for I know one the moſt cholerick perſon in the world, who endeavours not once in her life to reſtrain the firſt agitations of her mind, but is perpetually ranting and chiding thoſe that live under her. I know another ſo ſlouthful and careleſs, that I think, ſome dayes, ſhe would not go one ſtep forward to meet a good fortune that were coming to her. I know one ſo penurious, that ſhe will not allow her ſelf thoſe ordinary things which advance her beauty, though ſhe be a great cheriſher of it; and there are four or five of them, who, far from living upon wild fruits, as *Pythagoras* did, are ſo great lovers of good cheer, that they ſpend the greateſt part of their life in eating or in ſtudying what they ſhould eat. In the mean time, theſe Dames, becauſe they ſet an extraordinary value upon themſelves, deſpiſe all others, and imagine that people ought to build Temples, and erect Altars to them.

But to countervail this replied *Damo*, there is another of my Fathers Diſciples, who hath expounded his doctrine after another manner, for there are a ſort of women, into whom he hath inſtilled his opinions, ſcruple at nothing, but out of a deſire they have, that their actions might be well taken, make the beſt of thoſe of others, how faulty ſoever they may be. They hold, that it is the Intention onely that can make an action *evill*, ſo that with the beſt Intentions they many times commit the greateſt Follies.

There is among theſe women ſo profeſſed a Libertiniſm, that it may be ſaid they place their honour in not having any: For they trouble not themſelves about any thing but what pleaſes them, and what diverts them; and to juſtifie this humour, they quote that act of compaſſion which my Father did in *Egypt*, when he prevailed with the Fiſhermen to ſell him all the Fiſh they had taken, that he might reſtore them their lives. Whence they infer that it is not likely that a man, who thought he performed an act of Vertue in giving liberty to a ſort of Fiſhes, would have all the paſſions chained up, and ſo render humane life comfortleſs and penſive, ſo that ſquaring Philoſophy to their own humour, they lead ſuch lives, as if they were come into the world onely to ſtudy their pleaſures, and to ſatisfie all their deſires without any abatement.

I ſhould prefer theſe however before the other, replyed *Brutus*, for they hurt no body, and ſpend not their time ill; but on the contrary, thoſe auſtere Dames, are damnably troubleſome, and diſturb all the enjoyments of Society. Truly, replyed *Damo*, they all deſerve to be condemned; and there is a third way may be taken, which certainly is the ſureſt, the moſt rational, and the moſt convenient, if the mind be but rightly diſciplined.

But, my Lord, I conſider not that I ſpend too much time in relating to you what paſſed between theſe perſons; for ſince that the counterfeit ſtupidity of *Brutus* at that time, partly occaſioned his continuance of it, for his ſafe abode in *Rome*, I might have paſſed by the account of all that converſation. But to make amends for this digreſſion, into which I am ſenſibly fallen; I muſt withal omit a many gallantries *Brutus* did in that place, while he ſtayed there, yet not forgetting to tell you that *Tarquin* and *Damo* returning to *Metapont*, prevailed with *Bellanira* to accompany them, and brought alſo *Chryſis* along with them. *Brutus* then having the oppor-

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tunity to see them daily, began to entertain a love for *Chrysis*, nor could he say he wanted any from *Bellanira*; so that now he was not out of employment as being a servant of *Chrysis*, though *Bellanira* had the greater affection for him, as believing him not too far engaged with her friend: Besides that he had infinite friendship for *Damo*.

Now was it that he led a pleasant life, for his greatest business was to find out new recreations. Love and Friendship were the subjects of his Poetry, and those of his Epistles, Complement and Courtship; nor did he find others less pleasure than he did himself. But indeed this bravery was interrupted by the grief which the death of *Tarquinia* brought him, who died in Child-bed of *Hermilia*; but as time doth insensibly cure all afflictions of this nature, so *Brutus*, within a few dayes, yeilded to his former inclination, whereof the freqent journeys he made to *Cretona*, whither *Chrysis* was returned, were such visible expressions that *Licinius* could easily perceive the progress of that passion through the mask of the trouble he was in for the death of *Tarquinia*. Whence taking occasion to perform his promise to *Marcus Junius*, he told *Brutus* that his friends at *Rome* had wrought his reconciliation with *Tarquin*, and that he understood there was some little inclination to a Revolt; that therefore he was obliged to return thither, and consequently should not engage himself at *Cretona*. I have stood so long upon my guard as to that point, replyed *Brutus*, that if you find me not some employment, I shall not long be master of my self. For the hatred I bear *Tarquin* will be unprofitable, as long as I remain in a place where I cannot hurt him. Therefore if you would stifle the love which I feel growing within me, let me know whether I may hope to revenge my Father and my Brother's death; deliver *Rome* from slavery, and assume the glorious title of the Restorer of my Country.

You demand much in a breath, replyed *Licinius*, but all I can tell you, is, that while you are at *Metapont*, you will do nothing of all you intend. Let us then to *Rome*, replyed *Brutus*, and that suddenly. You must certainly go, replyed *Licinius*, but you must withal do it securely, and suffer your self to be guided by those who are acquainted with *Tarquin's* humour, and who hope to over reach him, and elude all his distrust. *Brutus* attentively hearkning to *Licinius*, promised an implicite obedience to his advice, and that he would submit himself to him as he would have done to his Father.

This done, it was resolved they should communicate their design to the wise *Damo*; nor failed they the same day to acquaint her with the whole state of their affaires; but when they had well examined the business, they were mightily troubled to find out some expedient for the safety of *Brutus's* life. For his part, it was the least of his troubles, but *Licinius*, and *Damo* seemed not so littly concerned in it. At length, after many thoughts of it, this prudent Virgin said, she thought she had found out a way how *Brutus* might be in *Rome* without danger. For, in fine, said she, directing her speech to *Licinius*, I never heard that *Tarquin* doth ordinarily commit any crimes which are no advantage to him. When he poysoned his Wife and his Brother, it much concerned him they should be out of the World. When he caused *Servilius Tullus* to be murthered, 'twas to get into the Throne himself. When he dispatched the Widdow of that vertuous and unfortunate King, it was out of a fear lest her tears and her vertue might move compassion in the people. When he gave a violent purge to the Senate, it was his design to remove thence all vertuous persons, who might oppose his injustice. When he banished or put to death so many illustrious Citizens, 'twas because they were men of conduct and courage, likely to undertake any thing against him. And to come neer home, when he put to death the Father and Brother of him, whose life you would preserve, it was because they were powerful, forward, and rich. Hence I conclude, that for *Brutus* to be safe at *Rome* until the Gods shall think fit to change the Government, *Tarquin* must be perswaded that *Brutus* can never hurt him.

Now this will come to pass, if he will but resolve to do that for his own, and haply for the safety of *Rome*, which he so pleasantly did some few days since for the diversion of his Mistress, when by an ingenious trick to deceive the fair *Chrysis*, he counterfeited Simplicity so naturally, that he deceived one the least easily deceived of any I know. How, replyed fiercely *Brutus*, must I act the Fool and the Sot all my life? You must certainly do it, replyed she, for by that means *Tarquin*, not jealous of you, would rest secure, and would haply be glad to let you live, so to give an example of moderation, when it is not prejudicial to him. Ah, generous *Damo*, cryed he, how harsh is this expedient! For though it be a hard task to betray a great understanding, it is a harder to personate distraction; and since, to be free with you, I must tell you, that my only business at *Rome* is to destroy *Tarquin* and be revenged on him; I beseech you consider what mischief that man can doe him, whose conversation all the World would avoid, and who would be thought not to have common sense. For my part, replyed she, my reason dissents from yours, for I conceive nothing more considerable in a dangerous conspiracy, than to have a great understanding, and a great courage, invisible to the World. In fine, if at *Rome* there be no inclination to a revolt, added *Licinius*, you may be safe and quiet; and if there be some secret risings in the City conducing to your design, you may discover your self to those who shall be able and desirous to act for the publique good. Yet once more, cryed out *Brutus*, this expedient is harsh and indigestible. And yet, replyed *Licinius*, there is no mean, you must either resolve this way, or be for ever banished *Rome*, and not expect to revenge your Father's death, or ever hope to recover what the unjust *Tarquin* hath taken from you; and to ascend a little higher, you must either accept it, or ever renounce Glory. If it come to that, replyed *Brutus*, I would rather renounce Reason, and submit my self to whatever you shall order.

Having thus resolved, *Licinius*, not willing to give *Brutus* leisure to repent, set all things in order for his departure, and four dayes after, the resolution taken was put in execution. He thought not fit *Brutus* should come to *Rome* till he had seen how he would be received, so that he onely brought with him the little *Hermilia*, who was hardly out of her Nurse's armes, and delivered her to be brought up to the sage *Racilia*, giving out that he was married at *Metapont*, but that his Wife was dead, not discovering whom he had married, for fear of ex-

posing *Hermilia* to the cruelty of the tyrant, should he know she were daughter to *Tarquinia*, for whom he had an inveterate hatred, especially since she had left *Rome*. But he was no sooner admitted into *Tarquin*'s presence, but he asked what was become of *Marcus Junius*'s Sons? whereto he answered, that though he were alive, he might well be numbred among the dead. This doubtful answer encreasing *Tarquin*'s curiosity, he was very importunate with *Licinius* to resolve this Riddle; who acting his part very subtilely, made as if he were loath to satisfie his curiosity. But at length yielding by degrees, he told him he was much troubled to tell him that a man who had the honor to be so near of kin to him, was so senseless as *Junius* seemed to be in all his words and actions. This he had scarcely said, but *Tarquin*, instead of being troubled at it, could not but betray his gladness; not but that he said it troubled him, but his eyes, more faithful than his mouth, discovered the secret of his heart, and argu'd, he had rather have a senseless, than an understanding man to his Nephew. Nevertheless, being afraid of being deceived, he bid *Licinius* bring him to him, which he pressed so much, that *Licinius* easily perceived that if he did not obey the tyrant, his life was in danger. So that promising what he desired, she sent an express to *Brutus*, whom he had secretly brought to an old friends house within six miles of *Rome*, and acquainted how things stood. *Brutus* was now past all deliberation, as to what he was to do; for considering with himself, that if he went not to *Rome*, *Licinius* might be ill intreated, and that withal his own life, as well as that of his Father-in-law's was in danger, if he appeard not there in his feigned stupidity, he resolv'd to do it, and was accordingly brought to *Tarquin*. But as he went, what did he not think on, and what apprehensions of anguish seized him? He left *Metapont*, where he had led an infinitely pleasant life, as a banished person. He there left a gallant friend, whom he infinitely loved, he smothered a growing love, which filled his heart with hope and joy, he lost the good company of a many honest people; he renounced all pleasure, save the hope of Revenge, and he forsook, as I may so say, his own reason. But, all considered, *Licinius*'s life being at the stake, the revenging of his friends death, and the deliverance of his Country, being to be effected, he overcame the aversion he had to make use of so fantastick a pretence for his stay in *Rome*; and resolved to live there after a much different manner than he had done at *Metapont*. In effect when *Licinius* presented him to *Tarquin*, he acted the part of a dul and fooliſh person so well, that the fierce Tyrant was deceived in him, so that instead of being troubled to see him in that condition, he was very glad of it, for it was an affliction to him to think that *Marcus Junius* should have a Son alive in any place in the world, who might haply one day endeavour to revenge his fathers death. But considering him in his present condition, he was not afraid of him, nor was he sorry he could give one example of humanity without danger. He therefore seemed to have a care of him, and to be the more assured of him, he thought fit he should be married, for he was not so sottish but he betrayed the inclination he had to women. But being to marry, he must take the daughter of a man engaged in his interests, lest he should dispose of himself, and haply ally himself with some family too well affected to the publique good, and so the name of *Junius*, venerable in *Rome*, should revive. Nay to dis-accustome a People from a Name had been dear to them ever since the foundation of the famous City, the young Gallants of the Court began, by way of abuse, to call him *Brutus*, and left off calling him *Junius*; for as to the other name he went under at *Metapont*, and which I have forgotten, it was never known at *Rome*. But that which was most remarkable, was, that he whom they called by that name, which was not proper for him, though it seemed so, accustomed himself to answer to it, the more to express his stupidity, so that insensibly all came to call him *Brutus*, and *Licinius* himself hath called him so.

You now know, my Lord, in what manner this noble Roman returned to *Rome*, was married, and lived there, not so much as taking notice that *Tarquin* had usurped all the wealth of his house, and gave him onely so much as was barely necessary for his subsistance. Nor indeed did *Brutus* trouble himself about it, but his wives father, who was nothing afflicted at the misfortune of his son-in law, for that the Tyrant enriched him upon his account. But *Brutus* who was not come to *Rome* but to deliver it from the tyranny of *Tarquin*, was infinitely perplexed, for he understood by *Licinius Valerius*, and his vertuous Aunt *Racilia*, who were all intrusted with the secret of his life, whatever passed in the particular faction that were in *Rome*, the City, and that a Plot was sooner laid, and a Party engaged, but *Tarquin* quashed it by the death or banishment of the Plotters, and that consequently there was no likelihood of destroying the Tyrant, or delivering *Rome*, or ever appearing there with his reason about him, though he were resolved to forget all the violences, and all the enormities of *Tarquin*, for he was absolutely convinced that if the tyrant should once discover he had any understanding, he would soon take away his life. He also heard how that the cruel *Tullia* insolently answered a woman, who said, It was great pity, that *Brutus* was so stupid; that if he were not, it should cost him something more than his reason. So that not conceiving any probability of doing what he hoped, he led a most sad and melancholy life, having no other comfort but what he received by the Letters of the wise daughter of *Pythagoras*; for as for his rising love, it vanished presently after his return to *Rome*. While he was in this perplexity, his wife dies, leaving him two sons, which she brought him soon after their marriage; which accident somewhat encreased his pensiveness, for that she was a handsome woman and good natured. Not but that he lived with her in a strange awe and caution, for though he had a great friendship for her, because she was so well conditioned, as not to despise him, and that she believed him as simple as he made himself, yet he never durst discover himself to her, as knowing ever since he married her, that it was an impossibility with her not to tell a thing she knew, and that there never was woman less able to hold her peace than she. So that he was forced to an insupportable reservedness, even in those hours wherein all others have the greatest freedom. Yet could he not but grieve for her death, as one in whom he had met with both vertue and mildness. But as he had not any great affection

ction for her, and what he had might be rather called acquaintance than friendſhip, ſo, had he known no other affliction, Time would have overcome it. But he ſaw *Tarquin*'s power encreaſe every day; he ſaw the greateſt part of any worth, baniſhed or put to death; all the young men ſlaves to the tyrant's fortune; and ſo little likelyhood of any advantageous change for *Rome*, that he could hardly entertain any hope ever to ſee his Countrey or his Reaſon at liberty. This brought an unſpeakable melancholy, which cauſed him to avoid company as much as he could, nay in a manner made him deſirous to avoid himſelf.

But *Licinius*, who was yet alive, and who had diſcovered this ſecret to *Publius Valerius*, as being his intimate friend, and withal a hearty enemy of *Tarquin*'s, perceived well that *Brutus* became more and more penſive. So that he therefore ſpoke to *Racilia*, with whom was the little *Hermilia*, who knew not yet that ſhe was *Brutus*'s Siſter, to think of ſome means to comfort him, for he knew that *Brutus* repoſed a great confidence in her. He adviſed her to take him into a pleaſant ſeat ſhe had upon the *Tiber*'s ſide, four miles from *Rome*. To be ſhort, ſhe propoſed to him the paſſing of three or four days there; to which propoſition, containing nothing oppoſite to his Melancholy, he conſented and went thither, but with an intention not to return any more to *Rome*, but to wander about the world until ſome change ſhould happen in *Tarquin*'s fortune. For, ſaid he within himſelf, ſince I cannot hurt the tyrant, and ſo revenge my Father's death, and deliver my Country, to what end is it to condemn my reaſon to perpetual ſlavery, and to captivate my ſelf eternally? what glory, or what advantage is it to me, to live obſcurely, and go for the moſt ſenſeleſs and the moſt ſtupid of all mankind; and be withal an utter ſtranger to all pleaſure and ſociety? I cannot in the condition I am in, be guilty of either Vice or Vertue, but live after ſuch a fantaſtick manner, that ſince there were men, never any lived as I do. Yet for all this, could the hope of Revenge and of Glory but keep poſſeſſion of my heart, I could have patience; but to live without pleaſure, or ſo much as the hope of any, is abſolutely inſupportable, and that which I can no longer endure.

Thus was *Brutus* ſo ore-whelmed with melancholy, and ſo weary of the life he led, that he reſolved to leave his Countrey, and become a voluntary Exile. Being therefore confirmed in this deſign, his onely ſtudy was to put it in execution, and put himſelf in a poſture to leave *Rome*, and at the firſt to go no further than *Metapont*, knowing he had ſtill a many good friends in that place. He was alſo ſomewhat confident that *Licinius* and *Racilia* would receive him in his baniſhment, and would ſend him ſomewhat to ſubſiſt, though they were never ſo angry. Not but that when he thought of leaving *Rome*, and loſing all occaſions which might happen in his abſence to do *Tarquin* a miſchief, it a little ſhaked his reſolution; but after all conſideration, ſeeing no likelyhood of any to happen a long time, and being no longer able to endure that reſervedneſs wherein he lived, he hardned himſelf in the reſolution he had taken, wherewith he neither acquainted *Racilia*, nor the young *Hermilia*, who, as I told you, knew not as yet that ſhe was *Brutus*'s Siſter, as being too young to be truſted with a ſecret of ſo great importance. So that being unchangeably reſolved, he deſigned his departure within three dayes, pretending he would return again to *Rome*, ſo to deceive his Aunt, whom he avoyded as much as lay in his power, becauſe ſhe perpetually preſſed him, to know whence that new affliction proceeded, which ſhe obſerved in him. But affecting ſolitude as much as might be, the day before his departure he walked along the river ſide, and there revolving in his mind whatever had happened to him, he remembred the pleaſures he found in the converſation of *Dama*, *Chryſis*, and *Bellanira*, and thereupon oppoſing one paſſion to another, he was ſatisfied he ſhould find ſome comfort, even in this, that though he quitted the noble ambition of being the Deliverer of his Country, he might aſpire to the Conqueſt of ſome great Beauty.

But his mind could not entertain all thoſe imaginations without ſome confuſion, as he hath ſince confeſſed to me; nor could he well diſtinguiſh between that which comforted him, and that which afflicted him, when turning about at the noyſe of a Chariot, a Slave very ſubmiſſively asks him, whether the Chariot he ſaw coming were in the right way to *Racilia*'s houſe? *Brutus* being obliged to anſwer him, told him after his affected ſimplicity, that it was the ready way; which ſaid, not enquiring whoſe the Chariot was, nor who was in it, nor ſo much as looking that way, he continued his walk, ſo great was his melancholy. Nay this very adventure added to it, and cauſed him to ſtay out later than he ſhould have done: For, ſaid he, to what end do I go into any company, wherein I muſt be what is almoſt inſufferable to be, and ſuch as is below the envy of all? Is it poſſible, continued he ſighing, is it poſſible to be more unhappy, than to be what no man would be, no not the vileſt Slave upon the face of the earth? Amidſt theſe thoughts *Brutus* continued his walk, and that ſo long, that ere he returned the Lamps were lighted at *Racilia*'s. 'Tis true, he met there with excellent company, but that you may know how much he was ſurpriſed in it, I muſt tell you, that the wife of *Spurius Lucretius* was there with her incomparable daughter *Lucrecia*, as alſo the beauteous and divine *Valeria*; he met there alſo with *Sivelia* and *Murius*, whom you have ſeen with the King, and I my ſelf was come to accompany theſe noble perſons, who were come upon no other deſign, than to ſurprize *Racilia* in her ſolitude. But as this illuſtrious Roman is a perſon of conduct and œconomy, our reception was ſuch as if we had been expected, beſides that it was with a great cheerfulneſs, for *Lucrecia*'s mother and mine were her intimate friends, *Murius* was ſome kin to her as well as the other two, *Valeria* and *Lucrecia* ſhe had a great eſteem for both for their own ſakes, as alſo for theirs of whom they derived their being, and for my part, I was alſo entertained upon *Sivelia*'s account. Omitting therefore nothing requiſite to our entertainment, ſhe preſently gave order the houſe ſhould be adorned with that magnificence, as if ſhe were to keep ſome great Feſtival. So that *Brutus* returning, and entring into a large arched hall, furniſhed to admiration, he wondred to find there ſuch a noble company; for you are to know, that as he had not the priviledge of much converſation, ſo was he not acquainted with all the Beauties in *Rome*, for he had never ſeen *Lucrecia* unveyled, nor had much more knowledge of *Valeria*, though

Valerius

Valerius was of his caball. It happened so that he was no sooner entred, but those two Beauties shining ful into his sight, dazled him into a change of colour. For though *Valeria* were not haply as exactly handsome as *Lucrecia*, yet she may well be accounted a very excellent person. In the mean time, though none conceived *Brutus* could contribute any thing to the company, yet as one of good birth, and Nephew to *Racilia*, he was saluted, but with that coldness of complement, wherewith we entertain those whom we esteem not, and, without allowing him any part of the discourse, it was continued in the same channel it was in before. For his part he onely harkned to what was said, and earnestly viewed *Lucrecia*, who certainly that night shined with an extraordinary beauty. For though I know you have seen her with Prince *Sextus*, yet I shall not stick to say, she was at that time handsomer than she can be now, though she yet deserve admiration. It was impossible a complexion should have more lustre, or an eye more majesty, and withall more sweetness than she then had. Nor indeed did *Brutus* look on her indifferently, which when I observed, I came to her, and whispering to her smiling, You see Madam, said I to her, how great the power of your beauty is, since that *Brutus*, as *brute* as he is, is sensible of it, and admires it. If that which you call Beauty in me, replied she smiling also, produce no more glorious effect than this, I shall not hastily be too proud of it. But truly, said she, I so much pity poor *Brutus*, that I have not the heart to laugh at his stupidity.

As she said this, a great noyse was heard in the Court, and presently *Racilia* had notice, that the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, who said they had lost their way a hunting, desired entertainment there for that night; but the truth of the business was, that the former of the princes, being fallen in love with the young *Hermilia*, took this occasion to give her a visite. Now these Princes being vertuous persons, especially the Prince of *Pometia*, *Racilia* out of consideration both of equity and prudence, received them kindly, though she ever abhorred *Tarquin*. Besides that, having a large and fair house, and that the Princes brought none with them but their Slaves, she was not much troubled at their coming, and so she staied with her former company, as if she had no further care to take. In the first place the Prince of *Pometia* related how he and *Titus* lost their way, but he did it with so much art, that I am confident the fair *Hermilia* as young as she was, easily perceived that she was the occasion of that hunting, and that that Prince looked after no other pray then that of her heart; for turning her head a side, she blushed, and seemed not to heed what he said, though he listned very attentively.

But at last, all having taken their former places, *Brutus* having not all the while said any thing, *Titus* fell into some private discourse with *Lucrecia*'s mother and *Sivelia*, so to do his brother a courtesie, for by that means he might the more freely entertain *Hermilia*, who was somewhat shie of engaging into discourse, while *Lucrecia*'s mother was with her Aunt. So the general discourse happened between *Racilia*, *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Hermilia*, the Prince of *Pometia*, *Mutius*, and my self; as for *Brutus*, he said nothing at all, though sometimes he was very desirous to speak something, simply or heavily, according to his custome, especially because *Tarquin*'s sons were in the room. But he hath told me since, that he was so loath to speak indiscreetly before *Lucrecia*, that he thought better to be silent, then to say any thing that night. But the discourse was changed after such a manner, as gave him occasion to observe, that *Lucrecia*'s Wit was as great as her Beauty. For you are to know, that as in *Rome* they work admirably in earth, whether it be for Vessels, or Statues, so *Racilia*, who studied curiosity and convenience as much as might be, had excellent Vessels, insomuch that the Slaves who waited on her, covering certain tables, and placing all things necessary for the treatment of so noble a company, the Prince of *Pometia* observed that one of the tables was of the same material with those Vessels I mentioned, and was admirably wrought. It was supported by three children, who seemed to have so much adoe to carry it, that one would think himself obliged to help them to bear it up. The Prince liking it very well, began to commend it, and was going towards it the better to consider the workmanship of it. Which the two Slaves, who were covering it, perceiving, they lifted it up to bring tō him, but so rashly, that they overturned it, and broke it all to pieces. That it seemed very admirable to all the company, appeared by the cry they all made when that mischance happened, except the Mistress, who seemed not to be at all moved at it. As for the Prince of *Pometia*, who was the innocent occasion of this mishap, he made a thousand excuses to *Racilia*; but she not being in the least angry with the Slaves, who had so indiscretely spoyled such an excellent commodity, told the Prince, that the onely trouble she had, was, that it was broken before he had had satisfaction of seeing it; but yet that happiness might be recovered, she would have another of the very same making; which when she had said, she with a great calmness commanded those who had broke that, to fetch another out of a certain place she directed them to, and to have a care they did not break it. Ah Madam, cryed out *Lucretia*, looking earnestly on her, How I love you for your great patience, and that you are not of those Women who are angry, at all times, in all places, before all sorts of persons, and for all things! For I do not conceive any thing nobler than to raise one's self above a certain testiness, which is contracted by custome, and to which most Women are prone enough, since that many times it makes them do as fantastick things as folly it self would put them upon. It is true, replyed *Racilia*, that to be soon angry is an ill custome to take up, both for one's self and others. And I think, added pleasantly *Valeria*, that fair Ladies ought to have a greater care to reform this fault, than others; for excessive anger injures Beauty. To that purpose continued *Lucrecia*, I saw, not many dayes since, a very handsome Lady, who, upon such an occasion, became in an instant very deformed, and continued so for above four hours. She had then some extraordinary cause to be angry, replyed I, or haply she had something spoyled as considerable as this table of *Racilia*'s. Not at all, replyed *Lucretia*, and the adventure is so odd, that I have a mind to tell it you. You will oblige me much, replyed *Racilia*, for *Hermilia* is naturally so Passionate, that if she have not a care, she will come to be very cholerick. 'Tis true, replyed the blushing Beauty, that I am naturally somewhat enclined to this froward passion, but yet

yet I do not conceive I have given the fair *Lucretia* any occasion to make pleasant stories of the extravagances of my passion. For my part, said *Martia*, (who is of a nature violent enough) I cannot be such an Enemy to Anger, my I am perswaded, that it is it makes the vertue which seems to be opposite to it; for, it is certain, a great patience is an effect of great courage, and a great courage is oftner found in those who are of a cholerick disposition, than in those who are so dispassionate, that a man knows not when they are offended, nor when they are obliged. Passion and Choler, replyed *Lucilia*, are two different things; but therefore I oppose what you say, added she, I shall be glad to hear what *Lucretia* sayes, for I am perswaded that sometimes Examples are better Masters than Precepts. I must indeed confess, sayes *Lucretia*, that I ow a great part of my moderation to the impatience of two or three of my acquaintance, and principally of her whom I am going to tell you of. Imagine then, continued she, this Lady, who is very buxome, to be in the best humour in the World the last time I saw her, for she was free, jocund, complaisant and lightsome. That which partly caused her to be in so good an humour, was, that looking in the glass, she thought her self that Morning handsomer than ordinary, and that two other friends of hers and my self, had told her so much while we were walking in her Garden. To be short, her complexion was more serene, her eyes gentle, and her lips carnationed; but at last, having walked enough, she brought us into her Chamber. She had no sooner lifted up her veyl, but she goes to the glass, questionless to be confirmed in the high opinion she had of her beauty; but what was most pleasant, was, she found it so strangely overcast, that she could onely see her self as if it had been through a thick mist. So that not knowing of a sudden whether there were any mist in the Chamber, though it were very fair weather, she turned somewhat troubledly toward her friends and me, which we perceiving, and knowing whence it proceeded, as being just opposite to the glass, as well as she, laughed at it; and I told her jestingly, that that accident was a punishment for the excessive delight she took in her own Beauty. But it was no sooner out of my mouth, but she blushed for madness, and without making me any answer called up hastily one of her Women to know what had discoloured her glass. But instead of asking it mildly of the maid, who was but young, and seemed to be simple enough, she presently changed her voyce, her countenance and action, insomuch that she who a minute before was of a composed air, and had a mild and modest look, ceased immediately to be what she was. For not giving her Slave time to answer what she asked, she presently imagined she was to blame for asking, and that she knew the reason of it without her telling. She added, that certainly it must be she, who thinking her self pretty, instead of minding her work, did nothing but view her self in the glass. This gave her occasion to tell her, that she was much deceived, if she thought her self handsome, and to ask her why she pretended to it, and whom she so much studied to please, and talked to her so many trivial stories, that I was never so much ashamed of any thing, as I was of that person for the concernment of my sex. And when the poor Girl, whom she so much exclaimed against, would have said something to justifie her self, her Mistress presently found something else to quarrel as, so that at last having compassion on her, I would needs excuse her. But I had hardly opened my mouth, ere the incensed Beauty changing the object of her anger, fell upon me, and told me that if I offered to excuse her, I should make her so impudent, that she would be no more for her service, multiplying words so strangely, that no other had the leisure to speak. In the mean time, the Roses and Lillies of her delicate complexion were so disturbed, that they were not discernable; for her face was enflamed into a deep red, the white of her eyes was changed, which were inlarged beyond their ordinary size, looking disturbedly and scatteringly, and indeed, as if she saw not what was before her; the figure of her mouth was not the same; she repeated the same thing twenty times, and she seemed rather a mad Priestess of *Bacchus*, than a modest Roman.

But in fine, all this came to nothing, for when she had ranted and scolded, and vented her extravagances to weariness, it appeared she had no reason at all to be angry. For when she came down into the garden to entertain us, she gave order her chamber should be perfumed against she came in, so that in obedience to her commands, burning much perfume, the glass was overcast with it, and the poor Slave, who never thought of looking into it, perceived it not. She thence at last conceived the maid had not done any thing of what she thought, and that she was to blame for having kept such a stir. But though she was convinced of this, yet was there not an absolute calm in her mind; on the contrary, a certain conscience of her weakness raising a new tempest in her, suffered her not to rest free from some tossings of indignation all that day. She answered peevishly all that spoke to her; she quarrelled with all attended her, and that before whoever came to her, without ever considering whether it were civil or not; nay I am not certain whether she came not so high as to threaten a little Slave she had. I was never so much astonished at any thing, as to see this strange transport of spirit, and withall, what an alteration Anger made in this great Beauty. You so pleasantly describe this fantastick anger, replyed I, that though I am naturally somewhat inclined to it, I shall henceforward take a great care to correct it in my self, though I am of opinion, that this inclination of nature ought not to be blamed; nay, on the contrary, hold, that Anger in noble and regulated minds, is an argument of greatness of courage and integrity. For if you look upon this passion in a discreet man: you will find it never breaks forth but upon some resentment of injury, wherein reputation is concerned, and that it is a pure effect of his vertue, and speaks the tenderness of his soul, the delicacy of his mind, and the clearness of his apprehension. For how can a man of an upright soul resent a manifest injustice, and not carry a heart sensible of it? Or he who sets a high value on his reputation, receive an affront without indignation? Nay I am of opinion, added *Martia*, that, to speak generally, the temperament most enclined to choler, is that of gallant Spirits. Yet all nations certainly, replyed I, are not perswaded that Choler is a necessary ingredient of Valour; on the contrary, the *Lacedemonians* hold, that it is prejudicial to it, which is the reason that they animate their Soldiers to fight with a sweet harmony, to infuse joy and tranquillity into

into their ſouls; and before battels ſacrifice to the Muſes, to oblige them to preſerve their reaſon entire in fight. That which to me ſeems moſt inconvenient in choler, replyed the ſage *Racilia*, is, that perſons of weak conſtitutions are more ſubject to it than others, as children, and ſuch as are in a declination of age and reaſon, are angry at any thing. In like manner, ſick perſons, who are not maſters of their reaſon, are vexed at trifles, ſuch as they are aſhamed of when they are in health; and laſtly, women (if I may be ſo free to the diſcredit of my ſex) for the moſt part, being not capable of any great fortitude and ſtrength of parts, are many times hurried into humorous vexations, as appears by the relation of *Lucrecia*. I agree with you, replyed I, that indeed it argues a weak mind, and little diſcretion to be angry at ſmall matters; but I withal maintain, that never to be moved, ſignifies rather an inſenſible mind, than any ſtrength of reaſon. Nay I preſume to affirm, that it is no vertue to be inſenſible, that Anger may produce good effects, and that it is juſt ſometimes to give it way; but withal, I aver it is danger when it becomes habitual, and that it is commendable to bridle it, and that a man muſt never be over-maſtered by it. Certainly, replyed pleaſantly *Lucrecia*, where there is not a ſtaid mind, Anger is a dangerous habit, and ſuits not ſo well with women, for I have obſerved a certain attraction in affliction and tears, but I have never ſeen any beauty in anger, nor known any impatient that were withal agreeable. That which is not inſupportable in this paſſion, ſays the Prince of *Pometia*, is, that its object omits not any limit as other paſſions do. As for inſtance, if a man have a great tenderneſs for ſome one particular perſon, it is only for that very one's ſake that he ſhall betray a certain weakneſs, while his paſſion laſts, which is the only teſtimony he gives of all thoſe pleaſant extravagances, whereof he knows himſelf guilty. But as for anger, it faſtens on all things, it equally reaches things ſenſible and inſenſible, and the mind is incenſed by things of ſmall, as well as thoſe of greater concernment, according to every one's humor. You are in the right, replyed *Lucrecia*, for an inraged Muſician breaks the ſtrings of his Inſtrument, a Painter flings away his Pencils; a Senator will be angry if you diſſent from his Opinion; a Husband quarrels with his Wife for being too expenſive; and a Wife quarrels with her Husband if he be too covetous; a great Beauty falls out with her own Hairs when they will not be ordered as they ſhould be; and if it be true, that there are any Lovers in this world, it is poſſible, added ſhe ſmiling, they may ſometimes confer their diſcontents together, upon over very ſlight occaſions, if ſo be they are of a cholerick diſpoſition.

Lucrecia acted this exaggeration with ſuch a grace, that ſhe gained the commendation of all the company for her wit, and *Brutus* hath told me ſince, that almoſt forgetting his artificial ſtupidity, he had been likely to contribute his praiſes to thoſe of the reſt. And indeed he prepared himſelf to ſpeak, but the fair *Hermilia* haſtily prevented him, which I only obſerved, but at that time made no great reflection upon it, for I hearkned to *Hermilia*, who not willing to quit the diſcourſe about anger, made it her buſineſs at leaſt to excuſe it. But in fine, ſaid ſhe, how is it poſſible not to be angry at many trivial things which happen, for it is in reſpect to theſe that I would ſpeak of anger, that is, how can the mind be ſo qualified as not to be ſtirred to anger at a many inconſiderable accidents, which every moment happen beſide all expectation? *Hermilia* indeed is now in the right, ſaid *Valeria*, ſince that to ſpeak in general terms, it is eaſier not to be hurried into paſſion upon ſome important occaſion, than never to be moved at theſe ſudden ones, when haply Reaſon ſtands not on its guard, but the mind is ſurpriſed, and moved before it take time to conſult. For my part, added *Matius*, I ſhall never believe the Gods have beſtowed on us ſuch paſſions, as we may not innocently uſe; and I am ſtrongly perſwaded, that as there may be a Love without Crime, ſo there may be an Anger without any juſt blame, and that it is the uſe of it only that requires regulation. I am of opinion, replyed the gallant Prince of *Pometia* ſmiling, that only *Lucretia* deſerves to be the Halcyon of Anger, if I may ſo expreſs it, and that it is from her that we muſt receive inſtructions how to qualifie this tumultuous paſſion which is ſo diſpleaſing to her. The Prince of *Pometia* hath ſpoken ſo excellently well, replyed I, that it is fit the fair *Lucrecia* grant what he demands. Let her make what orders ſhe pleaſe againſt Anger, replyed *Matius*, ſhe ſhall have much to do to keep it quiet in my heart; and for my part, ſaid *Hermilia*, I muſt needs quarrel with her ſeverity. You would do better, if you advantaged your ſelf by her example, ſaid *Racilia* to her; but for my part, ſays *Valeria*, it will be no great trouble to me to ſubmit to her. And it will be leſs to me to enact my pretended Laws for the Ladies, replyed *Lucrecia*, for I have no more to do than to bid them imitate your moderation. To be ſhort, continued ſhe, as it is not my duty to regulate another's reſentments by my own, ſo I have no more to ſay, but to propoſe *Herminius* for a pattern for men, as I do *Valeria* to all of my own ſex; for I know by experience that they are both ſubject to a great ſenſibility of ſpirit, and that if Reaſon had not taught them the lawful meaſure of anger, they would be over-maſtered by it, as well as ſo many others. Ah Madam, ſaid I, looking upon her, you do not know me, I am not fit to be a pattern of patience, for if you knew how ſenſible I am upon ſome occaſions, and how angry I am with my ſelf for it, it would move your pity, and you would ſeek into your own reaſon for that which you cannot find in my heart, as having much more frailty than can be imagined. For my part, added *Valeria*, I confeſs I am miſtreſs enough of my own paſſions, I have the art to conceal my anger, or at leaſt to repreſs it, ſo as it never tranſported me to ſay any thing which I repented when my paſſion was over. Ah *Valeria*, replyed *Lucrecia*, how much am I obliged to you, for having given us in few words the moſt excellent rule in the world!

I would ask no more of all women, than to keep within thoſe bounds; for if they ſhould do ſo, they would never be haſty or fretful, they would not be always chiding their Slaves, always quarrelling with their Friends; they would not be violently hurried into paſſion, before thoſe that come to viſit them; they would have a reſpect to themſelves, and would not cloud the ſerenity of their eyes with a ſtorm of fury. But if you quite take away anger,

ger, replys *Herminia* pleasantly, I know not how Ladies can beget an awe and respect in such as make addresses to them, since in my judgment it is their only defence. For instance, if any one be so bold, as to entertain a Lady with some discourse that is displeasing to her, I am confident, if she blush with anger, and give some testimony of her displeasure in her eyes, this forward person will presently shift discourse, rather than continue it, out of a fear to displease her. But on the other side, if she be so patient, that she express no sign of anger, he will at last make her angry in good earnest. You press this too far, replies *Lucrecia* for though I am an enemy to excessive anger, yet I allow women to express their indignation; even to fierceness; but I would that the redness which anger spreads upon their cheeks, should but add to their beauty, not disorder their minds, and that they preserve their respect rather by a modest severity, than by angry expostulations, which at no time become a woman, especially when they are such as are worth nothing, raised upon frivolous grounds, and a disparagement to such as are subject to them. I mean those passions which spring up anew continually, those persons who are subject to them, never taking any care by a strong resolution to correct so ill a habit, which by rendring them less fair and pleasing, brings them sometimes into the hatred and contempt, not only of their superiors, but even of their inferiors.

Lucrecia having proceeded thus far, the banquet was brought in, which put an end to this pleasant and profitable entertainment. *Brutus* all this while said not a word; but ceased not to admire *Lucrecia*, with whose Wit he was more taken than with her Beauty, though her beauty were admirable. But that he might be at the same time acquainted with all the perfections of *Lucrecia*, it happened they came to speak altogether of her goodness; whereof *Valeria* related a many instances, though much against the others will, insomuch that the night was wholly spent in her commendations. So that when all were retired, *Brutus* was wholly taken up with thought of *Lucrecia*.

It happened, that the chamber where this Beauty was disposed to lodge, joyned to a closet which was in *Brutus*'s, which having been sometime a passage between those two chambers, they had only nailed up the door which went out of it into that where *Lucrecia* and *Valeria* lay. But there being certain chinks in the door, through which it was easie to see what was done in the place where these two Beauties were; *Brutus*, who had often taken notice of it, could not with-hold, being returned into his chamber, from going into the closet, and beholding these two Beauties whilst they undressed themselves, in whom he discovered a thousand new perfections. For the dress of Roman Ladies hiding the neck, he knew not until this instant the perfection of theirs; indeed his heart being already destined to *Lucrecia*'s service, even before he knew so much, he fixed all his observation upon her with such a stedfast view, that he had not the power to close his eyes all the night after. This pleasing Idea, though full of all delightful charms, troubled his rest, insinuating a kind of commotion into his heart, betwixt grief and joy, which raised in him a thousand different imaginations. It made him a long time forget the design he had taken to leave *Rome* within two days, and to banish himself voluntarily from a place, where it behoved him to hide his soul, if he would preserve his life, and where he saw not any likelihood of revenging his Father's death, or delivering his Country, as he intended, whilst he confined himself to this foolish disguise. At last, after a long deliberation, suddenly recollecting himself, and remembring the resolution he had taken to go away, it vexed him that he had seen *Lucrecia*, he endeavored to blot her out of his imagination; he looked upon this accident as a new misfortune, which gave him the knowledge of so excellent a person, when he had resolved to go so far from the place where she was: It is true, said he to himself, that as I shall see and be seen of her, I need not much regret her absence, since if I fall not in love with her, I shall not lose so great a pleasure in depriving my self of her sight. For though fair objects delight our eyes at all times, even though our hearts be not touched, yet the pleasure of the eyes is a mean pleasure. A garden of flowers would please my eyes as much as the sight of a fair woman, for whom I have no passion my self, nor desire that she should have any for me. On the other side, if I love her, I shall lose less by this separation; for after all, how passionate soever I become, I dare never express it to her, nor hope for any allowance thereof; and how can she love a man in whom appeareth nothing of wit or conversation, one that she values less than the meanest, and most stupid Slave?

Let us think no more of *Lucrecia* but pursue our design of quitting *Rome*, a place where lives a person, who perhaps may make me yet more unhappy than I am. In what part soever of the world else I shall fall in love, I shall be less miserable; for I may hope not to be despised, I may obtain leave to say, that I love some one, or at least to complain of her cruelty.

Thus *Brutus* believing he had mastered his own will, passed the rest of the night in thinking upon his journey; and as soon as the Sun appeared, he rose with intent to walk alone without thinking on the company at *Racilia*'s house. But what soever his intention was, he had not power to go away without the curiosity of going into the closet, through which he could see into *Lucrecia*'s chamber. This desire was so great he could not resist it; in fine, he entered, and peeped in at the same cranny as he had done the night before, but his curiosity received little satisfaction, for though he saw *Lucrecia* asleep, yet he had a less sight of her than when she was awake, because she slept in so modest a posture, that he could see nothing but her right hand, in which she seemed to hold carelessly a little white veil which covered half her face. This hand indeed was so white, that it made an end of the theft her eyes had begun, and stole away his heart. Yet did not *Brutus* perceive this infancy of love; he called the first motion of his passion, curiosity; he resolved to walk alone, to avoid meeting with *Lucrecia*, that he might not be obliged to speak in her presence, fancying to himself a kind of pleasure in being separated from her, that so he might not accuse himself of having spoken indiscreetly before a person to whom he found a great inclination in himself to use all his Rhetorick, if he had been in such a condition, that he durst have discovered his thoughts.

He went hereupon to walk in a Meadow bordered with Willowes interwoven with thick bushes, which butted upon the *Tiber*; Thither he went with a resolution to return home, till the fair troop were gone; for having openly professed stupidity, he was not tyed to any rules of civility, and the presence of the two Princes did no longer oblige him to a self-constraint. So that to compass his design, he went, followed onely by a Slave, to take a light repast with the Priest of a little Country Temple, not far from the place which he had chosen for his walk. In fine, he ordered it so well, that he went not back untill it was within an hour of sun-set, and then not doubting but that the company which caused his solitary humour was departed, he took his way along the River to go home. But as he began to walk, he was touched with a little kind of discontent for not having seen that admirable person whom he avoyded to meet. He condemned himself almost at the same instant, and giving his thoughts leave to range without any fixed object, he sent the Slave that attended him before, and in this manner walked along the River, not well knowing where he was, untill coming to the midst of the Medow, he beheld there women seated at the foot of an old Willow, who chanced to rise at the same time, as he perceived them and began to walk away. Scarce were they risen, but he knew these three to be *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, and *Hermilia*, who knowing him, as he them, turned aside to avoyd them. For *Hermilia* her self was not onely ignorant that she was Sister to *Brutus*, but was a stranger as well as her two friends, to the true worth of this noble Roman. Not willing therefore that their conversation should be interrupted by a man, who, as they conceived, could add nothing to it, they turned as I said, aside. This action gave *Brutus* to understand what it was that obliged them to shun him, whereat he was infinitely troubled, yet did he comply with their intention, and saluting them afar off, went directly on to the house of his Aunt, imagining that the rest of the company were there still. But this belief deceived him, for he found *Racilia* alone, who told him, the two Princes had been gone ever since the morning, and that the mother of *Lucrecia*, *Sivelia*, *Mutius*, and I, were newly departed. How comes it then, replyed *Brutus*, that *Lucrecia* and *Valeria* are here still? That, replyed she, proceeds from some concernments of Family, which have moved *Lucrecius*, father to *Lucrecia*, and *Valerius*, father to *Valeria*, to remove their daughters for some time out of *Rome*. But being careful to whom they would trust their daughters, they have thought fit to commit them to my government, while the fair weather holds, which courtesie they have desired upon account of the alliance which is between our Families, and the friendship there is between these maids and *Hermilia*, there being no concernment of yours could hinder it; for that, added she smiling, you are not thought any dangerous person. *Brutus* having heard what *Racilia* said, blushed, though he himself knew not why. However he returned some answer to what that sage person said to him; which done, he discoursed with her about divers things. He asked her, if *Sivelia*, whom he knew to be an enemy of *Tarquin*'s, had not informed her of any thing, whence might be raised a hope of some change in *Rome*; to which she answering, nothing at all, he was infinitely sad, and began to bemoan the cruelty of his destiny, and complained of it with so much sense and passion, that *Racilia* hath told me since, that she never heard man speak so well, nor so feelingly as he then did. That which yet encreased the affliction which he received from his own lamentations, was, that seeing those three fair ones, whom he had seen in the Meadow coming towards him, he rise up purposely to avoyd them, but with such an aversion, that she extreamly pitied him.

But *Brutus* was scarcely gotten out of this delightful company, but repenting him of his purpose, he returned into the place where it was, and secretly condemned himself for the intention he had had. For in fine, said he, since there is almost no pleasure but that of the sight, which I may pretend to participate with rational creatures, it were hard to be deprived of it, but I should at least make this advantage of fair objects, as to entertain my self with delightful imaginations. Upon these thoughts, *Brutus* making a short return, spent the evening amongst these lovely Virgins, but it was rather to harken to them, than to entertain them. Yet he made a shift to speak once before *Lucrecia*, but it was with affected simplicity, though he was with much trouble forced to it, for thinking it uncivil not to answer what was asked him, and withal not daring to answre to any purpose, it must needs have infinitely afflicted him.

Lucrecia never having heard him speak before that time, whispered to *Hermilia*, and asked her whether he never had any more wit, which *Brutus* overhearing, felt such a vexation as he had never felt before: For before he had seen *Lucrecia*, he was extreamly pleased that he was thought absolutely stupid, because it conduced to his design; but for that admirable Virgin, he could not endure she should have the same thoughts of him, as so many others. Nay he was encouraged in the good opinion he had conceived of her, by divers things she that day spoke in the commendation of Goodness; for in fine (said she to *Hermilia*, who maintained that it was sometimes prejudicial to be over-good) a great mind without goodness may be feared and hated, but it is never loved: And I am so much confirmed in what I say (continued she, speaking somewhat lower) that I would rather have the stupidity of *Brutus*, than the wit of the cruel *Tullia*, though she have one of the greatest in the world. But my Lord, though *Lucrecia* intended not that *Brutus* should have heard her, yet he did; and what is remarkable in it, is, that though he could not think himself obliged any way by this discourse of *Lucrecia*, yet he humored himself into a certain delight, to think that she wished rather to be what he was, than to be *Tullia*; so that flattered with his imagination, he, with much satisfaction, listned to the discourse of these three maids. For my part, said *Lucrecia*, I take such a pleasure to be good, that I am resolved to be so while I live, and consequently must needs prefer a great goodness without wit, before a great wit without goodness. But certainly, replied *Hermilia*, those persons that are so good, that they can never be otherwise, are not very diverting; and to tell you what I think, I am of opinion, that goodness alone hath in it something faint, weak and displeasing, whence it comes, that it signifies almost nothing in some people. But it cannot be so said of wit; for I know some persons much given to be mischievous, whom

whom yet I am taken with, though I am confident they will do me an ill turn, when ever it lies in their power. On the contrary, I know another person of exceſſive goodneſs, one who would not be guilty of a thought of ceaſing to be good, even to her enemies, who yet is infinitely troubleſome to me, inſomuch that hours ſeem ages, when I am alone with her. And hence I think I may with reaſon affirm, that Goodneſs accompanied with wit, is good for all things, but without it, is almoſt good for nothing. Ah *Hermilia*, cryed out *Lucrecia*, you are an unhappy body to ſay ſo; for it is uncredible, that Wit without goodneſs is fit onely to do miſchief, and that goodneſs without Wit, hath at leaſt this advantage, that it can do no hurt. But, replyed *Hermilia*, an exceſſive goodneſs is ſometimes hurtful to thoſe that have it, for when you are feared by none, you lye open to the affronts of all, and are thruſt to the wall ſooner then another. That indeed which *Hermilia* ſaith, happens ſometimes, replyed *Valeria*, and through a certain malignancy that is in the world, if you are not thought able to return evil for evil, you muſt never expect good for good. So that were I to have my wiſh, I would certainly deſire as much wit as goodneſs, were it onely to make uſe, when occaſion ſerved, of that precious quality, which without queſtion raiſes the eſteem of all the reſt, and without which they deſerve no great commendation. But though one ſhould have nothing to do with the world, replyed *Hermilia*, Wit is ſtill more neceſſary than Goodneſs; for as to Converſation; Goodneſs contributes nothing to it. Nay, on the contrary, continued ſhe laughing, it may be ſaid, it is very prejudicial to it; for thoſe who are ſo exceſſively good can find exceptions at nothing, they approve all things, they endure all things; and ſo the diſcourſe dies every moment. No *Hermilia*, replyed *Lucrecia*, I muſt diſſent from you in that, ſince that onely thoſe who have Wit and Goodneſs together, give life to Converſation. For are they not of a contrary humour to thoſe, who abuſe and calumniate their acquaintances, whereas it may be inferred from what you ſay, that thoſe onely beget diverſion, who raiſe quarrels and conteſtations in companies? But to be more ſerious, I boldly affirm, that it is onely a rational goodneſs which diſtinguiſhes men from beaſts, and the greateſt expreſſion of reaſon that can be given, is, to be able to hurt, but out of a conſideration of Vertue and Goodneſs not to do it. Yet theſe good People without Wit, replyed *Hermilia*, who are good, and know not why they are ſo, what employment will you put them upon? And theſe perſons of great wit, replied *Lucrecia*, who make no other uſe of it, than to deceive thoſe who truſt them, to rail, and raiſe ſcandalls and reports, what buſineſs have you for them? You preſs me ſomewhat too hard, replyed *Hermilia*, for I confeſs I ſhould be to ſeek how to diſpoſe of ſuch malicious perſons, as ſhould make others harms the buſineſs of their wit. But do you alſo, to requite me, acknowledge that you would be much troubled what to do with thoſe good dull ones, who are guilty of neither malice nor delight. To reconcile you both, replyed *Valeria*, I think miſchievous perſons are to be avoyded, how witty and divertive ſoever they may be, and that they are not to be particularly acquainted withall; and that the good are to be excuſed, out of a conſideration of their great goodneſs, and their imperfections are to be born with, notwithſtanding their want of wit. But to put a queſtion ſomewhat harder to be reſolved, added *Valeria*, I ask you both, whether you would have an extraordinary Wit? For my part, replyed *Hermilia*, I ſhall ſoon chooſe; and I as ſoon, replyed *Lucrecia*, for I am already reſolved. But this ſatisfies not me, replyed *Valeria*, you muſt tell me, whether you have choſen; Methinks, replyed *Hermilia*, you might eaſily gheſs that *Lucrecia* hath taken the great Goodneſs with the indifferent Wit; and you might as eaſily conceive, added *Lucrecia*, that *Hermilia* hath choſen the greater Wit, and indifferent Goodneſs. Yet I am confident, added this wiſe Virgin, that if there were two ſuch perſons, ſhe whoſe goodneſs were greater then her wit, would be much more beloved than the other. I know not whether ſhe might be more beloved, replyed *Hermilia*, but I am certain that ſhe whom I have choſen would be the more eſteemed. But what ſignifies that eſteem, replyed *Lucrecia* which begets not friendſhip? for I lay this as a principle, we ſhould not deſire to be eſteemed, but in order to be loved, or at leaſt to be thought worthy to be loved. If you value not an Eſteem without Friendſhip, replyed *Hermilia*, what will you have me to conceive of a kind of lukewarm friendſhip without eſteem? For I cannot believe that one can have an eager affection for a perſon of mean wit, how good ſoever he may be. If the love we have for a good perſon be not grounded on the eſteem we have for him, replyed *Valeria*, it muſt needs proceed from the acquaintance we have with him, which we conceive obligeth us to love him. Nay then, replyed *Hermilia*, I perceive ſhe that makes the propoſition, declares againſt me. On the contrary, replyed *Lucrecia*, it may be ſaid, we are both of your ſide; for though you ſpeak againſt goodneſs, yet we know you to be one of the beſt in the world. It is indeed true, replyed ſhe, I am not wicked; and to ſpeak truly, I would not be otherwiſe than good; but it is true, that there are a ſort of miſchievous people that pleaſe my humour, and ſome good, who are troubleſome to me, and to ſpeak generally, goodneſs is almoſt every where oppreſſed. Yet that hinders not, replyed *Lucrecia*, but that vertue ought to be the foundation and ſupport of all the reſt; and that we ſhould wiſh rather to ſuffer injuſtice, than to do it; beſides that, to ſpeak rationally, Goodneſs is a vertue ſo well becomes a woman, that I know not any ſhe hath greater need of. I acknowledge, replyed *Hermilia*, that a wicked woman is a Monſter; but certainly, one that is ingeniouſly malicious, addes much to Converſation, and it were a great loſs if there was not ſome ſuch. Since you are ſo much taken with them, replyed *Lucrecia*, I wiſh you may never want ſome of thoſe women, who can wink at nothing, who condemn all things, who tell merry ſtories of their beſt friends, who, as ſoon as they are out of ſight, abuſe them; who envy the praiſes are given them, and themſelves commend them leſs than thoſe who are not acquainted with them; and to be ſhort, who do them more hurt than they could expect from a mercileſs enemy, and leſs good than from a generous one. And the more to puniſh your obſtinacy, aded *Valeria*, to *Lucrecia*'s wiſhes I add thus much; I wiſh with all my heart, that you may have one truly good friend, who may acquaint you with all the treacheries the reſt are guilty

of towards you, that so you may at last become equitable, and acknowledge with us, that true Goodness is preferred before greatness of Wit, how shining so ever it may be.

As she said these words, *Valeria* rise up, whereupon it being late, these three maids retired, and left *Brutus*, who had hearkned to them all the while, with little ceremony, yet *Lucrecia* took leave of him with greater civility than the other two, which he took infinitely well. For arguing from the civility she had for him in the condition he was in, that she would esteem him, if she were better acquainted with him, he was so ravished with the consideration, that it begat in his heart a certain pleasant commotion, which one might presume to call Love; or at least something he felt, which he could never define.

In fine, not to abuse your patience, *Brutus*, who was resolved to depart, without acquainting any, could not perform it so soon; for something being yet wanting, which was necessary for his journey, he took occasion from that light hindrance, to make the less hast, not thinking himself that *Lucrecia* was partly the cause of his change of resolution. But three or four days after he was sensible, that the Beauty, Wit, and Goodness of that person, had made a strange progress into his heart, for he could not keep out of the company of these three-maids. They at first thought him very troublesome, which he himself observed; but being such a one as was not to be treated uncivilly, neither would they do it; insomuch that at length, making no account of him, they spoke before him as freely as if he had not been in place. *Brutus* by this means having *Lucrecia* always in sight, and viewing her with all the charms of her Beauty and wit, fell deeply in love with her. But to his grief *Love* entred his heart without that insinuating companion which they call *Hope*, which by her beguiling charms makes men undergo such long and violent afflictions. Whence it came to pass, that *Brutus*, as soon as he was convinced that he really loved *Lucrecia*, was extremely troubled, and look'd upon it as a second motive to remove himself far from *Rome*. To what end, said he, should I entertain this fruitless passion, which I must never presume to discover? How can it be imagined that the stupid *Brutus* should be capable of admiring and adoring the incomparable *Lucrecia*? But alas! continued he, though she understood my passion, I should be no less miserable; for is it possible she can love a man in whom there is not the least appearance of wit? And to come yet nearer home, when I should trust my self to her discretion, when she should be convinced I am not what all the world takes me to be, what likelihood is there she should admit the addresses of an unfortunate man, who dares not betray his reason, lest he lose a life which he hath designed to sacrifice to the liberty of his Countrey? Shall I go and tell her I am a Conspirator, when at the same time I am to tell her that I love her? Shall I entertain her with interests of State and Revenge at the same instant when I am to treat her with Love and Respect? But if I should thus entertain her, is it probable I might make some advantage of it, or that she would ever be prevailed with to run fortunes with such a wretch, as in all likelihood will never be otherwise? But supposing such a miracle should be done, which cannot, that she should be moved with my affection, is it probable that *Lucrecius*, a man of spirit and ambition, should bestow his Daughter upon a Sot, or that *Tarquin* would suffer me to marry the daughter of a Woman, who is not engaged in his interests but by force? No, no, *Brutus*, said he sighing, thou must not love *Lucrecia*, and if thou doest but imagine it, thou wilt really be as great a stranger to thy Reason as now thou seemest to be. Renounce then at once both the object of thy Hatred and that of thy Love, forget *Tarquin* and *Lucrecia*; stifle together thy growing Affection, and thy desire of Revenge, since it is fruitless to cherish either; and go seek in another climate a gentler Destiny than what thou hast found in thine own Countrey.

Hereupon *Brutus* thought his Reason was convinced, and that he should infallibly depart. But it was not a quarter of an hour that he had been thus resolved, ere he had a fresh conflict in his soul, which made him a minute after reflect on things quite different. What do I, said he? what do I? Am I still the same *Brutus* who ever was guilty of an importunate desire of revenging the death of an illustrious Father and a vertuous Brother? Have I forgotten the commands of the one, and the instructions of the other? Have I overcome the Love I had at *Crotona*, that I might forsake *Rome*? Have I for no end parted with the sage *Damo*? Have I fruitlesly renounced the use of my Reason, and hath that importunate Vertue (*Patience*) which in time overcomes all things, absolutely forsaken me? For my part, added he, I believe the Gods consider my weakness, and have purposely brought me to the sight of this admirable person whom I adore, to stay me here, and hinder me from being so unworthy as to quit the design I had of delivering my Countrey. Certainly there must be something extraordinary in this emergencie; for what likelihood is there, that a blind chance should direct *Lucrecia* to his house, at what time I had secretly resolved to be gone, and that having never seen her, I should goe it were purposely, when I had but two or three dayes to stay? Besides, I at first avoyded her as much as lay in my power; she hath hardly spoken to me since I have known her; and yet methinks I have alwaies been designed to her service, so violent is the affection I have for her. What probability is there that Love should nestle in my breast amidst so many thorny distractions, were it not decreed that the beauty of *Lucrecia* should cause the safety of *Rome*, by flattering on me a love that stays me, and permits me not to forgoe the revenge I have undertaken to execute? Let us then cast our selves upon the disposal of Fortune, by submitting our heart to so excellent a Beauty: Let the love we receive from the eyes of *Lucrecia* enflame our hatred to *Tarquin*, and if we must be unhappy in this affection, as it is very likely, let us bear our misfortunes as just punishment for that unworthiness we have been guilty of, in thinking to remove from *Rome*. Let us with courage endeavour to subdue the heart of this illustrious person, and at the same time overturn the throne of this infamous Tyrant; although, if I may truly speak my thoughts, I am confident it will be easier for me to snatch the government of *Rome* out of the hands of the proud *Tarquin*, than deliver my heart out of the power of the divine *Lucrecia*. Let us love then, let us love, since it is the will of Fate, and without considering what may happen

pen to us, let us obey the inclinations which directs us to adore *Lucrecia*. Let us look on her as a perſon hath preſerved vertue in our ſoul, which we ſhall eternally acknowledge, even though ſhe ſhould never do ought for us, ſince it is ſhe that hath cheriſhed in us the deſign of *Rome*'s deliverance.

This ſtorm being over. *Brutus*'s ſoule was as it were in a calm, which made him conceive that this reſolution proceeded from ſome ſupernatural inſpiration, and ſuch a friendly correſpondence happened there upon this adventure between his Heart and his Reaſon, that he thought no more of his departure; his thoughts were wholly taken up with the love of *Lucrecia*, while he expected an occaſion to make *Tarquin* feel the weight of his hatred; ſo that he ſuffered his heart to wander into the love of that admirable perſon, though he found no other preſent advantage of his paſſion, than that he was ſtaid in *Rome* by the attractions of this incomparable Virgin, whom yet he neither durſt ſay he loved, nor hope to be loved by.

Being thus reſolved to love, he was ſo much ſatisfied in himſelf, that it was viſible in his eyes and countenance, inſomuch that *Racilia* having obſerved it, took occaſion the firſt time ſhe had a private diſcourſe with him, to ask him the reaſon of it. But he ſatisfied her not, for there being naturally a certain myſtery in Love, he thought it diſcretion not to reveal a Secret, which he himſelf knew would be thought extravagant by any one who had not the ſame apprehenſions of it as he had. Giving therefore his paſſion all the liberty imaginable, he endeavoured to double thoſe chains whereby he was already faſtned, and miſſed no opportunity to ſee *Lucrecia*, and to hear her ſpeak.

In the mean time, *Racilia*, though ſhe knew *Brutus* to be much more conſiderable, as to point of gallantry, than he ſeemed to be, yet did ſhe allow theſe Virgins the ſame freedome as before; nay, which is more, prayed them to admit *Brutus* to walk with them, telling them, that it might haply enlighten his mind, that they ſhould pity one in his condition, and endeavour what they could to diſperſe that deep melancholy which encreaſed his natural ſtupidity, adding, that their preſence had already in ſome part leſſened it. Not, my Lord, but that *Racilia* was as innocent in this as Vertue it ſelf, but ſhe ſo much pitied the life *Brutus* led, that ſhe was glad any way to make it more comfortable. But to ſay truth, ſhe could not conceive he would entertain Love without Hope, nor that any thing amorous could lodge in that heart, which Revenge had ſo long ſince taken up. Beſides, that it is not unlikely, but that if *Brutus* had a deſign to marry, ſhe would have been glad it had been either with *Valeria* or *Lucrecia*; as for *Hermilia* ſhe knew well enough that *Brutus* was not ignorant ſhe was his Siſter.

This Society by this means became pleaſant enough, for beſides that theſe three Virgins were excellent good company, yet the admiſſion of ſome other perſons made it better and more divertive. There was a Siſter of *Collatine*'s, who ſpending the ſeaſon of the year in the neighbour-hood, came thither often, out of a deſign to render her Brother ſome ſervice with *Lucrecia*, whom he was in love with. The Prince of *Pometia* and his brother Prince *Titus* came thither divers times; for though they were *Tarquin*'s Sons, yet the conſideration of their vertue exempted them from the hatred which men had for their Father. Commonly *Mutius* came along with them, and for my part, I had ever ſome commands or other from the vertuous *Sivelia*, to her whoſe houſe ſo many amiable perſons made their rendezvous. So that though *Racilia* profeſſed all the ſeverity of a vertuous Roman, yet being of a mild nature, allowing the freedome of the Countrey, and having a confidence in the vertue of thoſe perſons, who were under her charge, and conſidering that the men who came to viſit them were very reſpectful, as alſo her kinred, all except the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, and *Collatine*, ſhe her ſelf was extremely ſatisfied with a company wherein was nothing but what was innocent. *Lucrecia*'s alſo came thither ſometimes, and *Sivelia* oftner.

But as it is not my own Hiſtory which I relate unto you ſo I ſhall not tell you, that *Mutius* and I had a certain paſſion, cauſed in us by the ſame perſon, ſince we both had an affection for *Valeria*; for then I ſhould have too many things to acquaint you with, which have no relation to the adventure of *Brutus*. But I ſhall give you to underſtand by the way, that *Lucrecia* had eſteemed *Collatine* and *Brutus*, that *Hermilia* was courted by the Prince of *Pometia*, though it was ſuſpected he was a ſervant of *Collatine*'s Siſter, who was called *Collatina*; that *Titus* was in love with her I laſt named, and that Love it ſelf was as it were the Soul of this fair Troop. But indeed the love was not reciprocall, for *Lucrecia* had a great averſion for *Collatine*, and knew not that *Brutus* was ſo deeply in love with her. *Valeria* had no affection for *Mutius*, and little more than friendſhip for me: but for *Collatine*'s Siſter, ſhe certainly had an eſteem for *Titus*: and *Hermilia*, without all doubt, had a ſtrong inclination for the Prince of *Pometia*, though *Racilia* believed it not, and indeed is yet ignorant of it. Notwithſtanding all this, Love was ſo well diſguiſed among theſe perſons, that nothing was viſible but Courtſhip, Reſpect, Civility, Complement and Friendſhip. It happened ſometimes, through the care every one took, to conceal their Sentiments, that Viſits were given without the leaſt private diſcourſe with the perſon beloved. One time among the reſt, I remembred, the Prince of *Pometia* diſcourſed altogether with *Collatina*, *Titus* all the time entertained *Lucrecia*, *Collatine* courted *Valeria*, and *Mutius*, and I treated *Hermilia*. But for *Brutus*, conceiving himſelf not ſuſpected of any, he quitted his ordinary reſervedneſs, and alwayes kept near *Lucrecia*. This indeed was no great ſatisfaction to him, for not daring to diſcover himſelf, ſhe ſuffered him meerly out of pity, and out of regard to his quality and her friendſhip with *Racilia*. But yet indeed he took a great pleaſure to ſpight *Collatine*: not that he could be jealous of *Brutus*, but that *Brutus* kept him from having any private diſcourſe with *Lucrecia*. Nor indeed was *Brutus* at firſt jealous of *Collatine*, for beſides, that in Point of gallantry *Collatine* was none of the moſt conſiderable, it was eaſily perceived that *Lucrecia* had an averſion for him, though ſhe diſcreetly concealed it. But his fear was of the fair and ſubtil *Collatina*, whoſe inſinuating, ſubmiſſive, and obliging humour, was very likely to do her Brother a good office. So that after a while, *Brutus* had to deal with at the ſame time, reſentments of Love, of Jealouſie, of Hatred, of Revenge, and of Ambition; yet without any rational hope of ever being able to ſa-

satisfie any one of these violent passions. For it was not likely *Lucrecia* should love him before she knew what indeed he was; it was as unlikely he should discover unto her a Secret, which known, might divert him from endeavouring the deliverance of *Rome*, and being revenged of *Tarquin*: it was also somewhat improbable he should suddenly ruin a Prince, whose power was strengthened by his cruelty: and for the ambition he had to arrive at the rank of his fore-fathers, he had no great reason to hope it while his reason were in captivity, and *Tarquin* in the Throne. Hence was it that sometimes he thought himself the most unfortunate man living. He now and then slipt into *Rome* to confer with *Licinius* and *Valerius* about his main design so long since undertaken. Here was he entertained whole dayes together, with the exorbitances of *Tarquin*, the cowardise of the Senate, and the small hope they had to meet with an opportunity to discharge themselves of what lay so heavy on their hearts.

But *Brutus* in the mean time entertained himself with his own thoughts, and the Muses, about the love he had for *Lucrecia*; for, having, as I told you, been acquainted with *Pythagoras*'s daughter, and travelled into *Greece*, he could have complained in verse of the cruelty of his amorous fortune, could he but have hoped that *Lucrecia* might one day be acquainted with his love. But according to the posture of his soul, he made no advantage of his talents, since he durst neither speak nor write, and yet he was almost out of himself to do either. For though Poetry be not yet very common at *Rome*, where they know little more than those Acrosticks of *Sibylla*, yet *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, and *Hermilia*, understood more of things of this nature than a many others, by the means of a Greek Maid a Slave of *Racilia*'s, whose mother had sometimes lived with the learned *Cleobulina*, daughter of *Periander* King of *Corinth*. This Slave having an excellent understanding, had secretly taught them somewhat of her language, and had repeated to them a many excellent compositions of *Sappho* and *Phocylides*, with which they were infinitely taken. Which *Brutus* coming to know, was extreamly troubled, in that he durst not make use of those things which haply might bring him into favour with *Lucrecia*; and thinking withall in himself, that he could not pretend to any esteem from her, he was afflicted beyond all belief, insomuch that in some intervals not considering the hazard of his life, not troubling himself about the designs he had against *Tarquin*, he resolved to acquaint this admirable Virgin with his love, and that as a man that knew how to express his thoughts in other language, than what he ordinarily spoke. Yet could he not stave off a certain fear, that, in case he succeeded not, *Licinius*, *Valerius*, and *Racilia*, should perpetually hit him in the teeth for discovering himself, besides the consideration he had that *Tarquin* might make *Licinius* suffer, when he came to know he had abused him. Thus resolving on nothing absolutely, he led a most distracted life, his melancholy not admitting any consolation; for he was neither able to struggle with his love, nor durst acquaint her with it who was the cause of it. Nevertheless he still loved, and that with an extreme obstinacy, for though *Lucrecia* added no fuel to his passion, yet did it sensibly encrease, even *despair* having that effect in him which *hope* hath in other Lovers; For in fine, said he 'tis true, I cannot hope any thing, yet this cannot weaken my love, since my despair proceeds not from *Lucrecia*, but it is the extravagance of destiny which makes me uncapable of hoping any thing: She does not certainly favour me much, and she were to blame if she did, and I am obliged to her for her indifference for me, since it is not the same *Brutus* she is accquainted with, that I would have in her favour. But alas! continued he, that other *Brutus* is at such a distance with Fortune, that it is not likely he will ever dare shew himself to *Lucretia*; and if I renounce not one part of my reason, she will still be ignorant of the love she hath kindled in my heart, and consequently I shall be the most unfortunate man alive. How (cryed he out, as he hath told me since) shall not *Lucrecia*, the admirable *Lucrecia*, know that thou lovest her, and thou art not such a Sot as thou art taken to be? Canst thou be contented to be ever the object of her contempt and her indifference? No, no, continued he, I shall never do it; nay though I should lose my life, though I should hazard all, and that *Rome* must eternally be subject to the tyranny of *Tarquin*, *Lucrecia* must know that I live under her power. She is discreet, good, and generous, and it may be she will not cast away a man, that out of excess of love trusts himself to her discretion.

But weak man that thou art, resumed he, hast thou forborn all rationall discourse for so long time, onely to tell *Lucrecia* that thou lovest her? Think, think on the love thou owest thy country, not on what thou maist have for a person, who haply will not have any for thee. Remember thy Father cut off by the cruelty of *Tarquin*; thy Brother dispatched the same way, and that both dying, commanded thee to revenge their loss. Consider *Rome* enslaved by the most horrid Tyrant the earth affords; regard so many thousand of vertuous families expecting their safety from thee, and since thou wilt be base, imagine that the discovery of thy love to *Lucrecia* may haply cost thee thy life; and think at length, if there be any thing of vertue yet remaining in thee, what blot it would be to thy memory to have preferred the love of *Lucrecia*, before that of Fame and thy Countrey.

Upon this, such a tempest rose in *Brutus*'s soul, that it was easily perceiveable he had not herein taken the advice of his reason. To be short, he was that day so dejected and so melancholy, that he would not see any body, and the more to avoyd all company, he walked out into that Meadow, where I told you one evening he had seen *Lucrecia*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia* sitting on the River side, discoursing with the Prince of *Pometia*, while *Racilia* walked a little aside with *Collatina*'s Mother, this company being come thither since his coming out alone.

Being thus engaged not to avoyd *Lucrecia*, though he wished it, he made towards the place where he was, and having saluted the whole company, he found their discourse to be about Love, and that the Prince of *Pometia* opposing *Hermilia* (who still purposely contradicted him) held that it was not the proper vertue of a woman to have an insensible heart, and on the contrary maintained that a Lady could not be throughly assured of her self until a violent affection had possessed her soul. For in fine, said he, I find that a woman makes no great difficulty to oblige those whom she hath no tenderness for, to forbear the expressions of their love; I find it is no great reputation to wrestle with a weak and unsetled

unsetled inclination; but for a woman, courted by a man of extraordinary worth, whom she also loves, not to engage her self too far, and notwithstanding all the sympathy of a reciprocal love to preserve Vertue impregnably seated in her heart, is certainly of great merit. Yet my Lord, I conceive, replyed *Valeria* modestly smiling, that it is best not to study alwayes for this expression of Vertue, lest that at first drawing in to love innocently, one should come at last to love beyond the limits of Honour. For my part, said *Hermilia*, I conceive it more glorious to oppose love, than to entertain it, how innocent soever it may be. And for mine, said *Collatina*, (who secretly carried on her Brother's interest) I must, notwithstanding the great severity the Roman Ladies profess, affirm, that where the rules of civility are observed, there is an infinite pleasure to be beloved, and, if I may presume to say it, to love. For in fine, if the enjoyments of Friendship be thought delightful, only comparatively to those of Love, which they say are greater, it were madness not to love something, it being supposed the use of it were not forbidden, I could not have believed, replyed *Valeria* smiling, that a Roman Lady should make Love's party good with such confidence. She is so good a Sister, replyed *Hermilia* smiling also, that she would rather forsake the interest of her Sex than of her Brother.

Whilst these Virgins were thus engaged, the fair *Lucrecia* fell into such a deep muſing, that she minded not what was said, though she were concerned in it. On the contrary, entertaining her self upon the first discourse of the Prince of *Pometia*, in the commendation of Love, she quite forgot the company, till that *Collatina* taking her by the arm, told her laughing, that she must contribute to that conversation; asking her whether she thought Love a troublesome thing or a pleasant. *Lucrecia* answered, that she could say nothing of a thing she was not acquainted with. To take away that pretence, we must describe that passion to you, replyed the Prince of *Pometia*, who having an excellent wit, made it his business to say all he could to the advantage of Love. He describ'd all the insinuations of Hope; he represented the surprises of the first desires which that passion inspires into us; he enumerated the delights, the transports, the tempting illusions it causes, the pleasant reveries that accompany it; and in fine, omitted nothing which might relate to that noble passion. Having so done, he prest her to tell what she thought of Love. But she absolutely refusing, her companions set upon her and persecuted her so long, till at last she promised they should have her opinion, conditionally they would permit her to write it down. Enquiring therefore who among them had any table-books, it happened that only *Brutus* had one.

Whereupon, this concealed Lover, who was glad of an occasion to have any thing of the writing of *Lucrecia*, presented her with his table-book, wherein she writ what she thought of Love. But my Lord, that you may the better understand what a trick she put upon them, I must set down the same words which she writ, which she assured them contained her true sentiment of love.

Hereupon *Herminius* spying a table-book upon *Arunces*'s table, took it, and writ down the same words as *Lucrecia* had made use of; which done, delivering the table-book to *Arunces* and *Amilcar*, they therein found the ensuing words;

Past, how, there, quickly, ah, but, not, sweet, if, soever, last, were, love, can, no, is love.

How (replyed *Amilcar* laughing, when he had read these scattered words) is there any rational sence in what I have read? For my part added *Arunces*, I confess I can make nothing of them; and therefore think that *Lucrecia*'s design was to find her friends somewhat to do, and not desirous to discover unto them what she thought of Love, pleased her self by putting them to the trouble to pick sense out of words which had not any.

What you say my Lord, replyed *Herminius*, continuing his relation, was the opinion of the Prince of *Pometia* who having read what *Lucrecia* had written in *Brutus*'s table-book, told her that she was a very wag, so unmercifully to abuse her friends, and not give her opinion of a thing of the greatest importance, and the most delightful in the world.

I am not to learn, replyed she smiling, that it is the property of the Gods onely to speak obscurely; but all considered, since that out of a consideration of modesty I have conceived my self not obliged to give my opinion expresly of a thing I am not able pertinently to speak of, you must either interpret my words or not understand me. But seriously, said *Valeria* to her, is there any sense in what you have written? I protest to you, replyed *Lucrecia* laughing, there is not onely sence, but very pleasant sense, and excellently well expressed; and that I never in my life have, nor ever shall speak better. But that you may not charge me with any vanity, continued she, I must tell you that the words are not mine, but I have borrowed them, I know not whence, nor yet from whom. Certainly, replyed *Hermilia*, you are not much beholding to the Lender, and you may as easily return as much to those of whom you have borrow'd them; for whatever you may be pleased to say, what you have written here signifies no more than so much Gibberish. Neither is it so good as to pretend to that fustian language of canting, whereby some that are crafty over-reach and elude the simpler sort of people, for there is not any one who would not easily perceive there were no sense in what you have written. For instead of saying.

Past how there quickly, ah,
one should say.
Ah how quickly there past,

And so of the rest, it were as good as it was before, or to say better, as bad. If you would but change the order of the words, replyed *Lucrecia*, you would infallibly find my true meaning; but without jesting, said *Collatina* to her, is there any reason in these words? Sincerely, replyed *Lucrecia*, the highest in the world; and I much admire that four such piercing wits as you are, cannot sift it out. I would fain see (added she maliciously, thinking to make sport) whether *Brutus* can understand it better than any of you, and shall desire him to give his judgement of the question in hand. For my part, replyed *Collatina*, if *Brutus* understand this language better than we, I shall think it very strange, I pray let me first once more, see these inchanted words, replyed *Hermilia*, wherein *Lucrecia* sayes there is such excellent sense, which yet seem not to con-

contain any reaſon; for if it be ſo, there was never in this world ſuch a Metamorphoſis.

Hereupon the table-book was handed from one to another, till it paſſed through all, none being able to make any ſenſe of it, nor did any think of giving it to *Brutus*, all being obſtinately deſirous to gheis at what *Lucrecia* had written. For *Valeria*, who underſtood her, told the Prince of *Pometia*, that certainly *Lucrecia* did not diſſemble, and that there muſt be reaſon as what ſhe had written by her very looks, but at length none being able to make any thing of it, *Brutus*, who had a huge deſire to ſee thoſe words, asked for his table-book, which had not been ſo ſoon reſtored to him, had not *Lucrecia*, who was glad they could not find out what ſhe had written, taken it from them; as for *Brutus*, ſhe little feared his interpretation: Snatching it therefore out of *Hermilia*'s hand, ſhe returned it to the owner, who having received it, retreated two or three ſteps, and ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to conſider the words. While he was looking on them, he could hear *Collatina* jeering at his earneſtneſs therein, ſuppoſing he ſought what he ſhould never find. But that which pleaſed him infinitely, was to hear *Lucrecia* chiding her for being ſo uncivil as to make ſport at him. In the mean time *Brutus*, who was of an excellent reaching wit, proper for the finding out of ſuch things, apprehended *Lucrecia*'s fancy, and diſpoſing the words into their genuine order, he found they made up two verſes of *Phocilides* which had been tranſlated, that he had known them a long time, and that the Greek Slave at *Racilia*'s had taught them *Lucrecia*. Finding therefore the humour very ingenious, and Love being at that time predominant in his heart, notwithſtanding what thoughts he had a little before, he could not but ſatisfie a violent deſire he had to give *Lucrecia* a ſecret teſtimony of both his underſtanding and his love. Beſides that, perceiving ſhe would not explain her own verſes, he concluded ſhe would obſerve the ſame ſecrecy as to the anſwer. For you are to know, that thoſe two verſes, the words whereof *Lucrecia* had onely tranſpoſed when ſhe writ them in *Brutus*'s table-book, are two verſes very amorous and pathetick, of ſuch an eaſie natural ſenſe, that you cannot but remember them, when I have once repeated them; and in fine, thoſe words which appeared ſo terrible ſhuffled out of their places, when they were diſpoſed in their proper order, expreſſed *Lucrecia* thus;

How ſweet were love, if not ſo quickly paſt,
But ah! there is no love can ever laſt.

Ah *Herminius*, cryed out *Amilcar* interrupting him, how it troubles me that I could not diſcypher theſe verſes! but I muſt ſee whether theſe words are the ſame with the other. Whereupon taking the table-book wherein *Herminius* had written them, he compared them word for word, till he had found there was no difference betwixt that fantaſtick canting and theſe two verſes of *Phocilides*; which done, *Herminius* thus continued his relation.

Brutus therefore having unravelled this confuſion of words, and found in them the two verſes I have mentioned, immediately made two others, fantaſtically tranſpoſing the words, as thoſe of the other, as you may ſee by what I ſhall write under the former, conditionally you do not interrupt me for the interpretation. For now that you have the Secret, you may eaſily find them. Content your ſelves therefore, that I onely tell you the words which I write as I ſpeak them.

Laſt, permit, ever, and, my, ſhalt, grac't, all, ſame, tion, love, ſhall, love, beauty, find, with, thou.

I give you a thouſand thanks, replyed *Amilcar*, that you have given me a diſpenſation as to the diſcyphering of theſe words; for I ſhould never have done it. But to comfort me, let me ſoon know that the others were as little able to do it as I.

That I muſt, replyed *Herminius*, and that without any flattery; for *Brutus* having wrote theſe words under thoſe of *Lucrecia*, and returned them to that admirable Virgin; the table-book paſſed through the hands of all the company; but to ſay truth, rather to abuſe *Brutus*, than look for any ſenſe there. For the Prince of *Pometia* was of opinion with *Valeria*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia*, that *Brutus* underſtood no more of the buſineſs, than to ſet down certain words at randome. So that not able to keep from laughing at his pretended ſimplicity, their cenſure of his words was quite contrary to what they made of *Lucrecia*'s; for though they could make nothing of *Brutus*'s, nor indeed endeavoured to find any thing in them, ſo poorly were they conceited of him; yet they affirmed they underſtood them, and that they were of admirable ſenſe. They abuſively repeated the firſt words, which they ſaid made a wonderful harmony.

But while they ſo unmercifully jeered one whom they knew not, *Lucrecia*, who was of a nature could not endure to make ſport of ſuch as were not thought the wiſeſt, took the table-book from them; and ſeriouſly conſidering what *Brutus* had written (that he might ſee ſhe did not ſlight him) was ſomewhat ſurpriſed to find theſe words relative to thoſe he had made uſe of: Faſtning therefore her mind, as well as her eyes, upon what *Brutus* had written, he went aſide two or three ſteps from her companions, and looked on the words ſo attentively, that he underſtood *Brutus* as well as he had done her; for ſhe there found theſe two verſes, which anſwered thoſe of *Phocilides*.

Permit my love, thou with all beauty grac't,
And thou ſhalt find ſome love ſhall ever laſt.

Lucrecia had no ſooner decyphered theſe Verſes, but ſhe bluſhed, and that the more when turning to look on *Brutus*, with ſome amazement, ſhe met his eyes half way, and ſaw in them a certain trouble, and withal a certain quickneſs, which ſhe had never before obſerved. But how ſtrangely ſoever he might be ſurpriſed by this accident, ſhe made ſhift to conceal it, for ſhe would neither interpret her own words, nor diſcover *Brutus*'s, ſo that having ſomewhat recovered her ſelf out of the amazement ſhe was in, ſhe came to her friends, and told them they were better gheſſers than ſhe, for he could make nothing of what *Brutus* had written: Nor did I intend it for any but your ſelf (replied he negligently with his accuſtomed ſimplicity) which though it ſeemed to be very bluntly ſpoken, yet did it confirm *Lucrecia* in what ſhe believed, which was, that there was ſomething extraordinary in this adventure.

This

This made her so infinitely desirous to be at liberty, to reflect on what had happened to her, that she insensibly engaged the company to a little distance by walking aside; onely *Valeria*, who was acquainted with all her secrets, she drew aside, and related to her what she had met with. But is it possible you speak seriously, replyed *Valeria*, or is it by chance that you have made two verses of these extravagant words of *Brutus*, who haply knows not himself there is any such thing in them? You do not consider what you say *Valeria*, said *Lucrecia* to her, for these two verses are so pertinently answerable to mine, that *Brutus* must of necessity have understood what I writ, and making them on a sudden, must of necessity have an excellent understanding, though he be accounted the most stupid among men. It is, certainly, excellently well done, replyed *Valeria*, and as certain, that he was never before guilty of any discovery of Love of this nature; and not to dissemble longer with you, since *Brutus* is an understanding man, he certainly loves you, and for some dayes past, I have observed him perpetually looking on you. Nay I am perswaded, added she, the love he bears you hath cleared his understaning, and that the fire your eyes have darted into his soul, hath enlightned his reason. Ah *Valeria*, replyed *Lucrecia*, my eyes do no miracles, and *Brutus* must have been long since what I now find him. 'Tis true, replyed *Valeria*, I now suspect somewhat more than ever I did, for I remember I have known *Brutus* privately spend whole dayes with *Licinius* and my Father, and so it is not impossible something may be shrowded under this counterfeit stupidity.

But when all is done, how is it imaginable that a man should alwayes conceal his understanding, and expect an emergency of love to manifest it? I should therefore rather conceive it a prodigie, and that *Brutus* inspired by love, should speak this time as those do that speak Oracles, who many times understand not what they say. However it be, added *Valeria*, the adventure is so considerable, that it is fit the whole company were acquainted with it, that every one may give his opinion of it; for, after all, what *Brutus* hath written will never be taken for any declaration of Love, if you be not so pleased. No, no, replyed *Lucrecia*, let us not be so hasty, for if *Brutus* have those parts in him which he would not discover to the world, for some reason to me unknown, I shall do him no prejudice; nor indeed would I have him think that I have unriddled his verses. Besides that I shall not interpret my own, for *Collatina*, who, as you know, is perpetually speaking to me of her Brother, would believe when she had once seen his verse,

How sweet were Love, if not so quickly past!

that she had no more to do, than to assure me of *Collatine*'s fidelity to engage me to entertain his affection. Therefore let us not say any thing of this accident, not even to *Hermilia* nor yet to *Racilia*, until we know *Brutus* somewhat better than we do. *Valeria* hereupon promising to do as she would have her, they came up to the company, which soon after dispersed it self. For the Prince of *Pometia* returned to *Rome*, and *Collatina*'s mother went the same way.

In the mean time *Brutus* was so infinitely satisfied, to find by the actions and looks of *Lucrecia*, that she understood him, that all the reasons he could rally up to engage his passion, were not able to beat him off from his resolution of loving *Lucrecia*; and he was so pleased to think that he had at the same time given her a slight hint of his understanding and his love, that at the same instant, Hope, which till then was a stranger to his heart, became absolute mistress of it, and brought along with her all those pleasures, which are her Attendants in ordinary. Let us love, let us love (said he in himself, when he was come to a place where he might freely reflect on what had happened to him) and let us not oppose our good fortune; let us engage our liberty for all our life, let us double the chains which fasten us to *Lucrecia*, let us double them with those hands which must break asunder those of *Tarquin*'s Tyranny. Let us enjoy all the pleasures of an Infant-love, and hope for all those of a fortunate Lover. Let us believe the love of our Countrey, and that of Glory not to be inconsistent with them; On the contrary, let us be assured, that the onely ambition of being worthy of *Lucrecia*'s affection, will hasten the deliverance of *Rome*; and let us not raise those difficulties, which haply we shall never meet with. Let us then discover to *Lucrecia* all our Love and all our Worth, and let us not imagine a half-confidence in her, which may equally eclipse our Reputation and our Love: for haply, continued he, if we do not make it her interest to conceal our secret, she will go and reveal it to some one who may do us a discourtesie. I now perceive, added he, I have carryed my self inconsiderately for the safety of my life, but I cannot repent me of it, and I had rather die this day, now that I know that *Lucrecia* does but imagine that I love her, and am not *Brutus* the stupid, then be assured to live an age, without the happy acquaintance of this admirable person.

On the other side, *Lucrecia* could not quit her thoughts and observance of *Brutus*; but as often as she saw him, she thought she saw somewhat in his eyes she never before had taken notice of, and met at the same time with love and greatness of mind. This raised in her an unspeakable curiosity, to dive into a secret which seemed to her so extraordinary; yet would she do nothing in order to the discovery of it, not so much as take any occasion to speak to *Brutus*, though she passionately wished it. But Chance befriended her the next day, for it happened that *Lucrecia*, who was naturally much inclined to solitary musing, walked all alone into a large Court which was behind *Racilia*'s house. But that in case the weather were over hot, they might have the pleasure and convenience of the sight of the Garden, there was lately built a large Arbor, open of all sides, opposite to the stairs which led into the Garden abutting on a spacious walk that crossed the Court. *Lucrecia* therefore having left *Valeria* and *Hermilia* in a sloathful humour, that kept them within doors, as thinking fittter to entertain themselves in the Hall, took a turn into the Garden, intending to return to her friends as soon as she had done. But insensibly forgetting her first design, and withall her her self, she walked so long thinking on a hundred several things one after another, that growing weary she returned into the Arbor I spoke of, with intention to rest her a while, for there were seats all about it. They had also taken care to put curtains to all the sides, which, if need were, might be drawn against the Sun; so that *Lucrecia* finding

the place very convenient, goes in, sits down, and continuing her thoughts, looked into the Court. She was no sooner sate down, but *Brutus* comes in to her, who having walked a long time in a little Wood which was behind the Garden, came to this Arbor to rest himself, not knowing that *Lucrecia* was there, the curtains being drawn on that side he came in at; for I had forgot to tell you, that there was an entrance into it on any side.

That which is particular in this accident, is, that *Brutus*, engaged in deeper meditations than *Lucrecia*, was as much surprized to find her there, as she was to see him come in. But if he were surprized, it was with much delight, for having never been with her alone, he thought himself absolutely happy to find her in that posture, especially being resolved, as he was, to discover himself truly to her, and to acquaint her with his love. But though he passionately wished for the opportunity which Chance now favor'd him with, and that he saw himself at liberty to speak, yet had he such an extraordinary commotion, and so great a disturbance in his heart, that he could not but blush as well as *Lucrecia*. For though the adventure the day before had made this great Beauty extremely curious to know precisely what thoughts she should have of *Brutus*, yet was she somewhat troubled to find her self alone with a man whom she did not conceive to be such as the world took him, and one who had manifested his love to her, in so strange, so ingenuous, and so gallant a manner. Nevertheless, having not any way discovered that she understood those two verses he had made to answer those she had made use of, she recover'd her self, and returned his salute.

But though she might without any hazard of censure, have staid there with *Brutus*, the place being open to all the house, as also the Court, where a many Gardeners were at work; yet she pretended as if she would not sit down again, but re-assume her walk. *Brutus* perceiving her purpose, spoke hastily to her to divert her, and taking hold of a corner of a large veil, which she had on her head, but hanged carelesly over her shoulders; Ah Madam, said he staying her, do not forsake a wretch you are not acquainted with, who yet dies out of a desire that you may; but dares not discover himself to you, if you grant him not the favor of an audience without witnesses. Deny me not then the suit I make to you, that you would but hear me, and that without interrupting me. For, Madam, I have so many things to acquaint you with, that to hear me, I must bespeak all your goodness, all your patience. *Lucrecia* hearing *Brutus* speak in this manner, was extremely surprized; for though she believed him to be other than he seemed, yet could she not avoid a strange amazement, to hear him speak in an accent quite different from what he was wont. So that not knowing on a sudden, whether she should grant or deny his request, she a little while stood irresolv'd, though advising with her heart, she was extremely desirous to know what oblig'd *Brutus* to conceal his worth from the world; for she was satisfied as to what then obliged him to discover it to her: However she was in doubt what to do, insomuch as that *Brutus* reading her irresolution in her eyes; I beseech you, Madam, said he to her, do not deliberate about what you have to do, seat your self where you were before I came, and be assured, that if I durst cast my self on my knees to obtain what I desire, I should not rise before you had granted it. But since I dare not almost do any rational action when I may be seen of any, neither may I any way express that extraordinary respect which I bear you, lest if I should manifest that awful adoration which is due to the admirable *Lucrecia*, I might discover part of my reason. If you but knew my amazement, replyed this Beauty, looking on him with eyes wherein might be seen the characters of curiosity, you would not think it strange to see me at such a loss of resolution, for my thoughts are burthen'd with a thousand things at once, which I am not able to tell you, but you might easily conjecture. In fine, added she, how can I possibly take you to be the same I have ever known you, or imagine that you can eternally disguise your self as you do? Is it possible to guess at what obliges you to this, and to conceive that you should single me out to reveal a secret of this nature to? To me, I say, whom you have found ever indifferent, if not uncivil, to you, and who have not done any thing which might oblige you to make any difference between me and *Valeria*, *Collatina*, or *Hermilia*. Ah Madam, replyed he, you have done one thing which hath placed you in my heart, in a rank different from the others; for as to *Valeria*, I have only an esteem and a friendship for her; I love not *Hermilia*, but as being her Brother; and I look on *Collatina* as Sister to my Rival, whom therefore I ought not to trust my self to. But for you, divine *Lucretia*, I consider you as the only person who governs in my heart, and who only deserve to know the whole secret of my fortune. I am therefore resolved to cast my self so far into your hands, that my life shall be every moment at your disposal. For the secret of your Fortune, reply'd modestly *Lucretia*, I should not do well to tell you I am not desirous to know it, since it is not likely; but I intreat you proceed not in it, nor tell me any thing which may make me prefer the former *Brutus*, whom I have known, before him I now begin to know. If you are impartial, reply'd he, I am confident you will not be offended at what I shall tell you; if you are not, I shall shew you so easie a way to be revenged of the injury I shall have done in adoring you, that to ruine me, you need no more than commend me, for if you but tell any one that *Brutus* hath any understanding, I am sure to be presently sacrificed to the Tyrant. Fear not then any thing, Madam, from a man who puts his life into your hands, and it may be, does something more. I am so inclin'd to pity the unfortunate, reply'd she, that looking on you as the most wretched of mankind, since you are forced to conceal the understanding you have; I also consider you as such a one, as it is not the pleasure of the Gods I should destroy, but rather assist: but yet once more, tell me nothing which may cause me to repent of this indulgence I have for you.

With this *Lucretia* sitting down, and *Brutus* seating himself close by her, he in few words acquainted her with the cruelties of *Tarquin* towards his family, the flight of *Tarquinia* and *Licinius*, his abode at *Metapont*; thence he came to tell her of the desire he had to return to *Rome*, there to serve his Countrey; the way the sage *Damo* had found out for

for him to return thither safely, by concealing his understanding as he had done; the miserable life he had led since his return, and the resolution he had taken to wander about the world, so at least to deliver his Reason, since he could not *Rome*. This condition, Madam, said he to her, was my soul and affairs in, when you by the Charms of your Wit and Beauty staid me here whether I would or no. Since that Madam, I have done what I could to resist you; I have objected all that to my self which I conceive you would have had me; and I left nothing unattempted which might oblige me to cease loving you. But when I had done all, it was impossible, so that at last I am resolved to acquaint you with my fortune, and discover to you my passion, and withal let you know, I am furnished with more understanding than is believed, and that thence I may assure you I have much more love than you can imagine, though I do not think I could give you a greater argument of my reason, than the expression of the love I have for you.

All that you tell me is so strange, replyed *Lucretia*, that you should not think much that I have not interrupted you, though you have said many things which the stricter rules of civility allow me not to hear. But indeed the strangeness of your fortune, the miseries of your life, and the confidence you have reposed in me, by trusting me with a secret of this nature, have obliged me not to interrupt you, but to suffer you to say what you please, reserving to my self the liberty in my turn to acquaint you with my thoughts.

For answer therefore to what you have said, give me leave to assure you, that I think my self so much obliged to you for the esteem you must needs have for me, that the preservation of my own life should not engage me to hazard yours, by revealing what it so much concerns you that none know. But that done, generous *Brutus*, I must tell you, that to give an infallible testimony of the greatness of your understanding, and constancy of your soul, you must overcome this affection which you say you have for me; and to give me an assurance of your pretended love, you must never more speak to me of it. Ah Madam, cryed out *Brutus*, it is impossible for me to do any thing of what you enjoyn, for I assure you I shall no longer struggle with my passion, but will rather die with grief, if you grant me not the favor sometimes to tell you that I love you. Were it not inhumanity to deny this weak comfort, to a wretch that puts his life into your hands, who trusts you with the greatest secret that ever was trusted to any, and who gives you the highest testimony of esteem that any man could give?

Consider Madam, that I am the most unfortunate of men, that I was on the point of setting my reason at liberty, when you chained it up, that my own Sister knows not that I am her Brother, nor indeed that I am not the stupid *Brutus* I seem. Consider I say, that besides the miseries of my House and Countrey, I am also burthened with those of my Love. For, Madam, I declare it to you, I love you without any hope, and expect not any return of my love, since it were unreasonable the admirable *Lucretia* should love a man whom the world despiseth, whom Fortune hath cast off, who is every moment in danger of being destroyed by *Tarquin*'s cruelty, who hath almost quitted the hope of delivering his Countrey, who must never discover his reason, and who must trifle away his life with the reputation of a man of no understanding. But after all, though I do not hope to be loved, yet I shall think my self happy enough, if you but give me leave to tell you that I love you, and suffer me submissively to complain of all my sufferings. I do not see how I can pretend to less, or desire less; and that your vertue as cautious as it is, cannot without cruelty deny me a thing wherein there is neither engagement nor danger. For (added he, not giving her time to answer) you cannot fear it should be suspected I were in love with you; and much less that you should permit my love; and when after an age of afflictions you should be pleased to express a certain kind of goodness, which I might call an innocent favor, there is no fear I should make it known, since I could not be at such a loss of discretion without hazarding my life, or exposing my self to incredulity. For if the stupid *Brutus* should say he were not hated by *Lucretia*, none would believe it, and if he went by any reason to prove it, it might cost him his life. Consider then, I conjure you, that you are the only she in the world whom I durst trust with the most important secret of my soul. 'Tis true, *Racilia*, *Valerius*, and *Licinius*, know the secret of my Fortune, but it is you, only you know that of my Love. It is you, Divine Person, added he, shall be my Mistress, my Friend, and my Confident; it is you shall be all the world to me. If I deliver *Rome*, you shall partake in the glory; and if I cannot do it, you shall condole with me, for the miseries of my Countrey, and shall be to me instead of Kinred, Friends, and Fame. Admit then, I beseech you, a Lover that desires nothing, that hopes nothing, one that could not boast of your favors if you did him any, that makes you the sole disposer of his destiny, and and that believes he hazards nothing, when he endangers all, since that, if you deal unkindly with him, he is resolved no longer to live. I therefore declare unto you, Madam, that if you feel not in your heart some favorable inclination to entertain my passion, I expect not you should be faithful to me. On the contrary, I give you leave immediately to tell *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, nay even *Collatina*, though my Rival's Sister, that I am not what I am thought, that I have more understanding than is conceived; that I am engaged in some Plot at *Rome*, that *Tarquin* must destroy me; and if this suffice not, tell it *Tarquin* himself. For what else concerns me, imagine not that I offer you a transient love: on the contrary, I shall tell you in Prose as much as I did in those two Verses, which you will understood, though you would seem not to do it. Assure your self therefore, Madam, that *I shall love you eternally*; and withal consider, you that are so ingenious, that you will have that advantage over me, which no other Beauty can have. For in fine, all other Lovers, how faithful soever they may be, are at the best but faithful in their hearts, since that many times they are not so in their words, and that a thousand reasons of Civility, Decorum, and Custome, oblige them to commend other Beauties, when occasion requires; nay they have their she-confidents, who share in their affections. But, according to the rate of my destiny, I cannot commend any but you, nor love any else whatever; and as I have already told you, all my wishes, all my

hopes, all my felicity, is terminated in you. And if possibly I might obtain of the admirable *Lucrecia* any thing beyond my hope, I should not onely think my self the most happy, but the most glorious man in the world; nor would I change fortunes with the greatest Conquerours, whose Victories Fame hath spred through the world. Speak then, Madam, speak, continued he, but with that goodness and justice which may shew you pitty the most unfortunate Lover that ever was. If you were simply a Suitor for my compassion, as the most wretched of all men, replyed she, you might assure your self of it; but that quality of a Lover which you would put on, obliges me to deny you all pity. Ah, I beseech you Madam, remember what you said yesterday,

How sweet were love, if not so quickly past!

and assure your self I shall love you *eternally*.

Since love cannot last long without hope, replyed *Lucrecia*, and that I shall give you none, this personated love will soon blow over. However, added she, trouble not your self a bout your Secret, for as I have told you already, I conceive my self obliged to be faithful to a man, who is so well opinioned of me, as to trust me with his life; and that you may be satisfied, that I will do any thing I may lawfully for you, and that I have no design to ruin you. I must ingenuously confess, that I understood yesterday what you writ in your Table-book, and was surprized at it, that not being able to contain within me all the reflections I made upon that adventure, I acquainted (my other self) *Valeria* with it, But yet fear not, added she, any prejudice from this discreet Virgin; for besides that she is naturally good, I am confident she will never speak of what she knowes, if I doe but desire her, and will go immediately and do it.

If you admit me to love you, replyed *Brutus*, it is certainly requisite you have the goodness to take care that what you and *Valeria* (whose vertue I am satisfied of) onely know, may go no farther. But if that cannot be, as I told you, I have done all I can, and you have no more to do then to punish my presumption by my ruin. In the mean time as it is permitted to one that is unfortunate to fancy comforts to himself out of any thing; so you will give me leave to believe, in case you be faithful to me, that it is beeause you are not yet fully resolved to ruine me. Ah *Brutus*, replyed *Lucrecia*, you distract me strangely, for I cannot be so base as to ruin you, yet I cannot endure you should interpret my generosity to my disadvantage.

While she was speaking thus, she spies *Hermilia* coming out of the house, and *Valeria* staying her by force, as if she would have hindred her from coming to the place where she was. And indeed it was so, for it happened that *Hermilia* having through the hall window seen *Brutus* and *Lucrecia* together, took pity to see her obliged to entertain a man whose conversation was no way pleasant, which made her tell *Valeria* that she would goe and relieve her. But *Valeria* knowing the adventure of the Verses, and being withal very willing that *Lucrecia* should discover *Brutus*'s secret, justly suspected that so long a discourse might produce something; and therefore that it might not be interrupted, she would have kept *Hermilia* from disturbing them, telling her, it were fit to leave *Lucrecia* alone with *Brutus*, were it but to punish her for her wilful humour the day before, when she would not tell what she writ in the Table-book. But at last *Hermilia* getting from *Valeria*, came running to the place where *Lucrecia* was, who, not much troubled at the interruption, left *Brutus*, and went to meet this fair Virgin, whom she hardly thanked, for having delivered her out of a company which she said was very troublesome to her. Yet did not *Lucrecia* speak with her accustomed freedome, as being not quite disintangled from the adventure had happened unto her, but *Hermilia* reflected not much on it, but believed that little disturbance she descryed in *Lucrecia* to have proceeded from the trouble she had had to entertain *Brutus*, who not able suddenly to shift himself into his stupidity, chose rather to remove himself further from *Lucrecia*, then coming near her to say nothing to her, or at least nothing that might please her.

In the mean time, *Lucrecia*, though at the present she had no thoughts of entertaining *Brutus*'s love, was yet particularly careful to speak in time to *Valeria*, to let her know, that what she had told her the day before, was of greater consequence than she conceived. Yet could she not speak to her till they were retired to their bedchamber; for before, either *Hermilia* or *Racilia* was always with them. But as soon as they were private, *Lucrecia* acquainted her friend punctually with all that *Brutus* had said, celebrating the greatness of his understanding; and the difference that was between his ordinary manner of speaking, and when he spoke freely; and in fine, pretending to *Valeria* that she had a great esteem for him, though she were not half acquainted with him. But all considered, added she, I wish I had not known him, or that he had been satisfied to have chosen me onely for his friend, to comfort him in his affliction. Ah *Lucrecia*, replyed *Valeria*, since, after a manifestation of love, you wish him that made it your friend, I am confident you would soon admit him as your Lover: I must then needs be prepossessed with a very strong inclination, replied *Lucrecia*, for though I am perswaded one may lawfully love once in their life, so it be withal innocently, and should believe there is nothing so Pleasant as a tender crimeless love, yet must I needs, as I said, have my mind extremely prepossessed to ingage my self into *Brutus*'s love, since that you may easily judge, that considering his reputation in the world, my Father would never consent I should marry. For my Mother, knew she truely how things stand, I am confident she would lay her commands upon me to entertain *Brutus*'s affection; for her heart is so sensibly possessed with the memory of his illustrious Father, that the hatred she hath for *Tarquin* is certainly grounded upon the death of *Junius*, with whom she was very intimately acquainted. But you may well think, added she, that I shall not go and reveal this secret to her, and consequently have nothing else to do, but to avoyd meeting with *Brutus*. But if you over-warily avoyd him, replyed *Valeria*, those who observe it will take occasion to suspect something, for you have ever seemed less desirous to shun him then any. And therefore, added she laughing, do not avoyd him so wilfully, have a better confidence of your self, and onely resolve to make good your heart while we stay here.

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The advice you give me, replyed *Lucrecia* with a gentle smile, hath something injurious in it, for it might be thence inferred, that you do not much believe I really would avoyd *Brutus*. But that you may be satisfied, I tell you nothing but truth, added she, I will do what I can to hasten my return to *Rome*, for in fine, I must needs acknowledge I have so great an esteem for *Brutus*, as to wish he might think honourably of me.

The next day *Lucrecia* writ divers things to her Father to oblige him to send for her home; but the reasons which moved him to send her for that part of the Summer into the Countrey, being the stronger, *Lucrecia*'s endeavours proved fruitless, so that she was forced to be content to remain at *Racilia*'s for she had a soul too great to give the true cause of her desire to return to *Rome*, since *Brutus*'s life was concerned in it. In the mean time, this disguised lover, from his first opening of his love to *Lucrecia*, was glad of any occasion to entertain her, or to write to her; and having an ingenuity beyond the ordinary rate of men, he found out a hundred wayes to conveigh his Letters, and that so as she could not but receive them. But all notwithstanding, *Lucrecia* having a real aversion from engaging her self to *Brutus*'s love, one day represented unto him all the difficulties which she thought might break the obstinacy of his love to her. For in fine, said this discreet person to him, you may easily judge that my Father would not bestow his Daughter on a stupid *Brutus*; and you may withal conceive that the *Brutus*, who I think worthy my greatest esteem, is not in a condition to discover himself; and therefore not finding how I can any way dispose of my self, you will excuse me if I intreat you not to speak to me any more of your love. As for my friendship, said she to him, it is at your service, and I promise you withal, that I will not avoyd you, as for some dayes I have, conditionally you admit *Valeria*, who knows all the secrets of my heart, one of our company. Your pleasure shall be my will, returned *Brutus*, so you will permit me still to love you, contenting your self that I shall not challenge your affection, till your heart should be overcome by the greatness of mine, and be forced to do me justice. Till then that you be onely my friend, since you are so pleased, and that I may be accounted *Valeria*'s, I am content; but withal, vouchsafe to stay till you fully understand what I am; and if when you are throughly acquainted with my heart, you can deny me yours, I shall have no other business in this world but to dye. I shall then at once forget the love of my Countrey, that of Glory, and that of *Lucrecia*, and shall have no more to do but to commit to dust the purest flame that ever shined in amorous heart.

From that time, my Lord, had *Brutus* more of *Lucrecia*'s company than before, for that *Valeria* being admited into the Club, *Lucrecia* did not so much avoid him. Yet *Hermilia* stood many times in his way, that he could not entertain *Lucrecia* with his passion, for she was seldome out of their company. As for *Valeria* she was so charmed by the excellent endowments of *Brutus*, that in few dayes she became as great a friend to him as she was to *Lucrecia*; and that which augmented the friendship of these two persons, was, that *Brutus* acquainted this discreet Virgin with the particular correspondence he held with *Valerius*.

But notwithstanding all the enjoyments the company of these two admirable Virgins afforded him, yet was he still very unfortunate; for though he knew that *Lucrecia* had really a great esteem and friendship for him, yet was he not contented, because it is particular to that passion his soul was engaged with, not to be satisfied but by it self.

This found matter of perpetual complaint, notwithstanding the prohibitions of *Lucrecia* to the contrary; but commonly he did it by Letters which though he found a hundred wayes to get into her hands, whether she would or not, yet would she not answer any, till at last thinking at once to satisfie him, and oblige him to do what she would have, she resolved to silence all his complaints with one answer; but lest she might engage her self too far, she onely sent him these words.

When you more Reason dare profess,
You' shall know more of Happiness.

But my Lord, this message soon brought *Lucrecia* another, which I must needs shew you, for having undertaken to entertain you with the History of *Brutus*, I have got from him whatever I thought requisite for your satisfaction: See then the answer of this disguised Lover.

When I profess more reason, you tell me I shall be more happy; Ah Madam, how hard is it to preserve so much Reason where there is so much Love, and how long must I continue miserable! You give me certainly, Madam, an excellent Precept, but I cannot follow it. All the Sages of Greece *told me as much before I knew you, but it is onely you have taught me that all their instructions are fruitless. Never had I such a disturbance in my soul as now, and that which sinks me deeper into despair, is, that haply it might be said; that for what concerns you I had no reason to despair. For certainly you exercise no cruelty on me, nay I am obliged to celebrate your goodness; but is it not equally certain, that you love me the less, by how much my affection is the greater to you? You look on my passion with so much calmness and indifference, that in my judgement you would be more sensible of it, were it onely a pleasant fiction wherein you were nothing concerned, nor knew any more than the relation from some eloquent person. Ah Madam, how cruel are you if this be your true apprehension! and how much more cruel if it be not! and how careful are you to conceal the truth from me, so to make me the most unfortunate of men! What shall I say to you, Madam? since I find you so insensible as to Love, I doubt me you are more as to Friendship; and that all the expressions I have received of yours were onely strong imaginations, and so many pleasant sallyes of your mind. Have I not other afflictions enough in my passion? The difficulty to speak with you; the sad necessity of my self restraint and reservedness; the absence you every day threaten me with, and whereof the very thoughts murthers me; to which you shall not need add an insensibility the most unkind and the most cruel that ever was, and especially since it hath all the appearances of humanity and candor. What I desire is, I confess, too much for me to receive, but it is little for you to grant; Heaven is my witness I desire nothing else. Tell me but once,* I admit your love, and forbid you not to hope you may be loved; *and then though you never speak to me more, I shall be content, and my passion will be dissolved into serenity and joy. But if the terrible word of four letters frightens you, and*

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that he be the cause of all your fears. I shall consent that for the future, this LOVE *be called respect, or Friendship, or what you please, provided that between us it signifie something quite different from the name. Pity me Madam, pity the purest and most unspotted Affection that ever heart was capable of; you will certainly, could you but see the tempestuousness of my thoughts. My mind is discomposed by the disorder of my heart; and I am sometimes afraid I shall really come to be what the world believes me, if you do not change my destiny. May I presume to tell you, Madam. I do almost repent me I have ever loved you; I have wished I could love you no longer; nay, I have endeavoured it. But soon after, I have found I was not master of my own thoughts; I have condemned my endeavours, and repented of my repentance, as of a crime. This, Madam, is the deplorable condition I am in, and must be while you are so pleased; for I am not to be acquainted with my own frailty, which you know as well as I, and therefore it is to little purpose for me to complain and threaten at the same time, since all I have to do is to suffer, to dissemble, to be silent, and to love you eternally.*

This Letter being very full of passion, *Lucrecia* was a little stung with it, insomuch that she resolved to return *Brutus* a longer answer than she had done before. For indeed not to conceal any thing from you, the great worth of this illustrious Roman, the generosity of his heart, his gallantry, the confidence he at first reposed in her discretion, the disconsolate life he led, the respect he had for her, the experience she had of his vertue, and the pureness of his apprehensions, together with a certain passionate stile, which was that of all his writings; had kindled in her soul a certain affection, the force whereof she was not acquainted with. Yet I am confident, you will infer from the answer which I shall read to you, that she had a certain obliging tenderness for *Brutus*, though she never allowed a thought which was not vertuous and innocent. But that you may know whether I am in the right or no, hear what was *Lucrecia*'s answer.

I should never have believed that Innocence could have been so cowardly as I find it in my own heart. For I assure you, that though I fear not any thing either as to you or my self, yet am I haunted with a secret distrust, which is no small affliction to me: I cannot precisely tell what it is I fear, and I cannot but fear what I cannot tell; nor can the consideration either of all my own vertue or yours, restore my mind to quiet and composure. It is so overcast and disordered with thousands of niceties and doubts, that if the tenderness of my heart were not engaged on your side, I know not whether I might not repent me of a great part of that goodness which I have for you. But to give you my true thoughts, I am perswaded this civil war will yet last some time. I could wish it were at an end, for you know, as War banishes all pleasures from those places where it hath to do, so that whereof my heart hath for some time been the Seat, suffers me not effectually to apprehend the joy of being by you preferred before all the world, and governing in the heart of a man of extraordinary worth, and (which I value much more) one whose affection is composed of Vertue and Sincerity. In fine, is it not true that in some late private entertainments, you have observed I had not the least liberty or command of my mind? Is it not as true, I was neither merry nor melancholy, neither absolutely dull, nor absolutely chearful? That to speak truely, I was neither absolutely mild, nor altogether severe, and that if you had never found me more amiable than you did those two dayes, you had never loved me? However, I hope you will not blame me, the rather, if you consider I have an infinite passion for Reputation and Innocence. I know there is nothing criminal in your affection, but I know my own weakness, which is such, that I am afraid of any secret I never was but thened with any, and all novelty distracts me. Yet it may happen, that observing from time to time the integrity of your resentments, I shall seriously resolve to share an innocent Secret with you; and shall then give my soul way to entertain all the sweetness it may find, in being tenderly loved by a person who knows how to love, and who can love with respect and innocence. I should tell you a thousand things more, should I pretend to answer your Letter exactly, and acquaint you with the true state of my soul. But I have not the leisure, and am not certain whether I have the will; for, seriously, the disquiet of mind is such as I am ashamed of.

I am confident, my Lord, that though this Letter contain nothing in it of extraordinary Obligation, yet you cannot otherwise think than that *Brutus* should take it as a very high favour, as wherein he might easily perceive that *Lucrecia* had a great esteem and a strong inclination for him. Nevertheless he found in it some things to complain of, as you may judge by the answer he returned to it, whereof this is a Copy.

If I love you not beyond what any one can love you, if my love admit any thing which the most exact and nice Vertue can any way censure in it self, if I can live contentedly, or, to say better, but onely live until you love me, I wish I were the wretchedst of mankind. This is all the answer I shall make you, deserve no more of a wretch, whom you have already made lose his understanding and his reason, and if you change not your thoughts, will make him also lose his life. But Madam, what necessity is there to answer you, you sufficiently answer your self? You fear, you say, and cannot tell what you fear; You are engaged with the most fervent and the most accomplished love in the world; and if I dare say so Madam, with your own goodness and compassion, and yet all your fears consist of a sort of nice Difficulties, as you your self call them, that is to say, reasons which are onely shadows of Reason, such as a great and noble Soul, as yours, shall never entertain. Upon these niceties then, you would easily deprive him of all content, who of all the world hath the greatest love for you. For these niceties he must be condemned to perpetual torment, so as to be dissolved into sighs, groans, and complaints, and must accuse all your past goodness as so much cruelty. Certainly those who fiercely and disdainfully repulse their Lovers, are not haply as inhumane as you are; for their fierceness is a remedy against it self, and many times saves those whom it might bring into despair. Besides, those, when they are so scornful, they believe they have reason to be so, and are not swayed by niceties, and their rigour therefore is so much the more excusable. But for you, Madam, what shall I say to you? Shall I complain of you, or shall I commend you? I am in doubt whether, so much am I disordered; but this I know, whether you are merciful or cruel, nice or not, I cannot but love you while I live; and all the difference will be this, that as you are pleased I shall be the happiest or the most unhappy of all Lovers. Alas Madam, is it possible you can destroy all my felicity, all my joy, haply some part of your own, only because you know not whether you would have what you

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would, or that you wish it imperfectly? Have compassion on me. I beseech you Madam, let us once be an example, that perfect Vertue is not inconsistent with perfect Love, and that it were very unhappy, if it were deprived of the sweetest pleasure, or to say better, the only in the world. What serenity will you infuse into my mind, if you can afford that which you desire unto your own? What glory were there equal to mine? With what Kings, and with what Lovers would I change condition? O ye Gods! how doth this very thought crown me with joy, in the midst of all your cruelties? But if you are resolved still to oppose my happiness, I tell you seriously, you will either give me my death, or make it my perpetual wish. Consider therefore Madam, what you do, and the more to engage you to be tender of my life, remember that the safety of Rome *is haply concerned in it, and that you cannot ruine me without exposing your Country to eternal slavery.*

Lucrecia having received the Letter, shewed it *Valeria* in a little close Arbor, which was at the corner of *Racilia*'s Garden; but she did it with so visible expressions of disturbance in her looks, that her friend not able to guess at the meaning of it, asked her the reason. For in fine, said she to her, this Letter hath nothing in it which is not full of respect and passion; and I am confident, it is no trouble to you that *Brutus* loves you. I confess, it replyed *Lucrecia*, but that which infinitely afflicts me, is, that I have not that command of my heart, so as to be able when I should desire it, to avoyd loving him. It is certainly in my power, added she, not to give him any expressions of it, but if I do it, I am so much the more unhappy; for when ever I force my self to hide from him part of that esteem which I have for him, I am presently haunted, notwithstanding all my resistence, with a certain fear to destroy his affection by over-concealing my own. Not but that I believe I may love *Brutus* innocently, for the last time my mother was here, she expressly commanded me to entertain *Brutus* with that correspondence of affection, which a vertuous maid may express to a man that were to be her husband, adding to this command another, that I should never discover what she enjoyned me.

But my Lord, I had forgot to tell you that *Racilia*, who was not ignorant of the great friendship, was between *Lucrecia*'s mother, and *Brutus*'s father, and had often observed that her Nephew had a violent inclination for this excellent Virgin, took one day occasion to confer with this Illustrious Roman, whom she knew to be implacably exasperated against *Tarquin*, and told her she thought it very strange her Husband should suffer *Collatine* to make publick addresses to *Lucrecia*, since it was generally known she had an aversion for him. To which *Lucrecia*'s Mother reposing an absolute confidence in *Racilia*, made answer, that for her part she was infinitely troubled at it, nor could imagine any way to divert her Husband from it, who proposed to himself great advantages by an alliance with *Tarquin*. But not to trouble you with an account of these two Womens discourse, it shall suffice I only tell you, that *Racilia*, confident of her discretion, to whom she spoke, acquainted her that *Brutus* was not what he was thought to be; she produced divers of his Letters to confirm, she had said no more of him than he deserved; and in fine, represented him to her as the worthy Son of a man, for whom she had had a very tender friendship, as a secret enemy to *Tarquin*; and as the illustrious lover of her Daughter. Whereupon summing up all together whatever they thought might help to break off the marriage with *Collatine*, *Racilia* obliged *Lucrecia*'s Mother to lay her commands upon her Daughter to be very civil to *Brutus*, not making any further discovery to her. For knowing that the principal reason which moved her Husband to admit a marriage with *Collatine*, was that *Collatine* was of the Blood royal, she doubted not but that marriage being broken off, he would be content she should take *Brutus* with all his stupidity, as being *Tarquin*'s Nephew. Not knowing therefore truly how things stood, she laid that command on *Lucrecia*, which contributed much to the happiness of *Brutus*.

Hence it was that *Valeria* understanding by *Lucrecia* the command, which her Mother had laid on her, took occasion to tell her those little difficulties were groundless, and that she was of opinion she might innocently entertain *Brutus*'s affection. But *Valeria*, replyed *Lucrecia*, if I should, and he not know what my mother hath enjoyned me, he will haply esteem me so much the less, and if I acquaint him with it, he will think himself the less beholding to me for what I shall do for him; so that I am in the greatest confusion in the world. For, I wish *Brutus*'s love, and haply should be won to love him; Yet am I tormented with insurrections of Fear, Shame, and Repentance. I wish I had written harshly to him; I wish I had not answer'd him at all; I wish he had not written to me; I wish he would write to me every day; I wish he had never loved me; I wish he would love me eternally; and in fine, I wish things so different and inconsistent, that when I examine my self, I am almost dead for fear I should love *Brutus* better than he loves me. For according to my present apprehensions, I could wish, were it possible, he never had loved any thing, or that he might love nothing besides my self; and if I could reflect on all the passages of my soul, I should there find jealousie, despight and pride, but withal a mixture of vertue, innocence, and an obstinate desire of glory, all which torment my soul beyond all imagination. If *Brutus* had heard what you have said, replyed *Valeria*, he were not over miserable: but I can assure you, replyed *Lucrecia*, that if he understood the true meaning of all my words, he would not be much the less miserable: You are in the right, Madam, (replyed this illustrious Roman, starting from behind a thick-set hedge, where he lay hid, and withal, casting himself on his knees) for there is no condition more miserable, than that of not being hated, and yet so treated as if one never were to be loved. Ah *Brutus*, cryed out *Lucrecia* blushing, I shall not excuse the presumption you are guilty of, in discovering to me that you have over-heard me. Ah Madam, replyed he, what have I heard, whence I may derive the least favor? On the contrary, is not this irresolution of your soul, absolutely insufferable? Ask *Valeria* what she truly thinks of it, and I doubt not but she will tell you, if she speak sincerely, I have reason to complain, that you are yet to consider whether you should admit my love or not. I must acknowledge, Madam, I did not think my self to be so miserable, nay sometimes I flattered my self that these groundless difficulties, wherewith your Let-

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ter was so well furnished, had really no place in your heart. But for ought I can perceive, you are not yet certain whether you should love or hate the miserable *Brutus*; and his fate is still so doubtful, that your own heart is yet ignorant of its own secret resentments. Complaint is so natural to Love, replyed *Valeria* smiling, that I wonder not at yours; but when all is done, you should think your self happy to have heard what *Lucrecia* hath said of you, & she her self should be satisfied that you have heard those things which might excuse the tenderness of her heart. Ah *Valeria*, replyed *Lucrecia*, I am so little satisfied in my self, that I would willingly change hearts with you. If the fair *Valeria*, replyed *Brutus*, do but justice to the love of *Herminius*, I should haply get something by the exchange. Do not I pray charge me with injustice, replyed *Valeria*, at the same time, when out of pure goodness I am your advocate; and accuse me not of having a heart more tender than *Lucrecia*.

Hereupon these three persons being mutually satisfied, *Brutus* and *Lucrecia* appealed to *Valeria* to judge of those differences should happen between them. For in fine, said *Lucrecia* to *Brutus*, if you can perswade *Valeria*, that a vertuous person can entertain such an affection as you mean, I shall consent to admit yours, conditionally you never oblige me to be openly undutiful to my Father, that in case he dispose of me contrary to my inclination, you will endure it patiently without hating me; and when that happens, you never see me after. Ah Madam, replyed he, these are strange conditions, but I must accept them, provided on your behalf you suffer my passion; you favor me with all the opportunities you can to speak with you; you receive my Letters, and answer them; and lastly, cheerfully permit all those innocent expressions of love I shall make to you. So you rest satisfied with the resentments of my heart, replyed she, I shall do what you desire, as soon as you have perswaded *Valeria*, as I have already told you, that a vertuous person may be engaged to love, and shall have proved it to me rather by example than by reason; for not to dissemble with you, added she, I have not much to learn of what might be said to justifie a vertuous love. Ah Madam, said he to her, if there want nothing but to convince you, I am the happiest of men. For I know at *Metapont* an admirable Virgin, of whom I have heretofore spoken to you, who hath not conceived she hath done any thing prejudicial to her reputation, in resolving to love. Might it please the Gods, replyed *Lucrecia*, it were the daughter of *Pythagoras*. Your prayers are heard Madam, replyed he, it is of that sage person I am to speak to you, and in few words to satisfie your curiosity, and furnish you with an example; I am only to acquaint you that *Damo* had fortified her heart against the addresses of the most vertuous persons in the world, as believing she could not meet with any one man, in whom there were a conjunction of Wit, Vertue, Goodness, Gallantry, Tenderness, and Fidelity. She could not I say, be perswaded it were possible to find a Lover, whose desires exceeded not the limits of Innocence, nor his transports those of Discretion; so that despairing to meet with a man of a vertue great enough to love, at the rate of that affection, which she imagined requisite in an upright well-meaning person, she was resolved not to love any thing but Glory. But at length one of the most famous Disciples of *Pythagoras* named *Alcmaon*, falling deeply in love with her, and bringing along with him all those perfections which she thought it impossible to find in any one man, she changed her resolution, and after a many thousands of applications, from *Alcmaon*, and thousands of services tendred and performed, she hath entertained his affection, and given him expressions of hers; she hath received Love-letters from him, and hath answered them; she hath favor'd her Lover with a thousand opportunities of private entertainments; she hath received verses from him, and hath returned others to him. Ah! might it please the Gods that the incomparable *Lucrecia* would make as amorous for me as those of *Damo* were for *Alcmaon*. But that you may not find me in any untruth, and my withal be satisfied of the tenderness of this vertuous person's heart; Be pleased to hear some of her amorous Poetry, and, if you can, inform your self thereby what are the pleasures of Love, and be convinced that Vertue it self inspires this passion with charms, so that these two things not being incompatible, you might love me without any distrustful reservedness. Hereupon *Valeria*, who knew *Lucrecia*'s humor as well as her self, knew well she desired no more than that her innocent affection might be justified by some authority, pressed *Brutus* to repeat those verses of *Damo*; whereto *Lucrecia* by her silence consenting, he told them, that those verses had made such an impression in his heart, that they had found a place in his memory, though he had not much troubled himself to keep them in mind. Not that they are, added he, so excellently good, but that they have a certain vein of passion, which I am taken with, and wish you were also. Upon this, *Brutus* recollecting himself a little, repeated the following verses, which *Damo* had made under the name of *Lysis*, though they were directed to *Alcmaon*.

False and unjust their censure is,
Who Love account a cruel pain;
For can there be a greater bliss,
Than loving, to be lov'd again?

My joys, when Lysis's *constant love*
I view, arrive at such a height,
That to deject them is above
The humble power of scorned Fate.

He who in Love is deeply read,
Knows the least trifle to improve;
In ev'ry glance her bright eyes shed,
A thousand harmless pleasures move.

A smile, a sigh, one little sight,
Contribute charms to our desire;
Her grief confers to our delight,
Her very tears encrease our fire.

Then Lysis *we no more delay*
To make our mutual passions known,
At which let wondring Lovers say,
Their souls are twisted into one.

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Can you any longer doubt, divine *Lucrecia* (said *Brutus* to her, having repeated those Verses) that a vertuous person may love once in all her life? Can you, I say, who know the reputation of *Dame*, and who have heard, there is not another maid in the world so severely vertuous as she? Love therefore, charming Beauty, or at least suffer your self to be loved; and if you will not make amorous verses, suffer others to do it for your glory: Suffer me I say, to do any thing which may convince you of the greatness and tenderness of my affection, that when you once are, it may prove contagious to you. For, in fine, Madam, if we do not a little love that which loves us, there can be no sensible pleasure in being loved. Be pleased then to enjoy your self in the empire of my heart, by granting me a part of yours. You have so much of it in my friendship, replyed *Lucrecia*, as might content you. Ah Madam, replyed *Brutus*, how little is your acquaintance with Love, if you believe the most fervent friendship in the world can satisfie it! No no, Madam, deceive not your self, I cannot possibly be happy, if I am not loved after another manner than one loves his friends. I dare not presume to tell you that I will you should love me, continued he, but if I may without crime think it, I should wish your heart were in a condition to feel what it never felt, and what it should not for any besides the too too happy *Brutus*. I should wish, I say, you were moved when ever you saw me, and that from me alone you should derive all your felicity. My demands, Madam, added he, are indeed great, for a man that deserves nothing, but all considered I demand nothing but what is innocent. I absolutely forbid my desires all criminal favours, and in fine, wish no more than you will, so you will permit me to love you, and that continuing my adorations of you with the same fervency and sincerity, you will give me leave to believe, that if I am not loved, I may be.

Upon this, *Valeria* interposing her self between them, carried things with so much discretion, that though *Lucrecia* said nothing that might positively engage him, yet did *Brutus* think himself happy. For, in fine, he was allowed to make his complaints, and write to *Lucrecia*, when he could not come to speech with her. It was also promised he should be answered; they permitted him to hope he might be loved: He was assured of certain meetings with her in the same place, conditionally the business might be carried so as *Hermilia* and *Racilia* should not suspect any thing. For though *Brutus* affirmed to *Lucrecia* that his Aunt was not ignorant of his having more understanding than he made shew of, yet did they stand in fear of her, as not suspecting she knew any thing of his passion.

Now was it that illustrious Roman thought himself the happiest of men, and what before had contributed to his affliction, seemed now to conduce to his happiness. For now he found that his disguise was as advantageous to his *love* as to his *hatred*, since he could approach both *Lucrecia* and *Tarquin*, and fear neither *Enemies* nor *Rivalls*, thinking himself so felicified in the love and esteem of the admirable *Lucrecia*, that he valued not the disesteem of all the world. He was no more troubled to be silent before all people, since he was permitted to speak of his love to the person that caused it; and when he could but get into that close arbour, where *Lucrecia* began first to shew him favour, he found more pleasure to be there alone, than he could have done in the most pleasant company *Rome* could afford, though he were at liberty to display all the perfections of his mind.

Nor was the love of his Countrey hereby any thing abated; no more than that of Glory: on the contrary, since that he assured himself of the Love of *Lucrecia*, he thought himself doubly concerned to endeavour the destruction of *Tarquin*; not onely because he being once ruined, *Collatine* would let fall all pretensions to *Lucrecia*, but also out of a pure disinteressed motive, as conceiving it necessarily contributed to the glory of this excellent Beauty, that by the deliverance of *Rome*, he should set his own reason at liberty; and withal put himself into such a condition, that all the world might take notice of the passion he had for her. As soon therefore as love had possessed it self of the empire of his heart, he redoubled his former endeavours to accomplish that great design, wherewith his soul is at this day burthened. Nor was he disturbed by any melancholy apprehensions for some dayes ensuing that wherein *Lucrecia* had honoured him with the first expressions of her love; nor knew any other affliction than what proceeded from the impatience he had to give his Mistress another private visit; when any occasion hindred *Lucrecia* and *Valeria* to meet according to their innocent appointment: But this was no small penance to him, even so great, that one day it grew so violent upon him, that he thought not a simple Letter sufficient to express to *Lucrecia* the earnest desire he had to see her again. Having therefore an excellent and easie vein of Poetry, though none knew it but *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, and my self, he enclosed a paper of Verses in a Letter he writ to *Lucrecia*, with intention to deliver it to her himself, as he often did, when he could not meet with her but in company. But this Letter he made a shift to deliver her, as she sate betwixt *Collatine* and my self, for we often made visits at *Racilia's*, whither we were drawn by no mean concernments. I am confident you are desirous to know how he would carry the business so, as to deliver this Letter to *Lucrecia*; but that you may conceive how it was done, I am onely to tell you, that *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, two or three other Ladies, *Brutus*, *Collatine* and I, were all together in that close Arbour, where *Brutus* had the day before seen *Lucrecia*, and where he had that day met her, had we not disappointed the meeting. Having, as I told you already, written his Letter, and being very desirous to know what *Collatine* said to *Lucrecia*, and more to oblige *Lucrecia* to think on him, while his Rival entertained her; he took a walk out of the Garden for to get behind the Arbour, whence he had once before overheard a discourse between *Lucrecia* and *Valeria*; and there, as I told you, he placed himself to hearken to what *Lucretia* said to *Collatine*, and afterwards to appear before that excellent person, in hope of some occasion to deliver her his Letter. But it so happened that this Beauty, who it seems was not much taken with *Collatine's* discourse, rested her self negligently on the hedge of the Arbor, and amidst her thoughts had passed her hand thorough, wherewith she sate plucking the leaves, not thinking what she was doing. *Brutus* seeing it, soon knew it to be *Lucrecia's* fair hand, and was fully satisfied it could be no others;

for besides that, her hand was of a particular kind of making, she had on a ring, that she always wore, which absolutely convinced *Brutus* he was not deceived. Not much minding the design to hearken to what was said in the Arbour, he put into the fair hand of *Lucrecia* a little Table-book, which he had purposely caused to be made for to write Letters to her in; and (out of a transport of love, which he could not retain, though with all the reason he had he endeavoured it) kissing it he shut it, thereby to let her know, that what he gave her could come from none but himself. *Lucrecia* being surprized at this accident, began to blush, and thought to have cried out: but by good fortune, reflecting suddenly on the adventure, she apprehended what it was, and withheld her self. Yet *Collatina* asked her very importunately what the matter was, but she onely told him, rising up, that she had hurt her hand a little, whereupon drawing it to her hastily, she wrapt it into a corner of her veyl, as if she had hurt it indeed, though it was onely to hide the Table-book she had received from *Brutus*, who for his part was so well satisfied with the adventure, that he came not into the Arbour, out of a fear he might not conceal the present agitation of his mind, but went and walked alone.

In the mean time, *Lucrecia* having cunningly conveyed the Table-book into her pocket, resumed her part in the discourse; but when they had sufficiently rested themselves, they all began to walk, without observing any order, for sometimes the whole company marched all in rank, and spoke all together, and sometimes they divided themselves into particular entertainments. It happened by this means, that not able to fasten any discourse with *Valeria*, with whom two women talked whisperingly, I came all alone after *Lucrecia*, who was entertained by *Collatine*. But it happening that as she went she wanted something out of her pocket, and that at the same time *Collatine* said something to her, whereat she was displeased, she minded not that she had dropped the Table-book which *Brutus* had given her: For my part though I walked musing yet seeing it fall, I took it up, and opened it, with intention to write some gallantry in it, before I returned it to *Lucrecia*, whereat she should much wonder when she saw it. But I was much surprised my self, to meet with *Brutus*'s Letter and Verses he had there written; of both which these are Copies;

You will find by these Verses, that I think on you, when haply you bestow not a thought on me; but I shall intreat you, Madam, to assure your self, that the affliction I have that I cannot speak with you, is greater than the pleasure my Rival finds to entertain you; and to do me justice, be pleased to let me read in your bright eyes, when I shall have the happiness to see them, that his entertainment hath not been pleasing to you. I had rather not observe in them any favour for my self, than be in suspense whether there is any for him. Believe it, Madam, and withall, that with as much impatience, as love, I wait for the happy satisfaction to entertain you privately imploying my self no otherwise in the mean time, than in perpetually saying.

When will the Fair, for whom I burn,
This place with her rich Presence bless?
Dear minutes fraught with happiness;
Ah will you never, ne're return?
From Night to each successive Morn,
Sorrows my Quiet dispossess;
Dear minutes fraught with happiness;
Ah will you never, ne're return?

Having read this Letter and Verses, I was no more desirous to write any thing in the Table-book, as being in an incredible disturbance. That which caused it, was that I knew the writing of *Brutus* for though he endeavoured to appear stupid, yet upon some necessary occasions he made a shift to write. Knowing therefore by chance, his hand, which was the easier to be known, as having somewhat a strange Character, for that *Brutus* had learned to write at *Metapont*, and not at *Rome*, I was in such a trouble, as I am not able to express to you. For I could not believe *Brutus* able to write well, either in Verse or Prose, nor that he could love *Lucrecia*, nor be loved of her. No more could I conceive that some other should make use of that disguise, it being very unlikely any one should trust him with a secret of that consequence; and if so, who should that be? There was none but he at *Racilia*'s; and there came no other men thither, but the Prince of *Pometia*, who was in love with *Hermilia*; *Titus*, who was a servant to *Collatine*, and *Marius*, whom I but too well knew, had an inclination for *Valeria*. Thus not knowing what to think, and being resolved to dive into a secret of that concernment, I thought fit to take *Valeria* aside as soon as I could conveniently. But not desirous to cause *Lucrecia* that trouble which her knowing that I had seen her Table-book might give her, I chose rather to intreat *Valeria* to tell her friend that she had found it; for having an infinite esteem for that beauteous and discreet Virgin, I should have been extreamly troubled, my sight should cause her any confusion. But in fine, not to spend time on frivolous things, you are to know, that I spoke to *Valeria*, that I shewed her the Table-book, and to engage her to satisfie my curiosity, I gave it her without any condition at all, intreating her to deliver it to *Lucrecia*, after the manner I had proposed, and conjuring her, if it were a thing lay in her power, to deliver me out of the affliction I was in. But as this Wench is infinitely generous and free, and that I desired not to know the secret of her friend, but in case she might lawfully reveal it to me, so she told me, that she durst not satisfie my curiosity. In the mean time, she charged me not to speak of what had happened to any whatever, and to reward my discretion, promised she would manage the business so, as that *Lucrecia* and she being but the same thing, he who had written that Letter and those Verses, should make but one with me. To be short, *Valeria*, who thought it might be some advantage to her, that I were admitted into the Society, and that haply I might in many things be serviceable to *Brutus*, by the hatred I bore *Tarquin*, resolved to speak that night to *Lucrecia*, and acquainted her with what had happened: For she conceived, and rightly, that without doing so, she would not be engaged to repose any confidence in me; which done, she doubted not of her consent, that I might be of the Conclave, and her commands on *Brutus* to trust himself to my discretion, and to receive me as a friend. It is true, for the latter I needed not her assistance: for you may be pleased to know, that having parted with

Valeria,

Valeria, I walked out all alone into a spacious Meadow, joyning to that Orchard which is beyond the Court, where I no sooner was, but I descried *Mutius* coming towards *Racilia's*, but perceived him set upon by four men, who persued him with their swords drawn, and cryed out to him, that he must die. Having no weapon about me, I thought indeed they would make their words good, and that *Mutius* was irrecoverably lost, for the place was very solitary, and was not enclosed to *Racilia's* house. But though *Mutius* were my Rival, yet I thought my self obliged to relieve him. To that end I for a little while hid my self behind an old Willow to discover who they were that set upon him, that I might the better single him out of the four, whom I should endeavour to disburthen of his sword. But I had not a moment to deliberate, for seeing them press hard upon *Mutius*, I ran strait to them, calling them base cowardly villains, thinking by my confidence to make them believe that I was allured of relief. While I was speaking to them, and putting my self in order to doe what I could for *Mutius*; *Brutus* issued out of the Orchard with the same intention, who by a threatning action would signifie to those that set upon *Mutius*, that if they gave not over they might haply have the worst of it. Hereupon joyning our forces, and being by this expression of courage somewhat confirmed, that *Brutus* was not what he was taken to be, we engaged two of these Assassinats to make at us. But immediately closing with them, *Brutus* snatched his sword from him he had to do with; for my part I could not do as much, for he that I was engaged with was excessively strong in the arms however I held him play so well, that pressing hard upon him, his sword became so engaged: that I easily broke it. By which means he not being in a condition to hurt *Mutius*, and *Brutus* having disarmed his man, these two having gotten from us ran away. *Mutius* having thus but two to deal with, and *Brutus* being furnished both for defence and assault, as I was going to fasten behind one of them, these two Rogues, who were as cowardly as wicked, cry'd quarter, and begged audience, *Mutius* conceiving it concerned him to know what reason they had to set upon him, promised them what they desired, provided they delivered their swords to me; which upon promise of life they did. They hereupon confessed they were ordered by *Tarquin* to pitch upon some occasion to dispatch *Mutius*, when he went out of *Rome*; that understanding he was to come to *Racilia's*, they for more certainty waited him in that place; adding, that they were not afraid to set upon him there, as knowing that *Racilia* had not many people with her that could make any defence; that further, this Meadow was at an indifferent distance from the house, and convenient enough for an ambush, as having on the one side an Orchard, on the other a little Wood. They were no sooner disburthened of this confession, but *Brutus* transported with fury against *Tarquin's* injustice, said four or five words after such a manner, as I had never observed in him before. But he suddenly with-held himself, as soon as he perceived that I observed him; whereupon I joyning with *Mutius*, put divers questions to these Villains; which done, leaving them to their evil destiny, we left them at liberty either to repent, or commit new crimes. Yet that they might not discover that they had revealed *Tarquin's* violence in case it were not thought safe to publish it, *Mutius* furnished them with what might recommend them to Souldiery, in some other part of the world.

Mutius being on horse-back, I desired him to go before, telling him he would follow; I am content, replyed he, it is but just I should make it know, that I ow my life to you both. Hereupon *Mutius* riding forwards, *Brutus* and I were alone, according to my desire. But so fierce was the desire I had that he would discover himself to me, that I was resolved to speak to him as one that were partly acquainted with his Secret. For, in fine, said I in my self, if *Brutus* be the same *Brutus* that I know, I hazard nothing by telling what I have aimed to tell him, and if one the contrary he be such as I imagin him, I shall accomplish my design. Being thus confirmed in my resolution, I made a hault, and taking him by the arm, and looking steadily on him, Shew me I beseech you, said I to him, your Understanding, as you have done your Courage. For I know more of you than you think, and haply it concerns you more than you conceive, to have a confidence; for if you trust me not, I shall not think my self engaged not to discover the excessive curiosity I have to dive even into the bottom of your heart. But to oblige you to it, added I, I promised you an inviolable faith, and I offer you my friendship, without any jealousie that is ill bestowed, for if you are beloved by *Lucrecia*, you deserve the love of all the world. *Brutus* hearing this discourse, was extreamly surprised, and presently inferred, that *Valeria* had discovered him to me, and that it was to no purpose for him to conceal himself. Whereupon making a loud acclamation, Ah *Herminius*, said he, you are happier than I, for since *Valeria* hath acquainted you with her knowledge of my Fortune, she must needs love you, even so far as to have lost a great part of her reason and prudence. Not but that if any one were necessarily obliged to know what I see you doe, I had not made choice of you for that end; for in fine, said he to me. I know you to be a person of honour, that you love *Valeria* and hate *Tarquin*. 'Tis true, generous *Brutus*, (said I to him with an incredible astonishment) I profess honestly, I hate the Tyrant and love *Valeria*, but I must add, I admire *Brutus*. But, continued I, that you may see my sincerity, I will tell you by what adventure I came to know you: whereupon, I related to him what had happened, intreating him not to be troubled that I knew his secret, and assuring him that *Lucrecia* should never find that I had the least knowledge of it. Upon this *Brutus*, who was not ignorant how much our Family had been persecuted by *Tarquin*, my Father dying an Exile, would not have an imperfect confidence in me, and since I was so happy as to have his good thoughts, he opened his heart to me, desired my friendship, and offered me his, and we stayed so long entertaining one another, that *Racilia* fearing some accident had befallen us, sent out to seek us. By this means we were forced to repair to the company, but before we had quite reached it, *Brutus* put on his ordinary Meen and simplicity, and received the commendations which *Mutius* gave his valour, as one that knew not what it were to have courage. In the mean time, I drew neer *Valeria*, and told her I knew *Brutus* without her, and craved her pardon that I had not exactly obser-

ved the instructions she had given me.

But my Lord, not to be so particular in this part which concerns my own relation, *Valeria* and *Brutus* got *Lucrecia*'s consent that I might be admitted into confidence; and there was such a noble friendship between us, by reason of the several interests, whereby we were united, as also through a great sympathy of humor and sentiments, that for a certain time we lived very pleasantly. But as for *Mutius*, though he had been assaulted by the orders of *Tarquin*, yet would he never take their advice who counsell'd him to remove further from him. For my part, I should have been glad he had, first, because that in removing from *Rome*, he also removed from *Valeria*; and secondly, for that he being once out of the way, the assassination would have made a horrid noise in the world, and would somewhat have enflam'd the detestation all had for *Tarquin*. He so dearly loved *Valeria*, that he chose rather to expose himself to a second assassination, than forsake her, though she loved him not. So that he earnestly intreated me to say nothing of what the Villains had discovered of *Tarquin*; but, said I to him, How can you hinder *Brutus* from telling what he knows, considering his natural stupidity? People so little reflect on what he says, answered *Mutius*, that it will signifie nothing, if you but keep counsel, insomuch that *Mutius* persisting in his opinion, I was forced to turn him loose to his own inclination, and to be faithful to him out of a principle of generosity.

In the mean time, this friendship with *Brutus* brought me much oftner than before to *Racilia*'s; for it was the pleasure of this illustrious man, that she knew I was his friend; whereupon this excellent woman told him, that *Sivelia* also knew the secret, by which means our correspondence encreased, and that if *Hermilia* were but acquainted with it, our company might be free and unreserved. But indeed she obliged us to so much circumspection, that *Brutus* told us one day, it was absolutely necessary she knew that she was his Sister, that so strong a reason might oblige her to secrecy; adding, that it were not amiss *Racilia* knew that *Lucrecia* and *Valeria* were not ignorant of it; so that in fine, *Brutus* having thus disposed *Racilia*, she told *Hermilia* one morning that *Brutus* was her Brother; and *Brutus* told her himself that she was his Sister, expressing himself so discreetly, and so obligingly, that this amiable Virgin was extremely surprized at it. What was most remarkable, was; that though she was really glad, yet was not her gladness free from disturbance; however, it was then considered as having no other reason, than that her astonishment obscured the freedom of her mind; and that it is but very lately that I discovered that it proceeded from her having engaged her affection to the Prince of *Pometia*. This is yet a Secret both to *Brutus* and *Racilia*, therefore I shall entreat you not to speak to them of it; for indeed *Hermilia* is very unhappy to place her love on a man, whose whole Family her Brother makes it his business to ruin. But in the mean time, she could not be charged with loving the Son of a Prince, who had poisoned her Father, and put her elder Brother to death, for when she began to love him, she knew not that she was Sister to *Brutus*. Nor indeed can she be charged with any inconstancy, for certainly she never discovered any thing to the Prince whom she loves, that were prejudicial to her Brother, nor indeed doth he so much as know that she is Sister to *Brutus*.

But at length to return whence I have digressed, this first amazement of *Hermilia* being over, she carried her self as one that was glad of such a Brother as *Brutus*, so that ever after, when there was none but *Racilia*, *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Sivelia*, *Brutus*, and my self, our Society was nothing but Freedom, *Brutus* being the most pleasant company, and the most divertive person in the world. Not that he openly professed himself a servant to *Lucrecia*, no more than I did to *Valeria*, but we had brought up a certain gallantry of friendship, which signified almost as much, since that the desire of pleasing, compliance, services and addresses, were the effects of it. When *Brutus* was minded to do some high piece of Gallantry, he ever did it under my name; so that directing it openly to *Lucrecia*, it served at once to hide *Brutus*'s love to her, and mine to *Valeria*. But the love of *Collatine* and *Mutius* were extremely troublesom to us, for when they came to *Racilia*'s with the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, and that *Collatina* was there, how pleasant soever their company be in it self, we were strangely weary of it; but among the rest *Brutus* was orewhelmed with it, for as soon as any strange face appeared, he was forced to resume his stupidity, and suffer *Collatine* to say what he pleased when he was with *Lucrecia*, which was no small affliction to him. One day I remember above all the rest, which was the last Festival day that were celebrated in the Country, wherein *Brutus* was both extremely satisfied, and extremely afflicted. But since you are both strangers, that you may the better understand it, you are to know, that there is one day yearly set apart for the celebration of a certain Feast, which is called *the Feast of the Fountains*, on which every one adorns the Fountains and Wells, which are within his grounds, with Garlands of Vervein and Flowers. This is performed with great ceremony, for these Garlands being prepared, are carried to the Temple dedicated to that use, where he that is to do the ceremony, sprinkles them with Holy water, which among us is in great veneration. This done, they pick out the fairest maids of the Quarter where the Feast is kept, who are that day cloathed like Shepherdesses; and they have each of them as many Garlands as they can conveniently carry. Thus burthened, they march two and two, having before and behind them little Chorus's of Musick, who sing certain things in praise of the Waters, and the Gods which dispose of them. In this order they march from Fountain to Fountain, placing these Garlands upon little Altars of Turfs, purposely erected for that end. This Feast then falling while *Valeria* and *Lucrecia* were at *Racilia*'s, it was celebrated with great magnificence and joy: for there being a many Fountains about this vertuous womans house, & that she is very punctual in the observation of all the ancient customs of the Country, especially those which have any concernment of Religion, she was particularly careful for the solemnity of this Feast; and those who thought themselves interessed in the persons that were at her house, would not certainly fail to be at a Ceremony of this nature, For though it was at first instituted upon considerations of Piety, yet there is withal something of Gallantry in it. So that

that the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, *Collatine*, *Manius*, and my self, went thither, and brought some others with us. As for women, besides *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia*, there were two kinswomen of hers, who are of the house of the *Aquilii*, and four or five other handsome Lasses. According therefore to the custome, all the men sent in a huge number of Garlands of Verveine and Flowers, for those who were to carry them; for in these occasions, the Lady who hath most given her, is the most honorable. But that it may be known on whom these Garlands are bestowed, those who send them cause the Garlands to be tied with divers knots, which must be of the same colour as the Lady is in, to whom they are sent, she being obliged that day to have on her Shepherdess's habit divers knots of the colour she is most delighted with. By this means is she known who hath most Garlands; and the people superstitiously believe, that she to whom that happens, will infallibly within that year meet either with some great happiness or some great misfortune. It does indeed often so fall out; and if Reason were not stronger than Example, one would be almost obliged to believe it. However it be, this Feast was celebrated at *Rscilia*'s with very gallant Ceremony, for all the women that were to carry the Garlands, were handsome, neat, and well made; there was an incredible abundance of Flowers, the Musick was as good as that of the great Feast of the *Salii*; the order of the Ceremony was punctually observed, even the day as to weather, favored the celebration of this Country Festival; the Banquet was under a great bed of Jesimin on one side of the Court, in the midst whereof was a fountain, which they had covered all over with Garlands of Flowers; and the rest of the day was spent in walking and pleasant discourse. It happened in the mean time, that *Collatine* and *Brutus* had, under my name, given so many Garlands to *Lucrecia*, that she had more than all the rest, unless it were *Valeria*, to whom I had sent more than would have served to exceed *Lucrecia*; but desirous to let her friend have the honor of the Feast, she caused some of them to be laid aside. Whereupon *Lucrecia* having the advantage, all according to the custome, bid her prepare her self for some great joy, or some great affliction, every one endeavoring to expound it according to his fancy. Some told her she should bring all hearts into subjection; others that her rigor would cost some servant of hers his life, whose loss she should notwithstanding regret; only *Brutus* speaking to her with his eyes, signified to her what she was more pleased with, assuring her by his looks, he should love her eternally. It was certainly a strange torment to him, to see *Collatine* always near *Lucrecia*, and I must confess it moved pity in all that saw him. Not that *Collatine* is a strange person, look'd on now as a Husband, but considered then as a Lover, he seemed not to deserve *Lucrecia*. For if you look narrowly on him, *Collatine* is neither well nor ill made: he neither hath a great, nor a little heart; he neither speaks admirably well, nor excessively ill: He is at no great distance from a good capacity, but he advances not a subtil intellection of things. If he be guilty of no considerable Vice, neither hath he any extraordinary Vertue to distinguish him from other men; and if he have never done any unworthy action, neither hath he ever given any Heroick expression of a great Courage. In fine, he is one of those men who never spake any thing which was not spoken before; one whom a man can neither praise nor dispraise; one of those who being spoken of, are never mentioned in their own name, and who are most commonly better known, by saying he is such a woman's Husband, or such a man's Son, than barely by their own names. By this account therefore, *Collatine* should be no great eye-sore to *Brutus*, who, beside all this, knew that *Lucrecia* had a natural aversion for this Rival: nevertheless, so prone are we to hate those who pretend to conquer the heart we are secretly possessed of, that how confident soever *Brutus* was of *Lucrecia*'s affection, yet at certain times he could not endure *Collatine*. But there were also other times, wherein he thought himself so happy in the love and esteem of that admirable person, that he easily pardoned the contempt of all others. To advance his satisfaction, it hapned that this discourse was such as suited excellently well with his humor; for all the young people that were in the company, being seated at one of the great beds of Jesimine I spoke of, a young *Aquilian* began to speak of the glory which *Lucrecia* had received in having more Garlands of Flowers than all the rest, who yet were such as deserved to be first in all places. The truth is, said *Lucrecia* to him, those who bestowed them on me, may more justly pretend to the praise than I, unless they may not haply be blamed for not making a good choice. But men are so accustomed, added she, to use the term *Glory* in every thing, that they can hardly speak without it, whereas that word in my opinion, should be attributed to those only who have done some great exploit in War, or to those who are eminent in some Vertue or Science. But do you conceive, said I to her, that one may not say to a beautiful person, that she is very *glorious* in conquering all hearts, and establishing an Empire to it self without Arms, without Injustice, and without Violence? This Empire is many times so ill established, replyed *Valeria*, that it were very weakly founded upon the glory which hath no other support than the inconstancy of most part of those who make it their business to love; but after all, I conceive that to be true glory which consists in deserving the esteem of vertuous persons, and not in their love, for this passion hath many times such a fantastical birth in the hearts of many persons, that it were unjust to attribute much glory to those women that are loved, though haply it were more unjust, to blame those much who love them. As for Glory, said *Manius*, I am of opinion it principally pertains to Military actions, and that the valiant may pretend to it more than others. I agree with you, replyed I, that the valiant deserve it; but withal the vertuous may lay claim to it as much as any. For my part, I am of *Herminius*'s mind, replyed the Prince of *Pometia*; and I, added *Titus*, but it must be withal acknowledged, that the gaining of a battel deserves a higher glory than the simple mastering of the passions. To follow custom, replyed I, a victory of this nature makes more noise than that you speak of, but I am yet to know whether the desert be so great, as also whether it be not more glorious for a man to conquer himself than others. But by this account, said *Hermilia*, we cannot pretend to much glory, according to *Manius*'s sentence, for women go not to the wars. Ah *Hermilia*, cryed

ed I, the Ladies have their victories and their triumphs, and know so well how to wage war even in the time of peace, that, whatever *Lucrecia* may say, they deserve much glory; but to speak truly men have more than women in some occasions, and I am perswaded it is much more glorious for a man to be loved by a vertuous woman, than it is for her to be loved by a vertuous man. For in my opinion, the excess of beauty takes away from the honor of the conquest, and an exceeding handsome woman, that subdues a heart, deserves no more glory than a Conqueror, who having an Army of a hundred thousand men, and intelligence within a small City, should take it without resistence. The glory therefore of women I take principally to consist in this, that their endowments exceed their beauty, and in a word, their deserts be equal to the love men have for them, though they lost all that rendred them handsom. For my part, replyed *Marius*, I am an adorer of the Ladies, yet all considered, I take it for granted, that in the business of Love, Glory is not much concerned. How, replyed the Prince of *Pometia*, would you think it no glory to be loved? The greatest pleasure in the world, replyed he, but methinks I should not think it that which ought truly to be called Glory. For in fine, if one be loved by a person of no vertue, he hath nothing to boast of; and if he be loved by a vertuous person, she raises so many niceties, that a man must always disguise himself, he must hardly ever look on her, he must strangely endeavor to conceal himself, he must complain of her indifference, when haply she hath not any; a man must not say he loves her, and must be obliged to so many artifices, and so many mysteries, such certainly as Glory hath no acquaintance with. If you speak of *vanity*, replyed I, am of your mind, but as to *glory*, I must dissent. For in the first place, I conceive it pertains as much to Love as to War, and that this relation is the more symbolical, by reason of the combats, the victories, and the triumphs of it. But I hold farther, that the more secret a Love is, the more glorious is it to the man beloved; and if you will appeal to the Company to judge, I shall undertake to maintain, that there is nothing so pleasant, nothing so glorious, as for a man to be loved by a person of great merit and a great vertue, though the world know it not, nor haply never should.

As I spoke thus, I observed that I much obliged *Brutus*, and did not displease *Lucrecia* by defending a cause wherein they were so much concerned. Besides, that I was not sorry that I had engaged my Rival to maintain an opinion, which, besides its ill consequence, must lose him in the esteem of *Valeria*; and I pressed him so hard, that conceiving himself bound in reputation obstinately to make good what he had advanced, he undertook to do it. He spoke the first, thinking it an advantage to give in his reasons before I had mine, so that the whole company favoring us with a silent audience, *Marius* began to state his opinion by a definition of love made to his own fancy. To make you acknowledge that true which I maintain (said he directing his speech to me) it is only to be considered, that Pleasure is the soul of Love, as I may so say, and that if Love had not in it an ingredient of something pleasant, people would not be in love. When we speak of love, our minds are carried away only with the pleasures of it; Hope it self is the mother of many sensible delights; nay we find them even in our very afflictions, so that grief and joy are only the effect of Love, which admits not any thing of Glory. For a man dares not boast of the least favor without dishonor, and a Lover that divulges the indulgences of his Mistress, does himself more injury in divulging them, than she does her self in favouring him. And to speak seriously, what glory doth that man deserve, who prefers his pleasure before all things, who regards nothing but what should make him happy, who makes it his business through all his life to avoid whatever may hinder his enjoyments, and who thinks not of having any thing else to do than eternally to pin himself to her sleeve, by whom he thinks himself loved? I know well, there is nothing so pleasant, nothing so charming; but I also apprehend, that every thing having some advantage which is particular to it, Pleasure is the particular attendant of Love, as Glory is of Valour. But though it were true, that a certain kind of Glory might be found in Love, it should not thence follow, that it must be a concealed love; for in my judgement, there can be no secret Glory: and to speak of Glory according to the notion I have of it, it is properly that which we mean by the word *Fame*. If it spread not, and fill all places, it diminishes, and signifies as much as nothing, as being the reward only of transcendent actions. On the contrary, in Love, and especially in these secret Loves, the noise and noise is that which is most avoided. A man stifles the Letters which he writes and receives; appointments are commonly in solitary places; they who love for the most part speak as low as they can, they conceal from one another the best part of their thoughts, and were it not for envy and detraction, Fame would not be much troubled with proclaiming amorous victories. Thus I suppose I may conclude, that if Love be the subject of any Glory, it must be a publick professed love, as was that of one of our Kings, who having taken a Virgin prisoner in the Wars, fell so deeply in love with her, that he got a Son on her, who afterwards became his successor. But to think that such a love as none have any knowledge of, may be glorious, is that I shall never believe, and you will not find very easie to maintain.

I know not, replyed I, whether I shall find it so hard to make my party good, or no; But this I know, that I do not believe my self confuted. To answer you then in some order, I shall presume to tell you, that (considering how you have endeavored to define Love, saying, that pleasure is its soul) I must acquaint you with what Glory is; for you speak of it, you seem not to know it well, and that you have taken Vanity instead of it. It is indeed certain, that there is a certain resemblance between these two, though really there be the greatest difference between them that may be. For Vanity is only a beguiling appearance, which subsists not but by some other, and never makes use of Vertue, but true Glory is something so pure, so great, and so noble, that it admits not the least mixture of this Vanity which you take instead of it. Glory is as necessary a result of a vertuous action, as light is an effect of the Sun that causes it, and it results after a manner which hath no dependance on any other different cause. For as a vertuous action continues still the

the ſame, though it be done without teſtimony, ſo it neceſſarily follows, that Glory, which, as I may ſo ſay, is born with it, infallibly attends it, though the action be not divulged. Thus remains a glory for well doing, though the world know it not; and, after all, a man muſt be his own ſpectator, and though he were ſure never to meet with any other approbation than his own, yet muſt he ſo act as if he expected that of all the world, imagining as it were a glory to himſelf, even in his own eſteem. Beſides, it is certain a man ſhould labour more for his own eſteem than that of another, and to deſerve glory rather than to manifeſt it. For in my opinion, if any thing can weaken the glory of a good action, it is the care a man takes to make it known. Not but that it is natural enough to be deſirous of praiſe, but it may be withal affirmed that this deſire is an argument of weakneſs, ſince it is certain that this violent deſire which poſſeſſes the hearts of many people, proceeds from this, that they would have divers teſtimonies of their vertue, and not ſatisfied with their own judgement, wiſh theirs confirmed by that of others. But, all conſidered, who ever is over-deſirous of the noyſe which ordinarily follows noble actions, loſes of the honour he ought to expect. It may, I conceive, be eaſily hence concluded, that if Glory may be loſt in the divulging of it, it may ſubſiſt without being made known at all; and conſequently, though a great action were ſecretly done, yet is it not deprived of its glory, which is concomitant with the thing whence it ariſes and depends, on that, and not on the Caprichio's of Fortune, who blames or commends whom ſhe pleaſes, ſometimes with reaſon, ſometimes without.

Having thus proved, if I miſtake not, ſufficiently, that Glory depends rather on Vertue, than Fame: I am further to ſhew, that ſhe is not alwayes chained to the chariot of Victory, and the triumphs of Conquerors. The Empire certainly of Glory is univerſal, for there is a glory to be learned, there is, to be generous, juſt, and good. It is glorious to poſſeſs all the Vertues together, as alſo to be eminent in any one; there is a certain glory in all the liberal Arts, nay even to be excellent in the Mechanicks if it ſtands with a mans condition; nay the ſimple endowments of Nature want not their glory, and it hath been the expreſs pleaſure of the Gods, that it ſhould be the inſeparable companion of whatever is graceful and good in this world. It is, in fine, a kind of glory to be well skilled in the games and recreations men have invented, whether it be to ſhew their ſlight, or try their good fortune. So that it were a very ſtrange thing, that Glory, which a man meets with every where, ſhould not be found in Love, eſpecially ſince it is of ſuch conſequence in Friendſhip: for it is generally acknowledged, that it is a glorious thing to be able to love one's friends conſtantly, and to be ſo deſerving as to acquire noble acquaintances. But to confine my ſelf to Love, ſince it is the ground of the diſpute, by the ſame reaſons that you ſay Glory appertains to War rather than to the peaceable Vertues, I maintain, that it is more to Love than to any thing elſe, ſince it is confeſſed that there is a ſtrange reſemblance between Love and War. In Love, as I have already ſaid by the way, they talk of *Combats*, *Victories*, *Conqueſts*, *Chains*, *Irons*, *Ovans*, *Slaves*, *Captives*, *Priſoners*, *Priſons*, *Defeats*, and *Triumphs*, and to diſcourſe gallantly of Love, it is ſo neceſſary to uſe all the terms of War, that a man cannot do it without; ſince, that in the one as well as the other, there are ſecret *Intelligences*, *Surpriſes*, and *Stratagems*. But though it were granted you, replyed *Mutius*, that Love in general is able to diſpenſe Glory, it will not be given you that this is to be underſtood of that ſecret love I ſpeak of. I have told you already, replied I, that that the more ſecret a love is, the greater is the pleaſure, and truer the glory; for can there be any thing more pleaſant or more glorious (added I, looking on *Brutus*, yet ſo as was not perceived) than to be loved of that perſon for whom of all the world one hath the greateſt eſteem, and to receive as an acknowledgement of his merit, the affection of a woman, who is eſteemed and admired, and whoſe ſingle approbation is more glorious than that of all the ſex beſide? Do but imagine, ſaid I, what glory it is for a man to entertain ſecret thoughts of happineſs amidſt a great company, being neer his Miſtreſs, and ſeeing her frowning on a Rival, who haply knowes not you are his, and is utterly ignorant that you are poſſeſſed of the heart he endeavours to conquer? Do you think *Mutius*, it is poſſible for a man to enjoy this kind of pleaſure without a ſence of that which is in glory moſt pure, moſt raviſhing, and moſt delightful? No certainly, but when a man ſees himſelf preferred before all the world, by a perſon whom he equally prefers before all, he infallibly receives all the ſatisfaction that glory can afford. Can there be any thing ſo glorious, as for a man to ſay to himſelf, though his Rivals know nothing of it, nay though it may be in their preſence, *This admirable perſon who ſlights all that come neer her, hath beſtowed her heart which was never before ſubdued, on me; ſhe derives all her happineſs from me, as I doe all mine from her; I even engage her reaſon to ſubmit to the paſſion ſhe hath in her ſoul; ſhe does for me whatever vertue will permit her to do; I triumph, in fine, over the heart of a perſon whom I eſteem, and whom I love beyond my ſelf; and this triumph is ſecret, while my Rivals diſcourſe their fruitleſs ſighs in her preſence.* I aſſure you *Mutius*, I ſhould think my ſelf more glorious in this ſecret triumph, than if I triumphed publickly after a victory of another nature. Nay I am confident this kind of ſecret glory raiſes the heart even to a certain noble pride, whereby a man contemns thoſe who he knows can never arrive at the happineſs he is poſſeſſed of; and certainly it muſt be, that you never knew any ſuch glory, nor ever imagined there was any ſuch thing, ſince you cannot comprehend that Glory is conſiſtent with this ſecret Love, and that with ſuch inſinuation, that it far exceeds whatever the moſt glittering vanity can afford, that is pleaſant to thoſe whoſe hearts are poſſeſſed by it. Further, thoſe who are equally made up of Love and Vanity, who love not, but to the end it might be ſaid they are loved, never arrive at a true, nay not at a quiet glory: for though nothing be in ſo much diſgrace as Indiſcretion, yet thoſe who are moſt indiſcreet would not be thought ſuch as they are. But theſe, on the contrary, take a thouſand trifling and ridiculous occaſions to make known that which they would ſeem to keep very ſecret. Sometimes they muſt ſeem to be diſturbed, ſometimes melancholy, ſometimes frolick, that people may ask what troubles their minds

minds; to which answering ambiguously, they give men occasion to imagine what they would have believed. They must drop Letters purposely to be seen, though they seem to be very much troubled at it; they must trust their secrets to some false Brother or Sister, by which means their pretended favours are blazed abroad, though sometimes they must of necessity be moved to see that people believe not what they relate. But for my part, I am very incredulous as to what these favourites of good fortune tell me, who give out, that no conquest is difficult for them, and boast of a hundred adventures, which in all likelihood they never knew any thing of: for whoever can love can be silent, and Secrecy is a thing so engaging in Love, that without it all the favours a man receives are neither pleasing nor glorious, and to do you justice, it was excellently well said of you ere while, that were it not for *destruction* and *envy*, Fame would not be much acquainted with what passes in the Empire of Love. You might have added, *imprudence* and *vanity*, for commonly it is not known what passes between two Lovers, but either through the vanity of the Servant, or the imprudence of the Mistress. But indeed however it may come to pass, there can no great glory arrive hereby; for if the servant be indiscreet, he deserves not the favours he hath received, and cannot thence derive any true glory; if the Mistress want conduct, his conquest may be pleasing, but not very glorious: and if Envy and Calumny acquaint Fame with what passes between two Lovers, it never proves to their advantage. I know there are innocent Loves, which yet come to be discovered through pure misfortune; but when it does happen, I believe a person of Honour ought to be troubled that his conquest is made manifest, and that there is none more glorious than that which is not known to any. For, in fine, it is not Fame that bestowes true Glory, she onely proclaimes it; and Glory without Acclamations, is able to subsist, and to render a vertuous man happy. Fame and Love never were much acquainted; *Mars* may haply employ her upon divers occasions, but for *Love*, the God of *Silence* is his onely friend; for as to *Fame*, she is certainly an enemy to both loves and lovers, and the true glory of two persons mutually loving, consists in this, that they are themselves the onely witnesses of their tenderness and vertue, and esteem themselves and one another so highly, that their own approbation is sufficient to make them happy. Secrecy is principally that which makes for the glory of a Lover; and I maintain, that when a man is so fortunately circumspect, as to be able to conceal an affection of this nature from the eyes of the world, he feels in himself a a certain secret pleasure, which cannot arise but from that glory which a man takes in loving, unknown to others what he thinks deserves the adoration of all the world, together with that of being loved by that onely person which he can love.

Whereas you say that Pleasure is the soul of Love, I grant it, but I expect you should also grant, that to speak rationally, Glory is the nicest of all the pleasures of this passion: for in fine, whatever you may call favours, signifie in love what the Ensigns doe in war; there must be such things had, nay they must be had out of this main consideration, that they are the emblems of Victory, which is alwayes succeeded by Glory: how pleasing soever they may be in themselves, yet would they not be desired with so much earnestness, were they not attended by Glory: but when all is done, they are not desired that they might be divulged, but that they might be concealed: However it be, this is certain, that when a Lover can oblige a person of great vertue, and a great mind, to do for him those inconsiderable things, which if you take away Love, there was no reason she should do, though the things in themselves are not unlawful: he places so great a glory in a triumph of this nature, that it may be said, that as there is no love without pleasure, so there is no true pleasure in that love which hath no concernment of glory: Retract therefore your opinions, and repent of so injurious a design as to deprive the noblest of all the passions of that which distinguishes it from that kind of love which even Tigers are capable of, which is much different from that I speak of.

While I thus discoursed, *Brutus*, who applied all I said to himself, was incredibly enlivened; for if ever concealed Lover found the sweetness of the secret glory I pleaded so much for, it was questionless *Brutus*; since that while I spoke, he stood neer this Rival, who was so far from suspecting he was loved by that person whom he loved, that he thought him not capable of entertaining any love at all. But if I did him any pleasure by displaying the apprehensions I knew him subject to, I caused so much disturbance in *Lucrecia*, as that she could not forbear blushing. However her blushes were not interpreted as they might have been, though *Collatine* observed them; for to speak truely, it was not easily imaginable there should be such an intrigue of affection between those two persons.

But to return at length to the question in debate, the whole company gave sentence against *Marin*, who doubtless was sorry he had undertaken that task. Not but that he is naturally given to crack ing and ostentation, and consequently spoke as he thought; But that *Valeria* reproached him after such a manner, as he might easily infer that she would never give him occasion to employ Fame to publish the favours he should receive. Yet *Marin* is a person of extraordinary merit, but certainly he is too ambitious of fame and publick acclamations. It is true, he hath a heart contains whatever may deserve them, for *Rome* affords not a stouter man than he, nor one more capable of doing those heroick actions which cast honour even on whole Nations.

But my Lord, to return to my Story, you are to know that the subtil *Collatina*, whose business at *Lucilia*'s was onely to do her Brother a good office, and who is a person of the greatest curiosity in the world, staying two or three dayes with *Lucrecia* and *Hermilia*, took an humour one morning to search *Lucrecia*'s Cabinit; which she had forgotten to lock. Not that she did with any designe look for that which she found there, but with intention onely to take something out which *Lucrecia* had worn, for to present her Brother with, as a favour she had procured for him; but the first thing she met with, was a Letter of *Brutus*'s, whose writing she knew not. However pursuing her curiosity, she read it, and found it so excellently well written, that she was much surprized at it, though it were couched in such terms, as spoke not clearly, that the writer was loved, yet such as gave occasion to imagine he was not hated, nay put it out of all doubt, that

that he might love, and that most passionately. She was so surprised at this accident, that she read over this Letter three times, yet could not imagine who had writ it; but going to search if there were any other, *Racilia* comes accidentally into the chamber where she was, whereupon locking the Cabinet hastily, yet keeping the Letter, she could not continue her search, by reason *Lucrecia* came also into the room. *Collatina* in the mean time was strangely perplexed, as not knowing whether she should acquaint her Brother or not with what had happened; for she was loath to raise any jealousie in his heart. But she thought it not unfit, he knew he had some concealed Rival. She at first suspected I might have written the Letter, but coming that day to *Racilia*, she cunningly engaged me to write something for her, to discover my writing, which seeing it was nothing like that of the Letter, she was at a greater loss than before, for she was confident that neither the Prince of *Pometia* nor *Titus* had any hand in it, since they made it their business to further *Collatine*'s marriage with *Lucrecia*. As for *Brutus*, she little suspected him to be her Brothers Rival, clearly forgetting she had ever seen of his writing: but believing him very simple and natural, she thought she might fish out of him, who had within some few days past, sent to *Racilia*'s, so to discover something of this Letter, which caused her so much disturbance. Being thus resolved, and to that end putting her self in order to go and find out *Brutus*, who was walking in the garden, *Collatine* comes in, but in his way meets her alone reading the Letter once more, before she spoke to *Brutus*, but with so great attention, that as she read it, he looking over her shoulder, read it also, wherein he found these words, and heard *Collatina* after she had read it, breaking forth into this exclamation, not thinking any had been so near her; Who would ever have thought *Lucrecia* should receive such a Letter?

It is now past all dispute, Madam, that I shall never be satisfied; for if I see you not, I die, and if I do see you, I die also, in that I can but half see you, and that before so many witnesses. What necessity is there I should be miserable? Of all that you say to others, I make no advantage, neither do you Madam, since they do not allow it that esteem which they ought; and though they cannot but admire you, yet they consider not your conversation as the most delightful, and the most charming of any in the world. But for my part I dare not commend you as they do, nay I may not presume to honor you with that affection which they call Friendship. O ye Gods, was ever any self-constraint more harsh, more insupportable, and more importunate upon your compassion! If your delicate mouth can say nothing that may comfort me, let your fair hand at least acquaint me with my condition in your soul, that I may know whether, amidst that throng of people that sometimes crowd about you, you secretly afford some few thoughts on a man who bestows all his on you, and who would not live but to love you.

Collatine had hardly read over this Letter, with all the commotion a Lover, who feels the first agitations of jealousie rising in his heart, could be guilty of, but snatching it out of *Collatina*'s hands, Ah Sister, said he to her, is it possible that you should be the bearer of such Letters to *Lucrecia*, and is it possible she should receive them? As to your first question, replyed *Collatina*, it is not true; to the second, I must confess it, that you may not justly blame me. But I pray, replyed *Collatina*, who is this fortunate Rival of mine, who presumes to write so amorously to *Lucrecia*, and who expects to be answered? I know not, replyed *Collatina*; and as you came in, I was going to *Brutus* who is on the other side of the Garden, hoping to know of him who hath sent hither within these three or four days, for I have taken this Letter from *Lucrecia* unknown to her; I know not the writing, and all I can tell you is, that it is not *Herminius*'s. Ah Sister, you are too cruel to raise a jealousie in me, and not inform me of the Rival that causes it. This past, though *Collatine* came purposely to give *Lucrecia* a visit, yet instead of repairing where she was, he went with *Collatina* to *Brutus*, little imagining that the Rival he so earnestly looked after, stood nearer him than he thought. Being come up to him, he asked him whether there had been any great company at *Racilia*'s, since his last being there; whereto *Brutus* not guessing at *Collatine*'s intention, and thinking he asked him that, as conceiving him only able to say yea or no, simply answered there had not been any body. But I pray, replyed subtilly *Collatina*, came there not some Slaves hither, directed to *Lucrecia* that brought her any Letters? *Brutus*, who could not imagine what she would drive at, and knew not of the coming of Slaves, answered, again simply, that he had not seen any. But do you not know this writing (said *Collattina*, shewing him his own Letter, not thinking he had writ it) and did you never know any Letter received by any one of a writing resembling this? *Brutus* looking on what *Collatina* shewed him, was much astonished, for he presently perceived what it was. However, he had such a command of himself, that neither his Rival nor *Collatina* could observe any disturbance in his countenance. But to gain time to reflect on this adventure, he took upon him to read the Letter over and over, and having in so short a time well considered the business, he concluded that *Collatina* knew not he had written it, for he suspected not that *Lucrecia* had betrayed him, but believed that some accident yet unknown to him, had brought this Letter into his Rivals hands. Fearing therefore he might haply shew it to some body that would discover it to be his writing, he took at once a crafty and confident resolution; for having sufficiently considered the Letter, he, with a simplicity excellently natural, told *Collatina* that he had never seen any writing so like his own as that was. No, no, I warrant you, replyed *Collatina*, abusing him, you never writ this Letter. I do not tell you that I have (replyed *Brutus* without the least disturbance) but only tell you that this character is much like mine.

Upon this *Collatina* and his Sister left *Brutus*, without the least suspicion that he had any hand in that they were so inquisitive about, so much were they deceived in his fained stupidity; besides that if they had not thought him so stupid, they would hardly have suspected he should write to one in whose company he was every day. Thus was *Collatina* excessively disquieted, for the more he strived to guess who should write this Letrer, the more unlikely was he to find it.

On the other side *Brutus* was not without affliction; for he was not a little troubled that this Letter fell into the hands of *Collatine*, not so much for his own interest, though it concerned his life, as for *Lucrecia*'s. So that seeing *Collatine* and his Sister halted to talk together, he took a walk about to find out *Valeria*, that he might acquaint her with what had happened, by whom *Lucrecia* might be informed, conceiving she yet knew not that she had lost the Letter. He was so happy as to meet with *Valeria* in a place where he might safely tell her what he pleased. *Valeria* having reasoned a while with him about what was to be done to hinder this adventure from spreading any farther, went immediately to *Lucrecia*. To gain time, they entreated *Hermilia*, having acquainted her with the business, to go meet *Collatine* and her Sister, and entertain them in discourse while they should resolve what to do. They were indeed at a mighty loss; but at last *Valeria* told her, that since there was no name mentioned in the Letter, it were best that *Lucrecia* first spoke of it before *Collatine*, and that she took some occasion to say that she found it in one of the walks on the Fountain Feast day, when there were so many people at *Racilia*'s, and that she could not imagine whose it should be. Ah *Valeria*, replyed *Lucrecia*, I cannot have that confidence. You must have much more, replyed *Valeria*, if *Collatina* shew this Letter as directed to you. Besides, *Brutus*'s life being concerned in it, if it should be known to be his, methinks nothing is to be sticked at. But if you would, replyed *Lucrecia*, you might do what you propose to me, for though I am confident that *Collatina* must have taken this Letter out of my Cabinet when I left her in my chamber, you may say you gave it me to keep. I will do so, said *Valeria*, but you must first see whether *Collatina* have taken any more. Going hereupon to satisfie themselves in what they desired to know, they found that of all *Brutus*'s Letters there wanted only that, and so went to entertain *Collatina*, his Sister, and *Hermilia*, who were in a low room, while *Racilia* was busie with some that were expresly come from *Rome* to speak with her. They were no sooner entred the room, but *Lucrecia* perceives in *Collatine*'s eyes the first startlings of a violent jealousie, and in *Collatina*'s a fierce indignation. Nevertheless she kept her countenance, and not expressing any notice she had taken of the change of theirs, she asked *Collatina* where she had met her Brother, and afterwards asked *Collatine* what news at *Rome*. Whereto he answering coldly, *Valeria*, who knew what she had to do, began to play upon him for his sadness, and telling him that when a man is in a melancholy humor he should never make visits, but stay at home. I was not (replyed he coldly) so sad when I came from home as I am now. And what sad accident have you met with by the way, replyed *Hermilia*? It may be, replyed *Valeria*, he hath lost a Letter of as great consequence as that I found the last Feast-day, when there were so many people here: I am sure if I had lost such a one I should have been extremely troubled. But before you can lose any of that nature, replyed subtilly *Lucrecia*, it must be conceived you are fit to receive such. It is then a very strange Letter, replyed *Collatina*. To be free with you, answered *Valeria*, it is such a one as in my judgment seems very like a Love-letter; and were it not that the over-curious *Lucrecia* had taken it from me, lest I should shew it to some one to find out who writ it, and to whom it was directed, I would presently shew it *Collatine*, that he might assist me to discypher it. *Valeria* spoke this in apparence so ingenuously, that *Collatine* began to hope that the Letter he had might be the same which *Valeria* spoke of. So that desirous to be satisfied, he solicited *Lucrecia* to shew it him; *Collatina*, who was of the same opinion with her Brother, tlod her that she must communicate that Letter, for they both concluded that if she could not produce it, they could not charge her with any thing. *Hermilia* for her part knowing what *Valeria* and *Lucrecia* drove at, took occasion to tell *Collatine*, that that Letter was not so terrible. For, in fine, said she very cunningly, it is easily perceived that he who writ it is in love, but there is nothing whence it may be inferred that he is loved. But why did you not shew it me, says *Collatina* to *Valeria*? Because *Lucrecia* was pleased to take it away from me, replyed she, but to engage her to shew it you, I should in revenge make you believe that she her self lost it. Ah *Valeria*, you take a strange course to make me shew it; but I shall not do it, added she, if *Collatine* and his Sister promise me not never to speak of it, and to restore it me as soon as they have read it; nay I will do nothing, if, that you may be disappointed from shewing it to others, you consent not it may be presently torn to pieces.

You may imagine, my Lord, that considering the violent desire which *Collatine* had to be satisfied in this business, he promised to do what *Lucrecia* would have, and that his Sister did the like. But for *Valeria*, and *Hermilia*, *Brutus*'s life being concerned in it, as also the reputation of their friend, they did that in this adventure to deceive *Collatine* and his Sister, which cannot well be imagined. *Lucrecia* pretended to go and fetch the Letter which she said was in her Cabinet, carrying herself so in the business, as if she made no question but to find it there. But as she went to her chamber, which was the other side of the house, she spies me coming in, and points to me to come straight to her, which I obeyed; but not affording me leisure to speak, she told me, what had happened, and I promised her my best assistance to deliver her out of the trouble she was in. I went therefore immediately to the company, as if I had not met her at all, soon after which *Lucrecia* returning I saluted her, as having not seen her before. But *Lucrecia* having returned my salute, began to tell *Valeria* that she asked her for a thing she had not, and that she must have taken it again out of her Cabinet; for, added she, I am certain it was there yesterday, and as certain that it is not there now. I assure you, replyed *Valeria*, I took it not. It must be then *Hermilia*, replyed *Lucrecia*. For my part, answered that fair creature, I can assure you I have it not. But, replyed *Valeria* speaking to *Lucrecia*, is it not because *Herminius* is here that you make a new difficulty to shew it? No indeed, replyed she, for I am confident of *Herminius*'s discretion: but there is nothing so certain, as that some body hath taken it. It must be then *Collatina* that hath it, replyed *Valeria*, for as to *Hermilia*, I see by her looks she hath it not. *Valeria* herein speaking the truth, *Collatina* blushed, so that *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, and I, said all together, that certainly *Collatina* had it, that she must produce,

produce, or at least, for her justification, permit *Hermilia* to search whether she had it about her or not. To be short, this confident wench, who yet does every thing she does handsomely and discreetly, beset her self to do what was given her in charge. Whereupon *Collatina* perceiving the Letter would be found about her, and believing by the cheerfulness of the other three, that the business was as they made it, told them laughing, that it was true she had it. But she added a little lye to the matter, for she hath since confessed she took it out of the Cabinet, but she then affirmed she had found it in *Lucrecia*'s chamber. As for *Collatine*, he was so glad to think the Letter had not been written to his Mistress, that he joyned his entreaties with mine to his Sister, that she would deliver it, since she confessed she had it. *Collatina* accordingly delivers it to *Valeria*, who was very earnest to have it, saying, it was she that found it, and consequently it belonged to her. But as soon as she had it, she shewed it to *Collatine*, as if she had not known that he had seen it. *Collatine* also pretended he had not read it before, but coming at last to my hands, I said I knew who had written it, and to whom it was directed, but would not discover it, because the Lover was one of my friends. This past, I earnestly entreated *Valeria* to bestow that Letter on me; for if you knew, said I to her, in what affliction the Lover is who writ it, you would pity him. But to satisfie you further in this adventure, you are to know, that this Letter was never seen by the Lady to whom it belongs: for he who writ it had it about him the day there were so many here, intending to send it to his Mistress that evening, which was the time he could with most ease deliver his Letters to a young Slave she hath lately entertained. You will therefore do justly if you restore it to me, and never speak of this accident, for by divulging it, there will be a necessity of discovering what men were here at the celebration of the Fountain-Feast, and then haply it might be guessed what Lady were concerned in this Letter. As for *Collatine*, added I, I have nothing to beg of him upon this occasion; for I look on him as a man so rational, that I am confident he will do that for my friend wich he would wish were done for himself, were he so happy as to be in a condition to lose some Love-letter which the fair *Lucrecia* should have received. As I spoke this, after a manner, ingenious, yet earnest enough, *Collatine* and his Sister were convinced the thing was no otherwise than as I said, so that the jealousie of this Lover was by this means absolutely smother'd.

But to disguise the business a little further, *Valeria* said she found some difficulty to deliver me the Letter; for it may be, added she, if you restore it to him that writ it, he will send it to his Mistress, and so I shall occasion her receiving a Love-letter. And if he do not send that, replyed I, he would haply write another more passionate; therefore trouble not your self with these groundless inconveniences, but let me have that which you have found. Hereupon *Hermilia*, *Lucrecia*, as also *Collatina*, telling *Valeria* I spoke but reason, I became master of the Letter, which absolutely cured *Collatine* of his jealousie. He was fully perswaded that if that Letter had been written to *Lucrecia*, she would not have suffered it to come into my hands; for some daies he was not well assured whether I was his Rival or not: however, he did not suspect me to have written that Letter, because he knew my writing. His mind therefore being fully becalmed, he was the rest of the day more jocund than ordinary; and to tell you the truth, *Valeria*, *Lucrecia*, *Hermilia*, and I, were not very sad; for we were so elevated, that we had once more secured *Brutus*'s life, and that our imposture had proved so fortunate, that we were excessively merry that afternoon.

But that which was most excellent was, that when *Collatine* and his Sister were departed, and that *Brutus* was at liberty to speak in private with *Lucrecia*, she told him she would not have him write to her any more, and had almost told him as much as that he should not love her any longer. After all, said she to him, when you have well considered it, it is a kind of madness to be engaged in any affection how innocent soever it may be, since it alwayes layes one open to censure. For how can one love without writing? How can one write without passion? How can one be assured not to lose Letters, when one writes so often? And how, in case one may lose any, can we expect alwayes to meet with such as interpret things of this nature to the best? On the contrary, is it not true, that as soon as it is said a man loves a woman, it is believed she also loves him; and that as soon as it is thought a woman loves a man, they distinguish not between her loving, and her being subject to censure, and then it is immediately imagined that the expressions of her affection exceed their true bounds? Therefore *Brutus*, if you will take my advice, love me not, for it is a sad thing to consider that the unhappy accident that discovers the innocent affection which is between us, should expose your life to the cruelty of *Tarquin*.

Ah Madam, cryes out *Brutus*, how cruel are you your self to speak to me thus! and with how little experience of Love, if you think *he* troubles himself with any ratiocinations, or that he can be distracted by fear or difficulty? On the contrary, obstacles and dangers encrease it in a generous mind; and if you knew, Madam, what pleasure I feel when ever I consider that by discovering my love to you, I have put my life into your hands, you would not say what you do. For, Madam, since it is in your power when you please to betray me to the world, methinks I ow you my life a hundred thousand times, and that if you preserve it, you preserve it as a thing which belongs to you, and in which you have a greater interest than my self. Admit not then any repentance, I beseech you, for those innocent favours you have done me: I receive them with so much respect, I remember them with so much gratitude, I enjoy them with so much pleasure, and I desire the continuance of them, with so much earnestness, that if you should change your mind, you were the most unjust person in the world. And lastly, Madam, this dayes adventure ought not to discompose you, for if *Collatine* had taken away my Letter, I should have met him by the way, and rather then your reputation should have been prejudiced, I would have exposed my life a thousand times. Banish then all fears, Madam, I beseech you, recommend your heart to an innocent confidence, be satisfied that you know you are Vertue it self, that your example makes me more vertuous than I should be, that in fine, there is nothing

can upbraid your self with; and entertain not as you do, the apprehensions of misfortunes which likely will never happen: for to expect in love at all times as much Prudence as Vertue, is the onely way to be alwayes miserable. Alas, replyed *Lucrecia*, is it so easie a matter to be happy? I know not Madam, said he to her, whether it be possible the experience you have of my affection, might render you happy; but this I am certain of, that as long as you repent you not of that goodness you shew me, I cannot be miserable, and defie Fortune, though she sometimes makes even Kings unhappy, that ever she shall be able to force *Brutus* to think himself unfortunate, while he hath the glory of your favour, and while he shall be so happy as not to see you in the power of another. 'Tis true, Madam, I can live contentedly, though I possess you not, provided another do not enjoy you; and I love with so much tenderness, that the onely pleasure of your favour and indulgence enables me to endure, without repining, all the torments which are the inseparable attendants of love.

I know not what you will say of me, replyed *Lucrecia*, that I permit you to speak so long without interruption; but certainly, there is so much obligation even in my silence, that you should not quarrel at it. For while you have been speaking, my reason hath suggested a hundred things against you, which I was loath to tell you, and indeed never shall. And therefore since I am so unjust as not to follow all these advices, you were better spare the grief it would be to you to know, that I do my self some violence when I bear it not, and that it is with a pleasure to me to hear you.

This past, *Brutus* said so many excellent things to *Lucrecia*, that their hearts were in an absolute composure and calm; I restored *Brutus*'s Letter to that fair Lady, and for some dayes she and her Lover met not with any disturbance: 'Tis true, this fair weather lasted not long; for you are to note, that the day of the Fountain-feast the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, *Collatine*, and *Marius*, concealed so ill their several passions, that *Racilia*, desirous to break those haunts, hastned her return to *Rome*, so to deprive these Lovers of all opportunites, that might be advantageous to their Loves. Not that *Racilia* was fully acquainted with the designs of those two Princes, but knew as much as engaged her to cross them. But when *Brutus* came to understand that *Lucrecia* was to return to her Fathers, and that he was now to lose all occasions of entertaining her, he was insupportably afflicted. 'Tis true, he had the comfort to see that *Lucrecia* shared this affliction with him, and took this separation most heavily. There was yet a weak hope left of seeing one another at *Valeria*'s; for *Brutus* being at liberty to go at any time to *Valerius*'s house, he imagined thence great advantages to his love. But all considered, he was extreamly afflicted at *Lucrecia*'s parting; and their conversation at that time was so amourously passionate that I shall not repeat it, lest I should move you too much; for I have a many other things to tell you, which will sufficiently engage your pitty. Their onely comfort was, that bidding one another adieu, they promised to write to one another every day if they could; and accordingly, when they were returned to *Rome*, there passed not a day wherein they heard not of one another. Things fell out at first so happily for *Brutus*, that his love was no longer secret, neither to *Lucrecia*'s mother nor *Racilia*; but these two vertuous Ladies approved it so well, that they were resolved to use all their endeavours to compleat it in a marriage. So that the admirable *Lucrecia* making no longer difficulty to entertain an affection absolutely innocent, writ more obligingly to *Brutus* than she had ever done before: for as to Visits, they could not be easily contrived, at least with that liberty, that they might speak freely one to another, since it must have been when none were at *Valeria*'s when they came thither. But being both of a disposition highly passionate, they endeavoured to comfort one another by certain *assignations* of the mind, as I may so express it, for they agreed upon a certain hour every day, during which they promised to think one of another: and that which was remarkable in it, was, that *Brutus* did really many times wait for that hour with almost as much impatience, as if he expected to see *Lucrecia*. For he found something so pleasing in being assured that she expresly thought on him at the same time as he thought on her, that when he thought fit to express to me the enjoyments which this kind of assignation afforded him, I could no longer doubt but that he was the most amorous of all mankind. He would indeed tel me, that he never writ with more ease and greater passion to *Lucrecia*, than when he chose that hour to write in, and that the confidence he had that *Lucrecia* was as Punctuall in thinking of him as he was of her, did both sharpen his invention, and augment his love. I shall read you one Letter thus written, that you may see *Brutus* dissembled not when he said so, and with acknowledge that the greater a love is, the more ingenious it is to find it self great pleasures, as well as great affliction. But what is yet further considerable, was the manner how I came to know this new kind of assignation. You are then to know, that coming one evening to see *Brutus*, I staid there so late, till the hour appointed with *Lucrecia* was come, so that on a sudden I perceived he had left me, though I was in the room with him. My meaning is, his mind was at such a distance from what I said, that he behaved himself as one whose spirits were otherwise employed, and would have been glad to have been alone. I left him a while in that posture, but after a tedious waiting, out of the curiosity that is permitted in a friend tenderly intimate, I importuned him to tell me what he ailed. He at first made some difficulty to confess the business his mind was taken up with, as fearing I might laugh at this supererogation of love; but at length seeing me importunate to oblige him to speak he turned to me, and having conjured me not to make sport at his amorous ponderings, he told me that *Lucrecia* then thought of him, that he was obliged to bestow an hour on her; and that if I had not the goodness to speak to him of *Lucrecia*, I should not speak at all, and should leave him either to meditate or to write. It were much better to leave you to the last, replyed I, for you would not find that delight in what I should say, as you would in what you should write; as for what you should onely think and not write, *Lucrecia* were never the better for it. Thus engaging him to follow advice, conditionally I might see what he did, he writ the Letter I am going to read to you.

I assure, Madam, better perform the promise I have made you, that by telling you in this instant that I am as good as my word, and that my thoughts are wholly taken up with your charms, my love, your goodness, and the eternal faith I have promised you. In this employment I have already bestowed almost an hour: but is it possible for me to tell you how many things I have thought on in that time? I cannot, though I should write till the morning; for the thought is much more nimble than the hand, and the thought of a Lover much more than that of other men. But Madam, you may assure your self I have thought nothing unworthy you; and, if I may presume to say so, unworthy a man you affect. Pardon me this vanity. Madam, it is haply more excusable than you conceive. For in fine, the acclamations of the people, supposing I could deserve them, Statues and Triumphs should not raise me to so much, nay I should haply think my self as much above all things as I conceive my self beneath you; Ah Madam, it may be I have told you as much before, but I cannot but repeat it again: Is it not possible you should apprehend what pleasure it is to be loved by the most admirable and most accomplished person in the world? You would find there were nothing so pleasant, and that in proportion to this felicity all other are but misfortunes. Yet conceive not, Madam, but that these ever happy minutes are mingled with those that are less happy. But for that I am only to consider the injustice of Fortune, and reflect on the invincible difficulty which hinders me from seeing you often, and acquiring the esteem of others, that so I may be more worthy of yours. How can I be assured Madam, that you love me as much as I wish, proportionably to the merit of my passion, or at least as much as your last morning seems to promise me, even in not promising it to the mean time, Madam, know that I do not punctually obey your last command, which was that I should love Varon more than I loved you; for I love you both equally, since that really you are but the same thing. I do by one oath more confirm it to you, and if I fail I shall be content, as an ungrateful and perjured person, to forfeit all the affection you cast on me. But Madam if you will love, even to my Tomb, tell me so much I beseech you, and believe me, you can neither tell it me too often, nor too clearly, since that I know no pleasure, no joy, no comfort, save that of imagining that I am alone mirrored in your heart, and that you will never force me thence.

Brutus having writ this Letter and shewed it to me, and folded it up in order to be sent away the next day; he opened it again and added this Post-script.

Consider with your self that I am the most miserable man in the world, when I am one day without seeing you; Ah! if you consider it not, I am much more miserable than I thought my self.

I should never have done, if I should stand to particularize all the little circumstances of the loves of *Brutus* and the vertuous *Lucrecia*, who was perfect in that admirable art of making the tendereſt passion in the world consistent with the greatest vertue: for she never was so rigorous to *Brutus*, as to give him occasion of any rational complaint, nor was she ever so prodigal of her kindness as to question her innocence.

But not to wrong your patience over-much, I must hasten to tell you, that *Brutus* was hardly warm in his hopes of happiness, but *Lucrecia*'s mother died, whereat he was so much troubled, as if he had never met with a greater misfortune; for, besides that the consideration of the friendship that was between them made him more sensible of her loss, as also the grief which *Lucrecia* took at it, his affliction was increased in that with her he lost all his hopes. About the same time there was a great conspiracy, ready to break forth, discovered: For, my Lord, though *Brutus*'s soul was taken up with the love of *Lucrecia*, yet is it certain, that of glory and his Countrey were not dispossessed; but even while he seemed to write such excellent and such passionate Letters, was he not unmindful of the liberty of his Countrey; and if I should acquaint you with all the attempts he made, and which only Fortune crossed in their effects, you would stand amazed at it. That which is considerable, is, that though he were the first wheel in all the commotions that happened in *Rome*, yet was he not so much as suspected to have a hand in any; his affected stupidity eluding as well his Enemies as his Rivals. It did indeed much retard his happiness in his love, a misfortune would admit no remedy, since it would have been madness in him to acquaint *Spurius Lucretius* that he was a more understanding man than he was thought, for it would infallibly have cost him his life, by reason of the obligations which were between *Lucretius*, *Tarquin*, and *Collatine*. *Brutus* by this means was incredibly afflicted, and the pleasure he before had found in being loved, was turned into the greatest torment in the world. For certainly there is nothing more cruel than for one to know that he is loved equally as he loves, and yet to meet with perpetual obstacles in the accomplishment of his happiness. In fine, to shorten my relation, for six months *Brutus* writ every day to *Lucrecia*, there happening no miscarriage neither to his Letters, nor to those of that admirable Lady; but it being impossible to be always so careful, but that sometimes one may forget what he seems most to mind, it unfortunately happened that *Lucrecia* passing through her Fathers chamber, dropped one of those little Table-books, which I told you *Brutus* had caused purposely to be made to write to her. *Lucretius* seeing it fall, instead of calling to his Daughter, suffered her to go out of the chamber, & took it up; for being made after a particular fashion, he was so curious as to look on it. Opening it therefore hastily, not thinking to find in it any thing should move him, he was much surprized to meet with a Letter directed to *Lucrecia*, and that a Love-letter. But that you may be the better informed, I will read you a copy of this Letter, which *Brutus* hath furnished me with; for this unhappy writing being that which utterly wormed him out of all felicity, he still remembers it, to encrease his misery. This was it *Brutus* writ to *Lucrecia*.

Fortune was pleased yesterday to punish me for that excessive generosity, which made me prefer the interest of R——— not only before my own satisfaction, but haply before yours: for in fine, excellent Lucrecia, *I did in a manner nothing of all I had proposed to do, as being extremely out of humor. But that you may know how far the love I bear you exceeds all considerations of glory and friendship, you are to know that my disturbance happened through my endeavors for the liberty of my C——— and that I could find no diversion even in the company of one of the most vertuous persons in the world, and one most endeared to you and me. But certainly it is impossible to avoid disquiet, having lost all occa-*

sions

ausion of seeing you, and withal imagining the advantages of your conversation. I go out in the morning about the great affair you know of, and if I can I will come to the place where I could not yesterday. Do me the honour to meet me there, for I will do whatever lies in my power, to come and tell you in that place, that I die for love, and withal, that there is nothing more pleasant, nothing more charming than to die so.

You may well imagine, my Lord, that *Lucretius* was much surprized at this Letter, yet knew he not the character, as having never seen of *Brutus*'s writing; nor would he shew it to any who should better inform him, because he could not do it without making it known that *Lucrecia* had some under-hand Loves; besides that imagining some other wayes to screw out this secret, he thought not of this. In the mean time, being an understanding man, he easily apprehended when he had read the Letter twice over, that the *R.* standing by it self almost at the beginning, stood for *Rome*, and the *C.* about the middle stood for *Country*; but all could not enable him to guess at the person who writ to *Lucrecia*. He also concluded that this Lover was engaged in some Plot against *Tarquin*, nor did he doubt much but that this Lover was loved, yet could not imagine who it might be. He at first thought to call *Lucrecia*, to make her confess by force what he desired to know; but changing his purpose he thought fitter to take some other course to find out the truth, looking on that as the last refuge, if this failed. Finding therefore in the Letter that he who had written to *Lucrecia*, entreated her to come that day to a place where he was to go, he resolved his daughter should be secretly followed thither, so to discover who was at the place where she was appointed to come. This commission he gave a certain Slave, who being very faithful to him, acquitted himself punctually of this charge. According to the appointment and the pleasure of Fortune, *Lucrecia* came to *Valeria*'s in hopes to meet *Brutus* there, for that it seems was the place he had appointed her to come to; but *Brutus* being forced even against his will, to stay at *Licinius*'s, where there was a secret Club, consulting about the great affair they had then in hand, entreated me to go and make his excuses to this beauty, which employment I was very glad of, not onely out of the great affection I had for *Lucrecia* and *Brutus*, but also because of the opportunity I had thereby to see *Valeria*. To serve therefore my friend, I went to the place where he was expected, not thinking there was a spy to observe who came to *Valeria*'s. It happened also, that *Lucrecia*, *Valeria*, and my self, being very merry together, we staid till it was very late, besides that *Valerius*, whom I had left with *Brutus*, had enjoyned me to stay his return home, that I might know what had been resolved on at the Club, whereat for some reasons it was thought fit I should be.

In the mean time, this Slave of *Lucretius*, *Lucrecia* being gon from *Valerius*'s, acquainted his Master where she had been, and assured him that none came thither besides but my self. *Lucretius* was hereupon perswaded that I was a Servant to his Daughter, and conspired against *Tarquin*. This apprehension had some appearance of truth, for he knew I had often seen *Lucrecia* at *Racilia*'s while she was in the Countrey, and there were not many then knew I was in love with *Valeria*; and as *Brutus* had often made use of my name in divers gallantries and addresses to *Lucrecia*, as I have already told you, so had it raised a small report that I had some affection for her, insomuch that sometimes *Collatine* himself knew not what to think. *Lucretius* therefore having received some slight intimations, of what I tell you, absolutely concluded I was the Conspirator, and the Lover: for my Father dying in banishment, he thought it was likely I might be as guilty of hatred to *Tarquin*, as love to *Lucrecia*. So that having thus reconciled the business, he caused this Beauty to be called to him, and carrying her into his Closet, he began to treat her most reproachfully, and that with so much transportation and fury, that *Lucrecia*, who is sweetness it self, was much amazed at it; but what encreased her amazement, was to see in her Fathers hands the Table-book, which she thought safe enough elsewhere. Not knowing therefore how to excuse, much less clear her self, she resolved to be patient, and withal summoning the greatness of her spirit and courage, she bore all that *Lucretius* said to her, and heard him with the greatest attention might be, so to discover whether he knew who had written to her. But she soon perceived he knew not, for *Lucretius* having tired her with the bitterest reproaches, told her there was yet one way left whereby she might excuse her weakness, which was to acquaint him with all she knew. For, said he to her, since your love hath such an influence on *Herminius*, as to oblige to communicate to you the designs he hath against *Tarquin*, you must give me the particulars, and by giving me occasion to do the King a signal service, engage me to forget your miscarriage. *Lucrecia* hearing her Father speak in this manner, was surprized afresh; for she gathered from his discourse, that he knew not the truth, and was not acquainted with *Brutus*'s writing, since he believed me to be in love with his Daughter. She at first was a little glad to see that her servant's life was out of danger, but was at the same time troubled that I was unjustly suspected. She therefore did all that lay in her power to perswade *Lucretius* that I had not writ the Letter, and to convince him that my love to her was as to a Friend, not a Mistress. But there being a many circumstances which made *Lucretius*'s opinion seem the more likely to be true, he was the less satisfied with his Daughter; For in fine, said he to her, if you say true in that, why do you not tell me who writ what I find in this Table-book? For to think, continued he, to deny all, and confess nothing, is absolute madness. All I can tell you, Sir, replyed *Lucrecia*, is, that my misfortune is greater then my guilt, and if I have entertained his affection, whose Letter you have in your hands, it was by the commands of the most vertuous Mother in the world. I know well that yours, replyed he hastily, affected *Tarquin*'s enemies; but though that be true, yet it justifies not you; and if you discover not to me all you know of the Conspiracy, I shall engage you in such a manner, into the interests of those whom you wish ruined, that you will be forced to change your opinion. I may well change my fortune, replyed she, but for my judgement it is impossible; therefore Sir, press me no further, all the favour I beg of you

you is, to believe that *Herminius* is no servant of mine, and that he writ not the Letter you now have in your hands, as I shall make appear to you by shewing you his writing, which is quite different from that. But to deprive you at once of all occasions of persecuting me to no purpose, I declare that I will never tell you who writ that Letter, and though I knew all the circumstances of any Conspiracy, I should not discover it. Nevertheless know, that my heart is still innocent, and that I am not engaged in any thing that is criminal.

Lucretius being hereupon enraged against this admirable Virgin, treated her with the roughest language he could, thinking thereby to terrifie her into some confession. But seeing her not to be shak'd out of her constancy, he resolved to force her to marry *Collatine*; for he had long since observed her backwardness as to that business. Since you will not, said he to her, discover what I so much desire to know, I must needs engage for some concernment of your own, to hinder this secret Conspirator from acting any thing against that Family into which you shall be disposed. I therefore command you to prepare your self to marry *Collatine* within three dayes; he was importunate with me this morning about it, and I will it should be absolutely effected within the time I allot you, and that in the mean while you see no body, and least of all *Valeria*; for since you have made her the Confident of your criminal loves, she is not fit to be acquainted with your marriage.

Lucrecia hearing this resolution of her Father's cast her self on her knees, beseeching him with tears not to force her to marry *Collatine*. You may choose, said he to her, and to avoid it you have no more to do than to name this secret servant of yours, and discover this Conspiracy: for if you will be so obstinate as to do neither, I will immediately carry this Letter to *Tarquin*, that he may take some course to find out whose writing it is. Nor shall I so much as blot out your name, and thereby manifest your weakness, chooling rather to see you covered with shame, than expose my house to the indignation of an incensed Prince, who haply will come to know this enterprize by some other hand, and thence infer, that my Daughter having a Servant among the Conspirators, I might be ingaged in the Conspiracy. There is therefore no mean, you must either discover your Servant, or marry *Collatine*, or be content that I carry this Table-book to *Tarquin*.

You may easily judge, my Lord, what an extremity *Lucrecia* was in, for she was confident *Tarquin* knew *Brutus*'s writing and as confident, that if that Prince came to discover he had any understanding, it would prove the occasion of his ruin, though he contributed nothing to the liberty of *Rome*. On the other side, to marry *Collatine* was a thing almost insupportable, but to expose *Brutus*'s life was much more. She was ever over-burthened with the thought that *Lucretius* might haply do what he said, and that it would be spread about *Rome* that she had a secret Love, which it may be would not have been thought so innocent as indeed it was. So that seeing which way soever she directed her choice, all was insufferable, she wished for death as the onely remedy could free her of all the miseries she was in a manner over-whelmed with. But looking on this as a fruitless wish, she made use of perswasions, intreaties and tears, to move her Father not to force her to a choice wherein she must needs be unhappy, what resolution soever she took. What made her the more desperate, was, that when she imagined her self in her Father's case, she thought he had reason to be displeased, though really she deserved no blame, nor indeed could she oblige him to change his purpose, and all she could do was to prevail with him not to take any absolute resolution till the next morning. But to secure her, he set a guard upon her chamber.

Lucretius being thus convinced, that if I were not a Servant to his Daughter, I must be of the Conspiracy, went and told *Tarquin* that there was some plot a-foot wherein I was engaged; upon which intimation, this Prince, alwayes ready to believe what ever was said against the children of those whom he had ill-intreated, sent out orders to take me. For besides *Lucretius*'s intelligence, he had been informed by some of my ill-willers, that I contracted not any particular friendship with any but such as were ill-affected to him. Being therefore satisfied with a bare pretence to destroy me, he gave order I should be secured, but it could not be issued out so secretly, but a friend of *Sivelia*'s having notice of it, acquainted her. She immediately caused me to be found out, and told me I must leave *Rome* and provide for my safety. But there being many things to engage my stay there, I could not easily resolve to depart, nor haply should I at all, had not *Valerius* and *Brutus* come and told me that the Tytant had discovered somewhat of the Plot, and believed that I was the onely man had been named to him. It was impossible then for me to stand out any longer; I was forced to depart, and that without bidding *Valeria* adieu.

Brutus knew not all this while that he was more unfortunate then I, yet that day he began to be a little disturbed, as having neither heard from *Lucrecia*, nor sent to her. Nor could even *Valeria* her self rid him of this disquiet; for though she had at least so much friendship for me, as to be concerned in my removal, yet was she not in condition to go as far as *Lucrecia*'s, who on the other side was in an incredible discomposure, as having passed the night without any sleep, and yet not fastened on any resolution. And certainly when she considered that she was to marry *Collatine*, and should see *Brutus* no more, she suffered something beyond all imagination: but when it came into her mind, that her Father might carry her Lover's Letter to *Tarquin*, that he would discover the writing, that she should lose her reputation, and that *Tarquin* would put *Brutus* to death. She was at a loss of all reason, and was no longer Mistress of her own thoughts. It could never enter into her imagination, that she should ever accuse him whom she loved beyond her self, and so she had onely two things to examine. But the more she considered them, the less able was she to make any choice whether of these two indigestible propositions she should accept. That which added to her misery, was that she could have neither advice nor comfort; for *Lucretius* had taken such order for her close imprisonment, that she had not the liberty either to write or speak to any whatever. But there was a necessity of resolving on something, though this Beauty after a night passed without so much as closing her eyes, was the next morning as far from any resolution,

lution, as she was the night before, she indeed began to change her judgement when she understood by a woman slave who waited on her, and was locked into the Chamber with her, that she heard one tell a man that was talking with her Father, that I had made my escape, and was out of *Tarquin*'s power: whereupon representing to her self more sensibly the danger *Brutus* was in by her means, in case he were discovered by this Letter, her onely consideration was how to secure her Lover, and she conceived there should nothing seem hard for her to do upon that account, nay not even marrying with *Collatine*. So that *Lucretius* coming into her chamber when her mind was thus taken up, and earnestly pressing her to choose, or expect to see him do what he said he would, she felt in her self so great an apprehension of *Brutus*'s death, and the loss of her own reputation, that she promised to marry *Collatine*, conditionally *Lucretius* would return the Letter he had, that he would never enquire further who writ it, and as much as he could, trouble not himself to guess at him. *Lucretius* believing that when she were wife to *Collatine*, and consequently engaged into the interests of a Prince, whose near kinsman she had married, she would be easily induced to ruin even the whole Faction, whereof her former servant was, promised to do what she desired, provided the Letter should not be returned till the wedding day; and that till then, she should pretend her self indisposed, so to avoid the occasions of all visits. Thus *Lucrecia*, notwithstanding all the aversion she had for *Collatine* and all the tenderness she had for *Brutus*, expected the celebration of the Marriage with some impatience, that so she might secure her servant, by remanding a Letter which might haply cost him his life. She thought not fit to acquaint him with her condition, because she imagined he would advise her to somewhat disadvantageous to himself, and that he could not easily apprehend what resentments she then had for him.

Brutus, in the mean time, though he were much troubled at my departure, was yet much more that he heard nothing from *Lucrecia*. But understanding that they gave out at home that she was not well, he inferred that she was out of humour to stir abroad, and that she had failed writing to him upon no other account, not dreaming that it would not be long ere he heard the saddest, and to him the strangest newes in the world. According to what he had resolved, my Lord, *Lucretius*, who thought it the safest way immediately to dispose of a Daughter, cajoll'd by a secret love, managed the business with so much discretion and diligence, that he engaged *Collatine* to press him for his Daughter *Lucrecia*; and he carried it with so much judgement, that *Tarquin* consenting to the marriage, it was presently concluded, and three dayes after solemnized. All was done very privately, *Lucretius* giving out, that his Daughter being yet in mourning for her Mother, it was not fit it should be done with much ceremony. So that the first newes that *Brutus* had of it, was, that *Lucrecia* was in the Temple in order to be married to *Collatine*; for having been employed in satisfying those who had taken any alarm at my departure, he had heard nothing at all of it. But he had no sooner heard this newes, but he received this Letter from *Lucrecia*, which contained onely these words;

Being obliged by a cruel necessity, either to marry Collatine, *or be the cause of your death, I have chosen rather to abjure all the pleasures and enjoyments of my life, and consequently make my self eternally unhappy, than to expose yours to my anger. Bemoan my hard destiny, I beseech you, and, in gratitude for what I have done for your sake, forget me, if you can, and see me no more; for I must love you no longer, and yet I should not avoid it if I saw you. Obey therefore the cruel command I lay on you, to see me no more, and assure your self I shall lead such a sad and solitary life, that I shall give you no occasion to think me guilty of inconstancy.*

I leave you to consider what a condition *Brutus* was in when he read this Letter; he knows not yet himself what he thought in that terrible instant, and all the account he gives of it, is, that not knowing precisely what he intended to do, he went to the Temple where they said *Collatine* was to marry *Lucrecia*. He was no sooner in, but he understood that the Ceremony was past, and that all things were performed in much hast, because it was feared *Lucrecia* might swoun. He understood also, that *Lucretius*, notwithstanding his daughter's indisposition had caused the Ceremony to be performed; and that as ill as she was the cruel Father was gone along with her to *Collatine*'s house. Not knowing therefore what to do in this distracted condition, he went to *Valeria*'s, whom he acquainted with his misfortune by shewing her the Letter he had received. But in all things his countenance spoke so much despair, that he moved a great compassion in generous *Valeria*. Well, said he, looking on her with the tears in his eyes, what say you now of *Lucrecia*? What must I think of her? and what must I do? Can you imagine by what charms Fortune hath changed her heart, or what strange adventure hath obliged her to prefer *Collatine* before the unfortunate *Brutus*? For my part, replyed *Valeria*, I understand nothing of it, nor indeed can imagine either that *Lucrecia* hath ceased to love you, or hate *Collatine*, or altered her judgment. But do you understand, replyed *Brutus*, why she should not acquaint me sooner with this design; or why, in case *Lucretius* have used any violence, she hath not given me leave to die before she married *Collatine*? For it is fine, since the affection she had for me, was not strong enough to hinder her from becoming the wife of my Rival, she should also have given him the satisfaction of my ruine, and spared me the grief to see her in the embraces of another, and see my self forsaken by a person for whose sake I was willing to forsake all things, and for whom haply I had forfeited much of my reputation. It is just in you, O ye Gods, (said he to himself, while *Valeria* was speaking to some one that asked for her) to punish me, for having admitted into my heart any passion that should divert it, or haply hinder it from the deliverance of my Country. At the first dawning of my love I looked on *Lucrecia* as the person by whom I was staid at *Rome* for the execution of this great design; but I must now look on her as an unconstant woman, who is the cause that I have not destroyed the Tyrant. She took up all my thoughts; her representation followed me

me into all places; and though I then believed I did all that lay in my power to revenge my Father and Brothers death, and to shake *Tarquin* out of his throne, yet now I am of opinion, that I was more employed about the love I had for *Lucrecia*, than the hatred I had for the Tyrant. But is it possible, returned he, that *Lucrecia*, the vertuous *Lucrecia*, should be dazled with a greatness so weakly established, since it is grounded on injustice? Is it possible, I say, she should ally her self into a Family which she knows I am obliged to destroy? Does she believe that any concernment of hers shall hinder me from turning *Tarquin* out of the Throne, if opportunity favor me to do it? Or will she, to secure the Tyrant, reveal what design I have against him? Proceed *Lucrecia*, proceed, continued he, for by exposing me to the cruelty of the Tyrant, you do me less injury than by making me feel your own. *Valeria* coming to him when he had proceeded thus far, he renewed his complaints, beseeching her assistance, at least to find out what might be the motives of *Lucrecia*'s defection: for I cannot be perswaded, said he to her, that she is so poorly opinion'd of my heart, as to imagine that I can entertain death with less ease than I can her loss. Do me but the favor, continued he, that I may see her, for if she be not so merciful to me, I shall certainly think no violence too great for me to do my self.

This discourse of *Brutus* came from him with such earnestness, that *Valeria* fearing he might haply do himself some violence, promised to do what he desired, though she was not certain to prevail; for she sufficiently knew *Lucrecia*'s heart, and only fore-saw that since she was resolved to be *Collatine*'s wife, she would be no longer *Brutus*'s Mistress. But willing to appease the present grief of this despairing Lover, she told him not what she truly thought.

While *Brutus* thus groaned under incredible afflictions, *Lucrecia* amidst her melancholy, had one great comfort, in that her Father had kept his word with her: for being ready to go to the Temple, he got *Brutus*'s Letter returned to her, so to secure his life. Nor could she but be somewhat pleased that she was taken ill at that time, and continued so still, because the indisposition of her body served for a foil to that of the mind. But all considered, what comfort soever she might raise from the present thought of having sacrificed her self to the safety of her Servant, yet soon after she thought her self the most unfortunate person in the world: for she irrecoverably lost a man whom she infinitely loved and esteemed; she married another for whom she had an extreme aversion; she ally'd her self into a Family, which all vertuous persons endeavored to ruin, and she resolved to give her self over to perpetual solitude. But at last these considerations contributing to her melancholy humor, she fell really sick; by which means it was more easie for her to conceal from *Collatine* the small satisfaction she found in being married to him. She would needs remove from *Rome* purposely to avoid all meeting with *Brutus*. She began to commend the air of *Collatia*, as being better for her health, in so much that she was conveyed thither sick as she was. By this means was she in a condition to be more solitary, never hardly to see *Brutus*, and to see her Husband less often, who being obliged to shew himself at Court, would be forced to leave her many times.

In the mean time *Valeria* could not come to sight of her, for *Lucrecia* writ a Letter to entreat her not to attempt it, for some reasons which she should one day acquaint her with. So that *Brutus* not knowing what to do, was afflicted beyond all expression. Yet were there some intervals, wherein he found some slender comfort, to understand that *Lucrecia* was sick and melancholy: but there were also others wherein he gave so much way to his despair, that he had not the command of his own thoughts, and there was no consideration of violence which his mind reflected not on. But the great vertue which garded his soul successefully, opposed all those irregular apprehensions which his love and his despair suggested; yet could it not overcome the extream desire he had to see *Lucrecia*, though she had forbidden it him in the last Letter she had written to him. Directing therefore all the efforts of his mind to find out some way to satisfie himself, he cunningly informed himself, by the means of *Valeria* (who might more easily come to know it than he) that *Lucrecia* who began to recover, though against her will, her former health, spent the afternoons for the most part, when her Husband was absent, all alone in a Garden, adjoyning to *Collatine*'s house: and that sometimes she staid there till she went to bed, when it was fair weather and the Moon shined. *Brutus* being thus particularly informed what *Lucrecia* did, acquainted not *Valeria* with his intention, lest she might oppose it: but when he was fully satisfied of all he desired to know, he trusted himself to a faithful Slave, who had lived with him ever since his being at *Metapont*. Pretending to go into the Countrey, he went by night to *Collatia*, and took up his lodging, disguised at a man's house whom his Slave was acquainted with: for having been there divers times, he knew the walls of *Collatine*'s Garden were but low, so built purposely for the prospect of the first story of the house, which is built on one side of the garden; which not being absolutely level, hath in one part divers hedge-rows and little arbors, that the unevenness might the less appear.

Having thus laid his design, he came, as I have already told you, to *Collatia*, at a time when he knew *Collatine* was not there, and that his Sister was at *Rome* with her Mother, who was yet alive. But to do his business the more easily, he had brought with him one of those Ladders, which fasten on a wall as soon as they touch it, and had so well provided for all things that might contribute to his entrance into the garden, where they said *Lucrecia* came every day, especially in the evenings, that he doubted not a successeful issue of his enterprize. For he knew that the walls of *Collatine*'s Garden were in a lone street, through which none passed after it was once night. It is true he had some reason to fear any one came along with *Lucrecia*; but he had been so perswaded that she was always alone, that, considering the desire he had to see her, this difficulty signified nothing with him. He had also this advantage, that he feared not to be seen from the house, though it were built towards the garden, because that uneven corner which I mentioned, was taken up by two or three large Arbours. But in fine, not to trouble you with so many inconside-

rable circumstances, which you may easily suppose, you are to know that *Brutus*, not debating his resolution any longer, undertook by this course to see *Lucretia*, besides that having the reputation of stupidity, and being withal of some kin to *Collatine*, though he were found in the garden, it would have passed for a little extravagance of a man whom many believe to be quite out of his wits; by which means *Lucretia* should fear neither the jealousie of her Husband, nor censure of the world. *Brutus* therefore came thither one evening, attended only by his slave, whom he appointed to wait him on the out-side of the garden-wall; and he was so fortunate, that as soon as he was gotten down into the garden, and hid himself in one of the little Arbours, he by the light of the moon sees *Lucretia* beginning her walk, having forbidden her women to follow her, and left them sitting in a little Lodge at the Garden-door. 'Tis true, he was somewhat troubled to see that in a quarter of an hours time she came not to that side where he was, nor could he go where she was, without being seen by those women who sate in the Lodge. But at last *Lucretia* in her solitary humour seeking obscurity, quitted the plain part of the garden, and passing along a thick hedge-row, came to that arbour where *Brutus* was; who fearing that if he were perceived before she were come quite to the place, she might call her women, hid himself to give her way to come in. She was no sooner in, but sitting down she fetched a deep sigh, and that with such an accent of anguish, that *Brutus* was extremely moved at it, and transported with love, without any further hesitation. Ah, I beseech you Madam, said he, casting himself on his knees before her, tell me whether the unfortunate *Brutus* be any thing concerned in the sigh he hath now heard; and if he be, permit him to return you sigh for sigh, till he expire at your feet, and assure you dying, that there never was any servant more amorous nor more faithful, than he whom you have with so much cruelty forsaken. *Lucretia* was so surprised to hear *Brutus* speak, and to see him in the posture he was in, that she was not able to express her astonishment by any crying out: on the contrary she was seized by a most piercing grief, and continued a while unable to speak. Yet thrusting him from her with her left hand, she made a sign to him with her right, that he should be gone, and that he was to blame for what he had done. No no, Madam, said *Brutus* to her, you need not thrust me away, since I am come for no other end, than to know from your own mouth the cause of my misfortune. And I beseech you, said *Lucretia* to him, going to rise, have you as great a care of my reputation as I have had of your life, and expose me not to a suspition of having spoken to a man, at such a time and place as this. The place where you are, replyed he, is so far from that where you have left your women, that they can neither see me, nor hear me; nay they cannot come towards this place but you must see them, and you further know, your reputation can receive no prejudice from the stupid *Brutus*, and that the *Brutus*, whom you are acquainted with, hath no design against your innocence. Permit therefore Madam, that I ask you what I would fain be satisfied in; for if I were sure to be discovered, I should not be gone, since it is certain I cannot injure you. But am I obliged, replyed he, to obey a person who hath taken her heart out of my hands, to bestow it on my Rival? Ah *Brutus*, replyed *Lucretia* relenting, I were more happy, and, it may be, more innocent than I am, if either I had done it, or could yet do it: yet raise no advantage to your self of what I tell you, for I assure you, you will be never the more happy for it. Nor shall I satisfie you so far, continued this illustrious Lady, as to particularize my misfortunes, lest that by justifying my self to your apprehension, and acquainting you how much I have obliged you, and the true state of my soul, I should engage you to love me as you did formerly. How Madam, interrupted he, can you suffer me to be ignorant of what you thought, while you made me the most unfortunate Lover that ever was? Can you wish I should not know what might be the pretence, or excuse of your cruel proceedings? Can you desire I should be utterly ignorant of what is done in your heart? Ah Madam, if it be so, I must think you never loved the unfortunate *Brutus*, nor ought he to love you, though he were in a condition to dispose of his own thoughts. But alas, he is far from it, for he loves you and adores you, notwithstanding all your infidelity. Ah, I beseech you, replyed *Lucretia*, accuse me not of infidelity and be satisfied that I am so generous not to accuse you as causer of all the misfortunes of my life; since that it is upon your account that I am wife to *Collatine*. Upon mine, Madam, replyed *Brutus*? It is certain, replyed *Lucretia* sighing, and since you are so desirous to know the true cause of your misfortune and mine, you shall have it. Whereupon *Lucretia* told him how she lost the fatal Letter, which her Father had found; which passage she aggravated so with words so fitting expressing the confusion she was in when *Lucretius* would oblige her to discover who writ it, or to marry *Collatine*, that he was extremely moved with it, especially when she fully convinced him that the fear of hazarding her own reputation, and principally that of exposing the life of such a man as was to the cruelty of *Tarquin*, had obliged her to submit to her Father. Consider now (added she after she had ended her relation) whether I have loved you faithfully, and whether I deserve to be thought inconstant. However it be continued this vertuous Female, as my love to you hath been alwayes innocent, and that I can love you no longer, since I am *Collatine*'s, I must, though I die for't, resolve never to see you more. For this reason is it also that I am resolved not to see any, but shall lead a life so solitary, that though you should be unjust as to persist in your love, you shall never have any opportunity to let me know of it. Nay I will so carry my self towards *Collatine*, that I hope accepting my melancholy, he shall have nothing to object to me. Yet can I not but acknowledge that the aversion I have for him will last as long as I live: but after all, since a consideration of honour hath prevailed with you to conceal your reason for so many years, I must needs think my self obliged by a like motive, to conceal the aversion I have for my Husband, and the affection I have for a Lover. Ah Madam, it is much easier to conceal ones Passion than ones Love, and if you ever had any for the unfortunate *Brutus*, you would rather have permitted him to die a thousand times, than forsake him. For,

Madam,

Madam, do you consider the sad condition I am in? Another Lover would find a hundred comforts in such a misfortune as this; he would betray your inconstancy to all the world by his complaints; he might revenge himself by pretending to some other affection, and he might haply be recovered of his misery by such a remedy, or at least would be the better enabled to bear the ill success of his love through the consolations of his friends. But for my part, Madam, who am the unhappy man that all the world shuns, and no body knows, I am not capable of any comfort. You were to me all the world; I found in you a Friend and a Mistress; I found in you all pleasure and all glory; and I imagined my self so happy when I had but one minutes private discourse with you, that I would not have changed fortunes with the most fortunate Monarch in the world. I was somewhat pleased with my self, that my understanding was onely at your service, and for your sake; you were absolute Mistress of my will; you had the same power over my desires; and in fine, you had such a soveraignty over me, that never any Empire was better established than yours. But what said I (resumed he, correcting himself) you *had*? you *have* the same power still, and it is onely Death that can dissolve it. It is true Madam, how unjust soever you have been in preferring my life before my quiet, I am the same man I was; and it shall be your fault, if I find not some lenitive in my misfortunes. Ah *Brutus*, replyed *Lucrecia*, since I have changed my fortune, you must change your judgement. But Madam, said he to her, continually I shall beg nothing of you, that I use so much as tell you that I love you, what matters it to you what is done in my soul? Permit me then to see you sometimes; you know *Collatine* and I are of kindred, that he can never suspect me to be in love with you, and that my palpable stupidity will give me as much freedom any where as I would take. Give me leave to see you, provided I never entertain you with the secret resentment of my heart. No, no, *Brutus*, replyed *Lucrecia*, I would not you should esteem me less than you have; nor will I ever do any thing which I may object to my self as destructive to true glory: for all considered, to be *Collatine*'s Wife, and *Brutus*'s Mistress, are two things absolutely incompatible. Ah Madam, replyed he, will you then be pleased to become my Friend? I heretofore in the beginning of my love refused your friendship, but I now beg it, and that with tears. When I proffered you my friendship, replyed she, I could without any difficulty entertain your love; but alas *Brutus*, the friendship of a Lover is not to be accepted when a woman is once another mans wife, and hath the least tenderness for her reputation. Resolve therefore not to love me any longer, and that, if I may so say, for my sake, as I have resolved to be unhappy for your sake; and that you may be assured, I do all I can, and haply more then I ought, I permit you to believe, that I shall grieve for you while I live. On the other side, fear not I shall ever discover your secret: for though you cannot in any likelihood destroy *Tarquin*, but you must withal give check to the fortune of that Family, into which I am entred, I shall by nothing to your charge while you meddle not with *Collatine*'s person. Not but that if you conceive I speak for my own interest, I should advise you forsake *Rome*; to set your reason at liberty, to go and live at *Metapont*, where you have friends of both sexes, and where you may be cured of what passion your soul is sick of. For in all likelihood Vice will ever triumph over Vertue. *Brutus* will be alwayes miserable, and *Tarquin* alwayes happy. How, Madam, replyed the unfortunate Lover, you would have me forsake *Rome*, quit the design of revenging my self, and delivering my Countrey, but for no other end than that I might be the farther from you. Ah Madam, I neither can do it nor ought, and if Death do not deliver you from my presence, you shall never be delivered from it. I shall be delivered from it, replyed she, if I reside constantly at *Collatia*, whither you will have no pretence to come; and though *Collatine* himself should command me to see you, I would intreat him to pardon my disobedience: and this pretended stupidity which heretofore furnished me with a pretence to see you, shall henceforward be my excuse not to see you again; but I shall think my self the more obliged, if without any further dispute you obey the command I lay on you, not to endeavour it. But is it possible, replyed *Brutus*, that my sight is become so insupportable to you, and that having expressed so much goodness as to let me believe that I might be the object of all your happiness, I am now thought the onely cause of your misfortune? For I tell you once more, Madam, that if you will be pleased to be my Friend, I shall not think my self absolutely miserable: and if I ever forget my self so far as to speak any thing to you whence you might gather I would be treated in the quality of a Lover, I give you leave to acquaint *Tarquin* that I am a dangerous Conspirator, and deserve death. But do you think, replyed she, that when I lost you, I withal lost all reason, and that I can be perswded that *Love* may be turned into *Friendship*, or *Friendship* into *Love*, when one pleases? If it be so in your heart, added she, you never knew any true passion; and I should punish you for your dissimulation past with eternal banishment. One might indeed in a short time pass from *Love* to *Hatred*; one may sometimes pass from *Love* to *Indifference*, and it is not impossible to ascend from *Friendship* to *Love*; but to descend from *Love* to *Friendship*, is that I cannot comprehend how it may be done. I could believe, added she, there may be some Husbands, who having been infinitely indulgent of their Wives, are after a long time cooled, so as to have onely an *indifferent* affection for them, which may be called *Friendship*: but for a *Lover* to become a *Friend*, is a thing I conceive impossible, and shall never believe. Persist not therefore in the proffers of your friendship, or the desire of mine: for since Fortune hath been pleased to cross the innocence of our affection, I will see you no more, and I profess to you, I shall hate you, if you continue to perswade me to a thing which I believe inconsistent with my duty. For in fine, *Brutus*, you but too well know that I have loved you, and you haply imagine that I shall love you as long as I live, therefore our conversation can be no longer innocent: one look of yours raises a controversie in my soul; I must not any longer trust either you or my self in such a case as this; and I have already spent too much time with you, in debating a thing already resolved. Go your wayes therefore, *Brutus*, go, the unfortunate *Lucretia* commands you; be careful of the life she hath preserved you, and remember sometimes,

that it hath coſt her all the happineſs ſhe could expect. But hold, added ſhe, riſing from her ſeat, think on nothing that concerns me: for if I thought you remembred it, I could not haply forget you. How, Madam, cryes out *Brutus*, you cannot but remember me, and can you imagine I ſhould obey you, when you command me to forget *Lucrecia*? No, no, Madam, abuſe not your ſelf, it is not onely death can raze you out of my heart; and if the deſpair that hovers about my ſoul were not kept off by the love I bear you, my hand ſhould ſoon rid *Tarquin* of an Enemy, and *Lucrecia* of a Lover. But Madam, ſince that if I loſt my life I ſhould ceaſe to love you if exceſs of grief take it not away, I ſhall not, which I do not but out of a pure conſideration of love, ſince, as you may eaſily imagine, Madam, I muſt expect to live the moſt miſerable of any man in the world, which can afford nothing more inſupportable, than for a man to ſee his Enemy in the Throne, and his Miſtreſs in the embraces of his Rival. For, all conſidered, Madam, I concur with you, that Love can never be remitted into Friendſhip, and when I begged the quality of your Friend, I onely meant to tell you, that I ſhould never ask any thing of you but what a vertuous friend might deſire of a vertuous woman. Aſſure your ſelf therefore, Madam, that I ſhall love you to the laſt gaſp, and that I ſhall love you ſo intirely, as never any man did the like. But in requital, Madam, added he, promiſe me that you will not make it your buſineſs to hate me; for I had rather be deprived of your ſight, than that you ſhould not promiſe to love me alwayes. Ah *Brutus*, I neither can nor muſt promiſe you any thing, replyed ſhe; in the mean time, I muſt leave you, and be gon, for I ſee one of my women coming to tell me that it is time to retire; and indeed *Brutus* turning his head ſaw a woman-ſlave who was come half wayes the Garden, and made directly towards the place where he was. This put him into a ſtrange diſturbance, for he thought he had a thouſand things more to ſay; nay he imagined that if he had ſaid them, they would have moved *Lucrecia*; but if he ſhould have offered to detain her by force, ſhe would have taken it in much diſpleaſure. He therefore ſubmiſſively took her by the garment, and would, out of an amorous tranſport, have kiſſed her hand, and intreated her to favour him for one minute more: but this vertuous woman, troubled at her very ſoul for him, certainly did her ſelf a ſtrange violence in refuſing him what he ſo paſſionately begged. So that commanding him abſolutely to let her go, and doing it as one who expected obedience, he in effect obeyed her: he diſmiſſed the hand and garment of this afflicted Beauty; and he had this comfort at leaſt, to perceive ſhe thought well of his reſpect and obedience. For having gon as far as the entrance of the Arbor, where this diſcourſe paſſed, ſhe turned to him, burſting forth into tears, and reaching to him the ſame hand which ſhe had taken from between his, Farewel *Brutus*, ſaid ſhe to him, might it pleaſe the Gods that the innocency of our affection would permit me to think on you, and that you might alſo think of me. At theſe words *Brutus* taking her by the hand ſhe preſented to him, kiſſed it with ſuch a tranſport of love, that if ſhe had not drawn it back with ſome violence, he had not ſoon diſmiſſed it. But this ſlave, who was come to tell *Lucrecia* that it was about the time ſhe uſed to retire, was ſo near, that he was forced out of a conſideration of reſpect, to withdraw himſelf without anſwering the laſt words *Lucrecia* had ſaid to him. When ſhe was departed, he looked on her through the leaves as long as he could, but ſaw ſhe had let down her veyl, which he conceived was to hide her tears from the ſlave that followed her. He alſo obſerved, that ſhe twice turned her head towards the place where ſhe had left him, as alſo that ſhe went from him very ſlowly; for though he was in an unconceivable deſpair, yet the exceſs of his love quickened his apprehenſion of any thing related to his paſſion; but to any thing elſe was inſenſible.

Lucrecia and her women being gotten into the Houſe, and having locked the lodge-door that went into the Garden, though he knew not well what he thought on, yet could he not reſolve to be gone. For obſerving a greater light in one part of the houſe then in any other, he concluded it was *Lucrecia*'s chamber, and looking on the Windows, he had ſuch a diſturbance and confuſion in his thoughts, that it were impoſſible to expreſs them. He found indeed ſome eaſe in ſeating himſelf in the place where that Beauty had ſate, and in that poſture he intertained his love and his affliction till the break of day, not thinking of the Slave who knew his deſign, and waited for him without the Garden. But at laſt the Cock crowing acquainted him what time it was, he went out as he came in, and repaired to the houſe where he had taken up his ſecret Quarters.

In the mean time, as *Hope* is ſuch a Montebank in Love, as inſtead of one real pleaſure, entertaines us with a hundred imaginary, he was really perſwaded he might ſee *Lucrecia* in the ſame manner another night: but though he came to the ſame place, he met not with her; for this vertuous woman conceiving he might come again, went thither no more. So that *Brutus* not thinking it ſafe to ſtay any longer in that place, whither *Cillatine* came the next day, returned to *Rome* exceedingly grieved: for *Lucrecia*'s vertue rendring her more amiable than ſhe were otherwiſe, it made him the more unfortunate. Not long after he was told that *Lucrecia* had perſwaded *Collatine* to make the walls of his garden ſomewhat higher, though it much prejudiced the proſpect from the houſe, which he might eaſily apprehend onely for his ſake. This nevertheleſs diſcouraged him not, for having a heart as great as his love, he omitted no artifice or opportunity from the time that *Lucrecia* was married, to ſpeak with, or ſend Letters to her, or to oblige her to permit *Hermilia* or *Valeria* to ſpeak to her of him; or to procure the favour that he might ſee her in ſome place, though he ſpoke not to her. He alſo, notwithſtanding the hatred he had for *Collatin*, made frequent viſits to him, in hope of ſome occaſion thereby to ſee *Lucrecia*: but all theſe contrivances and deſigns amounted to nothing, *Lucrecia* leading a life ſo ſolitary, and diſengaged from the diſturbances of the World, that I think there never was woman gave higher expreſſions of a great vertue than ſhe did. For it is out of all controverſie, that never Wife lived better with a Husband than ſhe did with *Collatine*, though ſhe had an averſion for him; nor did ever Miſtreſs expreſs ſuch a conſtant rigor and ſeverity towards a ſervant, though ſhe had a tender affection for *Brutus*. This was

was *Brutus* extremely taken with her vertue, and fearing that disconsolate solitude might shorten her life, he sent her word by *Valeria*, that he had so great an esteem for her, as, to break her from that reserved carriage, he would make it his main business to avoid her, that so she might quit that melancholy course of life; conceiving his misfortune would be the less, if he were alone unfortunate. But she would not be perswaded, nay would not so much as return *Brutus* thanks for his compliance and respect. However, I dare assure you he was never in his life so deeply in love with this admirable woman as he is at this present; nay I may presume to tell you, that the love he beares *Lucrecia* is greater than the hatred he hath for *Tarquin*: but his love is upon the hardest condition that love can be capable of, since it admits no Hope, nor the sight of its object. All the comfort therefore that he hath, is, what consists in the hope of satisfying that just hatred he hath for *Tarquin*, since he can now pretend nothing to *Lucrecia*.

Herminius having left off speaking, *Aronces* thanked him for the excellent entertainment of so pleasant a relation: and *Amilcar* expressed himself so well satisfied with it, that if he could have resolved to be constant, he would have wished himself *Brutus*, as unfortunate as he was, looking on his History as a thing extraordinary, though it was not furnished with those heroick adventures which raise the admiration of those that hear them. But to make some advantage to your self of the acquaintance I have made you with *Brutus*, replyed *Herminius*, speaking to *Aronces*, acknowledge that you are neither the most unfortunate Lover, nor the most unfortunate man in the world: for certainly *Brutus* being now past all hope, and leading such a life as he does, is a thousand times more miserable than you are. Ah *Herminius*, cryed out *Aronces*, I am not of your opinion, but account my self much more unhappy, in that I have to fear *Clelia*'s death, than *Brutus* is to see *Lucrecia* in the arms of *Collatine*. But my Lord, the misfortune you fear, replyed *Amilcar*, it may be, will not come to pass, and so your fear is of a disaster that is uncertain; but for *Brutus* he is past the fear of a mishap, he undergoes it, and that without any hope of seeing any end of his suffering. He hath yet this comfort, replyed *Aronces*, to know that *Lucrecia* cannot suffer any thing but what the affection she hath for him, imposes on her; but for what concerns me, I see *Clelia* exposed to the violence of a Tyrant, whether he love her or hate her: nor can I yet perceive by what means I can deliver her, nor who will deliver my self. It being by this time very late, *Herminius* and *Amilcar* retired, and left this illustrious Lover at liberty, to compare his misfortunes with those of the illustrious *Brutus*.

The end of the first Book of the second Part.

CLELIA,

AN

EXCELLENT

NEW

ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO

MADEMOISELLE de LONGUEVILLE.

The THIRD PART.

Written in *French* by the Exquisite Pen of *Monsieur de Scudery*, Governour of *Nostredame de la Gard.*

LONDON,

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TO THE ACCOMPLISHD LADY, THE LADY CONSTANCE ENYON.

MADAM,

THE Opinion I have of your Goodneſs muſt needs be very great, when I think the preſumption I am guilty of, in this addreſs ſo innocent and juſtifiable, that I do not much doubt your pardon. It is certainly no ſmall one in me, to make uſe of your name, to do that, which, of all things, I take the greateſt pride and pleaſure in; that is, confidently to let the world know, I cannot receive a favor with half as much freedom and ſatisfaction, as I can acknowledge it. To thoſe I have received from Your ſelf, I cannot but add the many extraordinary Obligations, I am indebted to your noble Relations, and particularly thoſe at CUMBERLOW; and among thoſe, to that accompliſhed Perſon, whom the World juſtly admires, to find, at ſo few years, ſoaring in a Fame ſo high, as that of the Author of the HISTORY of PHILOSOPHY. Theſe, Madam, are ſo great, and conſequently, preſs ſo much upon my memory and reſentments, that, ſince the greateſt acknowledgments I can make of them, are, in my apprehenſion, much below the advantages I have made thereby, it is no miraculous effect of Gratitude, if I graſp at any occaſion to do it.

For, what I now preſent you with, MADAM, I need ſay no more, by way of recommendation of it, than that it is a third Volume of that excellent ROMANCE, whereof you were pleaſed with ſo much kindneſs to receive the two former; with the ſame fate too, that is, that it hath gone through more hands than one. The advantages you are to make of it, I am not to preſs, ſince it is, among your other perfections, not the moſt inconſiderable, that you can diſcern the excellencies, and diſcover the defaults of things of greater conſequence, than thoſe of this nature. But when I reflect on your Sex, I cannot but do my Author this right, that as no man hath put greater obligations on It, than he, by the noble and generous characters he hath honour'd it withal; ſo is it but juſt, you have that eſteem and affection for him, which you have not for any other.

Thus, MADAM, having given you an account of this addreſs to your ſelf, and preſumed your pardon for it, I have a far greater confidence to obtain it for another I make to Heaven; which is, that you may meet with that indulgency of fortune and happineſs, which ſo much good nature, ſo noble an education, ſuch vertuous inclinations, and excellent endowments, as yours are, may juſtly expect. And this, MADAM, ſhall be the perpetual wiſh of,

Your moſt humble and moſt obliged Servant,

J. DAVIES.

CLELIA:

The Second Part.

BOOK II.

AS no part of the life of *Brutus* was reserv'd from *Aronces*, he went the next day to his Chamber, imagining he might receive some delight by discoursing with an unhappy lover, whose misfortunes parallel'd his; and these two illustrious Lovers did at first so Sympathize. and love so united both their hearts, that though they were both miserable, and that their discourse contained nothing but melancholy subjects; yet a delightful pleasingness did at this time dispel those dull fumes which clouded their Intellectual Faculties: But whilst they did as it were thus sport away the tedious hours, and that *Herminius* endeavoured by the assistance of his friends, both to prosecute his passion, prejudice *Tarquin*, and serve *Aronces*, the discreet *Amilcar* acted for *Aronces* against *Tarquin*, for *Clelia* and *Plotina*, and all the other Captives, and endeavoured likewise to engage the fierce *Tullia* to deliver all those Prisoners, principally those to whom he was obliged both by friendship and inclination: He writ to *Tarquin*, to the Prince *Sextus*, to *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*: Yet had he time to compose several things, which are usually made but in a pleasing idleness; for *Herminius* and he made each of them a short song, according to the *African* custom: They had a certain gallant Air which contained both ingenuity and love, pleasure and rapellery; they sing both simple and natural expressions, and it seems that they intended but to trifle time in making these songs, and that 'twas not impossible others fancies should concur with theirs. In the mean time, as they had sent to the Camp for *Celeres* and *Zenocrates*, they came to *Rome*, but could not inform them of any considerable thing in reference to their affairs; for during the Truce, all the young men went continually from the Camp to *Rome*, and from *Rome* to the Camp; *Artemidorus* not being willing to permit *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* to be more happier than he, went with them to see *Aronces*, whom he highly esteem'd; and these three being arrived at *Rome*, and having the same liberty as *Herminius*, to visit *Aronces*; they passed some days in a society pleasing to unhappy persons; for as these new Comers were of this secret, they were commonly together; and after Dinner, *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, *Valeria*, and *Sivelia* accompanying them, there was doubtless a society composed both of accomplished and agreeable persons: For though *Aronces*, *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres* were men of known integrity; 'tis certain that *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had extraordinary merit: *Artemidorus* was well made, he had a judging spirit, and a grandure in his Soul; but he so equally possessed all good qualities, that though he was a complete man, he was just one of those which make a particular Character, and which resemble not any person, though many would willingly resemble him. For *Zenocrates*, he was tall, of a fair proportion, and good deportment, white teeth, a lively tincture, brown hairs, a most agreeable smiling, and a pleasant countenance which gave delight to all; but he had a certain languishing indifferency to which his temper carried him; it gave him sometimes a stupidity of Spirit, which made him appear as if he were in an idle dotage, and obliged him to keep in certain occasions a kind of melancholy silence, that he could not suffer without some slight reluctation, when he knew he might if he would speak more agreeably than the most part of those to whom he gave such a peaceable audience: But for all this admirable dulness, the gallantness of his Spirit and ingenuity appear'd when he writ either in Verse or Prose; and I can assure you, that if he had an heart more susceptible of loves impression, it had been very fit to make illustrious Conquests: for *Zenocrates* was (as I have already told you) fair, and of a good deportment, he had much Spirit, he was both discreet and wise, he had a charming affability; all his inclinations were noble, he was modest, respectful, and faithful to his friends; but a languishing melancholy so possessed his Spirits, that though he was an accomplished Gallant, he could not affect any one person, though adorned with all the excelling features, had he been assured of a correspondency in love; so much did he fear dangerous enterprises. He had beginnings in love, which should have had continuance; but the Fire which flamed in the morning, extinguished in the evening. I know not how he could make an opiniative lover, for the faculty would have hindred the augmentation of his passions, the great difficulty would have rebated his Spirit, and the only thought of a long constancy, would

have much perplexed him; he had no desire to engage himself to love a person which was not above him, neither would he resolve with himself to love one of that quality, if fortune had forc'd him to do it; so little he affected to enterprise difficult things: Had he likewise passed the commencements of his life without having any of those Demy-Mistresses, that are loved without inquietude, that are willingly left on the first occasion that presents: 'tis not but confessed, that he had been in love, and he might be again: But those which are intelligent in tenderness, believe not that he was capable of any great attachment; and though he was accused of some temerity and inconstancy in love, he was known to be very sincere and agreeable in friendship, and he was so amiable, and merited such estimation, that he would not be known without esteem in love. *Artemidorus* and he being then joyn'd with their illustrious friends, this Society had been full of delectation, if those which composed it had been more happy; there was during this time a small cessation in the distemper of *Aronces*, which deferr'd the Voyage *Celeres* and *Zenocrates* had resolv'd on; *Amilcar* having acquainted this unhappy Prince, that he had confer'd with *Tullia*, that he was the Confident of her Jealousie, and that he did not despair but he should oblige her to deliver *Clelia*; and farther told him, that this cruel person had promised him to suborn him which kept her, and that on his part he was engaged to carry this fair Virgin into *Africa*, and not let her return from thence: He knew moreover that those of *Ardea*, which negotiated with *Tarquin*, demanded above all things, the rendition of the Captives; and it might be if *Tarquin* should refuse to do it, he would exasperate the people and the Soldiers, which might justly murmur, to see that he had rather continue the war, than to accord a thing of so little consequence: and that by this means it would be possible to excite some commotion in *Rome*, and the Camp where they should have need of two men as valiant as *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*: Thus their departure being defer'd, and hope having taken possession of the heart of *Aronces*, the conversation became a little more delightful: But there happened an accident which gave some disturbance to this favourable disposition; for as things were reduced to this estate, unknown persons enterprised one night to take away *Clelia*; they fastening scaling Ladders to the Windows of her Chamber, some of the Guards their confederates having given them admission at one of the Garden Gates: 'Tis true they were constrained to retire, because he to whom *Tarquin* had confided the keeping of *Clelia*, hearing some noise awaked, and went with a party of his Companions to the same Garden, where they found a man of a good presence at the head of 10 or 12 others, whilst two resolute Soldiers ascended those two Ladders they had put against the Windows of *Clelias* Chamber, who was then in a strange perplexity; for she did not know whether those that endeavoured to open her Windows, were friends or enemies; she saw no likelyhood that this enterprise was made by *Aronces*, since *Amilcar* who had the liberty to see her, had not advertised her of it; so that she imagined there was more probability to think it was the cruel *Tullia*, who would have her in her power: But this imagination soon vanished, for how valiant soever he was which had undertaken this enterprise, he must yield to number; for those whom he had left to secure the Garden gate by which he entred, being disanimated, and the Gate shut upon him; there was no other resolution for him to take, than to render himself or die like a desperate person: And as the State of his Soul permitted him not the hope to live happy, he chose the last, and acted such prodigious things, that *Clelia* and *Plotina* who were now dresst, and who beheld that which passed in the Garden (by *Cinthias* beams which illuminated it) had compassion to see a valiant man reduced to such a condition, whose visage they could not discern: *Clelia* fearing he (that so valiantly defended himself) might be *Aronces*, and desiring rather to expose her self to save the life of a valiant Enemy, than let a faithful lover perish, she cryed to him who kept her, that he should not kill one deserted by his men, for there remain'd now none but himself to oppose so many adversaries: The voice of *Clelia* perswading him to whom she spoke that it may be she knew who that unknown was, who so resolutely defended himself, and believing he should render a great service to *Tarquin* to take him Prisoner, he commanded him to endeavour it, but not kill him; and this brave stranger who had heard what *Clelia* said, turning his head to see her, three of those which environ'd him spying this advantage, cast themselves upon him, seiz'd his Sword and took it from him, though he made terrible efforts to hinder them: 'Tis not denyed but he was dangerously wounded in divers places, but being resolved to sacrifice his life (since his enterprise was destroyed) he acted the part of a desperate man; but he was now compelled to yield to number, and submit himself to the conduct of them who had disarm'd him; his strength being so decayed by his loss of blood, that his feeble limbs could scarce support him. In the mean time as this news was divulg'd, all the Palace were alarm'd; the cruel *Tullia* being advertised of it, and Jealousie having wholly possessed her Spirit, she was more irritated against him which hindred *Clelia* from being taken away, than against him which endeavoured to do it, she would have known his name but no person could tell it her, neither would he acquaint her with it: *Tullia* then demanded if any of his men had survived the Combat, but they answered her that two of those he had employed in this occasion, and who were hurt as well as he, knew not themselves, or at least wise feign'd not to know it: This giving no satisfaction to *Tullias* curiosity, she sent for *Amilcar*, to endeavour to discover if this unknown had attempted this enterprise for *Aronces*, and he which had the keeping of *Clelia* sent to advise *Tarquin* what was passed: there was such a great noise dispersed of it throughout *Rome*, that *Aronces* had quickly notice of it, but very confusedly; for some said *Tullia* had plotted it, desiring to have the prisoners at her dispose; others that *Tarquin* had contriv'd it, to have them in his power without angring *Tullia*; and that his design had proved ineffectual, through the inconsideration of those to whose confidence it was committed: Some said 'twas *Aronces*, others said 'twas *Horatius*, and so many various relations were formed according to

to the capricious humour of those which reported them, that 'twas impossible to ground therein any real conjecture: *Aronces* hearing these several reports by *Brutus*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, was much perplexed to know how he should comprehend the reailty of this adventure. *Herminius* assured him, there was no appearance that *Horatius* had left *Ardea*, and it could not be *Tullia*, because she at this time imployed *Amilcar* on the same design: there was no reason to imagine it was *Tarquin*, for he knew better how to carry on his enterprises. *Aronces* could not then tell what to think, for the more he considered still what his imagination proposed to him, he conceived far from the truth: but at last he believed, that as the Prince *Sextus* had a violent inclination for *Clelia*, before he was captivated with *Lucretias* beauty, and that he was injust and violent in his passions, he had attempted to steal away this fair person, both from him and *Tarquin*; finding more true semblance in this opinion, then all those he had premised, he fixed his thoughts here, and was so overcome with grief, that he designed to revenge *Clelia* for that violence which was offered her, and to seek all means to assault *Sextus*; he having need of no assistance both to vanquish and punish him: but after he had contrived this revenge, he saw *Amilcar* enter, and not doubting but he was of the same opinion, he went to him and said; tell me my dear *Amilcar*; do you yet believe that *Sextus* is more amorous of *Lucretia*, then *Clelia*, since the last nights adventures? I assure you replyed *Amilcar*, *Sextus* had no hand in it, for I come from being *Tullias* Agent so discovering who hath made this attempt; and from speaking to him who hath so couragiously exposed his life in this dangerous occasion. What replyed *Aronces*, have you seen him which hath so valiantly defended himself? Yes replyed *Amilcar*, I have seen him, and seeing him, I see that fortune hath given you none but illustrious Rivals. Is the report then true that 'tis *Horatius*? replyed *Aronces*: No replyed *Amilcar*, but not to hold you in suspence, it is the Prince of *Numidia* who hath performed this grand action. What? cryed *Aronces*, is it *Masharbal*, which would once more take away *Clelia*? he had no such thought (replyed *Amilcar*) for he protests he pretended no other thing then to free her from the cruelty of *Tarquin*, and to remit her into the hands of *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, whom he assures me are nigh *Rome*. By your favour *Amilcar*, said *Aronces* to him, tell me all you know of this adventure and how you knew it. Since you will be informed in all particulars replyed *Amilcar* I must tell you that *Tullia* sent for me, that I obeyed her orders, and I found such a fury seated on her countenance that it almost struck me into a Palsie; at first she accused me to be one of the confederates in the last nights enterprise; but I gave her such solid and satisfactory reasons to excuse my self, that as she is endowed with all the advantages of a grand Spirit, she imagined I was too real to equivocate with her; and not knowing what to think, she sent me to him who appeared to be the chief conductor of this enterprise; but I confess I was astonished when I knew the Prince of *Numidia* had acted it, as he was almost buried in grief, and very much hurt; he did not so much as cast his eyes upon me when I approached him: No sooner did he hear my voice, but he turned his head, and extending his hand towards me; though said he to me you be alwayes my Rivals friend, yet I am glad to see you, to tell you, before I expire, that I dye with a strange regret not to have had so much affection to him, as to yeild him *Clelia* without repugnance, or hate him so much as to dispute her with him; and assure him (if you ever see him) that I pretend no other advantage in delivering *Clelia*, then to give her liberty, and render her to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, who are not far distant from *Rome*, and are at this time——As he desired to pronounce the name of the place where they resided, his strength failed; and though we applyed all remedies to recover him, there was a full Hour elapsed before the expiration of this fit; but though his fainting spirits were recovered, he was yet deprived of reason; for since that he knew not what he had told me, and I could not demand of him where were *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, and seeing he had lost the use of reason, I conceived it would be dangerous to acquaint me with it before so many persons, and though the Prince of *Numidia* be your Rival, I should incur much blame, if I should let him be treated with severity, and not disclose his quality both to *Tullia* and *Tarquin*, to whom they have sent an expres to inform him of the precedent accidents, and discovering it was the Prince of *Numidia* which would have delivered *Clelia*: I shall hinder you from being thought conscious of it, and clear my self from all suspition. I would do the same (replied *Aronces*) were I in your condition, bnt I am much afflicted: for I fear, and not without cause, that this accident will confine *Clelia* to a closer imprisonment, and that your design will not take effect.

As 'tis by *Tullia's* means I hope to procure her liberty (answered *Amilcar*) this accident will not destroy our intentions; but will, as I conceive, much conduce to the furtherance of them; for *Clelia's* Keeper having retained her with so much circumspection, hath acquired such credit of *Tarquin* by frustrating this design, that if *Tullia* suborns him, as she hath promised, it will facilitate her escape; but in the mean time we must arm our selves with patience; as there appeared some probability of truth in this conjectural opinion of *Amilcar*, and that lovers usually catch at any shadowy glimpse of hope, though grounded on incertainties; yet a dull melancholy eclipsed the countenance of *Aronces*, *Amilcar* demanding from whence it proceeded? He confessed he would admit of no consolation, whilst any of his Rivals pretended affection to *Clelia*, the Gods know, said he, that I am not capable of envy, and that I do not emulate the glory of any one; but when it reflects on my Passion, I cannot confine my grief, especially when I see a Rival endowed with excellent qualities, expose his life for the safety of a person I love, whom she beheld with her own eyes to contend for her liberty; and 'tis impossible being as generous as she is, she should requite with ingratitude the curtesie of *Masharbal*. Oh Sir (replied *Amilcar*) it is not so, for I have seen *Clelia*, I have told her his name whom she saw so

courageously defend himself, but far from retaliating any affection to him; she believes that taking her from the power of *Tarquin*, he had the same thoughts as heretofore, when he would have taken her from *Horatius*, when he fought with him on the Thrasimenian Lake; and this *delicateſſe* of love which you teſtifie, gives you grief built on no rational foundation. What (replied *Aronces*) do you believe I have juſt complaint to deplore the condition to which fortune had reduced me? what? do you believe I can ſupport a voluntary impriſonment, without ſome regret not to have power to deliver *Clelia*? Ah *Amilcar* purſued *Aronces*, 'tis certainly little leſs difficult for *Brutus* to draw a Veil of ſtupidity over his reaſon, then for me to make uſe of mine in ſo ſtrange a manner; for in fine, if I ſhould continually labour for to deliver *Clelia*? if I ſhould every moment expoſe my life to effect it, I ſhould not ſuffer leſs then I do, in nothing but reaſoning with my friends upon incertain hopes; but I am very glad to hear that this enterpriſe proceeded neither from *Tullia's* hate, nor from *Tarquin* or *Sextus* love. For *Sextus*, replied *Amilcar*, caſt away fear, for *Artemidorus* hath told me, he is ſo amorous of *Lucretia*, that he cannot command his Paſſion; nor can he teach his tongue to bury her in ſilence.

As this Rival cannot prejudice *Brutus* (replied *Aronces*) I receive extream ſatisfaction at it; for if he where not his, I am really perſwaded he would be mine; which would be dangerous for *Clelia* in this eſtate. Whilſt *Aronces* thus ſpoke, *Brutus* arrived, and a little after *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, to whom they confided the whole ſecret of the intended enterpriſe, reſerving only *Brutus* his affection for *Lucretia*; and they being ignorant of it, believed there could be nothing more ſatisfactory to *Aronces*, then to perſwade him *Sextus* had deſerted *Clelia*, and that he was caught in the ſnares of *Lucretia's* beauty; but if this diſcourſe pleaſed *Aronces*, it afflicted *Brutus*, whoſe heart was at this inſtant ſupplied with a new hatred againſt *Tarquin*, ſeeing now (as if it were before his eyes) the expiration of his father and brother, and the total deſtruction of all his family; all the crimes of the Tyrant and *Tullia* had wholly preſſed his thoughts, and *Sextus* his love for *Lucretia*, did ſo diſcompoſe the ſerenity of his temper, that he would not ſuffer them to make any mention of it; for ſaid he to *Celeres* (who ſpoke of this Princes Paſſion that *Species* of tranſportment) which ſeizes *Sextus* when his eyes ſaluted a beautiful perſon, cannot be termed love; for if a clear inſpection could be made into his heart, there would be found nothing but impetuous deſires, which reſpect neither a becoming grace, nor vertue, there would I ſay be found an Antipathy between his Paſſion and Spirit; I am even perſwaded he doth not much care to be beloved, and that he would be as content if a woman ſhould offer her ſelf to him, through the conſideration of intereſt and ambition, without reſigning her heart, as if ſhe was forced by a violent affection to favour his love; but 'tis otherwiſe in thoſe which are rightly capable of love, they being not perfectly happy, unleſs there is a reciprocal affection, and there are none but thoſe which are infected with brutiſh appetites who regard not what motive obliges any woman to uſe them with civility. 'Tis true (ſaid *Aronces*) an intereſſed is a ſuperficial favour, and I ſhould have no great obligation to a woman which would rather ſubmit her ſelf to my fortune not affection. But it happens ſo often (replied *Amilcar*) that thoſe whom fortune favours, merit not to be favoured by themſelves, and they would much wrong their judgements to complain that a woman permits their viſit, rather through intereſt then love. I am of your opinion (replied *Artimidorus*) that an intereſſed Lady merits not to have a lover which conſiders her through any other cauſe then his own ſatisfaction; and *Brutus* hath reaſon to ſay that this *ſpecies* of reſentment cannot rightly admit the term of love, ſince 'tis not correſpondent; for if we conſider well what paſſes in the hearts of two perſons formed after this nature, we ſhall find avarice in the Ladies, and brutality in the lovers. That which you ſay (replies *Brutus*) ſquares with reaſon; but I muſt add, that a Lover compoſed of his humour, can neither be faithful nor happy, for in his heart the end of an irregular deſire is the beginning of another; and ſince he diſregards the love of his beloved, he reſpects nothing but pleaſure in the fruition, and is capable of an amorous impreſſion at the ſight of any thing which delights his fancy: theſe brutiſh Lovers cannot confine themſelves in their voluptuary paſſions; ſometimes affecting brown, and ſometimes fair perſons; and in fine, their affections are in a manner ſo brutal, that the love of the moſt ſavage and cruel Animals is no leſs then theirs; therefore I ſhould extreamly commiſerate the fair and vertuous *Lucretia*, for having ſurprized the heart of *Sextus*, did not her ſolitary retirement ſhelter her from the perſecutions of ſuch a Lover: and as *Herminius* noted the agitation of the ſpirit of *Brutus*, he diverted the ſubject of their diſcourſe to the adventure of the Numidian Prince, which was conſiderable enough to deſerve their attentions; for it ſeemed very extraordinary that an African Prince ſhould have ſo much intelligence in *Rome* as to enterpriſe to take *Clelia* from the Palace of ſuch a Prince as *Tarquin*. And paſſing from one thing to another, they had a deſire to pre-divine the actions of this violent Prince, when he ſhould have notice of this accident; ſome ſaid he would be tranſported to the ultimate extremity againſt the Numidian Prince; others that for his own intereſt he would conſider the quality of *Meharbal*; ſome ſaid he would poiſon him; but *Aronces* who was wholly compoſed of generoſity, and whoſe heart was ſenſible of compaſſion ſince the laſt conference with this illuſtrious Rival; and ſince he left a Letter at his departure from the Willow Iſland, intreated *Amilcar* to reverſe, by his ſedulous indeavours any cruel ſentence ſhould be decreed againſt him; and *Amilcar* ſo flattered *Tullia's* humour, and wrote ſuch a judicious Letter to *Tarquin*, that the ſtorm of anger ſoon vaniſhed, which threatned the deſtruction of the Numidian Prince; and what they deſcanted upon, proved but airy imaginations; 'tis true his wounds were dangerous, and his death almoſt inevitable, his Fever augmented, his reaſon was not yet remitted to its proper ſeat, and thoſe which dreſt him much feared his Recovery, ſo that we many very well ſay his deplorable condition

condition was some means to secure his life. It was most remarkable in this incounter, that *Tarquin* learning the Quality of the Numidian Prince, conceived his love for *Clelia* incited him to steal her away, he not being ignorant that *Clelius* a long time resided at *Carthage*; imagining then *Clelia* more amiable since she had attracted such illustrious persons, he felt a reduplication of love in his heart, and the cognisance he had to find a new Rival, renewed his affection, if I may use that term, he had even some joy to think that whatsoever *Aronces* was, he would have some despight against the Numidian Prince for endeavouring to deliver *Clelia*; and his thoughts were constant with those of a violent Prince, though love had never been the prevailing passion; he gave order to redouble the Guards of *Clelia*, and confirmed an ampler Commission to him who commanded them, which was very satisfactory to *Aronces*, because that *Amilcar*, assuring him that *Tullia* was perswaded she should gain him, he might hope suddenly to effect *Clelia's* liberty; he knew likewise that those of *Ardea* obstinately persisted in requesting *Tarquin* to deliver the Captives before the commencement of the Treaty, and that people began to murmur at *Rome*, as well as the Soldiers in the Camp, because *Tarquin* denied their proposition.

These things put such a favourable disposition in the spirit of *Aronces*, and all his friends, that they found themselves capable to enjoy all the sweetness hope gives them, who passionately desire any thing; for there is a hope of revenge, as well as a hope to possess a Mistress; those which had no effective interest in this place, were at last interested in their friends behalf; as for *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, 'twas friendship which confin'd them to this place, but for *Brutus* and *Herminius*, they had both many interests to induce them to reside here, their friends, their love, and their Country; and things being now reduced to a better state than they had seen them long before, they were partakers of the same hope; 'tis not that *Brutus* expected any thing on *Lucretia's* part, which might advantage him, but at least he imagined, if he destroyed *Tarquin*, he should likewise destroy *Sextus*; so that a jealous resentment exciting in him a desire of revenge, it seemed to him he could no less act against *Tarquin* in quality of a Lover, then of a true Roman. Hope thus finding entertainment in the hearts of so many discreet persons, their conversations was very agreeable, when they consorted at night to render an account what they had learned concerning their common interests; it often hapned that *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, and *Valeria* were there; for *Valerius* permitted his daughter to remain sometimes two or three dayes with *Hermilia*, who was become her chiefest friend, since the solitude of *Lucretia*; for *Clelia*, she had likewise her part in the repose of others; *Amilcar* acquainting her with the hope he had, giving her news of *Aronces*; and assuring her according to the information of the Numidian Prince, that *Clelius* and *Sulpicia* were not far from *Rome*, and *Plotina* fitted her humour with such Scenes of mirth, that they at this time chas'd away those melancholy thoughts condens'd by the contemplation of her miss-fortunes; there were likewise other happy Lovers, for the Prince of *Pometia* knew he might claim affection in *Hermilia's* heart, who thinking all those which assembled at her Aunts house, contriv'd nothing but how to compass *Clelia's* liberty, remained satisfied to have acquired the affection of one of the most virtuous Princes. *Titus* on his part had received such demonstrations of love from *Collatina*, that he was glad the time gave him occasion to repay a visit to his Mistress, the most unhappy were *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, who had both assuredly interests without *Rome*. 'Tis true, the last not being of a humour to send his heart and spirit where he was not, had more tranquillity than the other. *Amilcar* one evening noting that *Brutus* had brought them into *Hermilia's* Chamber, she keeping it by reason of some indisposition, and with whom *Valeria* was then, demanded of him, if the serenity of his spirit proceeded from his fortune or temperament, and of *Artemidorus*, if his anxiety was an effect of his misfortune, or the melancholy of his humour, as to *Zenocrates* (replied *Artemidorus*) I can only answer you for him, that he makes his own tranquillity; and I can answer you for *Artemidorus* (replied *Zenocrates*) that the sensibility of his heart acts as much against him as his evil fortune; if those who give us audience, were informed in our lives (replied *Artemidorus*) they could perhaps confess that my sensibility is more excusable than sometimes your indifferency; for you know absence (which is a great disease in love) is not a very sensible malady in you, but on the contrary, cures you of many others. In truth, replied *Zenocrates* smiling, which added a grace to his expression. You tax me with an unjust reproach; I confess sometimes I do not remember those persons I see not, but I protest unto you, as soon as my memorative faculty represents them to me, they command the same affectionate priviledge as before. You discourse of this so pleasantly (replied *Hermilia*) that you seem to have no desire to remember those you have loved, when they are absent from you, because you can affect none but those who are present before your eyes. Yet (replied *Artemidorus*) he is not assured to love all those he sees, for he is subject to certain petit absences of heart, which sometimes must distract his friends; and 'tis certain I have seen him more than once waver in his affection; 'tis not but he knows how to make declaration in love; for I remember he writ four in the compass of a day, which contained much gallantry; 'tis true, 'twas only to divertise a company of amiable Ladies. But (said *Zenocrates*, dying his cheeks with a blush) I may very well say I have had a thousand loves in my life; but among all those, I can scarce insert three or four in the Catalogue of true loves; and I am assured, if you compare mine with yours, you may conceive me to give you the denomination. 'Tis not (added he) that I believe those men, who boast of a violent passion, love not a little more than others, which are more sincere; and for my part I believe I love as much as I can love, and that if it were as permanent and durable as some, I should be the most amorous of men; but I confess it sometimes sooner passes away than that of *Artemidorus*, who believes he should recede from his honour, if he should be suspected

to

to change first, there are some hours, when it hath continuance, it disturbs my repose; and when I make my voluntary imprecations to explicate my self out of this amorous labyrinth; for I may very well say love is a great affair. Ah *Zenocrates*, cried *Amilcar*, if love is a great, it is an agreeable affair. You ought then to be perswaded in what you say (replied *Herminius*) since if you love none of this nature, you deny your own expressions. I pray, said then *Zenocrates* to *Amilcar*, learn me how I must order my self, when I would dissemble love, for I have more than twenty times essayed to do it, without arriving at my intended end. For my part (replied *Amilcar*) I find no great difficulty in it; for when I see a jovial Lady, who hath any facility in her humour, or gaiety in her spirit, and that I find my fancy disposed to make a volatile love, I can desert when I please, and which gives me delight as long as it lasteth; I accustom my self to speak to this person more than any other, I look upon her, I praise her, I continually cast forth artificial sighs resembling true ones, I sometimes sing some slight Airs I formerly composed, which she applies to her self, and sometimes I express my self in amorous Verses, languishing regards; and in fine, I tell her I love her, or at least make such pretentions, afterwards for that small pleasure she hath taken in my affability, she retaliates hers, hope then possesses my heart, and after that I feel I know not what, that I call love; for in fine, that you be not deceived, it is not of these slight imaginary loves, as others, where love precedes hope, since in this, hope must precede love, and he must first be assured of the progress of his affection, before he commence his; the Lady you chuse must not therefore be so full of complacency, that her behaviour hath too much facility, neither must you chuse women whose hearts you can conquer but by forms; but you must find one neither too austere nor too facile, who hath no particular Gallant, and who affects Gallantry, neither must she have a furious spirit; 'tis good she should be a little tractable in love; and in fine it suffices she should be fair, young, a little merry, and without capriciousness; for if she hath more imagination than judgement, she shall be so much more fit to make one of those Demy Mistresses, that I may leave without despair, when my fancy prompts me to do it, and with whom I may pass most pleasant hours. You exaggerate that so handsomely (said *Valeria*) that I believe *Zenocrates* will essay it on the first occasion. In truth (replied he smiling) I think I should now experiment it, were there any Lady here which might admit the Character of *Amilcar*; but for my misfortune, I know none of this humour at *Rome*, do you know at *Leontine*, at *Panorme*, at *Syracusa*, and at *Agrigentine*, said *Artemidorus* to him. I confess it (replied he) but it may be before I return, my fancy will, as usually, soon vanish. But, said *Herminius* to him, it seems requisite to me, that we should be better informed of your Adventures, I know *Artemidorus* hath recounted them to *Aronces*, after he had acquainted him with his own; but it would not be just to trouble him to relate them; and 'tis much better your self should satisfie our curiosity. For my particular (said *Zenocrates*) should I undertake to recount my History, I should no sooner mention my self, but *Artemidorus* would interrupt me; and affirm, I am not well acquainted with my self; and I believe my Adventures ought not to be known of so many persons, and there are some considerable accidents in my fortune, which are not convenient to publish, till it pleases my destiny to change the state of things; but for *Artemidorus*, it much imports his repose, that all friends should know his fortune, to banish the most unjust grief, ever seis'd a lovers heart; for till this time none can perswade him he hath injury, and as 'tis convenient for his repose, I offer my self to be his Historian; for though I should not be accused of too much ardency or levity in love, I condemn it not. I would therefore have the permission to recount the affection of *Artemidorus*; for if these persons here present do not perswade him, that the excess of his secret grief is unjust, he will never be cured; all then testified a great impatience to obtain the consent of *Artemidorus*, for *Brutus* was not ill pleased to know, if he might find a lover as unhappy as himself: *Herminius*, by a tender resentment, wished the power to consolate *Artemidorus*; *Amilcar*, by an universal curiosity, desired to know the life of this Prince, and both *Valeria* and *Hermilia*, according to the nature of their Sex, had an earnest desire to hear the narration of *Zenocrates*, induced thereto by a natural resentment, incident to Ladies of their quality and perfections; for *Aronces*, as he knew all that which had happened to *Artemidorus*, he augmented the curiosity of the Company; and in fine, he was so prest by their forcible perswasions, that he consented *Zenocrates* should relate his adventures; but not desiring to be at the recounting of them; and *Aronces* having already heard them, he requested him to withdraw into his own Chamber; and after their departure, *Zenocrates* having consider'd on what he had to say, began to speak in these terms, addressing his speech to *Hermilia* only, he being then in her Chamber.

The History of Artemidorus.

THough *Sicily* is not so far distant from *Rome*, that I conceive you are ignorant of the Customs thereof, yet I pre-suppose there's many things which never arriv'd your knowledge; for, Madam, to speak ingeniously, the Romans so despise all other people, that they believe they should injure themselves even to know their manners. And our Ladies not being so reserved as here, 'tis requisite you should be pre-acquainted with the general usage of divers places, I shall have occasion to insert in my narration; for fear you condemn not in particular those who have interest in things, I intend to relate unto you. I shall then tell you, Madam, that *Sicily* having at this time the Commerce of *Affrica* and *Italy*, as well as of *Greece* and *Asia*; I may say this famous Isle is the common Country of different Nations, and there

there is a confluency of divers people in all places where Commerce is moſt conſign'd, and except at *Panormes* there's ſcarce in any part the true manners of the Country; and 'tis rare that in all the Maritime Towns except that I intend to mention, they have a certain ſpirit which retains ſomething of their oppoſite neighbours; ſo that the Coaſt of *Meſſina* which was called heretofore *Zanqle*, when the Gyants, as is reported, inhabited it, hath a reſemblance with thoſe of *Rhegium*, the Coaſt which looks on the Ionian Sea, with the *Aſcaique* and *Heraclea* and *Agrigentine* with the Africans cuſtoms; but for *Leontine* which is the native Country of *Artemidorus*, the Cuſtoms there have ſome Conformity with all theſe different Nations, agreeing likewiſe with thoſe of the Country; but to ſpeak in general, there is in all places ſo much liberty and gallantry, that without doubt there is ſcarce any Country in the World, where one may have ſuch a delectable reſidence: For beſides that the Country is pleaſant, fertile, and very diverſified, the peo, le are full of ſpirit, and have generally ſo much; as for that reaſon they are ſuſpected to be artificious and a little inconſtant. But as I ſhall ſpeak but of *Leontine* and *Agrigentine*, I ſhall tell you nothing of the other Cities of this famous Iſle, neither ſhall I much trouble my ſelf to ſpeak of the firſt, becauſe I cannot do it without mentioning many things, which have reference to the Princeſs of the Leontines, Siſter of *Artemidorus*, whoſe Adventures I ought not now to recount to you: be contented then to know, that as the Country of the Leontines is nigh the fertileſt in the Iſle, all pleaſures are there in their great Luſtre, except in *Syracuſa* and *Agrigentine*, where I may ſay with the permiſſion of *Amilcar*, all the African Gallantry hath paſſed: But to come to the principal Hiſtory I have to relate to you, without telling you all thoſe ſlight things which reſemble themſelves in all the Commencements of love in the World: You muſt know that this illuſtrious unhappy perſon, is his Brother who is now Prince of the Leontines, and of the admirable Princes who hath now found an *Aſylum* in the King of *Cluſium*'s Court, and being at his birth endowed with all noble Inclinations, he was in eſtate to merit the eſteem of all thoſe who knew him: For his perſon I ſhall ſay nothing of it, for you ſee 'tis framed according to the exact rules of proportion; but for his Spirit, though you know it hath all advantages imaginable, yet I aſſure you, you do not ſufficiently know it; for his grief hath ſo clouded his humour, and left ſuch an indifferency and melancholy, that he hath no more the ſame agreement he uſually had in his converſation, and that he yet would have, ſhould joy reſume its uſual place in his heart: As for his temperament 'tis without doubt tender and paſſionate, he loves glory and is extremely grateful, maintaining the greateſt of all Vices, is ingratitude; he is both liberal and juſt, and few have equalled him in merit: 'Tis true that for thoſe he doth not eſteem, he hath not a too regular civility, he is very free to thoſe which pleaſe him, elſe reſerv'd to all. *Artemidorus* then meriting that Character in which I have repreſented him to you, and being in a ſplendid Court, ſubmitted to the Love of an amiable Virgin, as ſoon as he returned from a Voyage he had made into *Greece*: 'Tis true ſhe was none of the greateſt beauties, but ſhe hath ſuch an agreement, that ſhe gave envy to the faireſt, and love to the moſt inſenſible; for though her Perſon is well made, and infinitely pleaſing, ſhe hath a ſweet and tempting ſpirit, which repels nothing, but attracts all; ſhe hath it neither too free nor too ſerious, and there is ſuch a charming facility in her entertainment that 'tis not ſtrange if *Artemidorus* was ſurpriz'd with its attractive Charms, and I may very well aſſure you, that I think this Virgin which is called *Clidimira*, had nigh as much affection for him, as he for her, at leaſt ſhe gave him ſuch innocent teſtimonies of eſteem, which made him believe ſhe would permit him to bear her Chains: *Artemidorus* being thus immerged in love, *Clidimira* made ſome ſeeming difficulty to ingage her ſelf to love him, becauſe ſhe foreſaw the Prince of the Leontines would not ſuffer her to eſpouſe him, there being ſome difference between him and her Father; but flattering her ſelf with the hope that the love of *Artemidorus* might ſurmount this obſtacle, ſhe took care to foment his paſſion, and gave him ſuch innocent demonſtrations of affection, as a vertuous virgin might licenſe a man ſhe believ'd might one day eſpouſe her, for as ſhe wrote gallantly and tenderly, *Artemidorus* received many Letters from her, and during a long time, he was the happieſt Lover in the world: But in the end he was eclipſed, by the Prince his brother who ſeeing this love was divulg'd in the Court, caſt out ſome expreſſions, intimating his diſſenting from it; *Artemidorus* therefore uſed all poſſible means to perſwade his brother to alter his determinate will, though there was no likelihood to effect it; and the Prince of the Leontines ſeeing with what order *Artemidorus* ſpoke to him, forbid him not only to think of eſpouſing her, but to abſent himſelf from ſeeing her, declaring to him that if he would not obey him, he would confine this Virgin to a place where he ſhould not ſee her, and ſeeing *Artemidorus* perſevere in his affection, he defended *Clidimira* from ſuffering his brothers viſits, yet ſhe would receive him into one of her friends houſes; in fine, ſeeing all his Commands were ſlighted, he committed her to the cuſtody of her who commanded the vailed Virgins at *Leontine*, which are conſecrated to *Ceres*, and he more eaſily effected his intention, becauſe *Clidimira* having no mother, and being rich, he made her intereſt a pretext to incloſe her there. In the mean time, *Artemidorus* was overwhelm'd with grief, for *Clidimira* was in a ſacred place where no violence might be offered her; on the other ſide, this Virgin being thus immured in a ſolitude, and not having permiſſion to breath himſelf in the open ayr became buried in ſuch a languiſhing melancholy, that it much impaired her health. *Artemidorus* having notice of her indiſpoſition, and having ineffectually tried allways both by affability and violence, either ro divert his brothers indignation or to ſteal away *Clidimira*, and fearing her grief would bring her to the Margent of her Grave, cauſed information to be given to the Leontine Prince, that to eſſay to cure his paſſion, he was reſolved to perform a Voyage, on condition that as ſoon as he was departed he ſhould ſet *Clidimira* at liberty; or at the leaſt

commit

commit her to a Lady of quality; who ſhould be reſponſible for her; afterwards divers Perſons engaging themſelves in the negotiation of this affair, this unhappy lover to deliver his Miſtris fled both from himſelf and Country; by a pure reſentment of love, for you muſt not think he had any deſign no more to affect *Clidimira*, he being at this time more amorous then ever, at his departure he writ a Letter, containing many tender and paſſionate expreſſions, which he left with a confident of her paſſion to deliver her, and withall to tell her that he would ſacrifice all for her intereſt, and that he would account himſelf happy in his exile, if ſhe would inviolably preſerve her affection; aſſuring her that if the ſtate of things did admit of any mutation, he would unknown to any return to *Leontine* to ſee her, and to carry her away with her conſent, if ſhe had any deſire to run his fortune, he recommended her to the Princeſſe his ſiſter, and to all his friends at Court, not forgetting to perform any thing a faithfull lover is oblig'd to do, after that he embarqu'd in a Veſſel which returned to *Rhegium*, carrying with him all *Clidimira's* Letters as his only conſolation during his exile; for I forgot to tell you that the Prince of the Leontines was not ingaged to free *Clidimira*, unleſſe *Artemidorus* departed the Iſle. Behold him then imbarqu'd not for any long Navigation, but as the Sicilian Sea is very dangerous, an impetuous wind roſe on a ſudden, forcing the Veſſel where *Artemidorus* was, between thoſe two Rocks ſo famous for Shipwracks, known by the name of *Sylla* and *Charibdis*; 'tis true the fortune of *Artemidorus* was ſo happy that the Pilot having had a deſign to ſteer his courſe to *Meſſina* where the Tempeſt had caſt him, his Veſſel which was ingag'd between thoſe two famous Rocks, after it had ſuffered much agitation, run upon a ſhelf of ſand not far from the ſhore, thoſe who were within ſeeing the Veſſel take water on all ſides, reſolv'd to make their Arms their Oars to ſave their lives; for *Artemidorus* he ſignalized his love in this encounter, for not believing at firſt he could ſave a Caſket in which were all the Letters of his Miſtreſs, and being not reſolv'd to leave them, he remained laſt in the Veſſel; but in fine, having tied his Caſket on two Oars laid a croſs, and faſtning them with a Cord to his left Arm, caſt them into the Sea, throwing himſelf after, ſwimming with ſo much force that he reach'd the ſhore, and preſerv'd thoſe precious teſtimonies of *Clidimira's* love, part of the goods caſt into the Sea were again recovered and part loſt, and the Shipwrck was very nigh *Meſſina*, *Artemidorus* went thither, but he was in a condition to be commiſerated, for his equipage was loſt, and his men periſh'd, and if he had not remembred that he knew a man at *Meſſina*, which heretofore belong'd to the King his father, he had been expoſ'd to extream neceſſity; for the Captain of the Veſſel was not of *Leontine*, and was withall reduc'd to ſuch miſery that he was not in eſtate to afford him any aſſiſtance. *Artemidorus* being gone to *Meſſina* had the fortune to find the party he ſought for, but as he would not have his quality known, he chang'd his habit, & took a common ſouldiers habit, had he deſired to appear like himſelf, that man who aſſiſted him was not in a capacity to fit him with an equipage proportionable to his condition. *Artemidorus* found ſome relaxation in his misfortunes, when he conſidered that by this diveſting himſelf of his gorgeous attire, he ſhould not be ſubject to all thoſe ceremonies which are inſeparable concomitants to perſons of his condition in their paſſage through forraign Countries, he was much troubled to chuſe a place where he ſhould reſide; for in the eſtate where he was he would not paſſe to *Rhegium* he having no acquaintance there: after ſome conſultation with himſelf, he had a deſign to go to *Heraclea*, from whence he hop'd eaſily to have notice what tranſactions paſſed at *Leontine*, he thought 'twould be advantagious for him to take this reſolution, becauſe there was war now between the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and the Prince of *Heraclea*, for the limits of thoſe two petty eſtates: For as you know *Sicily* is divided into ſo many different Dominions, that 'tis impoſſible they ſhould alwaies be at peace, and as the *Leontine* was enemy to the *Agrigentine* Prince, *Artemidorus* believed if he ſhould bear arms againſt him, the Prince his brother after he was inform'd of it would perhaps repent of the injury he had done him againſt the intereſt of his love, 'tis not but *Artemidorus* as he is juſt did not know that the Prince his brother was injuſt in hating the *Agrigentine* Prince, who was a man of extraordinary merit, deſiring therefore to go to the War, he had rather take the part of the *Heraclean* Prince then anothers, enemy to his brother; after he had ſpent one moneth at *Meſſina*, he departed from thence with a deſign to liſt himſelf in the Heraclean Troops; but going thither he met ſome avant coureurs of the *Agrigentine* Army, & he would not have been taken, he did what he could to eſcape them, and he having met eight or ten Cavaliers which were returning to the Heraclean Camp, he animated them to their defence; and they ſo couragiouſly defended themſelves, that there was ſcarce ever ſeen a Combate ſo terrible, and of ſuch a long continuance between ſuch an unequal number, the *Agrigentines* being four times as many as the *Heracleans*; for *Artemidorus*, he acted ſuch prodigious things (remaining alone in fighting Poſture) that they which environ'd him reſolv'd to ſave his life, though he refuſed to render himſelf on any conditions: at laſt, overpower'e by number, he was forced to receive his life, after his Sword was broken: There was amongſt theſe *Agrigentines* a man of quality, called *Terillus*, who judg'd this action too bold and advent'rous to be perform'd by a ſimple Cavalier, ſuch as his habit repreſented him, and he ſaw ſomthing in his ayr ſo great and noble, that he believed he ought not to treat him as a common priſoner, he cauſ'd him to be attended with much circumſpection, and after he had ſent back part of his men to the Camp, he went himſelf to preſent his priſoner to the Prince, who was gone for two or three days to the City of *Agrigentine*. *Artemidorus* was doubtleſs much afflicted to be a Princes priſoner, who was at ſo much enmity with his Brother, that 'twas almoſt impoſſible they ſhould come to any reconciliation; for he believ'd if he knew his quality, he would thereby much advantage himſelf; and the Prince of the *Leontines* when he was advertiſed of it, would

would perhaps be transported with anger against *Clidamira*, because he would look upon her as the immediate cause of this inauspicious accident; he therefore hoped he should not be known, there being no great commerce between *Leontine* and *Agrigentine*; and having heard he was at a Castle he had built on the further side of the City, he thought he should not be expos'd to the view of many persons; that he should suffer but the disquietude of imprisonment, and that in some general exchange of Prisoners, he should recover his liberty; and to flatter himself with some consolation, he likewise imagined, that the Wars between those two petty States would soon be put to a period, and that there was nothing more requisite for him, then with constancy to support his imprisonment: Being settled in this resolution, he patiently submitted to their conduct. But Madam, before I declare to you in what manner *Artemidorus* was presented to the *Agrigentine* Prince, and how he was treated, 'tis necessary for me to give you a brief character of the Prince to whom he was presented, and of the Princess his Daughter, and another person of the same Sex, who hath much part in this History; to the end that in the continuation of my recital, you may have a more perspicuous understanding of what I intend to relate; for, for my part, I love to have an accurate description of those of whose adventures I receive a narration. Therefore I must tell you, that the Prince of *Agrigentine* is a man in all things illustrious, His house to which the principality appertaines, is not only most Noble, and of great Antiquity, but more eminent by the opposition it made against the Tyranny of the cruel *Phalaris*, who rewarded the inventers of any new punishment, and whose injustice is at this time in so much horror amongst the *Agrigentines*, that I dare not pronounce his name but with detestation; for to entertain their hatred against him, and render his name odious to posterity, they one day in a year publikely shew (with Imprecations) a brazen Bull made by one call'd *Perillus*, to the end those whom the Tyrant would put to death, should be therein enclos'd, and a fire being made round about it, the voices they pronounc'd resembling bellowings, would the less attenerate the peoples hearts; you may conceive his Tyrannie by this invention which was made to please him; but he found one act of Justice in his life, for he put him to death in this brazen Bull who was the Inventor of it, though he was accustomed to recompense those who invented such things; But if he was just to *Perillus*, the gods were just to him; since after innumerable cruelties, he expired (like *Perillus*) in this brazen Bull; and the hatred which the *Agrigentines* had conceiv'd against him was so great, that because his Guards were habited in blew, which he employed to exercise those cruelties, they forbade their dependants from wearing this amiable colour, and 'tis but about a year since that the Princess of *Agrigentine* at the earnest request of one of her friends whom she passionately loved, hath again introduc'd it: But to resume the thred of my discourse, the Prince I have mention'd being of an ancient Race, and enemy to this cruel Tyrant, he is in much veneration at *Agrigentine*, and if he should be recommendable but by his own vertue, he would be very much respected by his Subjects; for besides as he nigh governeth the City as if it were a Republique, he hath spirit, learning, capacity, and experience; He is an excellent Soldier, and a great Captain, he keeps his Troops in exact Discipline, he knows the art to make himself fear'd and lov'd by his Souldiers in particular, and his Subjects in general; he hath qualities befitting a man of his Birth, he is courteous, civil, and obliging, principally to the Ladies; he understands and speaks with facility many languages, he favours learning, he is magnificent and liberal, and hath an heart sensible of glory; he takes all innocent pleasures, he retains a certain gallant ayr, demonstrating to those which know him that his heart is susceptible of love. But if this Prince merits an high encomium, he hath a daughter worthy of him, and able to command admiration from all, *Philonice* is the Princess of *Agrigentines* name; she is the most surprizing Person in the world: for you must know, that as the Princess her mother was wrapt in the cold embraces of the grave ere she compleated a triennial age, her illustrious Father having at this time many warlike Preparations, which have since impal'd his brow with victorious Laurel, instead of leaving her at *Agrigentine*, caus'd her to be educated at a magnificent Castle belonging to him, scituated in the *Campagne*; and as she appear'd in the world, she was adorn'd with all imaginable politeness, and I assure you without flattery, that she is acquainted in many things which her only imagination hath dictated to her; and for her Person, 'tis infinitely pleasing, her head is crown'd with black resplendent hair, she is of a mean stature, yet so agreeable and noble, that it admits of no disadvantage, her action is free and natural without any affectation, the circumference of her visage shews the extreams of an imperfect Circle, and almost form'd it to a perfect oval, the new fallen snow was turn'd in comparison of the refin'd purity of her complexion, her mouth for shape shamed the imitation of the most exquisite Painters, and all the features of her face had so near a kindred of proportion and symmetrie, as the severest master of *Apelles* art might have call'd it his glory to have copyed Beauties from her as the best of models, her eyes darted forth such a radiant splendour, as neither the firmest eye, nor the strongest soul could arm themselves with resistance of proof against these pointed glories, but there results from all these perfections such a modest ayr on the visage of *Philonice*, that her only physiognomie clears what blemish can be imputed to the vertue of her soul, and delicateness of her spirit, 'tis not but when she meets with any that she neither esteems nor pleases her, she hath a certain coldness which (without being uncivil) seems more touching to those to whom it is address'd, she's affable, but the grandeur of her soul, and habitual probity, retains her from making those delusive caresses which by many Ladies of the Court are practised with so much Prodigality; but for a person she loves, there's no Princess in the world can testifie her tenderness in more obliging and real expressions; she is of such a liberal inclination, and all her resentments are so discreet and generous, as she believes her action should not

bely her words; for ſpirit, ſhe hath it to admiration, ſhe ſpeaks both naturally and gallantly, ſhe writes pleaſant Letters in a ſtile ſo natural, reſerving her quality, that I can mint no expreſſion to equal their praiſe, ſhe hath a ſolid vertue, glory is the cheifeſt of her delight, her heart is tender, ſpirit firm, her amity both conſtant, ſincere, and agreeable, ſhe's diſcreet in all her actions, ſhe's never capable of any tranſportment, ſhe is both young and wiſe, ſhe hath judgement without experience, and prudence without pride, and ſhe is ſo accompliſhed, that I can tax her of nothing but of too much vertue, ſince, 'tis certain ſhe is ſo modeſt, that ſhe doth not well know it, at leaſt ſhe ſpeaks as if ſhe eſteem'd her ſelf not ſo much as ſhe ought; 'tis true, ſhe accuſes her ſelf in ſuch an ingenious manner, that her own words betray her. There's likewiſe in this place another Virgin, whoſe Father is Governour of the Caſtle of *Agrigentine*, who is highly eſteem'd by *Philenice*, not without deſert, for beſides as ſhe is fair, and hath an engaging ſpirit, which both pleaſes and charms all thoſe who approach her, ſhe knows how to fit the humour of all Perſons, her Diſcourſe is admirable, ſhe never appears diſtemper'd at her company, ſhe hath a modeſt jovialty, that gives delight to many perſons. This Virgin called *Berelisa* hath moreover ſuch a paſſionate ſpirit, that ſhe makes her glory conſiſt in knowing how to love her friends; and as *Philenice* hath much inclination for her, ſhe is commonly with her: The day in which *Artemidorus* was brought to the Caſtle of *Agrigentine*, ſhe was with this Princeſs in a great Hall, where the Prince her Father was, with many other Ladies leaning on a Balcony which jetted on the Court, to ſee twelve ſtately horſes that had a little before been ſent to her Father, and ſhe deſiring to go next morning to the Chace, he would have both her and *Berelisa* chuſe thoſe they would have for that gallant ſport; as their eyes were wholly imployed in ſurveying theſe Horſes, *Terillus* who had taken *Artemidorus* entred into the Hall, followed by his priſoner, leaving his men at the entry of the gate; you know *Artemidorus* is of a gallant deportment, which will eaſily make you believe that he attracted the regards of the *Agrigentine*, Prince of the Princeſs *Philenice*, and the amiable *Berilisa*, and all the reſt of the company, for though his habit was but ſimple, yet had he the ayr of a perſon of Quality, though in the deſign he had to diſguiſe himſelf, he affected unuſual ſimplicity: 'Tis true ſeeing all perfections concenter in theſe Ladies, he would not hinder himſelf from ſaluting them with ſuch a grace, that diſpoſed them to conceive a good opinion of him; In the mean time *Terillus* who preſented him to the Prince of *Agrigentine*, ſeeing him prepared to give him attention, thus ſaid, Sir, I come to preſent to you this Priſoner, I am obliged to praiſe, and to excuſe the weakneſs of thoſe who took him, and to give you occaſion to treat him with civility; for to ſpeak as a perſon of Honour, who ought to commend the courage of his enemies, it hath ſometimes been more eaſie for me to put five hundred men to flight, then to vanquiſh this valiant man; for there was ſo much difficulty to make him render himſelf after his Sword was broken, that I conceiv'd it requiſite to acquaint you with his valour; to the end, that treating him according to his merit, he ſhould repent himſelf from having expoſed his life, rather then to be your Priſoner.

It is ſo natural (ſaid *Artemidorus*) for generous Conquerours to praiſe the courage of thoſe they have vanquiſhed, that I ought to draw no vanity from the praiſes you have attributed to me. He which praiſes you is ſo brave himſelf, replyed the *Agrigentine* Prince, that you may glory in his praiſes, and if you had ever ſeen him in any dangerous occaſions, as he hath ſeen you, you would retribute the like praiſes to his Valour; and as your great magnanimity and the air of your Viſage eaſily diſpoſe me to believe you are of illuſtrious blood, though your habit contradict that opinion: Tell me what you are, and what's your condition, and what motive induc'd you to take ſuch an unjuſt party? I know by your accent you are no *Heraclean*, but I am confident you are a *Sicilian*, and concluding you a *Sicilian*, and not an *Heraclean*, I confeſs to you I cannot tell preciſely, whether you are of *Syracuſa*, *Panormus*, *Eryces*, *Meſſina*, or *Leontint*, though it ſeems your pronunciation ſpeaks you the laſt. Sir, replied *Artemidorus*, as I have many particular reaſons which oblige me not to diſcover either my Name or Country, diſpenſe with it if you pleaſe, and I aſſure you I will not complain of you, if you do me the favour to treat me as a private Soldier, and as a Priſoner of War. Whilſt *Artemidorus* thus ſpoke, *Philenice* and *Berelisa* attentively fix'd their eyes upon him, and the Prince of *Agrigentine* after an exact ſurvey, noting the whiteneſs of his hand, turning towards *Philenice* and *Berelisa* thus ſaid: I pray, What think you of this Priſoner? may I credit his words, or my reaſon? For my part (replied *Philenice*) I find him to have the air of a perſon of Quality. For my particular, added *Berelisa*, I am perſwaded this Priſoner is a man of condition and ſpirit, and if he ſhould have confeſſed it to me, my belief would not receive any ſtronger impreſſion: For, purſued ſhe, depreſſing her voice, if he was but a ſimple Soldier, he would heighten his condition to be more civilly uſed. *Philenice* confirm'd what *Berelisa* had ſaid, and all the other Ladies were of Opinion, that this Priſoner was neither a ſimple Officer nor Soldier: The Prince of *Agrigentine* turning towards him with a gallant and civil air natural to him; As 'tis advantageous for you we ſhould doubt of your words (ſaid he to him) and that all theſe Ladies will not believe you, nor ſuffer me to do it, permit me to think you are not ſuch a perſon as you repreſent your ſelf, therefore you ſhall be treated with all the civility and courteſie that a generous Priſoner may claim, but kept with as much exactitude as perſons of quality; and in time (it may be) you will reſolve to ſpeak with more confidence. 'Tis not for the vanquiſhed to give laws to the vanquiſher, replied *Artemidorus*, and I have doubtleſs nothing to do, but conſtantly to ſupport my imprisonment; I render thanks to theſe Ladies for their advantageous opinion: *Artemidorus* pronounced theſe words with ſuch a noble Air, that it added a confirmation to their belief; and having ſent for *Berelisas* Father, who (as I have already told you) was Governour of the Caſtle, he commanded him civilly to treat him, and to take ſtrict care of him; who departed with his Priſo-

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ner as soon as he had received this expres order from the Prince. But to the end (said the Prince of *Agrigentine*, addressing himself to *Berelisa*) this Prisoner should have no desire to cancel those Chains the fortune of War hath impos'd upon him, give him, I entreat you, those of love. 'Tis affirm'd it is so dangerous to desire to give much, without exposing themselves to take a little, replied *Philonice* (seeing *Berelisa* fram'd no answer) that I would not counsel her to obey you. Her silence (he replied) gives consent, and she hath so attentively beheld this Prisoner, that I imagine the Beauty of his Person hath already storm'd her Inclination. I ingeniously confess (answered *Berelisa*, a vermilion Tincture shadowing her Cheeks) this Unknown pleaseth me, without knowing him, I pity him as an unhappy person, whom I believe worthy of my compassion, and to whom I will voluntarily render all the favour lies in my power, not prejudicing your service. If you oblige him to love you, replied the Prince of *Agrigentine*, he will love his imprisonment, he will bless his captivity, his chains will be grateful, he will it may be change party, and you will give me a new Subject, by procuring a new Slave. At these words all jested with *Berelisa*, seeing it pleas'd the Prince, and they were minded the more to do it; by reason *Terillus* there present was amorous of *Berelisa*, though she could not affect him: This Lover thus finding all to counsel his Mistress to conquer this Prisoners heart, and having noted he had lookt upon him with extraordinary attention, he even wished he had not taken him, and could not conceal his anger from *Berelisa*, who perceiving it, and not being thereat displeased, suddenly chang'd her manner of speech, to answer to the Railery of the *Agrigentine* Prince: She told him that after some consideration, she imagined she should perform a charitable Office, to give love to this Prisoner, but to the end (pursued she) that the more glory should reflect on me, I must first know whether he is a person of quality, whether he is of your enemies Country, or whether he is amorous, that I may efface his first Mistress from his heart, that I oblige him to renounce his party, and to forget his Country. But if he should change his party (replied *Terillus*) would he be worthy of your esteem? and do you believe, that a man without honour should merit your love? For my part, replied *Berelisa*, I love glory as much as any person, and I cannot suffer a degenerate action; but in case of love, I would not have honour to be alledged to me, to destroy my intentions; and if I had a Lover, and that I was so unjust as to demand a testimony of affection from him, which did not rightly square with Justice, I would he should be unjust for the love of me, and that he should yield to love me; for if I make no scruple to be injust for the love of my self, sure I cannot think it fit my Lover should do it for the love of himself, and that he prefers his interest to my will, I know to speak prudently, love ought not to contradict honour, but to speak as Mistress of it; Love ought to make a Lover act any thing to please his Lady. Ah *Berelisa* (replied *Philonice*) you say too much of it, for the means to esteem him who obeys you, if you command him any unworthy act. I have already told you, replied she, that I can esteem my Lover no more than my self, and that I would he should be capable of all that I do, and all that I would have him do; 'tis not that I should be assured, I should be ever incapable to command any indignity; but I am likewise assured, that a Mistress cannot think it good that she should not be blindly obeyed, and that if he disobeys, he should yet pretend to be a lover. For my part, replied the Prince of *Agrigentine*, which have (it may be) as much experience in love as war, I believe that a man of honour, which sees himself constrained to commit an unworthy action, or disobey his Mistress, ought not to perform her commands, but detest his Empire, and endeavour to cure his amorous Lethargie, by the knowledge he hath of her Injustice, but he ought not to pretend to continue to be beloved, sure to speak of the thing in general, it appertains not to a disobedient lover to aspire to that advantage, and when 'tis ones misfortune to love a less generous person, he must renounce her love and favours, to preserve his liberty, to reason on all that she commands him; it is a thing so opposite to the Laws of this Passion, that 'tis only fit to destroy the Empire of Love; all those Titles of Prisoner, Captive and Slave, which are given to a Lover, are infallible marks he is obliged to obey; and he must relinquish the Empire of this God, which makes so many happy and unhappy, if he will not obey without reason and knowledge, but when I conclude, he must always obey his Mistress, I infer he must submit to none but those who have generous hearts. But Sir, replied *Terillus* (whose spirit was inraged) if a man is obliged to obey without any consideration, what then belongs to reciprocal Love? Do you think it should be just that a woman should refuse inconsiderable favours, saying, her virtue restrains her, and that a man may not say to a woman that he is retained by love from obeying her? For if you desire a Lady to give you an assignation, she says by doing it, she should hazard her reputation: if you entreat her to write to you, she will answer you, that though it may be innocent, it is so dangerous to accustom her self thereto, that she cannot resolve to do it, and these things she refuses by a resentment of glory, are not things criminal, yet you will have a Lover refuse nothing; and that in a word, there should be no reciprocal Love. I pray, replied *Philonice*, to please *Berelisa*, do not you imagine, that if it should be true that a woman might love as she should be beloved, she was obliged to the same things, for there are reciprocal affections, whose testimonies ought to be different. 'Tis true, said the Prince of *Agrigentine*, for Kings ought to love their Subjects, and Subjects their Kings, yet their obligations are different; for the one hath power to command, the other ought to obey. Fathers and Children ought likewise to have a mutual affection, and so there should be between Masters and Slaves, though their Duties have no resemblance; likewise, though the heart of a Mistress, as well as a Lovers, ought to be tipp'd with a tender beam of affection, yet the testimonies have some disagreement; a lover was never heard to say to his Mistress, I command you to obey me; yet no person is ignorant, but in a Ladies mouth a command is more obliging than a request, and between

entreating, ordaining and commanding, custom hath yet certain distinctions, which makes a lover, whose heart is framed in the delicate mould of love, rather to desire his Mistress to ordain, than entreat any thing of him, and to conceive a greater pleasure would accrue to him by the word command, than request; therefore I conclude, that a lover must obey, or relinquish his love; for as soon as he commits any disobedience, he flies his love, and hath no more right to pretend to any affection: and if the fair *Berelisa* can acquire this valiant Prisoner to inrol himself under my Standard, I shall esteem it a greater felicity. I confess (replied she) I should not be displeased at it; and were I advantaged with a larger proportion of Beauty, or graced with more charms fit to conquer hearts, I would not despair of my intended surprizal; for all my intelligent faculties seem to court my heart to affect him. You sometimes so harshly censure those you know, said *Terillus* to her, that this your new kind of injustice doth not surprise me. Those you say I know are, it may be such strangers to themselves (replied *Berelisa* to him, her accent expressing her anger) that they have no great reason to accuse me of injustice. After these words the Prince of *Agrigentine* changed the Discourse, speaking to all the Ladies, which were to accompany the Princess, the subsequent day to the Chace; and when night began to vail the skie with its sable mantle, the Prince and *Philonice*, with all the other Ladies return'd to the Palace situate in the middle of the City; *Terillus* followed the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and *Berelisa* remained at her Father's house, who was named *Afranor*, and who being of the most conspicuous quality next the Prince, had the sole power committed to him, when the Prince engaged in any warlike action. In the mean time the Chace next day was performed with all imaginable magnificence; the day was ushered in by a fair morning, not one cloud wrinkling the brow of heaven, and the company wholly fashioned to delight *Philonice*, who could guide with much dexterity the reins of her horse, and who was dresst after the most gallant exquisite mode, had this day all the pleasantness of her humour, and *Berelisa* alone had such disposition to melancholy, that she could not surmount it; *Philonice* had therefore for her a thousand obliging cares; for though she did not passionately love blue, which she had caused to be used at *Agrigentine*, on purpose to please *Berelisa*, she was at this time clothed in that amiable colour; she had sent to her a kind of Coif with plumes, to shade her from the scorching heat of *Phœbus*; and in fine, she forgot nothing which she thought might oblige her to banish this severe melancholy. Nevertheless *Berelisa* could not conceal her distemper. 'Tis true, that as she did not affect *Terillus*, and that he did this day importune her, she conceived him to be the sole cause of her anxiety; and when *Philonice* having separated her from the company, demanded her the reason of it: she answered her it was the great concourse of people. But, said *Berelisa* to her, who would you banish? I would assuredly banish *Terillus*, replied she, and if I might effect my desires, added she smiling, I think I should send him to the place of that valiant Prisoner, to whom I would willingly resign his, for at least, if he did not delight, he would not importune me. Seriously (said *Philonice* to her, shadowing her cheeks with a modest smile) I believe the valour of that Unknown Person sways your inclination. 'Tis true, I have a good opinion of him, replied *Berelisa*, but above all, that which engages me to desire to serve him, is, a resentment of amity; for (as you know) I have a Brother very dear to me, who hath already completed a year in peregrination, and who it may be is exposed to such adventures; I fancy that there is a certain equity which obligeth the gods to render us all the good we desire; and I am resolved to desire all I may for this Unknown, in hope that the gods will cause the like to be retaliated to my Brother, in what place soever he resides; for, as you know, *Telesis* is as well my Friend as Brother, and I am both his Sister and Confident; and conceiving my self more obliged to love him, because he treats me as a Friend, than because he is my Brother, my thoughts continually reflect on him, and 'tis assuredly the prevalent motive, which hath induced me to interest my self in this valiant Unknown. *Telesis* is certainly worthy of your expressive tenderness, replied *Philonice*, but I know not (added she) if this Prisoner was deficient in those noble qualities which had raised him to the height of an accomplished man, he would as much remember you. There's no doubt of that, replied *Berelisa*, but I principally interest my self in this Unknown, because there's some resemblance between him and my Brother; for *Telesis* is nigh of his age, and (as you know) well proportioned, he hath given some evident testimonies of his courage, he hath spirit; and in fine (if I dare say it) as gallant as the Prisoner seems to be. As *Berelisa* thus spoke, she was interrupted by the *Agrigentine* Prince, who told her the Chase would not permit a long discourse, and that they should not transpose the pleasures of it; so that *Berelisa* gallantly answering the *Agrigentine* Prince, the rest of the Chase passed in an agreeable manner, and at night the Prince made a magnificent Feast to all the Ladies, which had enjoyed the benefit of this Princely sport; *Artemidorus*, who was lodged in a Chamber, which looked upon the garden of the *Agrigentine* Castle, had seen them return from the Chase; for though his Chamber was but a few higher than the Garden, it was built on such a rising ground, that it discovered all the Country which environed the City; the sight of a company where joy seemed to be so universal, gave some addition to his melancholy; for he imagined what would be *Clidimiras* grief, if she knew he was Prisoner to an enemy of the *Leontine* Prince; he even thought that his absence alone would cause her an incredible affliction, and when he remembred all those demonstrations of affection which had past between them, he doubted not but she should employ all the moments of her life to think of him, and regret his absence; and he felt not only his own grief, but he suffered that which he presupposed *Clidimira* would endure for his consideration. In the mean time, his Guards reported divers things to *Afranor*, which persuaded him that this Prisoner was of a greater condition than he said; he was kept very exactly, though

though treated with much civility, he had the liberty in the day time to be alone in his Chamber, and those which had taken, had not rifled him, because his Valour claimed their respect, he had divers Letters of *Clidamira*, which he often perused to consolate himself; for when he departed from *Messina*, he thought that desiring to pass for a simple Cavalier, 'twas not convenient for him to carry that precious Casket, which was depositary of all the secrets of his heart, but contented himself to take the Letters of *Clidamira*, to give him some consolation during his voyage: *Artemidorus* living in this manner, spent whole days in ruminating on *Clidamira*: and *Berelisa* by a resentment of inclination, pity, generosity, and tenderness for her absent Brother, was very solicitous to render this Prisoner all those things she conceived might sweeten the rigour of his imprisonment: But if in the beginning she believed her self obliged by the prementioned reasons, she found her self afterwards engaged by a more puissant motive: You may remember (as I have already told you) that the Chamber of *Artemidorus* was a foot higher than the Garden, from whence the prospect is very delicate; for it had two Windows, the one facing the Campagn, the other the end of a Walk, which looked upon a Garden-knot, so enamelled with the choisest of *Floras* treasure, and beautified by Art in such ingenious manner, that Art and Nature did contend therein for mastery. This Walk being very agreeable when the Sun doth not guild it with its radiant Beams, *Berelisa* towards the Evening often repaired thither, and there being two seats at the ends, and in the middle of this Walk to repose on, commodiously to enjoy the fair prospect, there was a seat against the Window of *Artemidorus* so contrived, that though the Window was grated, it admitted the conveniency of discourse with those which were seated on this side the Walk. It often hapned, that *Artemidorus*, which was obliged to *Berelisa* for the good opinion she had testified of him, saluted her with much respect, when his Window was found open; and *Berelisa*, who was civil and courteous, and who had a secret unknown reason, which rendred her more affable than ordinary, did often entertain discourse with *Artemidorus*; but as 'twas not possible for her to harbour an ill opinion of him; the more she saw, the more she esteemed him; and seeing melancholy enthroned in his face, compassion so invaded her heart, that seeing every day the charming Princess of *Agrigentine* more usually than before; the Prince her Father being gone to the War, she often spoke to her of her Prisoner, for she sometimes used that term, she having such a special care of him, and she did it principally to give *Berelisa* the curiosity to converse with him, to the end that acknowledging his merit; she might at the Prince her Fathers return, endeavour to obtain his liberty, and *Philonice*, who is compassionate and generous, and who seeks occasions to render any one any curteous office, told *Berelisa*, that the first fair day she would go to the Castle of *Agrigentine*, to see if she had reason to give such encomiums of her Prisoners spirit, as 'twas then the faireſt season in the year: the next being serene and calm, correspondent to the desires of this Princess, and she being willing to perform her promise made to *Berelisa*, went to the Castle with this amiable Virgin, accompanyed with many Ladies, carrying likewise with her one that had relation to her, whom the Prince of *Agrigentine* had sent to certifie her of a considerable advantage he had gained over his enemies; for he was one of *Berelisas* Friends, and was of a pleasant disposition, she believed he would render their recreation more delightful, and it succeeded as she imagined; *Berelisas* humour being at this time tun'd to the highest pitch of mirth; but in fine (without trespassing on your patience, by relating those things which have no reference to the life of *Artemidorus*) I shall tell you, that the hour being come when they might take a commodious walk in the place, I have already mentioned, *Philonice*, and all the company went thither; but as *Berelisa* told her, she would not expose her Prisoner to speak before so many persons, the Princess only (followed by *Berelisa*) went towards the Window of *Artemidorus*; who seeing the Princess approach, saluted her with a profound reverence; after which (through respect) he would have withdrawn himself from the Window; but *Philonice* recall'd him, Return valiant Unknown, said she to him, return, and do not flye those who seek you. I am, Madam, so unworthy of this honour, replied he, that you ought not to think it strange, if I would have deprived my self of a pleasure that I am incapable to merit. All honest unhappy persons, replied the generous *Philonice*, merit every ones compassion; and if you should be but what you pretend, you would deserve the protection I offer you; but to speak sincerely to you, I desire you precisely to tell me whence and who you are? If I would, Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, I might easily invent a lye, which you cannot presently disprove; but as I profess sincerity, I believe I had better ingeniously confess unto you, that I have reasons which depend on none but my self, which both obstruct me from telling you the place of my Birth, and from inventing any fabulous narration. But at least confess, replied she, that you are of a quality proportionable to your spirit, and that as you have neither the language nor heart, you have not the Birth of a simple Soldier; for in fine, I assure you *Berelisa* is very much your friend, and I should be as much, would you have this sincerity for me; you may confide your secret to us, without fearing to be betray'd. The secrets of an unhappy person, Madam, replied he, are so little worthy knowledge, that if I should be what you think I am, I should not acquaint you with mine, for I should appear very ungrateful to recompense your generosity by a long recital of melancholy adventures; therefore, Madam, if you please, do not command a thing that I cannot nor ought not to perform; and be certain, that I am so sensible of the honour you have done me, that if my misfortunes were of that nature to admit of any diminution, the honour you vouchsafe me, by conversing with me, would give a cessation to my miseries. Ah *Berelisa*, you have reason, said the Prince to her, and your Prisoner is not what he would make us believe. I pray, Madam, (said then *Artemidorus*) acquaint me whether the Prince of *Agrigentine* hath given me to the fair

Bereliſa. No, replied *Philonice*, but ſhe ſo much intereſſes her ſelf in your affairs, that ſhe is inſenſiby accuſtom'd to entitle you her Priſoner, and to oblige others to uſe that denomination; for as you will not diſcover your name, you ought to be known by ſome remarkable Title. I am very happy in my misfortune (replied he) to be the Priſoner of ſo fair and generous a perſon. In truth, ſaid *Bereliſa* bluſhing, you have thereby no great advantage; for though I call you my Priſoner, 'tis not in my power to break your chains. As ſhe had thus ſaid, all the company approach'd, ſo that *Philonice* being ſeated, and having commanded all the Ladies to take their ſeats, and *Cliſias* likewiſe, whom the Prince of *Agrigentine* had ſent to bring news of his Victory: The converſation began in this place, *Artemidorus* believing he was exempted, would have retired; but as *Philonice* had found the grandeur of his ſpirit, which had given her much curioſity, and being perſwaded he was a perſon of quality, ſhe commanded him to ſtay, and at leaſt to give attention to what they ſaid, if he would not have any conference with them: *Artemidorus* returned thanks to the Princeſs for the exceſſive bounty ſhe had demonſtrated to him, and remain'd, leaning againſt the bars of his Window, which look'd upon the ſeat where this company were; hardly were they ſeated, but *Cliſias* ſaid, 'Twas more happier for one to be a Priſoner of War than Love. If one being a Priſoner of War could not be a Priſoner of Love (replied *Philonice*) you would have reaſon to ſpeak as you do, but in my opinion, they are not incompatible chains, and one may have them both. In this caſe (replied *Cliſias*) a man ſhould be very unhappy. As he thus ſpoke, *Bereliſa* caſually looking on *Artemidorus*, ſaw he changed colour, and preſuppoſing he might be both a Priſoner of War and Love, ſhe had both a deſire to ſay ſomething to him, and to make *Philonice* note the change of his countenance; but a little after, repenting her ſelf of this firſt thought, not knowing wherefore, ſhe bluſhed, and held her peace, permitting *Cliſias* to continue his diſcourſe; who anſwered *Philonice*, he would ever maintain, that a Priſoner of War without Love, was leſs unhappy than a Priſoner of Love in Liberty. It ſeems to me agreeable, then ſaid *Philonice*, that as there is no man here, but this valiant Unknown, which can know the weightineſs of thoſe divers chains, 'tis for him to give his opinion; for my part, who have ever had my heart free, who have never been a Priſoner, and who according to all appearance never ſhall be; I cannot give you a ſatisfactory anſwer, therefore I requeſt *Bereliſa* to command her Priſoner to anſwer you. As Love reigns in all Countries (replied *Artemidorus*) and it is found in all ſorts of Perſons, without any diſtinction of conditions, I will not ſay I do not know Love; therefore, Madam, without expecting the command of the fair *Bereliſa*, I will obey you, and on the contrary maintain, that how unhappy ſoever a Priſoneu of Love is, he had better be ſo, than a Priſoner of War; 'tis not that the chains of a Lover are leſs weighty than thoſe the fortune of War impoſes on any man; but there are a thouſand and a thouſand pleaſures which accompany the firſt, and which are not found in the ſecond. But after all, ſaid *Cliſias*, a Priſoner of War, how carefully ſoever he may be kept, hath his heart and ſpirit free, and is certain one day to be freed from his reſtraint; whereas a Priſoner of Love in an apparant liberty, is in a continual ſlavery; for he not only doth not what he would, but doth not think what ſeems good to him; he knows not when his impriſonment will finiſh, nor can he wiſh the concluſion of it. That which you ſay, replied *Artemidorus*, ſeems to make againſt you; for ſince a Priſoner of War continually deſires to recover his Liberty, and that a Priſoner of Love doth not deſire it, it follows that the chains of Love are more pleaſing than the others; in effect, there's no punition in Love, which hath not been preceded or followed by a pleaſure, and deſperation often comes after one hath taſted the ſweetneſs of hope, without which there can never be any violent Love: for is it not true, that the grief of abſence comes not, and cannot come till after one hath had the pleaſure to enjoy the preſence of a perſon one regrets? And fear likewiſe doth not poſſeſs a Lovers heart, till hope hath firſt led the way; and Jealouſie is never altogether violent, if it is not in the heart of a beloved Lover, or who at leaſt believes himſelf to be; 'tis not that other Lovers can be infected with Jealouſie, but 'tis not ſo cruel as that I have before ſpoken of; moreover, thoſe who have the infelicity to find Miſtreſſes, whoſe Inconſtancy renders them unhappy, have at leaſt had the ſatisfaction to be beloved: and I in fine maintain (as I have already ſaid) that all the puniſhments of Love are either preceded, or followed by moſt great pleaſures; I likewiſe confidently ſay (added he) that a part of thoſe pains, which make ſo many groan, ſigh, and emit forth many dolorous exclamations, hath ſomething more pleaſing than that Liberty you mentioned, when you affirmed that a Priſoner of War without Love, is leſs miſerable than an amorous man in Liberty. I ſubſcribe to your opinion (replied *Cliſias*) that there's no torments in Love, but are either preceded or followed by ſome pleaſures; but to ſpeak ſincerely, thoſe pleaſures are dangerous, ſince they render the privation more ſenſible, and imprint all the ſubſequent misfortunes in a more lively character; for 'tis certain, that ſometimes a favourable regard cauſes many diſpleaſing hours; becauſe one imagines, that if he was continually nigh the perſon he loved, and obtained nothing more than the only pleaſure to ſee, and to be ſeen of her, he ſhould be crowned with happineſs; and nevertheleſs it often arrives, that after one hath tried a hundred inventions to attain but a ſight of the beloved object; It happens, I ſay, ſhe is found in a humorous temper, and that which he believed would have elevated him to the ſupreme top of felicity, often precipitates him into the gulf of deſpair; on the contrary, when one finds her affable, he is but a little more happy; for that Lover, who thinks he ſhould be content, when he ſhould be proſtrate on his knees before his Miſtreſs, at that time is deficient in many things, which ſhould compleat his happineſs; likewiſe inſtead of praiſing that favour, ſhe accords to him he hath ſo much deſired, he requeſts an hundred other things, and believes himſelf

himself as unfortunate, as if he had obtained nothing: I even affirm, that 'tis not in the power of the fairest person in the World, to make an amorous man confess (during the space of six Months) that he is content; so true it is, that Love is uncapable of power to render one happy. I confess (replied *Artemidorus*) 'tis difficult to find a Lover which desires nothing, and who always says he is content; but I sustain, that that which frames one part of his pleasure, is, that there's always something wanting to his felicity, that he hath a certain species of an amorous inquietude, which is the most pleasing and agreeable pain imaginable, and that one of the most sensible pleasures is, to hope with an ardent desire. 'Tis true (replied *Clisias*) you have reason to speak so much of the advantage of hope; as for me I know (pursued he) that I have noted an hundred, and an hundred times in my life, in divers occasions, that not only a Lover without hope hath no great pleasure, but that usually he merits no more to be happy, as soon as he is content; no sooner is he assured to be beloved, but the fire of his former love grows extinct, at least he is not so sensible, so solicitous, so exact, so constant, and so respectful as before, and the certainty he conceives to have pleased his Mistress, taking from him the desire to please, he ceases sometimes to please no more. Ah *Clisias*, replied *Berelisa*, I would hate a Lover, if he could take as much care to preserve my heart, as he hath done to acquire it. You have reason, Madam (replied *Artemidorus*) for I believe a man who is negligent when beloved, deserves to be hated, and that it is as just to desert the love of those negligent Lovers, as those which are unfaithful: I know not (added he) if the procedure of those persons, whom good fortune buries in a certain Lethargie of heart, where they lose all the sensibility of love, have not something more outragious than that of those inconstant Lovers, which are charmed with noveity; at least I know, that if I was a Lady in such an adventure, I should be more displeased, that my own charms destroy love in the heart of a Lover, than if others should deprive me of it. You discourse so well of this (replied *Philonice*, rising from her seat) that I die for fear you should not be at one time a Prisoner of War and Love. I am very rederable to you for such an obliging fear (replied *Artemidorus*) I therefore presuppose, Madam, that it only proceeds from a conceit you have, that I have not merit enough to entitle me a happy Lover. As Love is as blind as Fortune (replied *Philonice*) you know it never favours merit, and I confess to you, my thoughts did not proceed from that cause your modesty dictated to you: In fine, *Philonice* said something to *Artemidorus*, to intimate to him, she did not believe that which he said of himself; and to assure him, that she would serve in all occasions: After which they began to take a Walk; but whilst it lasted, *Berelisa*'s Prisoner was the subject of their conversation: *Philonice* likewise prayed *Clisias* to entreat the *Agrigentine* Prince on her part, that this Prisoner might have liberty to take the Air, his Guards accompanying him; and few days were added to the age of time after *Clisias* return to the Camp, but *Agrasor* had order to permit *Artemidorus* to go forth with his Guards, and that they should shew him those things worthy of note in the City, which invite the curiosity of strangers: They presented to his sight the magnificent ruines of a great Palace, called the Palace of the Gyants, where were Columns of such a prodigious immensity, that it evidently appeared the first Inhabitants in this Isle were of a larger proportion than other men; he likewise saw admirable Aqueducts, which are at *Agrigentine*; he visited the Temples of *Æsculapius*, of *Vulcan*, of *Hercules*, of *Jupiter*, of *Concord*, of *Juno*, and of *Pudicity*, that stately Structure being erected by the Princess of *Philonice*, to evidence the immaculate purity of her Soul; he saw many magnificent Tombs, built as Memorials for many Horses; for you must know, that those of the *Agrigentine* Land in particular, are of such admirable strength and beauty, that they are every where famous, and they are so excellently good, that their Masters have raised for them several magnificent Tombs, so great hath superfluity been at *Agrigentine*, since it encreased in Riches; at first it was a City of small importance, but when *Phalaris* swayed the Scepter, there were numbred nine hundred thousand Inhabitants. But to return to *Artemidorus*, since he had the permission to walk, he more often saw *Berelisa*, for in the design he had to acquire her friendship, to the end he might by her assistance more facilely recover his liberty: The more he saw her, the more *Berelisa* found him amiable; and this puissant inclination became so predominant, that she could not doubt but love did insensibly steal her heart; and as her Virtue was eminent, she blush'd at this weak resistance, and would have made some opposition (thus correcting her self, as she hath since told me) What's become of my Reason? I despise *Terillus* who adores me, who is of a proportionate condition to mine, and resign my heart to an unknown Prisoner, who hath no affection for me, and who it may be hath placed his Love on another Object: But, said she, can I doubt of the condition of this Prisoner? His Spirit confirms me that his Birth is Noble, and all those groundless suspicions, which my imagination suggests to me of the pre-engagement of his heart; his civility to me disperses those aery vapours, and confirms me, that Love hath not yet triumphed over him, and that his heart is at my devotion? No *Berelisa* (added this amiable Virgin) flatter not thy self, and believe if he were in love, he would acquaint thee with it; and perhaps, if thou should'st disclose thy affection to him, he would not credit it; resolve then to repel this dangerous inclination thou feelest ready to force thy heart; resist the merit of this Unknown, and weave not the web of thine own destruction, thou dar'st not commit this secret to the fidelity of any person, though it should crack the Organs of thy Vital Faculties. This was her last resolution, and during some time, she believed she had eradicated this affection from her heart, there happning an accident, which diverted her self from the contemplation of this object; for *Telesis* her Brother returned from Travel, and as they tenderly loved one another, their joy swell'd to such an height by the sight of each other, that all former occurrences were now buried in oblivion; he related

related to her all those adventures which hapned in his voyage; he acquainted her with all the Atchievements of gallantry he had performed in those places he had passed, and desiring to go to the Camp, though the Trees now began to be periwigg'd with Snow, he left with her divers Letters. and the pourtracture of a person whom he then loved, and of whom he made a pleasing relation: *Berelisa* having her spirit thus buried, felt not for some days her usual inquietude; as her soul was in this tranquillity, she one Morning repair'd to the aforesaid Walk, where she had hardly taken two turns, but she heard one speak very high in *Artemidorus* his Chamber: *Berelisa* hearing this noise, and not being able to comprehend the occasion of it, approaching thither, and heard the Prisoner earnestly entreat his Guard to redeliver what he had taken from him; and he answering in insolent terms, he would not, but that he would carry it to *Afranor*, to the end he should transmit it to the *Agrigentine* Prince: She had scarce heard this, when the Prisoner reiterated his entreaties with so much earnestness, that she conceiv'd what had been taken from him, was of too great a concernment to be seen; so that tenderness engaging her heart, and curiosity her spirit, she called him by his name, who so much contested with *Artemidorus*: This man hearing himself called by his Master's Daughter, went to the Window, requesting her to inform him what she desired: I would have you tell me (said she to him) why you give such uncivil language to a Prisoner, whom you ought to treat with civility, and from whence proceeds the grounds of this Contestation? Madam, (replied this man, his eyes sparkling with anger) this Prisoner hath suborn'd some of my Companies, for having taken from him a Letter, with intention to carry it to my Master, he so much prest me to render it him, that I was transported with anger, by reason he thought me capable to betray my fidelity. I pray, Madam, (said then *Artemidorus*, speaking to *Berelisa*) if you repent not of your excessive goodness towards me, do me the favour, I conjure you, to use your power over this man, as that Letter I have written may not be seen by any person. You see, Madam, (said he who had spoken to *Artemidorus*) this Letter must consequently be of importance, and that I should have injured the Trust reposed in me, if I had rendred it to him. I protest unto you, replied *Artemidorus*, that it neither concerns the Prince of *Agrigentine*, nor *Afranor*, but hath only reference to my self. To find a mean to reconcile you (replied *Berelisa*) permit me to survey your Letter, and relie on my discretion, and if I find that neither the Prince, nor my Father have any interest in it, I will redeliver it to you, and oblige him, who hath taken it from you, not to disclose any thing, neither will I ever speak of it; without this I am assured your Keeper will not render it to you: but on this occasion (added she) I believe I can easily obtain it, sure he imagines I will neither betray the Prince nor my Father. This man consenting to *Berelisas* Proposition, *Artemidorus* was constrained to suffer this Virgin to peruse what he had written, imagining after she had perused it, she would permit him the favour to write another, or to send this to *Clidamira*, for 'twas to that fair person, to whom this this Letter was addressed: After he had consented to what was proposed, and when his Keeper had given the Letter to *Berelisa*, she found it contained these words,

IF I only tell you I am the unhappiest Prince in the World, I should not sufficiently inform you of the grandeur of my Misfortune;

At these words *Berelisa* staid, and a joyful motion seiz'd her spirits, seeing that secret inclination which had taken possession of her heart had a more noble foundation than she imagined; so that this resentment renewing the tenderness of her heart, she often read these three or four lines, as if she had there desired to limit her curiosity; but at last rebeginning the letter she found the contents framed after this manner,

IF I only tell you I am the unhappiest Prince in the World, I shall not sufficiently inform you of the grandeur of my Misfortune; but assuring you I am the unhappiest Lover that e'er submitted to the laws of Love, my infelicity cannot be paralleld; for since my Liberty is restrained, I know not whether you are free, nor whether till this time you have retained your affection inviolable; I am only ascertained that I see by your Idea continually present before my eyes, all the compassion of two of the most exquisite Beauties Nature e'er made for wonder, cannot sweeten the rigour of those miseries I endure: Behold to a Cruel King———

As this Letter was not fully finished, Berelisa could know no more, but she knew enough to disturb her repose; since if the beginning flattered her with joy, the conclusion saddened her heart with grief: for if she had learned this Prisoner was a Prince, she had likewise learned he was a Lover, and that he believed he was beloved; and as she learned it with some agitation of spirit, her Cheeks were planted with a roseate tincture, insomuch that she turned her head to conceal the blushing from *Artemidorus*. In this disturbance of her heart, grief produced the same effect, as joy had done before, giving an additional innovation to that esteem she conceived his merit might command; for there is nothing sooner to augment a new-born inclination in the heart of most women, than to learn that those they love have already gained the affections of others. *Berelisa* was in a strange perplexity, time not permitting her so much leisure as to consult her reason in this occasion; but at last generosity and tenderness being the more prevalent, she told the Keeper, that this Letter neither concerned the Prince of *Agrigentine*, nor *Afranor*, expressly commanding him not to speak of it; and being seduced by a jealous resentment, she commanded his Keeper to endeavour the discovery of him, whom *Artemidorus* had suborned, to the end he should be dismissed his place; afterwards she desired him to leave the Prisoner at liberty, to speak with her in the Garden, that she might read

his Letter to him; and this man obeying her, *Artemidorus* came to render her thanks, and to spend some time in walking with her, whilst two of her attendants spoke to him, who commanded *Artemidorus* his Guards at the end of this Walk. How shall I methodise my language, Madam, said he to her, to thank you for your last signal favour, and what may I do to testifie unto you my recognition? You will cancel that obligation (said *Berelisa*, the blood leaping into her face) by wholly confiding your self to my discretion, for though your Letter acquaints me you are of Royal extraction, that you are amorous, and that your Love is reciprocal, it doth neither inform me of your name, nor hers you Love, nor of the place of your Nativity; and I desire satisfaction in those things before I re-deliver your Letter. Ah, Madam, said he to her, if you knew the importance of your demand, you would, it may be, not persist in requesting it; for you are so generous, that I am confident you would not prejudice me in any thing. On the contrary (replied *Berelisa*) 'tis principally to generous persons, to whom it appertains to be in power to prejudice, because they have no good will to act it; therefore without repenting what I have said, I redemand satisfaction in those three things. For my Name and Country (replied *Artemidorus*) I can tell you, not being ashamed of either, though I cannot do it, both without danger and prudence; but for the name of the person I love, since my Letter hath not declared it to you, I suppose I ought not to do it, and you ought less to persevere in that demand, added he, since you are so obliged to that charming person; for, Madam, if she had not enslaved my heart, and had I been free, when I came to *Agrigentine*, I should assuredly have been amorous of you, and doubtless much importun'd you with my complaints, for as I love with an immeasurable ardour, I should have griev'd you more displeasure than *Terillus*; therefore, Madam, since you have this obligation to the person whom I love, constrain me not to violate my discretion, and remain satisfied that I expose my self to sufficient danger, by telling you that I am Brother to the Enemy of the *Agrigentine* Prince. What? (replied *Berelisa*) Are you *Artemidorus*, Brother to the *Leontine* Prince, who departed from this place about six months since? Yes, Madam, I am that *Artemidorus*, who would not, it may be, have been so civilly treated, as he is by the *Agrigentine* Prince, and the charming *Philonice*, had they known his true condition; I therefore declare to you, Madam, (said he) that the only interest of my love hath obliged me to so fear a long imprisonment, and hath detained me from discovering my quality. Whilst *Artemidorus* thus spoke, *Berelisas* spirit was much disturbed; for you must know, that *Telesis* her Brother, who had related to her all the adventures of his Voyage, had told her, that he was amorous and beloved by a *Leontine* Virgin, whom the Prince *Artemidorus* (absent from thence) formerly affected, and that he had left in her custody at his going to the Camp, a Pourtraicture, and many Letters; but as she had given but slight attention to his relation, she not imagining to have any particular interest therein, she had forgot the name of that person, and not knowing, if it were her, to whom *Artemidorus* had begun to write, she had both an extreme desire to acquaint him with her Brothers recital; and to peruse those Letters he had left with her, to see whether she could gather any satisfaction from them: As her imagination fancied divers things, the irresolution of her spirit was visible in her eyes; which *Artemidorus* noting, believed her inquietude proceeded from her not being resolved whether she should discover his quality to her Father, that he might declare it to the *Agrigentine* Prince: But this opinion soon vanished, for *Berelisa* devining his thoughts, and not willing he should believe her capable to reveal a secret he had confided to her, thus said, looking attentively on him; Think not I examine whether I ought to discover your Name, I declare to you I am not resolved to reveal it, on condition you will promise me two things, the one not to enterprise any thing against the *Agrigentine* Prince, the other positively to tell me all your love; for it may be I know many particulars in your Fortune, of which you your self are ignorant. As they were on these terms, and that *Artemidorus* demanded of *Berelisa* the beginning of his Letter, *Philonice* arrived; *Berelisa* therefore not being willing neither to answer nor to deliver him his Letter, went to the Princess, who made her a thousand caresses, and told her she came to bring her good news; for in fine, said this charming Princess, the Prince my Father will return in four days, having finish'd the War with Honour; and having forced his Enemies to make Peace, and till 'tis concluded, *Clisias* hath obtained that your Prisoner should be on his Parole, and that he may walk where he pleases without his Guards, on condition every night he repairs to his Lodging in the Castle; the conversation *Clisias* had with him, having imprinted such a good opinion of him in his mind, that he thought himself bound to perform this civil courtesie, and if you believe it requisite, he shall accompany us when we go to meet the Prince of *Agrigentine* at *Carisalis*, which, as you know, is about eight miles hence; for it seems just to me you should permit your Prisoner to go, to the end he not appears ingrateful: *Berelisa*, whose spirit was prepossess'd with many different things, did not give a regular answer to that which *Philonice* propounded; she therefore made a sign to *Artemidorus*, who remain'd behind, to approach; telling him he was obliged to the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and explaining to him of what nature was this obligation. *Artemidorus* receiving much joy at this news, gave many thanks to the Princess: But I pray, said she to him, do not thank me yet, for it may be Peace may not be easily concluded, and many Months may be expired e'er you recover your Liberty; but your Guards being dismiss'd (added she) be more cheerful, and expect the end of the War with more tranquillity. *Artemidorus* answered to this discourse with much spirit and civility; and *Berelisa* being in a profound melancholy study, *Philonice* jested with her, demanding the cause it; for, said she, you are less subject than any Virgin to those absences of spirit, which reproach so many amiable persons, your heart is ever amongst those with whom you are, you divide not your self betwixt your present and absent Friends, and it must necessarily be, there's something which pleases, or extraordinarily displeases you: In the mean

time, you have need that the gayety of your humour appears in its greatest luster the day we go to *Carisalis*, since I intend all the Ladies shall go thither on Horse, deck'd in their most gorgeous attire: *Berelisa* then endeavouring to replant the banish'd joy in her face, told the Princess that she was somewhat indispos'd, but she hoped her indisposition would diminish ere the day she intended to meet the *Agrigentine* Prince; but whatsoever she did, 'twas impossible for her to remit in her eyes their ordinary tranquillity; and *Philonice* return'd; not being able to penetrate into the secret of her heart.) Before her departure, she made known to *Asranor* the Order of the Prince of *Agrigentine*, whose Letter she shewed him, so that *Artemidorus* was not obliged to suffer the inutility of his Guards: But though it effectively gave him joy, he could not hinder himself from being afflicted, that this Order came not one day sooner, because he should not have been exposed to that adventure he had been, nor engaged to discover his secret to *Berelisa*: He infinitely esteemed, and had much amity for her, but in case of love, he affected not to discover it to any one, if necessity did not thereunto compel him. This grief was nothing in comparison of *Berelisas*, when she was alone in her Chamber; for that violence and puissant inclination she had for *Artemidorus*, which she thought she had overcome, suddenly assaulted her Soul; and the knowledge of his condition and love, placed both a resentment of glory and jealousie in her heart, which augmented her tenderness: As soon as she was in her Chamber, she had a design to look on all those things *Telesis* had left in her custody; but one of her Maids who had shut the door, not thinking of it, remaining yet in the Garden, she must have patience till she could be call'd; but expecting her coming, What did she not think? What said this amiable Virgin to her self? Have I surmounted my heart, when I did not know *Artemidorus*? and can I not be Mistress of it, when I know he is amorous, and is beloved? But if it chance (replied she) that the Person my Brother loves at *Leontine* is the same who hath inflamed *Artemidorus*; would it not be possible to banish her from his heart, by displaying her infidelity? for by that means I shall render a curtesie to my Brother, by taking from him such a Rival, and it may be to my self, if I can acquire such a Lover. But what do I say, Fool as I am (replied she, as she hath since told me) have I lost my Reason? or am I so inglorious as to desire to love one who doth not affect me? No, no, added she, I have not doubtless such degenerate thoughts, as to love *Artemidorus*, but I at least imagine that the desire to gain his love is not criminal, whilst it neither makes me say or do any thing repugnant to the exact rule of decency; the desire to please in general is not esteemed a crime, wherefore then should it be one to desire to please a great Prince in particular, without any other design than to be preferr'd by him before all other persons in the World. As she had thus said, her Maid arrived, and opened the Cabinet, where she presently entred; and visiting all the Letters her Brother had left, she was clearly convinced that the person who had writ them, was the same of whom *Artemidorus* imagined he was faithfully beloved; she looked on the Pourtraicture; but though her Mirror spoke her Beauty superiour to *Cidimiras*, she found a certain Air in the Physiognomy of her Rival, which much displeased her, it seeming very agreeable, and she even dispaired, finding so much spite in *Cidimiras* Letters, because she feared the sight of this Pourtraicture, and those Letters would only introduce jealousies into *Artemidorus* his heart, without chasing Love from thence, and that she should give an Enemy to her Brother, without acquiring a lover, yet had she some pleasure to think she should acquaint him, whose heart she would conquer, that his Mistress was unfaithful; for, said she, as soon as he shall be informed what had passed at *Leontine*, he shall know the very next day after he departed, there arrived a stranger who presently gained the estimation of *Cidimiras*, and perhaps, if I pre-acquaint him with her infidelity, he will esteem himself obliged to retribute to me my courtesie I desire: But presently suppressing the imagination, she could not resolve to do it, and doubtless she would never have performed it, had she not received the next Morning a Letter from her Brother, intimating to her that the Prince of *Agrigentine* had sent him to *Syracuse*, to negotiate some important Affair, and that from thence he would go to *Leontium*, to have some private conference with *Cidimira*. *Berelisa* then seeing her Brother absent, conceived it the best time to prosecute her intended resolution: Though this thought did seem to settle the emotion of her spirit, sleep did not this night close the casements of her eyes, and the Sun did no sooner guild the fringes of the Clouds with his luminous radiations, but she took an exact survey of *Cidimiras* Pourtraicture, and perused her Letters: She would have reserved some Letters from *Artemidorus*, they being flourished with too much Eloquence; but it hapned that in those which were most Rethorical, her affection to *Telesis* was painted in such lively Colours, that they conduced most to eraze *Cidimiras* love from the heart of *Artemidorus*; Pity likewise invaded her heart, when she read those affectionate lines this Prince began to write to this *Leontine* Virgin, considering to what height his grief would swell, when he learn'd his love was requited with such ingratitude; but when she remembred he had told her, that if his heart had not been pre-engaged, she should have been the Saint, to whom he would have paid his devotions; and the Letter he began to write to *Cidimira*, evidencing this verity, her modesty could not hinder her from willing his love to *Cidimira*, was now buried in oblivion, though she was resolved not to testifie any affection to *Artemidorus*, nor to act any thing which might in the least blemish her reputation, unless he first by his amorous, yet real expressions, confess'd *Cidimiras* inconstancy had stop'd the progress of his love; and that he made to her a total resignation of his heart: But not knowing how to compass the discovery of this design, *Artemidorus* presented her with an opportunity to effect it; for after he had visited *Asranor*, and the Princess *Philonice*, he thought himself so obliged to *Berelisa*, that she might justly chalenge the next visit; he therefore went to her Chamber, and found her in her Cabinet, there

there being nigh her on a little Jasper Table, the Pourtraicture of *Clidimira* (the case whereof was shut) her Letters were likewise there, he not knowing whose they were, by reason he could not see the Writing: Her eye no sooner reached him, but *Berelisa* blushed, and would have treated him with more ceremony than ordinary; but *Artemidorus* opposed it with much address: I pray, Madam, (said he, in a low voice approaching to her) remember that 'tis but for you I am *Artemidorus* at *Agrigentine*, and that in what estate soever I may be, I should have more glory by respecting you, than by receiving so many inutile demonstrations of your Bounty. After that she desired *Artemidorus* to take a seat, which having done, he earnestly entreated her to render him that Letter he had begun to write to the person whom he loved. That Person, replied *Berelisa* blushing, is so unworthy to receive, that I believe my self bound not to restore it to you. Ah, Madam (cry'd *Artemidorus*) it appears you do not know her, for I can assure you, if you knew her. I know not (replied she, her Cheeks being stain'd with Blushes) what I should do, if I knew her by my self, but I am very well assured I hate her for the love of you; for not to vail truth with artificial conceits, you love an unfaithful person, who certainly is very affectionate to them she loves, but who contracts an irreconcileable hatred against those whose affections she hath deserved. But, Madam, (cry'd *Artemidorus*, much astonished at those words) I have not told you the Persons name whom I love, and I believe 'tis impossible since yesterday you should have notice of it. To demonstrate to you what I know (replied she, opening the case where *Clidimiras* Pourtraicture was enclosed) see if you know this Picture. Ah, Madam, (cry'd *Artemidorus*) I know it too well, if 'tis true, *Clidimira* should be unfaithful; but, Madam, (added he, changing colour) who gave you this Pourtraicture, which was at first intended for me, and which had not received the last hand of the Painter before my departure? Hath not *Clidimira* sent it me to bring me some consolation during my imprisonment? And hath not this charming person, heving notice of the place of my residence, by some way unknown to me, thought by this means to obstruct my death? You will see by this Letter (replied *Berelisa*) giving him one her Brother had left her; and *Artemidorus* taking that she offered to him, suddenly opened it, and knowing the Characters were framed by *Clidimiras* hand, he read these words,

Clidimira *to* Telesis.

I Confess to you Artemidorus *hath given me many testimonies of affection, and likewise assure you this Picture was at first designed for him; but the mutability of my Fortune intruding many intimable obstacles to impede the progression of this love, my reason did at last free me from it; and as I doubt not but absence will be a sufficient remedy to cure the affection of* Artemidorus, *I freely engage my self to permit yours; and promise you (as you desire) that if his love receives no variation, it will not in the least alter my intent, of having no Commerce with him, and of loving* Telesis, *whilst he perseveres in his love to* Clidimira.

Whilst *Artemidorus* read this Letter, *Berelisa* attentively fix'd her eyes upon him, and noting the change of his countenance, expressed some emotion of joy; which *Artemidorus* taking notice: What, Madam, (said he to her) have you the cruelty (though you exceed in all excellent qualities any person in the World) to acquaint me with such doleful news? For in fine, there's nothing more cruel than to know *Clidimira* is inconstant, and that my Rival is the Brother of the generous *Berelisa*, to whom my obligations are innumerable: But, Madam, (added he) how can I so soon deface *Clidimiras* Image engraven in my heart, for whom I have acted those things which deserve a larger compensation; for her alone I have contracted the anger of the Prince my Brother, for her I have destroy'd my Fortune, and rejected Glory; can it be then possible that *Clidimira*, from whom I have received so many amorous testimonies, should resign her love to another? Speak, generous *Berelisa* speak, for though I have accused you of cruelty, you can bind me in no stricter obligation, than to discover all you know of *Clidimiras* infidelity, and to suffer me to peruse all her Letters which serve to the confirmation of it. I will voluntarily do it, replied *Berelisa*, on condition you promise me not to be my Brother's Enemy, who hath not injured you, since he knows you not, and that he believes you did not in the least pretend to her, when she engaged her self to him. Ah, Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, 'tis not possible for me to promise you not to hate a Rival, crown'd with the Title of Happiness; and all that I can promise you is, That your amity shall retain the effects of my hatred against *Telesis*: Speak then, Madam, speak, but do not speak yet, and let me first see all *Clidimiras* Letters; and she having given him one, he opened it, which contained these words,

Clidimira *to* Telesis.

IF Joy is a favourable Disposition to Love, you will sometimes find me the pleasantest person alive; I know not whence it proceedeth, whether from the simple effect of my Temperament, or from the Conquest of your heart; and neither you nor Fortune can ruine this serene humour, unless you banish my love from thence.

Ah *Clidimira* (said *Artemidorus*, casting this Letter on the Table) 'tis your gayety will chanel my Cheeks with tears, but 'tis requisite for me to know how far your perfidiousness hath transported you; and opening another Letter, he was much surprised to see 'twas one he had formerly wrote to *Clidimira*; which he would have sacrificed to his anger, had not *Berelisa* hindred him. Ah *Artemidorus* (said she to him) what

intend you to do? I am but the depositary of these things I shew you, I ought to render them to my Brother, with whom I should have great contestation, had I lost that he confided to my care. But, Madam, said *Artemidorus*, can I suffer a Letter I heretofore wrote to *Clidimira*, to be in my Rivals hands? Look on another (said she) and let me view that: and *Berelisa* by an amorous curiosity being dispos'd to read that Letter, *Artemidorus* desired to hear it read, conceiving it would be a means to heighten his intended hatred against *Clidimira*; and *Berelisa* opening it, it spoke these words.

Artemidorus *to* Clidimira.

I Shall have this day, Madam, the honour to visit you, but 'twill be only in Ceremony, and with as much care to smother my passion, as I should have had in the Declaration of it: Pity me, I pray you, and whether my spirit suffers an Eclipse or not, assure your self, that the sole love of the admirable Clidimira, *can either give or deprive me of it, and that neither my words or silence serve but to evidence your dominion over me.*

I spoke this, Madam, said *Artemidorus*, when I believed *Clidimiras* heart was moulded in the same frame as mine; but alas, her thoughts now stream in another current! After this he opened one of *Clidimiras* Letters, characters in this manner.

Clidimira *to* Telesis.

I Think you ought to be assured of my affection, when I tell you I love you; and that I voluntarily resolve (without my Parents consent) to desert my Country, and run your Fortune. But since you require new assurances of my Love, I declare to you, that if I ever violate my promise, I willingly consent you should blot me out of your remembrance, as I have Artemidorus *out of mine.*

Ah! 'tis too much, cryed this afflicted Lover, and I should degenerate from all men, if I should still retain the same affection for *Clidimira*: But alas (added he) I cannot hate her when I would! I crave your pardon, said *Berelisa* to him, for occasioning this distemper; for I imagined my self obliged (*Clidimira* being soon to be titled my Sister) to incense you against her, that you might sequester a Passion from your Spirit, which would infallibly rob it of all repose. I am bound to you Madam, (replied *Artemidorus*) for your good intention; but my obligation would be extream, if you would so far honour me, to condescend to permit my love, to the end my heart might be imprinted with an indelible hatred against *Clidimira*. *Berelisa* blushed at this discourse, and had not power to shape a reply: 'Tis true, *Artemidorus* took notice of it; for his grief did so exceed the limits of moderation, that he scarce knew in what language he had expressed himself to her: And having entreated *Berelisa* to relate to him the commencement of the love of *Telesis* for *Clidimira*, she told him, the same day he departed from *Leontine*, *Telesis* there arrived; and seeing *Clidimira* come forth of the Temple of *Ceres*, where she had been enclosed, lest she should see *Artemidorus*, he at first sight found her so amiable, that he sought her acquaintance; and having the happiness to please her, she had so much joy to find her self free, after she had endured such a long imprisonment, that she was resolved to deliver her self from a Pareille persecution, by forgetting her first Love; and to suffer that of *Telesis*, who engaged himself to her at his departure, to return to espouse her, as soon as he should have obtained *Afranor's* consent. But, said *Artemidorus* to her, is not this a delusion of *Clidimira*, to acquire some tranquillity during my absence? No, replied *Berelisa*, my Brother hath told me, that what you alledge being suspected, *Clidimira* submitted her self to the proof of that famous and sacred Lake, which (as you know) clears all dubious conjectures. But as we are not acquainted with the operations of it, said *Amilcar* interrupting *Zenocrates*, and that the reports which are framed thereof do not give us a plenary satisfaction, we entreat you (as far as you know) to content our desires. As I am in *Leontine*, replied *Zenocrates*, I cannot give you so full an instruction as others; I only know 'tis a general opinion, that when one assures any thing as true, and that he swears it on the brink of a Lake nigh *Leontine*, if he writes his name on a little Table of Wood, destin'd to that purpose, and that he casts it into the middle of that Lake, it floats at the top, if what he says is true; but if false, it descends to the bottom: It is likewise ascertained, that he which is perjured, is at the same time seised with a kind of a slow consuming Fever, which pines him to death. And this opinion is so received at *Leontine*, that when a person puts himself to the Tryal of *Dela*, for so 'tis called, the verity of the words are unquestionable. *Berelisa* having told *Artemidorus*, *Clidimiras* affection to *Telesis* was experimented in this manner, his affliction was so unconfined, that *Berelisa* repented her self for having reduced him to such extream misfortune: He was not transported with anger against *Telesis*, but complained of none but *Clidimira*, all whose Letters he severally perused; but the more he read, the fuller evidence he had of her infidelity: At length *Berelisa* smoothed his grief with such obliging words, that he rescued part of that consolation his affection had put to flight; for, said she to him, it grieves me that my Brother should occasion your displeasure: 'Tis not (added she) since *Clidimira* was capable of change, she would not have changed, if my Brother had never seen her; for I believe inconstancy doth not so much proceed from one who particularly delights those which are capable of infidelity, but because their pleasures are generally sway'd by novelty: therefore generous *Artemidorus*, seek to consolate your self, till your good fortune presents you with a Person more constant than *Clidimira*, to recompense

penſe that fidelity you have waſted on an unfaithful perſon. Ah, Madam, ſaid he to her, were it poſſible for me to unchain my heart from *Clidimira's* love, and level it at another object, would you counſel me to expoſe my ſelf to ſuffer ſuch unparallel'd affliction, as I now endure? If I believed (replied *Berelisa* bluſhing) that all women were as unfaithful as *Clidimira*, I would not inſinuate ſuch dangerous counſel; but, Sir, I cannot harbour ſuch an ill opinion of my Sex, as to believe it impoſſible to find a conſtant Virgin; I know there are many that deſerve that Title. Alas, Madam, ſaid he to her, I fear I ſhall not be ſo happy to diſinchant my ſelf from this paſſion; I would now act the moſt difficult things imaginable to force my hatred againſt *Clidimira*; I would willingly reſign my affection to another, though a thouſand dangers attended it; but I feel in my heart ſuch a grand confuſion of Jealouſie, Grief, Anger and Love, that I know not which of them will be the moſt predominant. In the mean time, Madam, added he, the friendſhip and reſpect you command from me, retains me from expreſſing any anger againſt that happy Rival, which triumphs in my miſeries; and believe that except the unfaithful *Clidimira*, never any perſon could claim the like eſteem as you; Diſpenſe therefore (Madam) with ſo much goodneſs, as to alleviate my affliction, and let me find more ſtability in your friendſhip, than the love of that inconſtant perſon hath denyed me. I aſſure you (replied *Berelisa*) that if it lay in my power, I would ſoon period your misfortune; but as that depends more on *Artemidorus* than *Berelisa*, diſquiet not your thoughts, but yield to reaſon, which will ſoon remedy this unjuſt grief. Ah, Madam (replied he) this Diſeaſe deſtroys the cure of reaſon. After this *Artemidorus* incited by an irreſiſtible motion, would have opened the caſe of *Clidimiras* Portraicture; but *Berelisa* who feared the ſight of this Picture would rather encreaſe than decreaſe his Paſſion, took it from him, and told him he ought now to contemplate nothing but the infidelity of his Miſtreſs. You have reaſon Madam, ſaid he to her, I would hate *Clidimira*, and I would have your friendſhip be my ſole conſolation. But generous *Berelisa* (added he) why do you not endeavour to heal the paſſion of *Teleſis*? for as *Clidimira* hath left me for him, ſhe will perhaps deſert him for another; do him this courteſie, and by this means you will act my Revenge. For what concerns my Brother (replied *Berelisa*) I have no deſire to blot out his affection, it being not ſo eaſie to cure a Beloved as a Deſerted Lover; and for what concerns you, I would rather gain *Clidimira* twenty lovers, than deprive her of one, that your hatred might extend ſo far as never to permit any reconcilement. After this *Artemidorus* expreſſed many obliging words to *Berelisa*, but they were ſo interweaved with others which glanced on his former affections to *Clidimira*, that he hearkned to them with different reſentments; when he was returned to his apartment, he eſteemed himſelf ſo unhappy, that he wiſhed his death had anticipated that day in which he loſt his liberty; for he was at variance with his Brother, he had deſtroyed his Fortune, he was a Princes Priſoner enemy to him from whom he derived his extraction, he ſaw himſelf caſhier'd by that perſon, who had wounded his heart, he had a Rival, which generoſity and gratitude forbid him to deſtroy, being a Virgins Brother to whom he ow'd the favourable treatment he received in his reſtraint, and who knew him to be the Prince of *Leontine's* Brother; not knowing then how to direct his thoughts, his ſole conſolation was *Berelisas* friendſhip. On the other ſide this amiable Virgin was not exempted from inquietude; for though her joy exceeded the ordinary limits of moderation, ſhe having introduced Anger and Jealouſie into a Lovers heart, from whence ſhe would have baniſhed love; yet ſhe feared his deſpight would not aſcend to ſuch a degree, as utterly to extirpate this love, and that if this firſt ſhould be extinct, his heart would remain incapable of a ſecond Paſſion: The words of *Philonice* tending to the concluſion of the War, did in ſome meaſure heighten her grief, becauſe ſhe imagined Peace ſhould no ſooner be compoſed, but *Artemidorus* would receive his liberty, and that ſecret love, which had ſeal'd the Fortreſs of her heart, even forced her to wiſh the declaration of the true quality of *Artemidorus*, to the end his liberty ſhould not be ſo ſoon licenſed, ſhe conceiving his life would not thereby be expoſed to any danger: But generoſity ſoon ſtrangled theſe unjuſt thoughts which Love would have imprinted in her mind.

In the mean time the charming *Philonice*, who thought of nothing but how to manage the reception of the *Agrigentine* Prince with moſt magnificency, ſent out her Orders to that purpoſe, ſo that all the Ladies were wholly imployed in providing thoſe things, which might moſt advantage their perfections; the Princeſs was likewiſe advertiſed by a Letter from *Cliſias*, that the day the *Agrigentine* Prince ſhould come to *Cariſalis*, ſhe ſhould receive a Letter from the *Syracuſan* Princeſs, who is a Perſon embelliſhed with all thoſe Graces which compleat a perfect Beauty: Her Body ſhaped with ſuch exact Symmetry, that Nature hath here ſhewn how far ſhe tranſcends the Art of the moſt curious Pencil: For the Prince of *Syracuſa* having ſent me to the *Agrigentine* Prince at that time as he ſent *Teleſis* to him, the Princeſs of *Syracuſa* entruſted me with a Letter for the Princeſs *Philonice*; and having told *Cliſias*, when I arrived at the Camp, he gave her notice of it; and when I delivered her Letter, ſhe parted with ſo much goodneſs, as to receive me with an extraordinary civility, bringing a Teſtimony of the Friendſhip of ſuch an exquiſite Perſon.

But before I relate to you what paſſed that day the Prince of *Agrigentine* returned, 'tis expedient for me to acquaint you with three things, to the end the Narration of this Feſtival might prove more delightful to you: The firſt, that I had been a long time one of the principal friends of *Artemidorus*. The ſecond, that I believed he had undertaken a long Voyage, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting he was a Priſoner at *Agrigentine*. The third, That 'tis neceſſary to deſcribe the Scituation of that place the amiable *Philonice* had ſelected to receive the Prince her Father; for I ought to render juſtice to this Beautiful Princeſs, to demonſtrate to you that there appeared both Spirit and Judgement in all her actions; and there

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hapned in this place so many things depending on this History, that I believe I shall not traverse my reason by describing a place which hath given me so much delight, both by its natural Beauty, and by the merit of him who resides there: For *Cleodamas* to whom *Carisalis* belongs, is a Person of eminent desert, whether one considers the grandezza of his Spirit, or the solidity of his judgement, his capacity, politeness, integrity, gallantry, or generosity; But to execute my Design, *Carisalis* is a place so framed for pleasure that 'tis impossible to give you a perfect description of it; 'Tis not one of those whose Beauty appears by the opposition of the circumjacent places; for you no sooner come from *Agrigentine*, but fair objects salute your eyes; the way lies in a direct line, a river with its silver streams travelling along with you this pleasant Voyage, the diversity in all places where you pass, and the only pleasure of the beautiful prospect, seems to cheat the length of the way; 'tis even so singular, and the ascension so inperceptible, that you receive no incommodity by it, though 'tis scituated on a mountain; this mountain is crown'd with a great Plain, it having nothing ordinary but the commodity to discover all the Beauties of the adjoyning fields, to limn out in lively colours this amiable Country in general, 'tis sufficient in particular to character *Carisalis*; Imagine as if you were now in a Court of a proportionate grandeur to a Building your eyes at your entrance survey on the left hand, the symmetry whereof framed to breed delight; on the Superficies is a Balustrade, beyond which is a kind of a Rustick *Vestibulum*, the Columns whereof are *Cypruss*; This *Vestibulum* is bounded by a row of great Trees, placed on purpose there to hinder at first sight the pleasure which doth compose this place; on the top Madam of the prementioned mountain, there is a grand *Parterre*, like a *Terass*, along which is contrived a Walk, flanked with fair Trees, you ascend this Walk by two stately steps, between which are two Balconies erected, fixt to a marble *Balustrade*, from whence one might discover so many different objects, that I fear I shall be taxed either of equivocation or exaggeration, if I only represent a part of them unto you; for in fine, Madam, there is to be seen all those which frame a delightful prospect, you may see many remote and cacuminous mountains, embroydred with spreading Trees of a famous Forrest, which without constraining the sight, confine it to an agreeable arrest; but before your eyes meet with these Mountains and Forrest, a great and pleasant River for some while detains them, which to shew it self with a better grace, forms a Crescent, whose horns of Silver, (if this term is not in Prose inconsistent) bury themselves in the grass of two delicate Meadows; but as if 'twas not sufficient to see this fair and great River, there is a less, which not daring to appear so nigh the other, presents but a little Rivulet, which diverse times shews, and then again hides it self; for sometimes its *Maanders* deludes the eyes, and sometimes one may see its Argentine Streams shine through the Willows, and run into a little Valley expressly made for modest Ladies to bath their naked Limbs: This fair Valley is at the foot of a little hill, so pleasantly seated; that no words can reach the full description of it: For, Madam, there is a thousand agreeable inequalities: You may see Groves with little Rustick Houses, a small Village where an Hill almost denies the sight of the eye, a little Temple, and several other things which have now slipt my memory; on this side between the great and little River, there's divers Meadows enclos'd with Willows, as if they were several Halls destin'd for rural Sports: This Country is so spacious, directly oppolite to the *Parterre*, that you may see all that which the industry of Agriculture hath taught men for the preservation of life, and Nature hath so stor'd the Fields with diversity of Flowers, shaded with such exquisite colours, that all others serve but as Foyls to set forth the lustre of this amiable place. I may likewise very well say, this Country hath all the tranquillity of a solitude, though not so dismal as Deserts, for the great River hath boats of all sorts, the less hath sometimes Shepherdesses, which in their Bathing sport themselves in this watry Element; and all these Meadows are as it were sown with flocks of Sheep and Pastures: This is not all the beauty of *Carisalis*, for behind this high Ally from whence you may discover so many things, is an agreeable Wood, the beauty whereof cannot be limited to any praise; 'tis of no great extent, there is eight principal Alleys, in the middle of which is a Statue of *Venus*, they are divided into several little paths and solitary retirements, which so often cross one another, that one may weary themselves and not find the place where they first entred: There are seven Cabinets, every one carv'd a several way, the Trees are so fair, the Ground is so plush'd with verdant Grass, and the Shade so charming, that my eyes never met with a fairer object: The Air is so pure, and the sight of two Rivers so sweetly seduces the imagination, that it dispels those melancholy cares which oppresses a Lovers breast; the scituation of the place doth admit of several prospects, the eight great Alleys of the Wood have different objects which limit the sight; one faces a Balcony inscrib'd with divers curiosities of Art, another a pleasant Grove, there's one which looks on the Plain, another from whence your eye cannot reach heaven; in fine, there's such an alluring diversity in this place, that none can come in competition with it. This variety of objects runs through all the parts of the Building, but especially from an high Hall you may take a full survey of this delightful place; there's round about *Carisalis* many Structures which have consum'd inestimable Treasure, and if they are advantag'd by Art and Magnificence, yet Nature is deficient, which lively shews it self in *Carisalis*. This Building being thus adorn'd with singular advantages, 'twas a fit place to receive a Prince who returned plum'd with victory.

The Princess *Philonice* forgot nothing which might contribute to the honour of the Prince her Father; *Afranor* went at the head of all the *Agrigentine* men of quality; to meet the Prince six miles beyond *Carisalis*, and from thence to *Agrigentine*; the Inhabitants of the City which us'd to bear Arms, ranked themselves in a Warlike posture, the Princess followed by *Berthsa* and the fairest Beauties of the Court, habited alike; in magnificent Chariots went to *Carisalis*, where *Cleodamas*

Lucas received her with his accustomed Civility. But before I acquaint you with the reception of the *Agrigentine* Prince, you must know that every Lady was accompanied by a person of quality, when she mounted on horseback to meet the Prince, for *Philonice* had retained as many Men as Ladies, which in sumptuous Apparel should illustrate the glory of this day: She desired *Artemidorus* to wait on *Berelisa*, telling him that since he was her Prisoner, 'twas fit he should supply that Office: *Artemidorus* whose melancholy had altered his disposition, excused himself, fearing to be known in such a confluence of people; but *Philonice* and *Berelisa* added so many perswasive entreaties, that he at last complyed with their desires: As all men ought to be invested in the richest attire in this occasion, *Aspasius* offered to supply *Artemidorus* with all things necessary, but he refused to accept his courtesie. To return to *Carisalis*, no sooner had *Philonice* notice that the Prince her Father was some miles distant from thence, but she mounted on her Horse, followed by twenty Ladies of Quality: These Ladies were habited as *Diana's* Nymphs are painted, they had a Bow in one hand and a Quiver on their Shoulder; their heads were adorned with Coifs of Plumes, mixt with such lively and different colours, that they composed the finest and imaginable object: In this Plain I have before mentioned, which is on the top of the Mountain, on the right hand from *Carisalis*, *Philonice* amongst the others, seemed *Diana* her self, for such a noble air, and such an innate modesty appeared in her face, but as a mark of distinction, her Bow and Quiver were enamelled with precious Stones, the Tower of Plumes which framed her Coif, had a knot of Diamonds, which represented that demi-Crescent placed on *Diana's* head, every Lady was attended by a person of quality, proudly mounted and richly habited, who seemed to be there to serve and defend her, and every one had two slaves cloathed in her colours, with Collars of Silver, who marched on both sides her Horse, to stay him if need should require: And to signifie the arrival of this gallant Troop, there was an Harmony part *Pacifick* and part *Warlike*, which infinitely pleased; and after all these Ladies came all the Officers of the house of the Princess, and after them two hundred Archers on Horseback, which equally divided themselves both before and behind: The day was fair, and the way so commodious, that every Knight entertained his Lady with what discourse he best imagined would conduce to her delight. *Artemidorus* being nigh *Berelisa*, the secrets of whose heart lay open to her knowledge, turned towards her, and fetching forth a sigh, thus said: I could wish, Madam, the unfaithful *Clidimira* did behold me this day, for you are so attractive and amiable, and the dress so becomes you, that certainly she would believe you are the Goddess who sways my thoughts, and I am so acquainted with her humour, that I am confident she would be highly displeased. Your expressions savour too much of flattery, replied *Berelisa*, yet to recompense you, I willingly consent to be the immediate cause of your revenge; and though I fancy not the reality of your words, I should be extremely satisfied should *Clidimira* credit this perswasion. Madam, replied he, you are composed of too much goodness, to interess your self in my revenge, but to render it effectual, I must submit to love you, and you may not contract any hatred against me. Truly, replied *Berelisa* smiling, which of these two things believe you the most impossible? It seems to me a sufficient difficulty to oblige a person who never affected any thing to begin to love, and there's as much to relinquish one, and assume another love. Ah! Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, I am not in a condition to reason on that question you have proposed to me; all that I can answer, is, that sometimes I hate *Clidimira*, and am transported by an earnest desire to love another, but I dare not pronounce your name. As *Artemidorus* thus spoke, he was interrupted by a Lady marching behind *Berelisa*, who jestingly told him, He was so attentive to his Discourse, that he noted not the appearing of the *Agrigentine* Prince: These two Troops following their received Orders, made a stand at an equal distance, from a great triumphant Arch erected in the middle of the way which traverseth this Plain, the Prince of *Agrigentine* was preceded by those who made a warlike harmony, who were followed by five hundred men on Horseback with Javelins in their hands: Next came the Officers of the Prince's houshold, who led many stately Horses, the Guards of the *Agrigentine* Prince came after them, and next came the Prince himself at the head of many Officers of the Army, and men of Quality: Though this Prince had out-past his juvenile years, yet he appeared on Horseback with more grace and vigour than any of the Courtiers, he was this day richly habited, and his Deportment alone spoke him Master of his Followers. As I was a stranger, and had been sent to him by a Prince whom he highly esteemed, he vouchsafed me all imaginable honour, retaining me always nigh him: For *Terillus* who was a great adorer of *Berelisas* beauty, and who desired the first advantage of her sight, he was in the first rank: 'Tis true his condition claimed that place, but his Love proved the more forcible inducement; as some days were fyl'd on the Register of time since my arrival at the Camp, I had heard there was an unknown Prisoner at *Agrigentine*, whom *Terillus* had taken when the Trees began to shoot forth their vernal blossoms, whose Spirit and Behaviour commanded respect from all. No sooner did these two Troops come in sight of one another, but those who made the harmony hastned their pace to joyn at the Triumphant Arch erected in the Plain, where they made a kind of Military Consort, which in its irregularity seemed agreeable: After that those which preceded the Prince and Princess, ranked themselves on the right and left hand; these two Troops slowly marching towards one another, the Prince of *Agrigentine* (who is an accomplished Gallant) remained at the head of his Troop twelve paces from the Arch, saying it appertained to none but the Ladies to pass under the Triumphant Arch: He therefore caused them one after another, followed by their Knights and Slaves, to go under this Arch; after which they went towards him, wheeling on the right hand, to resume the way of *Carisalis*: Then the Prince and those which were with him, saluted all the Ladies with much civility, which they repaid with an obsequious flexure: This Prince noting every Lady had but

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one Knight, commanded some of those which attended him to supply the vacant place; for which purpose he elected the chiefest of his Train, except me, whom he only chose as a Stranger, and instead of giving every Lady him who had the greatest desire to wait on her person, he separated all those which he conceived had any familiarity with one another: He did it principally to please *Berelisa*, who did not affect *Terillus*, though he waited his time in courting her affection. For the Princess, she had with her the young Prince of *Messina* who was then in this Court, and the Prince of *Ericine* who is one of her alliance; but when *Berelisa* approached accompanied with her Prisoner, I was surprised at the sight of *Artemidorus*, but I expressed no mark of my astonishment; for knowing the contestation between the *Agrigentine* and *Leontine* Prince, I imagined he was not known; the Prince of *Agrigentine* willing I should accompany *Berelisa* as the most amiable person in the Court, and as favorite of the Princess his Daughter, declared to me so many things of this unknown Prisoner, that it confirmed my belief 'twas the same whose Character I had received in the Camp; for when *Berelisa* passed by, whose perfections did this day shine forth in their greatest splendor; Go *Zenocrates*, go, said he to me, lend us your assistance to discover this Unknown Prisoner; make love to *Berelisa*, more easily to effect it, whom I presuppose he now loves; for 'twould be a shame for him to have remained so long Prisoner of War in a Castle where she resides, and not become Prisoner of Love: Go then *Zenocrates*, go, added he, and endeavour the discovery of your Rival. I receive, Sir, so much advantage by your commands, replied I to him, that I am sorry time will not give me leave to return you thanks for such an unexpressible favour. But Madam, if I was surprised to see *Artemidorus*, he was no less at the sight of me, for I feared I had discovered him; and remembring he had seen me at *Leontine* when he made his addresses to *Clidimira*, my sight excited a commotion in his heart, which I taking notice of, and imagining from whence it proceeded, to resettle his troubled thoughts; ranking my self on th' other side of *Berelisa*, with a respective observance, thus said: Madam, the Prince of *Agrigentine* whose curiosity can be confin'd in the discovery only of this valiant Unknown, hath sent me to you, that I might share his happiness by attending your person: But Madam, added I, my infelicity would be extreme, should you deny your consent. You have so little knowledge of your pretended Mistris (replied *Berelisa*) that I would advise you not to obey the *Agrigentine* Prince. If you knew him who speaks to you, replied *Artemidorus* to her, you would know that several passions in his heart do at one time receive both their life and death: But I pray, added he, disguising my knowledge of him, forbid him to discover me, though he should happen to be one of my intimate acquaintance. We marched in this order to a place where we made a stand, because the Prince of *Agrigentine* desired the Ladies should arrive last at *Corisalis*, he therefore passed before them with all his Troop, that the fairest shew might conclude the Triumph. For my part, I confess my heart was wounded with the perfections of all those twenty Ladies, who accompanied the Princess *Philonice*; for as I am an universal Lover of all those objects which delight my eye, even at the first sight, and these twenty Ladies dressed in this Nymph-like habit appeared, graced with the accession of such charming features, that my amorous heart could not resist those piercing beams shot from their conquering Twins of light. In fine, we arrived at *Corisalis*, where *Cleodamas* welcom'd the Prince with an eloquent Oration, penn'd in such concise terms, that it far transcended the capacity of vulgar intellects: The Prince not desiring to return to *Agrigentine* till the darkness of the night began to ravine the days splendor, *Cleodamas* treated him with a magnificent Collation: But whilst things were preparing more ceremoniously to invite his stay, the Ladies by the assistance of their Knights dismounted from their horses, and went to breath out the fourth part of an hour in that high Walk I have before mentioned: For my part (I confess) never any sight did so much please my eyes, as these twenty Ladies and forty Knights: To avoid confusion, the Prince of *Agrigentine* had commanded all his other followers not to enter into the house of *Cleodamas*, but that they should be entertained in the fairest houses of the same Village, and not seeing in this Alley and the pre-mentioned Wood none but persons exactly proportioned in all the dimensions of their Bodies, and beholding their waving plumes and glittering habits through the leavy Boughs, I may confidently say, never any object did more deserve my attention, as the pleasantness of the place inspired joy; all the company were so fashioned to delude time with amorous discourses, that they perceived not the melancholy which denyed mirth to *Artemidorus* and the jealous *Terillus*: In the mean time *Artemidorus* had an urgent desire to confer with me, and on the first presented occasion, he briefly acquainted me with his adventures, demanding of me what I had heard concerning *Clidimira*, he not being ignorant that all memorable accidents which passed at *Leontine* were obvious to me. I know, said I to him, she is both ingrateful and unfaithful; and imagining she should be constrained, if she made not a publick recantation of your love, she engaged her affection to a deserving person, and submitted to the tryal of the Lake of *Dela*, to assure him of her fidelity: Therefore if you credit my words, I would advise you, by another love to banish this passion from your heart. Ah *Zenocrates*, said he to me, none can renounce love so soon as you. Time would not permit us longer discourse, for one came to advertise the Ladies that Dinner was now prepared: They were conducted into the fair Hall I have before mentioned, where they were served with all magnificence befitting persons of their condition; and the Prince of *Agrigentine* din'd with some of his Nobility in a low Hall, a foot higher than the Garden. The Ladies after this Repast entred into a fair Chamber, directly opposite against the Hall, with a part of the most accomplished Gallants, the rest remaining with the *Agrigentine* Prince, who related to *Cleodamas* divers things concerning the last Campagne: But entring there, *Philonice* whose curiosity extended to all delightful objects, cast her eye on a Picture hanging on the way to this Chamber, it being designed by a Virgin allied to *Cleodamas*; and as this Picture merited

merited some observation, *Philonice* called *Berelisa* to see it: This Picture is framed with ingenious Art; one may see there a pleasant Country, with a fair Tree, at the foot whereof is a beautiful young person sumptuously attired, and behind her three Women, she holds a Distaff in her right hand, presenting it to *Hercules*, whom a young *Cupid* holds chained in a golden Chain, and drawing it with her left hand, she forces him to cast away his Club, and to take the offered Distaff; but better to explicate this Picture, the little *Cupid* holds in his right hand a Torch, and with the other retains the Fillet that blinds his Eyes, which seems to be fanned by the gentle Breizes of the Wind; underneath are some Greek words, which speak thus in our Language,

From my Fire proceeds my Force.

After *Philonice* had considered the explication of this Picture, she said (turning her self to *Berelisa*) That for her part she believed the power of Love proceeded not but from the debility of those whom it assaulted. But, Madam, (replied she blushing) do not you see *Hercules*, who appears far superior in strength to that young Child, forced by him to embrace what he desires. Ah, *Berelisa*, replied she, there's a certain weakness of heart commonly found in men, which is not incompatible with the force of the Body, nor with the greatest Valour: *Philonice* had hardly pronounced these words, but all maintained Love's Party: The Prince of *Ericine* amongst the rest, said, He could not admit Love to pass for Debility, unless in the hearts of those who persevere in loving an unfaithful person. *Artemidorus*, who felt himself touched with the expressions of the Prince of *Ericine*, changed colour, and could not frame an answer: Whereupon *Terillus* thus replied, that it argued not so much weakness to continue to love a person, though she had changed affection, as to persist in loving a person, whose affection 'twas almost impossible to acquire; for (added he) 'tis the greatest subject of complaint one can imagine, to court a Person without hope to attain her love. 'Tis doubtless a great unhappiness (replied the Prince of *Ericine*) but the inconstancy of a Mistress is far greater. Ah, Sir, (replied *Terillus*) 'tis more injurious not to be beloved, than to be deserted by a Mistress. After this, every one took the part either of the *Ericine* Prince, or *Terillus*, except *Artemidorus* and *Berelisa*, whose interest were engaged in this question; for if *Artemidorus* yet affected the inconstant *Clidimira*, *Berelisa* treated *Terillus*, with so much cruelty, that she saw he spoke against himself, to have occasion to speak against her; but as the conversation seemed curious to *Philonice*, she seated her self, and caused the other Ladies to take their places, the men standing before them, except some, who kneel'd upon Cushions, more conveniently to entertain their Ladies, whilst the Prince of *Ericine* and *Terillus* disputed nigh *Philonice* and *Berelisa*, on the precedent subject: For my part, replied the Prince of *Ericine*, I find no comparison between these two things; for as 'tis not impossible that a Woman who loves you not should esteem you, I find that in ceasing to love her, you are not obliged to hate her, that 'tis sufficient to render indifferency for indifferency, that you are even bound to express Civility to her, when you happen to meet her; and if you disesteem her, and unchain your heart, you sufficiently punish her for her injustice and insensibility, without adding hatred and despisal; but for an inconstant person: Ah, *Terillus* (pursued he) you cannot too much hate, nor too much despise her: I likewise assert, that if a man hath been very amorous, and hath believed his affection hath been requited, he cannot limit his hatred to an unfaithful person; and I believe 'tis very easie to cure his passion, by ballancing the grandeur of her love and her inconstancy; for by remembring that his anger will be screwed up to such an heighth, that he will think it punishment sufficient to requite her wavering nature, which should not be expressed to a person which hath contemned your affection, either through aversion or indifferency.

Ah, Sir, replied *Terillus*, our resentments are different, for I believe 'tis more easie and more just to despise a woman which hath slighted his love, than one from whom you have received many demonstrations of affection, though she retains those testimonies, and varies in her former thoughts; for 'tis the greatest injustice one can offer to an amorous man, who is permanent in his love, to reject his Passion; 'tis so natural to love them who affect us, that when a man is so happy to perswade his love to any person whom he adores, if this woman doth not correspond in her affection, disesteems the Lover, is averse to his Passion, or hath entertained another; if she loves another, she is criminal for permitting a new Lover to engage to serve her; if she doth but a little esteem him, the Lover should be very unjust to esteem her much; and if she is averse to him, he ought to retribute the like to her; and in what manner soever it should be, a generous Lover, which hath wasted many days, and not gained the affection of his Mistress, ought to hate and contemn her, who hath with such pertinacy resisted his love, since 'tis certain that ingratitude is a capital crime; and there is nothing more ingrateful than not to love those which loves us: For I have already told you 'tis so natural, that love produces love; that if this passion is not produced in a womans heart, which is ardently loved, it either proceeds from the small desert of the Lover, the capriciousness of the Mistress, or from the aboveſaid reasons; nothing seems to me more just, or ought more easily to be done, than not to have any esteem or complacency for an insensible person, I say one ought to requite her with all the civility a discreet person can be capable of: And if it was possible there should be any matter of indiscretion, between a neglected Lover and his Mistress, I think I should permit him to be indiscreet; for in fine, as he should have no indiscretion, which might make him be suspected of vanity, or which might injure the reputation of an unsensible person, it would be a sweet and innocent revenge; if I did not generally hold that Persons of Quality ought not to revenge themselves of their Ladies in the same manner as they would revenge themselves

of their Enemies. I am of your opinion, replies the *Ericine* Prince, that an insensible person, to whom one hath given many testimonies of Love, if she ungratefully requites him, she merits the same ingratitude; but that which I maintain, is, that 'tis more easie to hate an inconstant than an insensible person, and that the revenge appears more just. On the contrary, replied *Terillus*, I assert 'tis more difficult to relinquish the love of an unconstant, than an insensible person, and that if a man hath been once favoured and affected by a Lady, he is indispensably obliged, not to be deficient in his discretion to her, though she hath changed her thoughts; but one should not so act with an insensible Mistress, of whom he might more innocently revenge himself, because her insultation is greater by beginning not to love her than the other, by deserving the affection of his Lady, nor can he be obliged to any discretion. But separately to speak of these two things, I will at first make you to see, that 'tis more easie for an abused Lover to dispel love from his heart, than for a Lover which hath been favoured; there is in the memory of a Lover obstinately despised, nothing which can or ought to retain love in his Soul; since that, if he call'd to remembrance the person whom he had served, he sees her cold, insensible, and always indifferent, if she remembers to have written to her, he will likewise remember that she hath not answered to him; or if she hath, her answers have contained no affectionate expressions; if he remembers his eyes have saluted hers, his memory will tell him, that he turned her face from him with contempt; or that she beheld him with a kind of stupid indifferency, which is insupportable in love; if he thinks what actions he hath performed to please her, he remembers either she hath slightly received, or scornfully disdained them, perhaps he hath praised her Beauty, but it often appears he hath thereby betrayed his judgement; for it often happens love inspires those fair which deserve not to be placed in that number: Moreover, a Lover hath no obligation to a person whom he loves without the same requital; so that his heart raising no opposition against his resentment, it seems easie to me, even by his anger to cure his love; honour likewise might do it with much facility; since there is nothing more fit to banish love, than the remembrance that one hath lavished much time in courting a person, which despises him, and who hath distinguished him from the rest of men by a secret aversion; but for a woman which hath once loved you, it is not so, for she hath esteemed you, and preferred you before all men; she hath chosen and confided in you; but 'tis not so in the other; for there's nothing in his memory but indifferency, which might retain affection; there is a thousand and a thousand thoughts in a Lovers heart which hath been beloved, which may retain his love in despight of the inconstancy of the beloved person, he may see tender and passionate Letters, not respecting the person who hath wrote them; she being unfaithful, he may behold her Pourtraict, no acknowledgement retaining his resentment, and even the possibility to revenge ones self, arrests a part of ones revenge, and every time one remembers so many amorous regards, so many obliging assignations, so many favourable discourses, and so many innocent favours, there's means enough to destroy the desire to reconquer the heart one hath lost, and likewise to destroy the hope thereof; for after he is assured he hath done all he can imagine to please her, since he hath pleased her; he thinks he is wanting in something, that in demanding pardon, he may recover the treasure he hath lost; and even supposes if he can accuse himself of nothing, but lay the whole accusation on her, 'tis a capricious humour which will soon vanish, and that then he shall receive more affectionate assurances than he did before; therefore hope may subsist in a Lovers heart, whose affection hath been entertained with a correspondency, though his Mistress hath proved inconstant, and there is much difficulty to disingage his Passion: To speak with sincerity, there's nothing so puissant to retain love, in an heart composed of tenderness, than to hope a pleasure he had before enjoy'd; one will sometimes recede from Glory to preserve his Conquest, and to hinder his Rival from gaining any profit by it; Jealousie which boasts it self to be the most puissantest Enemy of Love, retains it often in a Lovers heart deserted by his Mistress, when he is devoid of hope: Judge then (I pray you) if an indifferent Mistress, which gives you neither hope nor jealousie, can or ought to be difficult to forget, for the remembrance of the pass'd cannot render it amiable to you; the present exasperate you, or the future flatter you with success: But if you consent (replied the *Ericine* Prince) that 'tis more easie, and even more just to hate a person of whom one cannot be beloved, than one of whom one hath been favoured, though she hath now cancel'd all favours, consent likewise that a Lover is confined to a stricter limit with her, which hath always despised him, than with her which hath betrayed him; for she which hath never loved you, having promised you nothing, she hath not injured you so much as that person, who after she had sworn to you an eternal affection violated her word; and I conclude you ought to be more reserved to one than to another. I am of your opinion (replied *Terillus*) but 'tis not according to your Method; for I maintain that a man, who hath been uncivilly dealt withal by a woman, owes no more civility to her than to all women in general; I know not whether he can dispense with it in some occasions; but for a woman which hath once loved, I affirm, that if she at length hates him, he ought to respect her, and is obliged to discretion, though his love seems extinct; and as it is just that an abused Lover should ever perpetually keep in his heart the resentment of the ingratitude and indifferency of his Mistress, so a deserted Lover should ever preserve a kind of acknowledgement for his Precedent favours; and this recognition must even oblige him not to be so far transported, as to injure the reputation of his Mistress, from whom he once received favours, which might still deserve his love. I believe it (replied the Prince of *Ericine*, yielding to *Terillus*) for as all the favours of Ladies stream from pure Fountains; I am of opinion they may retract them when they please, without being termed indiscreet, principally when they practice no Gallantry; as I never

never fathom'd the resentments of a forsaken Lover, and believe that I never shall be exposed to try those of an injured Lover; 'tis not strange I never attained to the knowledge of those excellent things you have so judiciously discoursed of; I have (it may be) less experience than you, in the Estate of a Lover forsaken by his Mistress (replied *Terillus*) and have more interest than you imagine (added he, looking on *Berelisa*) in the condition of a Lover whose Mistress slights all those favours he offers to acquire her esteem; but to take my choice in these two things, I had rather continue in the same resentments I now am, to have been once affected by the person I love, though she should vary in her affection, than to believe I shall never arrive to that happiness: The event is so dubious (replied the *Ericine* Prince) that we ought never to admit of despair; we commonly use those expressions to an unhappy person, replied *Philonice*, but there is some things we may confidently say will never happen, you have reason, Madam (replied *Berelisa*, on purpose to anger *Terillus*) for by Example, when one hath a natural aversion against any person; how is it possible to vanquish it; but if it is not possible to surmount a natural aversion (replied *Artemidorus*), is there any way to subdue a violent inclination? In truth, answered the *Ericine* Prince, I believe there's much equality in these two things; and that if it is not easie to expel hatred from his heart; 'tis very difficult to banish love from thence. Ah, Sir, (replied *Berelisa*, who would not have *Artemidorus* entertain this resentment) I assure you there's divers occasions, to which our hatred may not extend, and yet they blot out our love. Who will not say (replied *Philonice*) that *Berelisa* hath had many Lovers and many Enemies, which hath experimentally taught her to frame these distinctions? and how can't be true she hath never yet had either love or hatred. Ah, Madam, replied she, her cheeks being dy'd with a modest blush, if you had remembred my true sentiments, your language would not have so far exceeded—— I pray (said *Terillus*, interrupting her, speaking to her in a low voice) do not give a clearer explication of your thoughts; for the person to whom you speak, too well knows what she hath said: *Berelisa* had answered him, had not the Prince of *Agrigentine* entred, which caused all to rise from their seats; but every one was surprised to see the Prince so soon as he was entred go directly to *Artemidorus*, and looking upon *Berelisa*, Know (said he, to her) your Prisoner is a Prisoner of importance, and that if you have profited of the Counsel I heretofore gave you, when I desired you to inflame his heart with an amorous affection, you have gained an illustrious conquest. As I believe I have not done it, replied she blushing, I think, Sir, I may say for my honour I never had any design to effect it; Conquests of this nature being more often performed when one hath the least suspicion of them, replied the *Agrigentine* Prince, 'tis therefore impossible for me to give any direct answer, but expecting till you resolve my question; let me complain of the diffidence the Prince *Artemidorus* conceived of my generosity, by concealing his true condition; at these words, every one cast their eyes on this Illustrious Prisoner, who was plunged in a deep perplexity, for he knew not whether it was *Berelisa*, or I who had made this discovery; *Berelisa*, who suspected the thoughts of *Artemidorus*, sought by her eyes to justifie her innocency; and I likewise by some private signs evidenced to him, I was not conscious of this action.

In the mean time, as his heart is great and noble, he did not much study for an answer, for seeing he was known, he did not deny the truth, but ingeniously confest it, and addressing himself to the *Agrigentine* Prince, Sir (said he to him) I intreat you to believe you are not the cause of my disguise, and those who have declared my quality, have perhaps told you that I have departed from *Leontine*, but for an interest of State. I know it very well, replied the *Agrigentine* Prince, for the Parents of fair *Clidimira*, having sent hither a man express to inform of them *Telesis*, who is to espouse her; it hapned that this man being born at *Agrigentine*, though he resided at *Leontine*; and coming hither with a desire to see this solemnity, knew you; and being born my Subject, he thought himself bound by Allegiance to discover you to me: but when he acquainted me with it (added he) it seemed he had no design, but that you should live in splendor proportionable to your Quality; for he highly exaggerated the injustice of the *Leontine* Prince, and your own Merit; neither am I resolved to use you otherwise, nor to change any thing of your Fortune, but to give order you should be treated like a Prince: for though the Treaty of *Heraclea* be not concluded, you shall receive your liberty as if your condition was not known; I offer you likewise my Court as an *Asylum*, till the Prince your Brother remits his anger, and resolves to respect you according to your merit. Your expressions are so generous (replied *Artemidorus*) that I can frame no language to reach the grandeur of your excessive Favours, immeritedly bestowed upon me, nor can I requite your generosity, but by assuring you I will unsluce the azure Conduits of my Veins for your service, whilst Honour permits me to expose my life for your Interests.

After these words the Prince of *Agrigentine* saying, 'twas time to depart, the Princess thereto disposed her self, but not till she had made an obliging complement to *Artemidorus*, to whom all the Ladies, and the rest of the company did the like; *Terillus* did likewise salute him, but with a kind of compulsive civility; for remembring all those courtesies *Berelisa* had performed to this Prisoner, he believed it may be she knew him; and had more suspicion of it, because she expressed a great emotion of joy at the generosity of the *Agrigentine* Prince, when *Cleodamas*, who came with this Prince approached her, she could not restrain her self from testifying her satisfaction. Sage *Cleodamas*, said she to him, what say you of this adventure? You who can set a just price on heroick actions, how do you esteem this action of the *Agrigentine* Prince? and how do you like the reception of it by the Prince *Artemidorus*? I find (replied *Cleodamas*) you have your part in the glory of this day, since *Artemidorus* is your Prisoner, and that you were the first who knew his merit. As *Terillus* had attentively

hearkned to the words of *Bereliſa*, his heart was enſlaved with ſuch a jealous paſſion, that ſwaying all his rational faculties, it retained Love, which was ready to forſake its reſidence. But not to intrude on your patience by reciting ſeveral things not material to this Hiſtory, I ſhall retrench them, and only tell you, that the Ladies having remounted on their Horſes, returned to *Agrigentine*, where the Prince was received with all the Ceremonies uſual in ſuch occaſions: before he departed from *Cariſalis*, he careſſed in a ſingular manner the ſage *Clodamas*, highly commending his ſumptuous entertainment: for the amiable *Philonice*, ſhe was ſo pleaſed with the delectable Scituation of his Houſe, that ſhe promiſed to retire thither ere *Cynthia* had once repaired her wained Horns, to paſs away ſome few days with more pleaſure and delight. I ſhall, Madam, tyre your attention by the recital of the Feaſt in the Princes Palace, or the Maſques and Balls, which laſted the ſpace of eight days: but ſhall only tell you, that the *Agrigentine* Prince incited by his natural genetoſity, forced *Artemidorus* to accept an equipage correſpodent to his condition; this Prince then appeared without conſtraint the moſt amiable of men, though his melancholy did eclipſe his humour; and eſteeming *Bereliſa* in a high degree, 'twas not eaſie for to vanquiſh her puiſſant inclination: As *Bereliſa* was the firſt Lady in the Court, to whom I had ſpoken, and who favoured *Artemidorus*, being my particular friend, ſhe teſtified unto me ſo much goodneſs, that I became wholly obliged to her; and ſometimes I imagined if my heart had not been already engaged, I had diſpoſed my ſelf to love her: Judging then *Artemidorus* by my ſelf, I counſelled him what I could to love *Bereliſa*. Alas, ſaid he to me, when I ſpoke to him of it, my heart is framed to love her, there's nothing I would not do to content her; and I eſteem her a thouſand times more than *Clidimira*: but I cannot raze that unfaithful perſon from my heart, & in deſpight of my anger, jealouſie and grief, my ſoul is diſturbed; when I ſuddenly hear her name pronounced, my imagination repreſents her to me, and my heart deſires her; and if my words may not be conſtrued in a degenerate ſenſe, my heart yet affects her, though ſhe is inconſtant: I am likewiſe reſolved (replied he) to re-enflame, or cure my paſſion, to write once more to *Clidimira*, to ſee if ſhe'll have the confidence to forbid me to love her, and always to deny love. I would have diverted him from his intention, becauſe I feared this perſon would flatter him with uncertain hope; but as his Deſign was abſolute, I aſſiſted him therein, commanding one of my men to carry his Letter, which contained theſe expreſſions, if my memory prove not trecherous.

The Faithful Artemidorus *to the Inconſtant* Clidimira.

YOur variable Nature (Madam) is the ſubject of all Diſcourſe; and though the Title of my Letter doth ſeem to evidence my Belief, yet I confeſs to you my doubts are not fully reſolved, till your own hand clear my ſuſpicion: I know you have given all my Letters to my Rival, that your Lines to him demonſtrate the Reality of your Affection, and that you have given him the Pourtraiture deſigned for me: Though theſe things may be convincing, your Writing only can render me happy, or undeceive me. I am perſwaded you fancy Love to acquire your repoſe during my abſence: For my part I ſhall not declare to you what affection ſways my heart, before you have reſolved my queſtion: Inform me then whether your Perfections are ſtill graced with a permanent Love, or whether your Inconſtancy hath deformed your Beauty.

Artemidorus ſomewhat ſcrupled to ſend this Letter before he had ſhewed it to *Bereliſa*, but as ſhe was the Siſter of *Teleſis*, he thought if he ſpoke to her of it, ſhe would not permit him to ſend it, at laſt he did not inſiſt on this conſideration, whereupon I gave it to one of my men, who went to *Leontine*, I having other Intereſts which obliged me to ſend thither: I know not (Madam) whether you remember I told you, that when *Teleſis* departed from the Camp to go to *Syracuſa*, where he was ſent by the *Agrigentine* Prince, who wrote to *Bereliſa*, he would go privately to *Leontine*, deſiring her to tell no perſon of it: It hapned that when *Clidimira* received the Letter of *Artemidorus*, *Teleſis* was there; you may judge then what anſwer ſhe returned to oblige the laſt, and to introduce deſpair into the firſt Lovers heart, ſhe wrote to him but theſe words, which doubtleſs were framed on purpoſe to baniſh love from the faithfull'ſt Lover Nature ever produced.

Clidimira *to* Artemidorus.

AS we ought never to engage to Love, without the Hope to be crowned with Felicity, I hold we may deſert that Love, to the end we ſhould not be plunged in miſery; therefore, Sir, Knowing the ſtars of your Fortune and mine hath diſtanced our Happineſs, I have changed my Affection, to change my Deſtiny: Forget, I pray you, all that which hath paſſed between us, as I am reſolved to bury it in Oblivion.

You may judge, Madam, this Letter quickned the anger of *Artemidorus*; for my part, I never ſaw any man more enraged after he peruſed it: What *Zenocrates* ſaid he to me, *Clidimira*! the ingrateful *Clidimira*, hath ſhe wrote unto me a Letter of this Nature, after ſhe hath buoy'd up my Love with Lines both tender and engaging! Can I ſtill preſerve an inviolate affection? Ah no, no, added he, I can hate her, I will hate her, and I already hate her, I will love another, or expire. Your thoughts are ſo various (replied I to him) that I fear you can reſolve on nothing. Ah! to hate *Clidimira* (replied he) I feel my ſelf already diſpoſed, and the difficulty is to know whether I ſhall perſevere in this hatred. If I was in your place (ſaid I to him) inſtead of perplexing my ſelf with hatred, which is an unquiet paſſion. I would aſſume love, Ah *Zenocrates*! (replied he) when one

one seeks it, 'tis not so easily found, for it commonly steals on you on a sudden; and after this adventure, I fear any more to enter the List against it; for I confess I never in the least apprehended that infelicity which hath happed; I lov'd, I was lov'd; I acted many things to please *Clidimira*, and I received from her the same demonstrations: In this condition my passion was glorious to me; I alienated my self from her to compass her repose; I never had any suspicion she would change her resentment; yet I was no sooner benighted from her piercing eyes, which had fired my soul with a beam of their mingled luster; but she deserted my love, and embraced another, thereby becoming the most unjust and unconstant Person in the World. Cannot you do by reason what she hath done by Inconstancy? replied I. Ah *Zenocrates*, said he to him, 'tis easie for you to counsel me, but 'tis not for me to pursue your counsel. Thus you see, Madam, how the spirit of *Artemidorus* was seated. As for *Berelisa*, her thoughts were divers, her aversion still reigning against *Terillus*, she had a violent inclination to *Artemidorus* of whose affections she had some expectant glympse of hope; but her heart was confusedly disturbed at her involuntary weakness. *Terillus* had both Love and Jealousie; 'tis true, he had heard *Artemidorus* was amorous at *Leontine*, but he saw him daily pay so many devoirs to *Berelisa*, which she accepted with so much satisfaction, that he repented himself for having presented this Prisoner to the *Agrigentine* Prince, not having left him concealed as he desired, he repented that he had took him; and though all his actions were noble, yet he repented for not depriving him of his life: *Artemidorus* always civilly acknowledged that curtesie he had received from him; and since his condition was discovered, he repayed him in generous and obliging terms.

In the mean time, the Treaty of Peace which appeared so nigh conclusion, was quite dissolved, so that the liberty of *Artemidorus* was as far distant as ever; 'tis true, he was not the more confined, for the Prince of *Agrigentine* suffered him to go on his Parol, highly esteeming and affecting him, though he was Brother to his Enemy; his esteem was augmented by the information he had, that the Prince of *Leontine*, having notice how *Artemidorus* was treated at *Agrigentine*, was so displeased, that he intended to declare him criminal; as if 'twas an effectual crime civily to use a Prisoner of War; and if the Princess of *Leontine* (his Sister) had not retained a part of his violence, he had accused *Artemidorus* of complotting with his Enemies, and proceeded against him as a rebellious Prince. But to enlarge his injustice, he fancied *Telesis* being at *Leontine*, and *Artemidorus* in this Court, the love of *Telesis* was but a fictive invention to carry *Clidimira* to the Prince his Brother, that 'twas but a feigned love, and specious Nuptials, and that *Clidimira* did yet affect *Artemidorus*: Being advertised *Telesis* was unknown at *Leontine*, he would have arrested him, and would have re-entomb'd *Clidimira* in the Temple of *Ceres*; as for *Telesis*, he could not have him in his power, by reason a faithful friend who concealed him, gave him notice of it, and advised him to return to *Syracusa*, where he had been sent by the *Agrigentine* Prince: For *Clidimira* she alledged her love was now extinct; but he would not credit it, neither would he believe the Tryal of the Lake of *Dela*; therefore to repose his Spirit, he designed to espouse *Clidimira* to some other; as she is opulent in riches, he found a person of Quality, who not being able to maintain himself in that garb his condition required, resolved to espouse her: But *Clidimira* was much afflicted at this new persecution, because she utterly disliked that person which was proposed to her.

In the mean time as this news was soon known at *Agrigentine*, the joy of *Artemidorus* was extream, when he had first notice of it. But *Berelisas* breast harboured inquietude; for she feared that the persecution this Virgin suffered for the consideration of this Prince, would foment his love; her fears proved not vain: The first emotion of joy being passed, *Artemidorus* became very passionate, being much afflicted because she was persecuted for the love of him; so that pity now changed that design, he had conceived to hate her: The Sun had not eight times measured this Terrestrial Globe, when there was an alteration in his thoughts; for we were informed at *Agrigentine*, *Telesis* had been secretly at *Leontine*, that *Clidimira* had invented a way to escape from the place where she was inclosed; that she was at *Syracusa* with *Telesis*, from whence he had sent to *Agrigentine* to demand permission of his Father to espouse this Virgin, and to bring her to his House, representing to him that he had already consented to the Marriage, and that the goods of *Clidimira* were of such a Nature, they might easily be transported thither.

Artemidorus hearing what *Clidimira* had done for *Telesis*, formed a resolution to banish her his heart, appearing somewhat displeased at the intended coming of *Clidimira* to *Agrigentine*: *Asranor* at first seemed highly incensed against *Telesis*; but as the Prince of *Agrigentine* is always favourable to Lovers, he straight allay'd the fury of his anger; for *Berelisa* she could not imagine what to desire; for it imported, her Brother should espouse *Clidimira*, but she wished not her company at *Agrigentine*, for fear her sight would revive love in the heart of *Artemidorus*, there was no means to obstruct it, because *Clidimira* being amiable, gained the esteem of the *Syracusian* Princess, whilst she resided there, for though this Virgin was stole away from *Leontine*, it appeared not so to every one, it being generally conjectured her Kindred had carried her from thence to free her from an injust persecution; one of her Aunts, coming with her from *Leontine*, therefore the Princess of *Syracusa*, who esteemed and loved her, wrote concerning her with so much affection to *Philonice*, that she obtained of her Father and *Asranor* what *Telesis* desired: *Berelisa* on the other side, durst not openly display the secret thoughts of her heart, and *Artemidorus* by the grandeur of his Soul, would not oppose the return of *Telesis*, since he could not solemnize his Marriage with *Clidimira*, neither did he believe in the estate he was now, he could render with honour any discourteous office to the Brother of *Berelisa*, and *Asranor's* Son, by whom he had been so civily treated during his imprisonment, he imagined how

how apprehenſive his grief would be when he ſhould ſee *Clidimira* in the arms of *Teleſis*, who had already contracted his hatred though he had never ſeen him: *Teleſis* in the mean time, knowing his affection for *Clidimira*, would not come back to *Agrigentine*, till *Hymen* had tyed that indiſſoluble knot, which none but death can diſſolve: During this negotiation, *Artemidorus* was continually with *Bereliſa*, for he alwaies lodged in the Caſtle, and as ſhe is a moſt charming perſon; the more he ſaw her, the more he eſteemed and loved her; he did not imagine his heart was betrayed to her perfections, but conceived his ſpirit would ſtill retain his love to *Clidimira*; *Bereliſa* on her part did too well perceive, that if ſhe did not yet affect *Artemidorus*, ſhe might eaſily thereto diſpoſe her ſelf.

In fine, the Spring had no ſooner cloth'd the Trees in their verdant Liveries, when *Teleſis* after he had eſpouſed *Clidimira* at *Syracuſa* brought her to *Agrigentine*, the Troops being then ready to begin the *Campagne*, *Artemidorus* whoſe grief had impaired his health, was ordered by the Phyſitians for change of air to go to a pleaſant houſe in the Precinct of *Cariſalis*, at the ſame time, as *Teleſis* brought *Clidimira* to *Agrigentine*. It likewiſe happened that *Philonice* after the departure of her father, went to the houſe of *Cleodamas* to diſſipate that melancholy his abſence had contracted, accompanied by *Bereliſa* and four or five other amiable perſons; amongſt which was one called *Lyſicoris*, to whom *Bereliſa* confided her moſt ſecret thoughts, ſhe had not yet declared to her, her inclination for *Artemidorus*; but ſhe had acquainted her with her averſion for *Terillus*, his unhappineſs could receive no addition, he being jealous, his affection ſlighted, and being forced to go to the Army, and to leave *Artemidorus* with *Bereliſa*.

Things were on thoſe terms when *Teleſis* and *Clidimira* arrived at *Agrigentine*, as ſhe had Letters from the Princeſs of *Syracuſa* to *Philonice*, ſhe went the next day to *Cariſalis*, where ſhe ſaw her Siſter in Law, ſhe having a noble and ſprightly air, extreamly pleaſed *Philonice* who admitted her into her Chamber, and after ſome diſcourſe went with her to *Bereliſa*, who ſecretly wiſhed ſhe might not appear amiable to her; but ſhe was conſtrained to alter her deſire, and to confeſs ſhe was indowed with ſome charming features; *Philonice* thinking to pleaſe *Bereliſa*, intreated her to ſtay at *Cariſalis*; and *Bereliſa* not willing to oppoſe her was forced to thank the Princeſs for a civility which would conduce to her affliction: *Artemidorus* who was preſcribed ſome remedies to diſperſe his diſeaſe went not for ſome daies to the houſe of *Cleodamas*, and being very melancholy he had rather not ſee *Bereliſa*, who was his ſole conſolation, then to ſee ſo many other perſons; ſo that 'twas his onely divertiſement to breath his languiſhing thoughts, when night began to mantle the skie with a gloomy ſhade, nigh that little River I formerly mentioned, which travelled with its ſilver ſtreams through a delightful vale; for as heat did at this time uſurp the moſt part of the day, the evening and morning were onely commodious to invite our recreations; *Artemidorus* then every night repairing to this amiable place, commonly left his men a remote diſtance from thence, he one time deſcended, his melancholy not permitting him to note his way, into a little Grove, ore-ſpread with cloſe compacted buſhes, not far from a place where this little River formed a Demi-circle between two Meadows; but as he was ready to leave this little Wood, he ſpied through the buſhes many women at the brink of this pleaſant River, and it ſeemed to him his ears were invaded by *Clidimira's* voyce; for you muſt know this night all the Ladies who were with the Princeſs *Philonice* amongſt whom were *Bereliſa* and *Clidimira*, had deſigned to bath themſelves in this delightful place. When *Artemidorus* firſt perceived them, they began to re-inveſt themſelves with their apparel, 'tis not eaſie to divine his thoughts when he heard *Clidimira's* voice, ſince anger and hatred with ſome interval of pleaſure, mixt with curioſity did then ſurprize him, ſeeing he might make a nigher approach, he ſoftly ſtole between thoſe buſhes, till he had attained one which might ſhelter him from the Ladies ſight, and from whence he might over-hear their diſcourſe, when he was there, he looked upon the Ladies, who though newly come out of the Bath, were in ſuch a modeſt manner, they might not fear the ſight of the moſt curious eye, amongſt thoſe Ladies *Artemidorus* ſpyed *Clidimira*: hardly had he given paſſage to his regards, when he ſaw *Bereliſa* nigh her, but in a different nature, all the Charms of *Clidimira* being Epitomized in her face, her hands lean and ſqualid, her breaſt deformed, and not any part matching the agreement of her eyes, *Bereliſa's* hands are ſhaped with exact proportion, her breaſt white as ſnow, and all her other parts correſpondent, the beauty of the one diſplaying the defects in the other, *Artemidorus* was highly pleaſed at this ſight, imagining *Bereliſa's* husband would receive a far greater happineſs then *Clidimira's*. In fine, Madam theſe Idea's were ſo ſtrongly imprinted in his ſpirit, that when the fear of being ſeen commanded his retirement, he contemplated the remainder of the night, the ones beauty, and the others defect, remembring the infidelity of *Clidimira*, and all thoſe curteſies *Bereliſa* had conferred upon him, his perſon likewiſe did wholly employ their thoughts whilſt darkneſs blinded the World, they not imagining themſelves the objects which kept unſealed the incloſure of his eyes, for though *Clidimira* had the confidence to juſtifie her actions, ſhe fled the ſight of *Artemidorus*, and 'twas not poſſible for her to remember ſo many teſtimonies of affection ſhe had beſtowed upon him, without being confuſed at her inconſtancy: *Bereliſa* both feared and deſired this interview; for if *Artemidorus* ſhould never ſubmit his heart to her love, ſhe would have ſome ſatisfaction if he deſerted *Clidimira*, in theſe thoughts ſhe wiſhed the concluſion of this dangerous occaſion, fearing there might happen ſomething which might cloud her propitious fortune; for ſhe had acquired ſo much eſteem with *Artemidorus*, that to her his thoughts wore no cover; but as ſhe would not be too curious in prying into his Actions, ſhe intreated her dear *Liſicoris* to obſerve with a vigilant eye the Paſſages betwixt *Clidimira* and this Prince, ſhe did not relate to her the cauſe of her curioſity, though ſhe was one of her deareſt friends,

colouring

colouring it over with her Brothers intereſt; for 'tis more difficult for a woman adorned both with ſpirit and vertue to confeſs a violent inclination to any perſon, who doth not expreſs his love to her, then to avow ſhe favours a Lovers paſſion, as the laſt adventure had armed *Artemidorus* againſt the charming force of *Clidimira's* eyes, knowing that if he went not to viſit the Princeſs at *Cleodamas* his houſe, ſhe would prevent him by coming to him, he determined to wait on her after dinner, which ſurprized the company, they not imagining the ſtate of his health had yet licenced him to leave his Chamber. When *Philonice* was informed of his arrival, ſhe was in the great Hall, I have formerly mentioned, no ſooner did *Clidimira* and *Bereliſa* caſt their eyes on this Prince, but their faces were ſhaded with a crimſon colour, which even planted his Cheeks with bluſhes; he could not conjecture whether this agitation proceeded ſtom his new or ancient love, confuſion did at this time ſo diſtract his ſenſes. In fine, after he had ſaluted *Philonice*, ſhe preſented *Clidimira* to this Prince, and knowing what accidents had formerly happened between them, ſhe did not ingage them in any long diſcourſe, but ſpoke to *Artemidorus*, who ſeeing now only the beauties of *Clidimira*, was glad he had diſcovered the diſſimilitude of her other parts, ſhe being ſo diſcreet that her hands never lay open to the ſight of any perſon, her breaſt was masqu'd with a pleated ſcarf, which barred the eye from deſcrying her deformed features, ſo that if any one had ſeen her dreſſed after this mode, would have judged the whole compoſure of her body proportionable to the ſplendor of her eyes; but *Artemidorus* contraryed this opinion, her defects being now as apparent to him, as if they had been viſible; for *Bereliſa*, he knowing the pure whiteneſſe of her breaſt, and the perfect ſhape of her hands, admired her modeſty for not diſcloſing thoſe things, which *Clidimira* concealed through affectation; and concluding it an effect of her vertue, began to feel his heart retreating from *Clidimira's* love, to be ſtormed with *Bereliſa's* perfections: as *Clidimira's* ſpirit was a little diſquieted, it ſtopt the Organs of her ſpeech, which incited *Bereliſa's* deſire to wing away the time in pleaſant diſcourſes; 'tis true her ſpirit was not yet re-ſtated in its former tranquillity; but knowing how far her beauty ſurpaſs'd *Clidimira's*, her joy framed her to this agreeable humour; *Philonice* after a little ſtay in the Hall, went into the Wood followed by *Cleodamas* and all this company; at firſt they diſcourſed of the beauty of the place, and clearneſs of the day, but the company being ſtrayed into theſe divers alleys; fortune placed *Artemidorus* between *Bereliſa* and *Clidimira*, all three were ſurprized to hear no words break from each others lips; the unfaithful Miſtreſs durſt not ſpeak to *Artemidorus* before her ſiſter, to appeaſe the diſtemper of his ſpirit, cauſed by the levity of her former actions; and *Bereliſa* willing to ſee to whom *Artemidorus* would addreſs his ſpeech, did not unlock the ſilence of her harmonious voice: this Prince not knowing in what language to expreſs himſelf, in the preſence of theſe two perſons, expected one of their tongues to ſupply its office; in this manner they arrived to a Balcony at the end of this Ally, where *Philonice*, *Cleodamas* and *Lyſicoris* ſtayed his coming; the Princeſs ſeeing them walk in this mute poſture, ſcarce taking notice of her, demanded of *Artemidorus* on what ſubject he entertained the attention of theſe two amiable perſons. I aſſure you (replied *Bereliſa* not giving this Prince leiſure to ſhape an anſwer) my ſiſter and I are not jealous of what *Artemidorus* hath ſaid, for he hath been ſo ſparing of his words, that he hath ſpoken no more to one then to another. I had more to ſay to one then another, replyed he, but I did not think it convenient to declare my thoughts; for my part (added *Clidimira*) being a ſtranger here, I did not imagine my ſelf obliged to begin any diſcourſe; for my particular (added *Bereliſa*) I am ſo pleaſed with my own idle fancies, that my words would have been a pennance to me for interrupting my ſweet repoſe: it ſeems to me (replied *Cleodamas*) that the fancies of ſuch an excellent perſon (as *Bereliſa*) if ſhe declared the ſubject of them, would produce much delight; for it only appertains to thoſe who have tender hearts, to be skilled in the pleaſures of a certain pleaſing deliberation, which diverts the ſpirit, and ſo ſweetly ſeduces reaſon, that one cannot define its inticing allurements: 'Tis true (replied *Bereliſa*) all mens humours do not comply with this delightful dotage, and there's many ſpeak of it, who believe it only conſiſts in licencing their Spirits rather to the motions of their hearts, then to the conduct of this imperious reaſon, to enjoy our pleaſant fancies we muſt let our ſpirits wander up and down, confine them no where, we muſt have ſomething in our ſouls which whiſpers no diſturbance, our temper muſt be inclining to Melancholy, we muſt think on ſomething which pleaſes us, and we muſt be capable of a certain Lethargie of the ſenſes, which imprints belief in all our thoughts, and the uſe of reaſon muſt be for ſome time ſuſpended; I ſay, we muſt but confuſedly hearken to the ſinging of the Birds, or the murmuring of the Springs, neither muſt our eyes diſtinguſh the diverſity of colours. Ah *Bereliſa*, cryed *Cleodamas*, you deſcribe theſe fancies too clearly to be ignorant of them. If idle Imaginations were a crime (replyed ſhe) I would ſubſcribe to your opinion, but as they are the moſt innocent pleaſures, I confeſs I know them, and that I ſometimes prefer them before all company whatſoever. But you do not dream (replyed *Philonice*) that you have ſaid, to draw theſe fancies to the life, there muſt be ſomething in our hearts which doth not diſpleaſe us. Pardon me Madam (replyed *Bereliſa*) but that ſomething I have named, is not that ſomething you imagine. I aſſure you (replyed *Artemidorus*) that if one mention ſomething that you have done, it will admit of no other explication then that of the Princeſs. Whatever it ſhould be (ſaid *Cleodamas*) I ſhould think that man happy which ſhould inſinuate into *Bereliſas* heart, that ſhe hath called ſomething, which in a vulgar expreſſion is termed Love. *Bereliſa* bluſhed at this diſcourſe, and fortune conducting *Terillus* to this place, they changed the ſubject of their converſation: on the contrary, *Philonice* finding her ſelf on a ſquare Baſe of ſtone on the right hand from the houſe as one aſcends the high

high alley, *Cleodamas* sent for several embroider'd Cushions for the Ladies, who seated themselves in divers ranks on the two sides of this Marble stone, leaving the middle void, lest any person should hinder the sight of the Princess *Philonice*, as a mark of distinction from the rest, *Cleodamas* placed the Cushions destined for this Princess, at the foot of a fair Tree, whose distended branches served as an *Umbrella* to shadow her from the Sun's heat. All the company being seated, 'twas the fortune of *Terillus* to be next *Clidimira*, and of *Artemidorus* to be next *Bereliſa*; for *Lyſiceris*, she was next *Cleodamas* *Philonice* seeing these two dear friends separated, ask'd *Bereliſa* if she was not jealous to see *Lyſiceris* leave her for *Cleodamas*? Ah Madam (said *Terillus*, whose Jealousie even consumed his vital spirits) Do not so much injure Jealousie, as to believe it can be found in friendship, and do not deprive love of that thing wherein its power is effectually seen. *Bereliſa* who knew what consequence he would draw from his own words, opposed him, demanding (in an angry voice) on what reason he built his conjectures, that he durst affirm Jealousie belonged more to Love then Friendship? For my part said *Artemidorus*, as I never had but the Jealousie of Love, because my friends have always proved constant, I cannot give any satisfactory answer to this question. For my particular (added *Clidimira*, not seeming to take notice of what the Prince had said) I believe that as there is not a long love without Jealousie, so there is no Jealousie without Love; and that it cannot be admitted in friendship. For my part, said *Philonice*, I am such an enemy to Jealousie, that I dare not give my Judgement of it: I therefore constitute the sage *Cleodamas* to be the Soveraign Judge when *Bereliſa* and *Terillus* have alledged all they can to assert their opinions. I consent to't said *Bereliſa*: and I likewise said *Terillus*; whose Jealousie pressing him to speak, and he beginning to attaque *Bereliſa*, she declared she would not be denyed from interrupting *Terillus* when her fancy prompted her to do it. I consent thereto said he, on condition you will grant me the same liberty; but to speak ingenuously, added he, I think you will have sufficient difficulty to confute my reasons, without desiring that permission. There's none so ignorant said he, but knows Love produces Jealousie, and that they are inseparable concomitants; and that that which is called Jealousie in Friendship, resembles not the true Jealousie. Is it not certain that Jealousie is the violentest of Passions? That 'tis more sensible then Love which produces it? 'tis restless, cloudy, and sometimes furious? That 'tis capable to inspire all crimes, that it transports one to revenge, and that it often excites a man to dye his hands in blood? It admitting then this definition, can we believe it may proceed from Friendship, and that such a tumultuous Passion can spring from such a pleasing and peaceful Mother? To speak truth, Jealousie is an effect so necessary in Love, that one cannot be wounded with the Darts of Love, without being poysoned with the stings of Jealousie: For, if one hath no Rival, it receives production from several other things: By a Jealous resentment one envies the glory of the beloved object; one desires alwaies to be with her, to entertain her alone, to admire and adore her, one would have sometimes so much Jealousie essentially attach'd to Love, that the Beloved person should not love none of her acquaintance, that she should have no manner of attachment for sensible things, and I know not whether one would have her love her self, unless for the love of another; I know there's some injustice in these fantastick thoughts, but I likewise know that a prudent love is no love; and that the disorders of this passion which are blemished by no crime, compose the most sensible pleasure. Judge then if Jealousie which is the greatest irregularity of love, and from whence proceeds the most various subjects, can be found in friendship: For if you are not ignorant that this kind of affection is ordinarily produced more by reason than inclination, and that if the proper effects of things were ascribed to their right causes, Friendship would be termed a necessary effect of merit and virtue, since Friendship sways men to love all those who deserve esteem; but if it should not be so, 'tis true, there's friendship for many persons, and if one should yield to your opinion, there would be many jealousies which would be the terriblest things imaginable: All the world should then be filled with crimes, and as there's none but either love many, or one particular person, it would follow all the world should be jealous, and every one would seek to destroy or hate each other; and it may be a man would be so unhappy to have resentments of Jealousie mixed with the friendship of his Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Kinsmen, Friends, Wife, Slaves, and Mistress. You exaggerated this so pleasantly (replied *Bereliſa*) that I am much pleased at it, for when one is constrained to insert agreeable things, when solid reasons are necessary, 'tis an infallible sign one maintains a wrong part. What (replied *Terillus*) do you believe that by explaining to you 'tis possible to have many friendships and many Jealousies, my reasons are more pleasant than solid? If you could prove your words (replied *Bereliſa*) I would not have said that which I have done, but far from consenting to that opinion, I pretend one cannot love nothing of which one might not be jealous: For without examining if there's reason to term jealousie a passion, or if one ought to consider it as a simple effect of the tenderness of our heart; let's look upon't in its self, Jealousie is not to speak properly, but a violent desire to preserve that we either affect or possess, and to hinder another from the enjoyment of that we would attain the possession: From whence I conclude, we may be jealous of all that we love, and that we cannot love anything without Jealousie. I know this resentment is sometimes so weak, that those which have it have no perception of it, but when 'tis so, 'tis doubtless that the attachment we have, which gives such a feeble Jealousie, is not great, and that those which have it, have a confiding Spirit, which makes them repose so much trust on their own Fortune, that they believe no power able to destroy that which they have once gained. But after all, whosoever loves any thing, wishes the possession of it, and desires to possess it when he hath acquired it, he hath even an inquietude to preserve it, proportionable to the inclination and reason which has

first it in his thoughts; so that the jealousie is stronger or weaker, according to the power of the attachment, and 'tis that which without doubt makes the difference between those effects the jealousie of love inspires, and those which are produced by friendship; but the difference which is seen between these two jealousies, are sometimes found in jealousies caused by the same passion: For Lovers are not equally jealous, the diversity of their Temperament and Fortune altering their resentments; and though they all have jealousie, yet perhaps in theirs is as much difference as between that of Love and Friendship: There's jealous persons who evaporate their sighs, complaints, and tears, in amorous verses; there's some whom Jealousie makes to compose a Song, and there's others whom it deprives of reason and vertue, who have recourse to Steel and Poyson, to carve out their revenge on the person they love; but this diversity doth not hinder that the jealous Lover, who only makes a Song to testifie his Jealousie, should not be effectively jealous, since 'tis true one cannot otherwise name a certain resentment which is produced in our heart, with the desire to acquire something of what nature soever: But to speak of Friendship, I affirm that though 'tis prudent, it cannot be tender, unless it be infected with a little Jealousie; I know that the jealousie of Friendship doth not take from us the light of our reason, and that it doth not make us act such fantastical things as the jealousie of Love; but Friendship is not tender, if we do not desire to be preferred before others, if we do not do all things we can imagine to effect it, if we have not some despite when we believe we have not attained our desires, if we are not displeased at those who we see preferred before us, and if we take neither care nor inquietude to preserve what we have gained; you will it may be tell me we may see a thousand and a thousand which have no sensibility of what you have alledged: To that I will answer, there are many persons who believe they love when they have no affection, and who call Friendship a kind of Society, or necessary commerce of life; but when I speak of Friendship, I mean an effective Friendship both tender and solid, of a Friendship where there is a commutation of hearts and secrets: Every one is not jealous according to the proportion of his Friendship, neither doth every one seat it in its right place; but to speak sincerely these luke-warm friendships do not produce violent Jealousies, no more than that love which tunes our Spirits to a musical harmony: But that doth not shew that Friendship doth not produce jealousie, at least I know I have sustained it for *Lysicoris*, for I remember when she once went into the Country without bidding me adieu, I was extremely grieved at it; 'tis not but that I am an enemy of all constraint and ceremony, but because she gave her farewel to another of her friends that she ought not to respect so much as me: I was extremely displeased; and I complained a thousand times of her, and even hated her whom she had visited. But it may be (replied *Terillus* looking on her) you have sometimes Love, not thinking you have any: No, replied she blushing, for I assure you I know so well how to distinguish Friendship, Hatred, and Jealousie, that if I had love it were difficult to deceive me. But is it possible (said *Terillus*) you can call Jealousie all those light despites that a resentment of glory produces in friendship, when that one renders you not the Justice you think to merit? But is it possible (replied *Berelisa*) that you doubt Friendship hath not its Jealousies as well as Love? That which makes me doubt of it (replied *Terillus*) is, that I am perswaded Jealousie is not but an effect of the irregularity of Love; and that Friendship cannot have the same irregularity, neither can it have Jealousie. But Friendship (replied *Berelisa*) hath it not all that which is found in love? It hath little cares and great services, it contains the desire to please, complacency is always thereto annexed, there is likewise of the favours of Friendship effective confidences, and of trifling secrets; one esteems the letters of his friends absence is not rude, Presence is sweet, and in fine, there is found in a tender Friendship all that one can attribute to a tender Love. But, replied *Terillus*, Do not you comprehend that one cannot be jealous but of that one possesses, or may possess? And that being so, one cannot have Jealousie in Friendship; sure 'tis true that our friends cannot be absolutely ours; for take the perfectest friend in the world, if he hath a Mistress, he will be oftner with his Mistress than Friend; so that Friendship giving nothing which might solely depend on us, it is impossible to be as jealous as if one had a Mistress: But as solid Friendship is too little divertising, Love is robb'd of divers things which have dependance only on it; so that those little cares, and all those things of which you have spoken, are become its mode by Usurpation: But for Jealousie, believe me *Berelisa*, it hath ever appertained to Love, neither can it be admitted to any passion but this. But how call you that I felt for *Lysicoris*, replied *Berelisa*? for I would be more loved by her than another: I should be angry if I was less, I would know her thoughts, I would have her if she is in love with any one, to declare it to me; and I should never suffer her without much distemper to write to any of her friends, without shewing me the Letter: And I very well know the commotion of my Spirit proceeds from Jealousie; I even hold (added she) that the Jealousie of Friendship is more Jealousie, if I may so say, than the Jealousie of Love; for as it retains Reason still entire, the least effects it produceth in a friends heart, ought to be more considered than those it produceth in a Lovers: But in what place may we see jealous Friends, (replied *Terillus*) who have their eyes wandring, their tincture pale, their humour melancholy, and their spirits disquieted through excess of their Jealousie? But in what place, replied *Berelisa*, have you seen Friends which receive contempts without grief, which patiently suffer tepedity, oblivion, indifferency, and irregularity when they believe they are neglected by a new Friendship. I confess it would be difficult for me (replied *Terillus*) to shew you a friend so patient to suffer all those things you have named without resentment; but I call it despite, and not jealousie: And for my part (replied *Berelisa*) I will call revenge all the resentments of a jealous person after your mode, but to speak rationally, as Love and Friendship derive their Original from the heart, and that we know not how to love nothing but by a certain universal cause, which forms all Loves and Friendships in the world, there is likewise in the heart

of all men, as well a jealous as an amorous disposition, and this disposition acts doubtless more or less violently (as I have told you) according to the form of the affection which causes it, according to the subjects one hath to entertain Jealousie, and according to the temper of men which are capable of it: To speak truly, Friendship being no other thing than an imperfect Love, it would be strange if the inseparable concomitant of Love doth not follow it, though not with all those torments and punishments it trails often after it in a Lovers heart. Therefore I entreat the sage *Cleodamas*, who ought to be our Judge, to condemn you to have an eternal Jealousie in all manners imaginable, and to execute his arrest. I offer my self (added she with a malicious smile) to solicit all the persons you the most love to give you cause to be jealous: *Terillus* would have answered *Berelisa*, but the last thing she said having framed the company to laughter, he had an extreme despite, and could not have retained himself; if the Princess, who noted his grief, had not turned towards *Cleodamas* to tell him he should pronounce his sentence on this question in which so many were interessed. As universal as Jealousie should be (replied *Cleodamas*) it appears Madam, that you are not a little jealous of your authority, by commanding me to speak before you, but at least (added he) do me the honour to give me your advice, and permit me to take the opinion of all the Company: No, no, replied *Philonice*, I would know your pure resentments in this occasion, before I declare mine. Since 'tis so, replied he, permit me to render exact justice, and to begin by the Elogium of *Terillus*, for he without doubt so ingeniously sustained. Jealousie appertains not but to love, that if *Berelisa* had less spirit and eloquence, I should have been exposed to have given an injust arrest: But to speak sincerely, she hath so couragiously defended the part of truth, that 'tis to no purpose I should declare their jealousie in Friendship as well as jealousie in Love, and that if there are found friends without Jealousie when they have cause to have it, there are friends without tenderness, which unjustly usurp a quality they do not merit, since 'tis absolute impossible to have a durable love without some stains of jealousie. Nevertheless to clear up the spirits of *Terillus* for asserting a grand error; I believe as he hath more love than friendship, he knows not but one kind of jealousie, and judging others by himself, he hath believed there would be no jealous friends: On the contrary, *Berelisa* who knows by her own experience that Friendship gives Jealousie, and who perhaps hath lovers to whom she hath given it, hath been better instructed than *Terillus*, and hath so admirably maintained her part, that I am forced to pronounce my arrest, and Crown her with the Victory. In effect, I declare none can better sustain the truth, than *Berelisa* hath defended hers, she having acquired the sole advantage of the dispute. I therefore entreat her (added *Cleodamas*) to moderate her resentment, and not to wish that *Terillus* who knows so ingeniously to defend a bad cause, should have at one time so many different jealousies; for the jealousie of friendship if there is any, replied *Terillus*, I do not fear to have it, but for the jealousie of Love if I have it, I shall be very much deceived if *Berelisa* takes it from me: She is doubtless more fit to give than to take away, replied *Philonice* rising from her Seat; I assure you Madam, replied *Berelisa*, that I know not how to do neither the one nor the other; but in the choice of these two, I had rather give this evil to whom I would than desire to heal it, for the power to give replied *Terillus*, one must have given it another before, and for to cure, one must take the first one hath given.

As I know not how to divine Enigma's, replied *Berelisa*, I cannot answer to what you say; if you desire said *Terillus*, I will more clearly explain it to you: It is better (replied *Philonice*, beginning to walk for fear *Berelisa* would give him too severe an answer) at this time no farther to insist on it, for *Berelisa* is now in such an humour, she will not understand what she desires not to hear: After this all the company began to direct their steps towards the house, for *Artemidorus* he was so melancholy that he scarce knew the subject of their discourse on, and his passion for *Berelisa* did so much possess his Spirit that his former love for *Clidimira* seemed almost extinct, his soul was likewise so suspended between love and hatred, that he would not speak to *Clidimira* for to complain of her, nor to *Berelisa* for to tell her he feared she had too much cured his love for her Sister: *Berelisa* and *Clidimira* explained his melancholy in the same manner, for *Berelisa* thought *Artemidorus* was buried in this misery because he yet loved *Clidimira*, and *Clidimira* imagined that this Prince yet loved her, so that maugre her inconstancy she had some slight compassion; but for *Berelisa* she had a strange delight to see *Artemidorus* should be so little sensible of the outrage he had received, that he should yet affect *Clidimira*, though her affection lay not open to the discovery of every person, she could not eternally hide her grief from *Lysicoris* who perceived it, and demanded one night from whence it proceeded, as they were leaning over a Balcony at the end of the high Alley. When *Cynthia* with her borrowed light repaired the essence of her brothers lamp, and silence so reigned in this fair solitude not troubled by the agitation of the leaves, that *Lysicoris* and *Berelisa* cast forth two or three sighs, and desiring to know the reason of them, I pray said she to her, tell me what makes you sigh? for I confess I am ignorant of the cause thereof: Your fortune is happy, the Princess prefers you before her other attendants, you are beautiful and in the flower of your age, you have naturally both spirit and vertue, and you command the affection of all: Ah *Lysicoris*, replied she, a sigh stealing from her heart, you are a flatterer: Truly, replied she, I do not flatter you; it is certain I know men whose affections are changed to you, but none who desire not your love, yet you are melancholy, you fly company and sigh, not willing to declare the subject of them; do not you repent your rigor to *Terillus*, and dare you not through pride publickly confess it? No, replied *Berelisa*, and I can assure you the more *Terillus* loves me, the more he becomes insupportable to me: I know he is magnanimous, and is advantaged by a great spirit yet he hath many other things which displease me. 'Tis true, replied *Lysicoris*, his body is not of so perfect a composure as that of *Artemidorus*, but it seems to me love should not solely submit to beauty; and if I am not deceived there are other qualities more essential than this: 'Tis true, added she,

she, if this Prince was the Rival of *Terillus*, I should think you had reason to prefer him, for he hath not only a more graceful deportment; but more affability and vertue, but as you know if he is yet amorous, it is certainly of your Sister, and *Terillus* being the completest of our Court, you act too much injustice by treating him with such severity: It is needless to know whether it is justice or injustice, replied *Berelisa*, but I confess to you, I would have you discover if *Berelisa* loves my sister, and if you desire to be informed what thoughts possess my heart when I sigh, they only spring from my Brothers interest, and from the apprehension I have that *Artemidorus* and *Clidimira* renew their former gallantry; the face of *Artemidorus* appears masqued with so much melancholy since the arrival of my Sister. I have noted it as well as you, replied *Lysicoris*, but others sigh not in such a manner for a Brothers interest, and your words varied from true sincerity, when you invented the precedent expressions. What would you have me tell you, replied *Berelisa*: I would know, replied *Lysicoris*, from whence proceeds these sighs: Really, replied she, I think *Artemidorus* hath occasioned them: If so, you are captive to your Prisoner, replied *Lysicoris*, for I am assured when one breaths forth such heart-breaking sighs as yours, they must of necessity proceed from an amorous tenderness You are so knowing in sighs, replied *Berelisa*, that one may imagine your life hath been but a continual suspiration. If I have not sighed, replied she, I have seen many sigh, but the sighs of love differ from others, and if you will speak sincerely, confess to me those sighs I have heard were not produced by domestick affairs or ordinary accidents: If they were sighs of Jealousie, replied *Berelisa*, what would you say of them? I should much murmur, replied she, for they must then proceed from a concealed passion which precedes it. Murmur then, answered *Berelisa* turning her head, since 'tis too true for my misfortune, that my heart is infected with a terrible jealousie, though I have no violent affection: Ah *Berelisa*, replyed *Lysicoris*, that cannot be, and if you are very jealous, you must doubtless have much love; in truth replyed she, I feel nothing but jealousie, if so replyed *Lysicoris*, you feel more grief then pleasure; 'tis not so replyed *Berelisa*, but 'tis that I dare not tell you, for the confusion of it hath almost prescribed limits to my life; but it may be there's something more contemptuous, replyed *Lysicoris*, then to confess one hath jealousie; yes replyed *Berelisa*, and if 'twas not that I conceive it expedient for me, you should know the secret of my heart, to endeavour to know that of anothers, and the more easily to conceal mine from the rest of the world, I should never tell it you, though you have ever been the confident of all my secrets; you have then a strange secret replyed *Lysicoris*, more strange then you can imagine replyed *Berelisa*, since in word my dear *Lysicoris*, I swear I have a simple desire in my heart to be affected by *Artemidorus*, in the mean time it gives me such a violent jealousie, that I fear I cannot conceal it, for since my sister-in-law came hither, such melancholy cogitations so benight his pleasing humour, that I doubt not but he yet loves her; believe me *Berelisa*, replyed *Lysicoris*, when one ardently desires the love of any person, there must needs be a strong affection to the desired party. In truth replyed she, I do not believe I love *Artemidorus*, but I would not have him love *Clidimira*; he hath so much friendship for you replyed *Lysicoris*, that I believe if he loves her, and you demand satisfaction in that point, he will not deny it; if I was not the sister of *Telesis* answered she, I should ere this have demanded it: 'Tis not added this fair Virgin rather then to remain in this incertitude; I resolve in the end to speak to him of it, but as I fear he'll divine 'tis not the interest of *Telesis* which frames my curiosity; I should be much perplexed to execute my design, though hitherto I have had sufficient power over my self not to perform any action, or speak any word, which might give any occasion to *Artemidorus* to suspect I had any particular inclination for him, for in fine I love glory, and I so much wish the estimation of this Prince, that if I should not be severe by my own vertue, I should be cruel for the love of him; those Madam were the resentments of *Berelisa*, those of *Clidimira* were of another nature, for when she thought *Artemidorus* yet affected her, she was more confused at her infidelity, then ever she had been before; 'tis not that she would renovate her affection with this Prince, for she hath vertue, but she at least would not have been displeased if she could have excused her self to him. As she considered she could not easily effect it, she avoided him as much as possible she could; for *Artemidorus* he fled every one, his grief was so extream to find himself amorous of *Berelisa*; 'tis not but he wished he might be in love with *Berelisa* in the first transports of his anger, but he wished it when he did not think 'twould arrive, so that now feeling himself in a different estate, he contrary'd his former wishes, but they proved ineffectual, for the defects of *Clidimira* and her infidelity were so recent in his memory, that they banished from his heart his precedent love; on the contrary, *Berelisa* appeared to him both amiable and charming. The great care *Clidimira* us'd to hide her deformity, and the little care of *Berelisa* to shew her excelling features, did produce such a strange operation in his thoughts that *Artemidorus* despised the one, and esteemed the other; but after all, he saw he had better not ingage himself to love *Berelisa*: if there had been no other reason but that this fair Virgin was a Princess, whose Father was enemy to the *Leontine* Prince his Brother, who would doubtless say when he had notice of it, that he thought only to love his enemies. As his reason was already accustomed to yield to his love, his greatest grief was, to think that perhaps he might not be loved, for *Terillus* seemed to him a discreet man, and he feared to share his fortune, he knew *Berelisa* had more friendship for him then *Terillus*, but his friendship ever disquieted him, and he thought t'was an easie matter to compass the love of any person which had but indifferency for him, then a Virgin who was already of his intimate acquaintance; for *Terillus* he was altogether unhappy, he was a lover, his love was rejected, he was Jealous, and not without cause, he must go to the Camp and leave his Rival with his Mistress,

but mauger ſo many melancholy thoughts; the charming *Philonice* made the ſociety at *Ceriſalis* appear very agreeable; the ſage *Cleodamas* likewiſe deſirous to ever uſe the memory of her reſidence there, parted all the Alleys and Cabinets of the wood, between ten or twelve perſons who compoſed the pleaſures of this illuſtrious Princeſs and fixt inſcriptions at the end of every Alley, conſonant to the humours of thoſe perſons from whom they derived their names; he gave likewiſe names to the little paths which croſſed this amiable wood, and he called one the Alley of ſighs, becauſe it ſeemed a fit place to caſt forth a ſecret ſigh: 'twas in this that *Berelisa* not thinking him to be there, having found *Artemidorus* alone whilſt the reſt of the company were in the great Alleys, heard this Prince ſigh; he had not yet any deſign to tell her he loved her, neither had ſhe any intention to ſpeak to him in particular, but a caſual accident making them meet in this Alley, preſented them with an opportunity, they little expected; as they both ſought this place of the wood to flie all diſcourſe, they bluſhed when they ſaw one another, they explained not the change of their colour as they ought; for *Artemidorus* believed the modeſty of *Berelisa* made her bluſh, and *Berelisa* imagined the alteration of his countenance proceeded from his being ſurpriſed in an amorous deliration for *Clidimira*, whom he ought to blot out of his remembrance, ſhe having ſtained her vertue by her unfaithful levity, and the curioſity ſhe had in her ſoul becoming more ſtrong; confeſs the truth ſaid ſhe to him, her cheeks being replanted with bluſhes. You are not ſo vindicative as you imagine, and you yet permitted the inconſtant *Clidimira* a firmer ſeat in your heart then her mutable affection might claim: Nevertheleſs added ſhe, I will believe you conſtrain your ſelf for the love of me, for I preſuppoſe it's becauſe *Clidimira* is my Siſter that you flie her, that you do not ſpeak to her, and that you ſee not the occaſion to eſſay to revenge your ſelf of her infidelity. I ingeniouſly confeſs replyed *Artemidorus*, (looking on her with an amorous eye) you are the cauſe that I flie *Clidimira*, but charming *Berelisa*, 'tis not by the reaſon you imagine; No, no, replyed *Berelisa*, invent not a deluding ſincerity to puniſh me for my raſery; for in fine, ſince the firſt inſtant you have reviewed *Clidimira*, you are not the ſame as before, and the change of your humour is ſo great every one takes notice of it. I confeſs to you I am ſurpriſed at it, for 'tis true, *Clidimira* hath performed ſuch unworthy actions, that I conceive not how you ſhould yet retain your love: ah if I have any for *Clidimira* cryed he; I intreat the Gods *Berelisa* ſhould never have any for *Artemidorus*, though he cannot hope to be happy unleſs he is once honoured with *Berelisa's* affection. I pray, replyed this Virgin with much aſtoniſhment, do not anſwer in this manner, a perſon who ſpeaks to you ſeriouſly as a faithful friend. I pray Madam, replied he, do not thus anſwer a perſon who ſpeaks to you with ſincerity, and as a faithful Lover reſtrain me from the ſentiments of *Terillus*; and do not cruciſie me more by your rigour, than *Clidimira* hath done by her inconſtancy.

Whilſt *Artemidorus* thus ſpoke, *Berelisa's* ſpirit was in a deep diſquietude, for ſhe knew not with what temper to receive theſe expreſſions of the Prince: She ſaw doubtleſs in his eyes and viſage all the ſigns of an ardent love, and the tone of his voice juſtified his ſincerity; but fearing *Artemidorus* would deceive her, to have a pretext more eaſily to ſee *Clidimira*, her ſpirit was enraged, and not to expoſe her ſelf to ſuch an adventure, ſhe thus ſpoke to him: Sir, ſaid ſhe, a ſerious gravity being ſeated in her face, though it is not my cuſtom to remember any perſons of thoſe courteſies they have received from me, yet I entreat you to recal into your memory the intention I ever had to render your reſtraint more pleaſing. I pray Madam, ſaid he interrupting her, change not your thoughts I conjure you, and act as favourably for a Prince, who will be always ſettered in your Chains, as you have acted for your unknown Priſoner: But to begin to do it (added he) believe (if you pleaſe) I am ſincere, that I love you a thouſand times more than I ever loved *Clidimira*: Yes, charming *Berelisa*, I have learned to love by ſerving her, and you alone have taught me to hate her; for I confeſs unto you my imbecillity and ſtupidity, if you had not chaſed her from my heart, ſhe would have maugre her inconſtancy, ſtill triumphed in my misfortune: Commiſerate then a Lover, who is ſo well skilled in the tenderneſs of love; for if you do not, I know not what will become of me. That which you ſay is ſo ſurpriſing (replied *Berelisa*) that I know not what to think of it; for in fine, Sir, if I could believe you loved me, if I ſhould deſire it, how ſhould I be perſwaded your affection is real? Is it not true that the day which preceded *Clidimira's* arrival, you yet loved her? I very well know (ſaid he) that I would not have loved her more, and that I wiſhed my heart was ſubmitted to your Love; but as I am ſincere, I confeſs if I am not deceived, I had then ſome love for *Clidimira*; and admiration and friendſhip only for the charming *Berelisa*; but alas things have now aſſumed a new face; for I love *Berelisa*, and ſo contemn *Clidimira*, that I reſolve to upbraid her with her infidelity: Let *Teleſis* peaceably poſſeſs her, added he, I will not emulate him; and if he beſtows on me his amiable Siſter, I will voluntarily reſign to him my ancient Miſtreſs. But Sir (replied *Berelisa*) how can Love ſo ſuddenly die, and ſoon revive? Do you deſire Madam I ſhould tell you, ſaid he to her, that it may be I am as unfaithful as *Clidimira*? And that I did not love you, when I believe I loved her? But I know I love you more then ever I did any, and there's nothing I ſhould not be capable to do to convince you of it; I know (purſued he) you uſe to give love without receiving any, and that *Terillus* hath a cruel experience of it: But Madam, ſince he hath the unhappineſs of your hatred, and that it ſeems you ſport your ſelf with his misfortune, uſe the occaſion I offer you, to torment him, and love me by a cruel reſentment for him; if you will not love me by a reſentment of tenderneſs for my ſelf. But yet replyed *Berelisa*, how ſhall I know how this pretended Love hath entred into your heart? By the trecherous window of my Body, replyed he. But you do not conſider what you ſay, replyed ſhe, for I am not graced with more perfections then I was three months ſince;

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and *Clidimira* (as my Brother hath said) is more beautiful than ever. 'Tis true, said *Artemidorus*, but *Clidimiras* Beauty is lessened in my esteem, and and yours is heightned by the opposition of her defects, demand therefore (Madam) no more satisfaction of me, and rest satisfied, that I love both your spirit and person with an equal ardour, and that I am perswaded whosoever takes from *Clidimira* the splendour of her eyes, the freshness of her tincture, the carnation of her lips, and a certain gallant air in her face, will deplume her of her attractive features; for her Spirit as 'tis inconstant, it admits of no praise. *Berelisa* hearing *Artemidorus* speak in this manner, was surprised at it, for as the perfections of a Rival picture a strong impression in the spirit, she remembred *Clidimira* had no charms to allure the eye but her visage, and the proportion of her body, and she was not ignorant that she was imbellished with all those graces which are required in the composure of a perfect Beauty; and this imagination spreading her face with a scarlet colour, she shadowed it with her vail to conceal her blushes: But as she was shaping an answer, she saw *Terillus* and *Clidimira* appear, who not seeking them, accidentally found them in this place, this sight confused all parties, but as there was no way to fly their company, they joyned them in the middle of this alley, regarding one another with a different aspect; for *Artemidorus*, who desired to perswade *Berelisa*, *Clidimira* was now banish'd his heart, looked only on his new Mistress: *Terillus* being jealous, looked both on *Berelisa* and *Artemidorus*; *Clidimira*, who thought she might yet challenge some affection in this Prince, blushed at her infidelity, looking on the curious weaving of the leavie branches; for *Berelisa* she sometimes looked on *Artemidorus*, and sometimes on her Sister, to the end to discover what imaginations swayed their Souls: The conversation of these four persons was very reserved, and I assure you, their words did not countervail their thoughts, and what they said, dissented from their resentments; in fine, after they had shared an hour in discourse, other persons coming thither parting this company, *Artemidorus* was necessitated to joyn with *Clidimira* or *Terillus*: In the choice of these two, he had rather speak to his Rival than his inconstant Mistress, since he could not entertain *Berelisa*, with whom a Lady had some private conference: As *Terillus* was jealous, and prepared for his martial expedition, and that he knew *Artemidorus* was generous, he resolved to speak to him of his love; and singling him from the rest, Sir, said he to him, you will perhaps tax me of audacity and injustice, for demanding of you if you are but a Prisoner of War, and for entreating you to call to mind, that if I had not retained those whom your valour had incensed, your death only could have ransomed the rashness of your courage; I say not this, Sir, added he, to reproach you, you are indebted to me for your life; but only to demand of you whether you are but a Prisoner of War, or whether you are become Prisoner of Love, for in fine, if you are amorous, your heart is chained to *Berelisas* Beauty. Before I give a precise response to your demand, replied *Artemidorus*, I confess to you your generosity hath preserved my life; but *Terillus*, I sell my liberty dear enough, if I tell you I should have dyed without shame in that occasion, and as I was not too happy, but am yet very miserable in giving me life, you have not given me so much as you imagine; and it belongs only to me to accuse you of all the misfortunes of my captivity: But *Terillus*, I am more just, and too generous for to tell you, your preservation of my life reflected more from the Prince of *Agrigentines*'s interest than mine; I look on you as my Conqueror, but *Terillus*, added he, you must know *Mars* and *Love* are not at variance, and that I am not obliged to tell you, whether I do or do not love *Berelisa*; if I should be amorous, I should not be conscious of any injustice to you, for your love is disesteemed, and I should deprive you of nothing, if I should be so happy to gain her love; but *Terillus*, things are not yet come to this point, and if I love *Berelisa*, she hath yet no knowledge of it. Ah, Sir, replied *Terillus*, if 'tis so, let her never know it, and disengage your self from the service of that person; I know your quality hath seated you above me, but since the Fortune of Arms licenses me a freer liberty of speech than another, resist the charms of her tempting Beauty, and let not my Prisoner become my Rival. I pray *Terillus* (replied *Artemidorus*) if you well understand your Interests, press me no more; for Love is such a capricious passion, that difficulties augment it; and to consider it in a rational manner, as Love is not a voluntary thing, they are even unjust which would constrain it; act then what you can to compass *Berelisas* love, and if I love, permit me likewise to conquer an heart; she hath refused you, and for the life I owe you (pursued he) I will put my self in estate to render it you when you require it. *Terillus*, who is fierce by nature, gave a sharp answer to *Artemidorus*; and if some men had not interposed, seeing them heated with anger, some misfortune would have put a period to their incensed minds; but as the agitation of their spirits was visible in their faces, *Philonice* was advertised of it, who following the counsel of the sage *Cleodamas*, made them seeming friends, not diving into their secret thoughts: Since this time both *Artemidorus* and *Terillus* cancelled their former obligations, he after a little time returning to the Camp; for *Artemidorus*, he accompanyed the Princess to *Agrigentine*, where he performed so many things, that *Berelisa* was perswaded he loved her; but though she had a strong inclination for him, and that she wished his love, yet her actions were so reserved, that he was a long time ignorant of his felicity; and they so prudently managed their affections, that their loves was not yet divulged: 'tis true, *Terillus* declared them, but as he was known to be jealous, none made reflection on his words; and *Clidimira* believing *Artemidorus* yet loved her, though he did not speak to her of it, acquainted several of her friends with her resentments, so that his love for *Berelisa* was not in the least suspected. But in fine, not to disoblige your patience, in the time that *Artemidorus* was favoured by *Berelisa*, news came that the Fates had exiled the life of *Telesis*, which afflicted both *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*; but grief reigned with a fuller power over *Berelisa* than *Clidimira*, she having a

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ſpirit which eaſily admits of conſolation; on the other ſide, *Bereliſa* ſeeing her Siſter at her own diſpoſe to make a free election, feared, that after her tears were baniſhed, ſhe would reconquer the Princes heart, who was obliged to ſhare his viſits betwixt theſe two fair afflicted perſons; 'tis true, when he repaired to *Cadimiras* Chamber, he always choſe a time when others were there, to the end he ſhould not be engaged to make a long complement, entertaining her with ſome conſolatory diſcourſes, according to the cuſtom of ſuch viſits. In fine, when time hath calmed the diſpleaſure of this fair Widow, and that ſhe believed her ſelf in a capacity to make an innocent conqueſt, ſhe perceived *Artemidorus* loved her Siſter, ſo that jealouſie remitting in her heart her former love for *Artemidorus*, ſhe repented her inconſtancy, and deſigned by all enticing allurements to gain what ſhe had loſt: Being returned to *Agrigentine*, my eyes preſented her to me with ſuch an acceſſional luſter of perfections, that knowing *Artemidorus* had renounced her love, I was caught in thoſe ſnares laid to reentrap his heart; I gave her aſſiduous viſits, and ſome amorous expreſſions ſlip'd from my tongue, but as ſoon as ſhe perceived I was engaged in her ſervice, ſhe uſed this occaſion to juſtifie her to *Artemidorus*, with whom ſhe had had no particular diſcourſe ſince ſhe came to *Agrigentine*; for knowing the intimate familiarity betwen us, ſhe did not doubt but what ſhe declared to me, I would make to him a full declaration of it; and I ingeniouſly confeſs, ſhe over-reached me with ſubtlety of her wit: As I then one day ſpoke to her of my pretended paſſion, being alone in her Chamber, ſhe cut off very ſhort, but in an obliging manner: I pray *Zenocrates* (ſaid ſhe to me) ſilence your paſſion; and to teſtifie unto you how infinitely I eſteem you, I will not treat you as I ordinarily treat thoſe who are ſo prided with their imaginary fancies, as to declare their affections to me; if you will therefore diſclaim your love, I will embrace your friendſhip, and confide to you the whole ſecret of my life: You know (purſued he) we have been of long acquaintance, and I know that when you went to *Leontine*, you were linked to *Artemidorus* in ſuch a ſtrict bond of amity, that you cannot be ignorant of what paſſages happened between us; but *Zenocrates* I will diſcover that to you, which neither you nor *Artemidorus* knows, and which perhaps he may never know. But, Madam, ſaid I to her, *Artemidorus* doth not love you, and you ought to have no more affection for him, which is the reaſon hath engaged me to ſerve you. I knew, replied ſhe, *Artemidorus* hath wound himſelf out of the labyrinth of his love; but *Zenocrates* (added this artificious perſon, ſeeming to have ſome confuſion) *Artemidorus* is unjuſt, for he hath believed me more inconſtant than I have been; and if I dare ſay it, I have been more unfaithful to *Teleſis* than *Artemidorus*. I ſay not this to you (purſued ſhe) that you ſhould declare it to him, but only to the end to unlock to you the ſecret Cabinet of my heart, and to merit your eſteem and friendſhip, ſince I am not in eſtate to receive your love: Know that when *Artemidorus* departed from *Leontine*, my Parents perſwaded me that this Prince eſtranged himſelf, to the end that during his abſence, the Prince his Brother might marry me by his authority to whom he pleaſed, ſo that deſpight poſſeſſing my ſpirit, I reſolved to obey thoſe who propoſed *Teleſis* to me, ſeeing I could not be free but in marrying my ſelf, and I thought I could not better revenge my ſelf of *Artemidorus*, than to engage my ſelf to *Teleſis*, whom I choſe rather than another, becauſe he was no *Leontine*, and that if I could not forget the love of *Artemidorus*, I at leaſt hoped I ſhould never ſee him; for I did not foreſee any likelihood I ſhould find him at *Agrigentine*, but for my misfortune Fortune hath diſpos'd it otherwiſe, and I ſee my ſelf expoſed to the moſt cruel adventure in the World; every one knows I have lived ſo well with *Teleſis*, that I have not ſpoken to *Artemidorus*, that I am neither juſtified nor excuſed to him, and that I have acted as a perſon which cares not to be eſteemed unfaithful; but *Zenocrates* maugre all this, I have preſerved in my heart ſuch a great eſteem for *Artemidorus*, and ſuch an obliging tenderneſs, that I ſhould be ſorry if he knew it. I tell you this, leſt you ſhould accuſe me of ingratitude; for as you ſee me young, I do not refuſe your affection but to accept anothers; But not to tell you all, I will not engage my ſelf in all my life to ſuffer the conſtraint in which I have lived; and ſince I cannot deſtroy the remembrance of *Artemidorus*, I will at leaſt in not pretending more to his love, never ſuffer any others; 'tis not that he merits the tenderneſs I have for him, for he hath received my infidelity in ſuch a manner, which makes me ſee it had been difficult for him to have been unfaithful: he hath done me the favour to hate both *Teleſis* and me, but is reſolved to deſtroy me with ſo much tranquillity, that I am not aſtoniſhed to ſee him engaged in a new affection: but in fine *Zenocrates*, I eſteem you a too diſcreet man to receive you in a divided heart; count your ſelf to be my Friend, never ſpeak to him of what I have told you, and believe I could not have given you a greater teſtimony of eſteem, than to open to you the ſecrets of my heart. *Cadimira* framed this Diſcourſe with ſuch ingenuity, that I believed it; and though at firſt Love was the Theme on which I diſcourſed, I at laſt was contented to be her Confident; as I knew the engagement of *Artemidorus*, I told her, that I would not counſel her to think of reconquering his heart; for, ſaid I to her, if one hath at any time committed any infidelity to her, I do not believe one ought to renew love with him, who hath done it, becauſe I believe confidence can never be re-eſtabliſhed; all other ſubjects of complaints which may be between two perſons which love, are nothing, which may be preſently reconciled; but for infidelity, Madam, (replied I) it is not ſo; and 'tis much better to make a new affection with me who am not ſcrupulous. No, no, *Zenocrates* (replied ſhe) I will not follow your counſel, for I will love nothing; I do not think to regain the love of *Artemidorus*, who hath blotted me out of his thoughts; but *Zenocrates*, added ſhe, I conjure you never to ſpeak to me of your pretended love, if you will not aggrandize my affliction. Can I hearken to that you tell me, without thinking you tell it me, if 'twas not that you knew by an infallibly certainty, that I am abſolutely

solutely indifferent to *Artemidorus*? I entreat you do not multiply my grief; and be certain that if I was disposed to a new engagement, I should prefer you before all my acquaintance. *Clidimira* had doubtless stretched her Discourse to a further length, had not some Ladies interrupted us. In the mean time I was so astonished at her words, that I knew not where I was, and as I was assured that *Artemidorus* did no more think of *Clidimira*, and that she was already expelled his thoughts, I did not fear he would re-entertain her love, I went therefore to seek him, to tell him he had compleated his revenge on *Clidimira*, since she yet loved him: My expressions did so surprise him, that he believed I did but jest with him; but I at last spoke to him so seriously, that he knew I invented not any fiction; and though he loved *Berelisa* with an extream passion, that which I told him of *Clidimira* made him change colour; for he then remembred divers things which made him imagine this person had a design to recal him; anger was solely seated in his breast, and if *Berelisa* had seen that which passed in his heart in this occasion, she would have had no subject of jealousie: He did not believe he ought to make known to her this adventure, because he held that a wise man ought never to tell (without an absolute necessity) that a woman loves him, nor whether he loves her, or loves her not; he did not tell me that he believed he was loved; on the contrary he counselled me not to shake off my love, and I followed his directions, but I found a strong resistance, that ere the Sun had nine times run its diurnal course, my passion was buried in its own ruines. Though *Artemidorus* had defended me from telling *Clidimira*, I had acquainted him with what she had told me; and though he constrained himself as much as possibly he could, yet she saw by his eyes he knew it, hoping then that in continuance of time there might happen some slight quarrel between *Berelisa* and him, which might tend to her advantage, she acted many things to effect her design, for when she was with any friends of *Artemidorus*, she would be lavish in his praise, she always frequented those places where he went, she oppressed *Berelisa* with visits and testimonies of friendship, and when she encountred the eyes of this Prince, she made, as if she would shun them, though she carefully sought them, likewise making him see in her a certain emotion accompanyed with confusion and modesty, she excited some kind of trouble in the heart of *Artemidorus*, which obliged him to fly her; 'tis not that he did not feel himself faithful to *Berelisa*, that he should always be so, and that the infidelity of *Clidimira* would yet much anger him; but after all, *Clidimira* acted in such a manner, which both grieved and perplexed him: This fair person therefore to attain her desires, contracted a particular friendship with *Terillus*, she told him she was touched with his merit, that she would protect him nigh her Sister, and she effectually become the confident of his love, and his jealousie of *Artemidorus*; she even gained one of the Maids which waited on *Berelisa*, she entertained likewise some commerce with me, and in this manner, whether by *Terillus*, by the Maid which she gained, or by me, she knew all which passed between *Berelisa* and *Artemidorus*; 'tis not that I told her any thing in particular, only as I well knew *Artemidorus* desired she should believe he would love her no more, and that he desired not her affection; I would confess to her he was very amorous of *Berelisa*; but to tell you the truth, she knew all things both by jealous *Terillus*, and the aforesaid person: so that a furious anger possessing her spirit, she plotted all her designs to sow division between these two persons. As she hath a subtle spirit, she judged that 'twould not be easie for her at first to put any difference between *Artemidorus* and *Berelisa*; for 'tis a person who hath a tender heart, a regulated spirit, who thinks not but of that she loves, who believes there ought to be as much probity in love as any other thing, and who doth not give the least subject of jealousie to *Artemidorus*; but she thought 'twould not be so difficult to put distrust in *Berelisas* spirit; therefore after she had been acquainted by the pre-mentioned ways in several particulars, reflecting on the affection of *Berelisa* for *Artemidorus*, she wrote a Letter to her Sister by an unknown hand, and another to *Artemidorus*, under the name of one of his friends who was in the Army; she put them both in one Pacquet, and by a secret way sent it to *Artemidorus*, he knowing not from whence it came, and unripping the Seal, he found a little Note directed to him, which contained these words.

I Demand your pardon for not writing to you my self, but having received a slight hurt in my right hand, I have employed another, to entreat you to deliver this inclosed Letter to Berelisa; *I assure you it comes from a Person who hath much interest in her affairs, and who so far engaged me to render it safe to her hands, that I believe I could not better cancel my Engagements, than directing it to you: I shall not excuse my self for the trouble I impose upon you, since you will be fully recompenced by the sight of that beautiful person.*

Artemidorus having read this Note, did not suspect there was any deception in it, for he knew the name they had subscribed to this Letter, whose name I cannot at this time remember, and 'twas true, that this man had been hurt in the right hand, so that *Artemidorus* being impatient to perform this service to *Berelisa*, went to carry the Letter to her, and as *Clidimira* had a design to be an ocular witness of the effect of this deceit, she went to *Berelisa*'s Chamber, where *Artemidorus* came; and imagining this Letter was not of much consequence, he gave it her before *Clidimira*, telling her in what manner he had received it. Though *Berelisas* curiosity incited her to peruse it, principally because she could not imagine who writ it, she would have by a resentment of civility put it in her pocket; but *Clidimira*, who saw *Artemidorus* take notice of it, said to him; Do not you think my Sister renders you a respect, which is the most difficult in the World, for my part I know nothing so weighty to carry as a sealed Letter, when one dares not open it by reason of Ceremony? *Artemidorus* being now roused from that Lethargick slumber in which

which he was buryed by *Clidimiras* sight, told her, he would dismiss himself from her company, if she would not read this Letter; so that being constrained to open it, she found it poysoned with these dangerous words.

I Pray, Madam, receive with a favourable eye the advice I intend to give you, and do not think strange if the person subscribes not her name; for your Friendship is so dear to her, that not knowing how you will receive this advice, she dares not expose her self to your hatred. Know then, Madam, he which renders you my Letter, doth not possess your affection without the knowledge of divers persons; I know not whether 'tis his fault or yours, but many know you loved him first, and may yet love him last; for as he hath not been too strongly touched with Clidimiras *change, he is not perhaps so faithful to you as he ought to be; every one knows you love him, that you receive his Letters, and return him affectionate answers, that he wholly sways your soul, and that you vouchsafe him many favours, which he doth not receive with such transport of love as* Terillus *would, did you please so far to honour him: Every one knows* Clidimira *doth not hate him, that he hath not sealed her justification, and that his extinct flames may be re-ascended, if they are not already: You would therefore attract much more glory, to recompense the inconstancy of* Terillus, *to leave* Artemidorus *to* Clidimira, *and by this means you will free your self from that obloquy which doubtless will blemish your Reputation, if you do not regulate your self by my Counsel.*

As soon as *Berelisa* began to read this Letter, she blushed, and blushed with so many signs of anger imprinted in her face, that *Artemidorus* who looked attentively on her, knew it contained something which displeased her, and had much vexation, because he had delivered to her: *Clidimira* on the contrary had an extreme joy to see the inquietude of *Berelisa*, she testified her notice of it, to the end to give more curiosity to *Artemidorus*, for she believed *Berelisa* would not shew it him. She had no sooner perused the Letter, but she said to her, I entreat you Sister to tell me, if the news you have from the Army, acquaints you with the death of any of your Friends, for I see so many marks of grief in your countenance, that I already seek to divine who we have lost. For my part, added *Artemidorus*, looking on *Berelisa*, I shall esteem my self very unhappy, if I have brought unto you any doleful news; but if so, I can at least assure you, I know not who writ it. *Berelisa* seeing her self prest to shew this Letter, told him, that there was nothing considerable in it, and that it contained certain Domestick Affairs. You have not a soul so interessed (replied *Clidimira* with much confidence) to be sensible of things of this nature. I blush sometimes so easily (replied *Berelisa*, cloystering this Letter in her Pocket) that one must never judge of the resentments of my heart, by the emotion of my face; but though *Berelisa* made a great effort to constrain her self, *Artemidorus* knew some disturbance had entred her spirit; in effect, so soon as *Clidimira* was gone, she thought on nothing but this cruel Letter, and she imagined it had been wrote by the contrivance of *Terillus*; but though her spirit was incensed, she did not believe she ought to shew this Letter to *Artemidorus*, for fear he did not credit what she believed, and left he should be transported against *Terillus*, to whom they had both obligations; and her ancient jealousie beating an alarm to her heart in this instant, she had intention for some time to observe *Clidimira* and *Artemidorus*. In the mean time *Clidimira*, who secretly triumphed at this deceit, was in hope this Letter would prove effectual; for if *Berelisa* did not shew it to *Artemidorus*, 't was an evident sign this Artifice had made some impression in her heart, which might in some time breed a difference between them; and if she shewed it him, *Clidimira* drew from thence at least this advantage, to make known to *Artemidorus* she yet loved him; for though she imagined I had told him, she was not certain of it. So soon as she was departed, *Artemidorus* prested *Berelisa* to shew him this Letter; but as *Clidimira* when she went away saluted this Prince in a manner which augmented her suspicions, she constrained her self in her intended resolution not to shew it him: *Artemidorus* who could not suffer she should conceal any secret from him, thus complained of her injustice: Do you then believe Madam, said he to her, that it is permitted you to hide any secret from me, who have made an entire resignation of my heart to you, and who tells you without any reservation all you desire? Is it thus, Madam, you requite my Tenderness, my Fidelity, and my Respect? You know (added he) that you have refused me a thousand and a thousand favours, and that I have promised never to breath forth any dislike of your actions, whilest I am assured to possess your heart: Speak then, Madam, I entreat you, and tell me if this is to be the master of it, not to know what passes there? Do you think, Madam, that one cannot be unfaithful but in ceasing to love any person? Or that one cannot love others more than *Clidimira*? And believe you not that it should be a kind of Infidelity to trust more to ones self than to the person one loves, and conceal any thing from him. I believe at least (replied *Berelisa* blushing) that when one faithfully loves a person, one ought never to mention a woman one hath loved, if he is not constrained to it; but you do not so: For I am assured you speak an hundred and an hundred times of *Clidimira* without necessity; I have even heard you mention her name for anothers, there being no resemblance betwixt them: If you would speak of some quarter of *Agrigentine*, the street where *Clidimira* remains; if one asks you the time when you were freed from close restraint, you say it was a little before *Clidimira* came to *Agrigentine*, and *Clidimira* is yet so strong in your memory, that you speak not so much to me of others, as you do of *Clidimira* to me. But Madam, replied he, I have mentioned her an hundred times to you, to declare her unworthy actions. You would have done me more pleasure never to speak to me of her (replied she) to discustom your mouth from pronouncing her name: For in fine, it is a general maxim, not to mention the first Mistress to the second, unless (as I have formerly said) one is constrained; and I had rather hear you call *Clidimira Berelisa*, than *Lysicris Clidimira*: But Madam, said *Artemidorus* to her, Do not

not you think hatred presents persons one hates to the memory, as well as Love those which one loves? And do you think it should be possible I might ever love *Clidimira* if I should not love you? No, no, Madam, added he, I cannot love an unfaithful Mistress: 'Tis true, I am not so much transported as another, but it is because I believe discretion ought to reside in the hearts both of happy and unhappy Lovers, and that they should retain a kind of civility for the Female Sex: But after all I hate and despise *Clidimira*, and I despise her it may be more than you can imagine. Time will demonstrate it to us, replied she: What? Madam, replied he, do you believe time is necessary to assure the fidelity of a man to whom you have promised your affection? And can you conceal a secret from me? Ah Madam if it is so, *Terillus* is less unfortunate than I am, for at least he can ground his happiness on no future hope; but for my part, Madam, who think to be happy, I find my self plunged in misery. In the mean time added he, there is it may be several things within these few days happened to me, which merit a more favourable treatment. But if there is happened things I know not (replied she with precipitation) you ought not to think it strange if I declare not a secret to you, since you have one I know not. *Artemidorus* seeing his own words had betrayed him, and not willing by generosity to acquaint *Berelisa* that her Sister yet loved him, would have explained it otherwise than he had said; but as he is naturally very sincere, he could not frame himself to tell a lye. *Berelisa* then knowing by the manner of his speech he had something he would not tell her, had such a strong curiosity, that she earnestly pressed him to tell her what had happened to him, which made him desist from desiring to know the contents of the Letter: So that both having a strong curiosity, and this curiosity augmenting by their resistance, in the end *Berelisa's* being the stronger, it obliged her to tell *Artemidorus*, that if he promised her not to be transported with any resentment against the party (whom she imagined) had wrote the Letter she received, she would shew it him. And he likewise told her, that if she engaged her self not to speak of what he said to her, she should see that she had much injured him in speaking to him of *Clidimira* in that manner as she had done. In fine, *Berelisa* gave to *Artemidorus* the Letter he had given her; which so surprised him, that the fountain of his utterance was a long time sealed, before he could perform his Word to *Berelisa*, for they at first so sympathized in their thoughts, that there was doubtless a transmigration of their souls: For he likewise believing *Terillus* had invented this fallacy, he then began to exaggerate his misfortune, for having a Rival to whom he had many obligations, and to seek by what way *Terillus* had known what he had wrote in his Letter: For, said he to *Berelisa*, if there was nothing there but my Love for you, and your goodness for me, I should say Jealousie had dictated it to him; since there is no better spy than the spirit of a jealous Lover: But Madam, I am surprised of what he relates concerning *Clidimira*, since that (in fine) if I must tell you all things, it is true that this unfaithful person would without doubt once more deceive me. *Berelisa* hearing *Artemidorus* speak in this manner, pressed him to retail to her that which he had said; and this Prince willing to obey her, recounted unto her that which I had told him: But though she might remain satisfied, yet she was angry he had concealed that from her so long time. Nevertheless (added she by a motion of Jealousie) do not you imagine *Clidimira* would reconquer your heart by a resentment of hatred for me; and if another had deprived you of your Love, she would have resigned to her a peaceable possession, but as I am unhappy, I would not swear you will not become unfaithful. Ah Madam (interrupted *Artemidorus*) you are the injustest person in the world to use those words. As they were on these terms, the amiable *Philonice* entred accompanied by the Prince of *Messina*, who came to *Agrigentum* during a suspension of Arms: I came likewise to *Berelisa's* house a little after; and as I was taxed of inconstancy, *Lysicoris* who was come with the Princess *Philonice*, having some thing to tell me called me, whilst *Philonice* spoke to *Berelisa* towards the windows: But as I answered not; I pray, said she to a Lady which was nigh me, tell that unfaithful person who is by you, that I would entertain him. Hardly had *Lysicoris* said this, but turning towards her; I pray, said he to her, call me not unfaithful; yet for Inconstant (pursued I) I endure it; but for unfaithful I cannot suffer it: I have not such a delicate Spirit as you (replied *Lysicoris*) and I know not too well between Inconstancy and Infidelity. As *Lysicoris* said that, the Princess *Philonice* who had heard her, turned and seated her self, and making one in this discourse, she demanded who could doubt there was no distinction to be made between an unfaithful and inconstant person. In truth (replied *Lysicoris*) I think in case of Love, these two things very much resemble. For my part, replied I, I am not of that opinion, that one cannot sometimes be inconstant without shame, and that one cannot be unfaithful without baseness. *Berelisa* seeing then such a fair occasion to insult over *Clidimira*, and to darken her esteem with *Artemidorus*, engaged so discreetly this conversation, that she saw her self obliged to make the distinction; and she did it more easily than any part of the Company, and the Prince of *Messina*, as others without exact examination said; that inconstancy and infidelity might easily be confounded. For my part said then the Princess *Philonice*, I am of the opinion of *Berelisa* and *Zenocrates*, for I believe one cannot say there is a kind of inconstancy without infidelity; or fidelity without inconstancy; and if it was not that I am now in a melancholy humour, I might very well bring my thoughts to tryal; but since *Zenocrates* and *Berelisa* are of my opinion, I give them Commission to declare my resentments; for I imagine they know them: But said then *Lysicoris* smiling, is he not an unfaithful man which changeth love? And an inconstant Lover is he not likewise who changes his Mistress? A liberal man who makes a present without choice (replied *Berelisa*) gives something which is to him, and a prodigal man which casts without choice, gives likewise that which appertains to him; the one practiseth a virtue and the other makes to see he hath a vice; this which is well more estranged the one from the other, than inconstancy and infidelity; for I say not that inconstancy should be a vertue, but I say that an honest man when he is young, may sometimes be inconstant without dis-

honouring himself, and that in some times, in some age, and in pretext that this should be, no person can be unfaithful without baseness and infamy: I sustain likewise that infidelity and inconstancy are yet more horrible in women than men. *Berelisa* said this with so much emotion, that I knew well that I might do her the greatest pleasure in the world to rem't my cause in her hands, and that she was not sorry to speak on this subject, finding likewise much more fit to oblige her to defend me, than to defend her self; I left her at least to begin this innocent war. But then, said the Prince of *Messina*, I would know precisely what is that delicate distinction you make of inconstancy and infidelity? I call inconstancy (replied *Berelisa*) a certain incertitude of heart and spirit, where young men are more subject than others, since there is without doubt two or three years of life; where those which are naturally of an inconstant inclination, find nothing which pleases them which attaches them not successively. For by example, if *Zenocrates* would say the truth, he will confess that a great number of women have pleased him, that he hath fair brown, and fair yellow, he hath many times felt in his heart enough disposition to have love, he will even confess I assure you that he hath began to tell it to many fair persons; and that there's likewise some others for whom he hath changed his thoughts before he had occasion to speak to him of his passion. I ingeniously confess, replied he, but above all I believe not to be unfaithful. You have reason, replied *Berelisa*, and one cannot without doubt accuse yon but of a simple inconstancy which hath even nothing which resembles infidelity; for as I have already said it, to speak of this kind of inconstancy in general, it comes from this, that those which are capable of of it, are sensible to all that which appears fair to them, of all which is new to their eyes and to their spirits, of that which they seek to please without difficulty, of that which they have any irresolution in the spirit, which hinders them from chusing of that that the first youth of inconstancy have some resemblance: But after all, those men there which see pleasures from quarter to quarter, from street to street, and from house to house, do not assuredly betray the person, because no person trusts to them; and to speak truly, the inconstants of this kind only vex themselves, since they have pain to attaque an hundred hearts without gaining one; one hearkens to their pleasures without believing them, one receives their incense without vanity, one leaves them without pain, one destroys them without regret, and they come through the world as Butterflies on Flowers, without resting on any thing and without leaving any sign of their passage, likewise not doing any discourtesie to a person, there would be much injustice to confound those inconstants with the unfaithful I have spoken of; sure their inconstancy is without perfidiousness and superchery; it is not but to say the truth it should be desired this inconstancy was banished from the heart of young persons; for if it is not very criminal it is not at least laudable; I will likewise confess with sincerity is not yet altogether a true inconstant, and he hath only a simple disposition to be so. I am obliged to you (replied I) for enrolling me in the number of the inconstant persons, and not placing me among those which are unfaithful, for it is certain I cannot suffer it. But, said the Prince of *Messina*, I comprehend not wherefore those which vary in their thoughts have not infidelity. You will easily be satisfied therein (replied *Berelisa*) if you consider that to make a Lover truly merit the quality of unfaithful, one must suffer his affection, one must hearken to him, one must give him hope, one must love him; if a man on the contrary loves a woman without being beloved, and that he hath served a long time without attaining her love he leaves her; one loves another, one cannot in this case place him in the number of the unfaithful, nor that of the inconstant; for as one loves not but for to be loved, as soon as one destroys the hope, Love may die in Lovers heart, without being culpable of any crime; and to speak truth, it is not even possible that it dies not there: 'Tis therefore not doing that but which one might hinder themselves from doing; one leaves love without inconstancy, and one cannot love otherwise without infidelity; but the most odious and the most degenerate crime in the world is, when there's a concatenation of affection between two persons, and that it happens one breaks the Chain; for in this case there it is not a simple inconstancy, it is an infidelity, where inconstancy, perfidiousness, and baseness are found: And it is in fine, as I have said, the greatest of all crimes in this point, before you engage your self you consider not what you do, you examine not your thoughts, and do not well know the heart you give nor the heart you receive. 'Tis true, said *Philonice*, I find something very strange to see men of spirit suddenly change their thoughts: but, said then *Lysicoris*, when one hath this misfortune what shall one do? I will, replied *Berelisa*, one should continue to love by generosity, when one cannot by inclination; that in fine, when one is promised an eternal affection, no reason can dispense with it but the infidelity of the person one loves: And in this case we must not only love her any more, but hate her, despise her, flee from her as from a Monster, and revenge our selves though ne'er thereby prejudiced: For if it is a man which is unfaithful, no person should force him to go and say to a woman he loves her, and to tell her it often to make her love him; therefore when he changes he hath no excuse in effect: Probity, Sincerity, and Fidelity, ought to be in love as all other things, and more than in other things; because the consequences are more dangerous, being contained there is no exchange more important than the hearts of two persons which love one another. But if a man is criminal of being unfaithful, at least confess, replied the Prince of *Messina*, that a woman hath the same injury as a man. I say, replied *Berelisa*, and I'll maintain she hath more, for as cruelty befits women in love, they might take him to examine themselves, ere they engage to love any one; but after you have considered of it, a woman accepts the heart is offered to her, and that she gives hers, she cannot change without infamy; and truly a woman at least in my opinion, cannot innocently love but once in her life; besides baseness and perfidiousness, which is common to her with an unfaithful man, neither can one yet accuse her of imprudence or little modesty: For for my part, I conceive not how a woman who hath vertue and good judgment to resolve her, should voluntarily

voluntarily renounce the love of a man, to whom she hath given many testimonies of affection, when she feels her love decay.

Nevertheless, replied *Philonice*, one sees they make no difficult to do it. I am of your opinion, replied *Berelisa*, but if I was a man, I should have an horrible aversion for those women. But I pray, said the Prince of *Messina*, in what rank do you place those men who make a seeming love, when they love not, and sometimes obtain love? I put them in the rank of deceivers, replied she. But amongst the unfaithful, replied I, it seems to me there are many sorts; for there are some which become so, because they find defects in the person they love, that they noted not before; and there's others which cease to love, because their own good fortune destroys their love. For the last (said *Berelisa*) I sustain that when one hath solidly contracted an affection with some one, there is but one only defect of love, which might be a legitimate cause to break it, and the loss of beauty, youth, change of fortune and health, ought to change nothing in the hearts of two persons which have promised an eternal love; but for those whose love destroys it self, I find them so criminal and so odious, that I boldly say 'tis impossible their spirits are seasoned with any good qualities, or that their heart is noble; and the change of thoughts without any strange cause, is the greatest sign of imbecillity, and defining of judgment, and that in the end, the infidelity in love from whence soever it proceedeth, is the basest and criminallest thing in the World; all other duties of life approach not the ingagement of this, because one is born subject to all the others, and this is by a voluntary subjection one makes it a law to himself, which ought to be as much more inviolable as one imposes it, and one cannot infringe it without condemning himself, without destroying his own pleasures, without blemishing his Honour, without trampling Justice and Virtue under his feet. All that which you say, is admirably well said, replied the Prince of *Messina*, but above all, if in despight one hath of it, one feels one loves no more, what shall one do then? I will, as I have already told you, that one loves by generosity, when one cannot love more by inclination; and I will, if one can no more love, that one constrains himself therefore to act, as if one loves not; yet since that it is in this occasion only, that it permits to deceive innocently, and that it is even good to do it; at least I know well, that if one act otherwise, one must resolve to be hated and despised of all persons, which have Virtue and Reason; for I confess to you, that I know not how one hath boldness to shew himself in the World, after a perfidiousness of this nature; nevertheless there is found women which shew themselves, replied I. And there is likewise found men, added *Philonice*, which leaves not to love them. Ah for these men there, said then *Berelisa*, it is assuredly they should not be too delicate in love, nor in generosity; for, for my part, if I was a man, it would be impossible for me to love a person which should act any infidelity. But yet, said the Prince of *Messina*, without knowing the Interest she had in this Question, which excuse you more sooner, whether a man who should love a woman, which should have made an infidelity to another, or of a Lover a Lady should have betrayed, and which would renew affection with her? In my opinion, replied *Berelisa* blushing, I cannot ballance these two things, for he which should have suffered infidelity, would be more condemnable than another that at least might flatter himself with the opinion to have more merit, than he which should have been abandoned. Nevertheless, added she, to make *Artemidorus* speak, I should be glad but for this Article, one demands that he seemeth of it to all men in the company. You are so equitable in all things, said then *Artemidorus*, who had not yet spoken, that your thoughts should be those of all honest persons; and for my part, I declare, I approve all that you have said, and even all that which you think.

For my part replied I, I am not so complaisant, for I find both have an equal wrong: And I, added the Prince of *Messina*, I think that a Lover who hath conquered the heart of a woman, ought (if he can) reconquer it, when he hath lost it; for what knows he, but he will find it better: But, it may be, he may find it worse, said *Berelisa*. Though it should be so, replied *Philonice*, I find *Berelisa* hath very well made the distinction between Inconstancy and Infidelity: I confess to you Madam, (replied she) I have not said the third part of what I think, for better to understand it, one must after to have separated the inconstant from the faithful; one must I say divide the unfaithful between them and the inconstant', there are unfaithful persons by weakness, by interest, by capriciousness, and by impiety, and there is likewise inconstant persons of temperament, of occasion, of vanity, of little judgement, of debility, of wantonness, and of idleness. If you will examine these divers things, said I to her, 'twould require doubtless much time. As one accuses to be a demy-inconstant, replied *Philonice*, I see well you fear that one puts you not in the rank of those, of which *Berelisa* would speak; but since you take no interest to infidelity, and that you have never loved long enough to be unfaithful, I would willingly demand of you, which of the two a woman should love best, in the necessity to suffer infidelity? Ah, Madam, interrupted *Berelisa*, always thinking on *Artemidorus*, I put no comparison between these two things? for a man which leaves one woman to love another, or a woman which breaks with a lover for a new ingagement, commits a more outragious action, than if a lover diminishes by little and little. For my part, replied *Lysicoris*, I am not of your opinion, and I know nothing more cruel or more ouragious, than when without any strange cause, one sees the fire extinct; for in this estate, one knows not what to do to retain such a lover; I have had a friend to whom this adventure was hapned, who told me the fantastical things in the World to exaggerate to me her grief; for, said she one day to me, I am the same I was, when he of whom I complain, was deeply in love with me; my mirrour and my eyes speak the same, and all those who approach me, confirm me by their flatteries; I am not deceived, I am likewise pleasant, and as faithful as ever, I have no less spirit, and he is not the same he was; yet added she, if any amiable

Perſon hath deprived me of him, I ſhould have the conſolation to hate her, I ſhould find a hundred inventions to diſpleaſe her; I ſhould even think her adulation had attracted him, that novelty had charmed him; and in continuance of time, he would repent himſelf of his infidelity, and return to me; but ye think being, as it is, one would ſay he hath forgotten to love, and that he remembers not to have loved: I know not likewiſe what to do, neither to remit love in his heart, nor to hate him, though I know there's nothing more outragious, than to ceaſe to love in this manner, becauſe it muſt of neceſſity be ſuppoſed I have no puiſſant charms, ſince I cannot keep an heart I had conquered, that no perſon deprives me of it. After this (purſued *Lyſicoris*) I have nothing more to tell you to aſſert my opinion, ſince the complaints of my friends I have reported, ſum up all my reaſons. If you have no better (replied *Bereliſa*) it will be eaſie to vanquiſh you, ſince 'tis certain there's no compariſon to make between theſe two ſorts of Infidelities; one cannot imagine but he ceaſes to love without making any new love, doth it not but becauſe a certain ſcrupulous ſagacity perſwades him this paſſion is a weakneſs; or that being of thoſe men who can ſtay long in any place, he is troubled at his own conqueſt; ſo that to reaſon well one may ſay, that a Lover of this nature renders himſelf worthy of the deſpiſal of her whom he abandons, without one may poſitively ſay that he deſpiſes her; for in ceaſing to love a perſon without loving another, one ſees he deſpiſes love in general, and not in particular, the perſon whom he deſerts; but for a Lover who makes a new Love, there's nothing more injurious, more cruel, nor more ſenſible; the tenderneſs of the heart is thereby wounded, Honour is thereby engaged; and in fine, one ſuffers all that he can. I am of your opinion that this other kind of Infidelity is rude, that one ſees no remedy, and that its very juſt, and very natural to hate whoſoever denies his love, I boldly confeſs that one ought more to hate one of thoſe Lovers, than a true Enemy, who hates you as you hate him, and who not having never loved you, hath not at leaſt betrayed you; but after all you may not have in your heart in this occaſion, hatred againſt him, and againſt your ſelf; on the contrary, an infidelity of the other manner, ſeats in your heart not only hatred againſt your ſelf, aud againſt your Lover; but that which is the moſt cruel of jealouſie, of fury, and even ſometimes of injuſtice and cruelty; for the means to ſee ones ſelf to attain between the hands and heart which is very dear, without hating not only him which gives it to another, but her to whom it was given; at leaſt, I know I have ſeen women, who have hated all brown Beauties, becauſe that ſome Lady who had black eyes and brown hairs, had rob'd them of their Lovers; and in effect it is altogether hard to ſee that one prefers another perſon before you, and that one leaves aſſured for incertain favours. Moreover, what grief is it to think this Lover ſacrifices you to his laſt Miſtreſs, and that he tells what obliging curteſies you have beſtowed upon him, to the end to oblige to beſtow more; for my part, I believe that this kind of grief ſo much troubles reaſon, that though it would be more ſhame in appearance that one prefers another perſon without merit before you, one therefore had rather the thing ſhould be ſo; to the end that at leaſt one hath the conſolation, that if this adventure is known every one blames her, which hath made ſuch a bad choice. But, replied *Lyſicoris*, can you yet hope that this unfaithful, which is not become inſenſible to love, will recover reaſon, and will return to you; inſtead that if 'tis one of thoſe Lovers, wherein the fire is extinct, what do you, and what can you do to refire him. Nothing, replied *Bereliſa*, for I declare to you, that whoſoever ſhould ceaſe to love me, ſhould never be loved of me; but had you rather love an unfaithful, which becomes ſo by ambition, replied *Philonice*. In truth, replied *Bereliſa*, it is of infidelity as of death; for in any manner that one dies, it's very rigorous to die, I think nevertheleſs that I ſhould rather forget an ambitious unfaithful, than an unfaithful, as I have ſpoken of, I would therefore deſpiſe him very much, added ſhe, but as I ſhould not fear ſo much, that he would go to recount my favours to Fortune, than another to his Miſtreſs, I ſhould have leſs grief. But, replied I, do you think it fit one ſhould leave you for glory? By no means, replied ſhe, for the love of glory is not inconſiſtent with that of a virtuous perſon, and not to trouble you further with any frivolous diſcourſe concerning infidelity, aſſure your ſelf I ſhould never think well of him that ſhould forſake me, though it were even to ſave his own life. The fair *Bereliſa* ſays right, replied *Artemidore*, for when all's done, there can be no excuſe for infidelity. You ſpeak but light of it, for one that hath experienced it, replied ſhe bluſhing, for, for my part, I declare, that I cannot imagine any thing, more unjuſt, more baſe, more ungrateful, more unworthy, a gallant Soul, nor more incompatible with Virtue. However, ſaid I to her, ſmiling, give not ſo cruel a verdict againſt ſuch as are inconſtant without any evil deſign, whom you ere while ſo pertinently compared to Butterflies. I acknowledge it, ſaid ſhe, but that I may neither flatter nor ſurpriſe you, I think that if people do not in time recover themſelves out of that harmleſs inconſtancy which you ſpeak of, it may prove a diſpoſition which may arrive to the habit of infidelity. I therefore think it much concerns any one, to ſhake hands with it as ſoon as may be; for to be plain with you, inconſtancy, though never ſo little, is a crime. But, I pray, replied *Philonice*, of the inconſtant, what kind are you moſt pleaſed with? Thoſe which are ſuch out of affection, replied *Bereliſa*. But are there any ſuch, replied I? For my part, I aſſure you, if I am guilty of any inconſtancy, I mean no hurt by it, I think not of it, even when I am ſeiſed by it; and if there happen a change in my Love, the true reaſon is, that which did pleaſe me, pleaſes me no more, or that there is ſomething elſe, I am more taken with.

The whole Company having laughed at this extravagant ſally of mine; *Bereliſa* maintained againſt me, that there were ſome that were inconſtant out of affectation, who only to ſhew themſelves *Gallantillo's*, Wits; and Sparks, pretended one while to love ſuch a one, another ſome other, without any other deſign, than in a ſhort time to beat many

many bushes, and to raise talk of themselves in divers places: But take it from me, added she, very pleasantly, that as there are some young Gallants who conceive themselves obliged in reputation, to pick up the little news that are sown up and down; to sing tolerably well, the songs that are most new and most in vogue; and to treasure up in their Pockets such compositions in Verse or Prose (good or bad it matters not) as are new, there are also others so vain as to make it their business to complement all those, whose perfections may indeed challenge it; and though neither guilty of inconstancy nor love, perpetually wander into those places, where they have nothing to do, nay where indeed they are as slightly entertained. And whereas such people would seem to be what they are not, I abhor them beyond the inconstant, and can afford them no other predicament than that of the faithless. But, replied I, if all manner of inconstancy were banished the World, it would follow, that a man must never speak to above one woman in all his life, and must commend none but her, which in my opinion would to many people be a thing insupportable. Ah *Zenocrates*, replied *Berelisa*, you screw up the Peg too high; for there is a certain complemental civility allowed in conversation, which permits you to commend all beauties, which keeps you from being savage or brutish, and you may sometimes celebrate the brown, sometimes the fair, in as much as beauty is every where commendable, what dress soever it be in. But there is a great distance between a general civility and inconstancy, for a person generally civil begets in all hearts an inclination of love and esteem for him; but a man professedly inconstant, such as I know some, spends his whole life in saying what is never believed, in praising those which disgrace him, in snatching at every thing though he fasten on nothing; to fight without victory, and to love without any return. Thus it happens at length, that men of this humour feel all the afflictions of love, and never come to be acquainted with the pleasures, and after they have shifted their hearts from hand to hand, they are forced to take them home withered, because they can meet none that will be troubled with them. This expression of *Berelisa* causing a great laughter in the company, I publickly declared that I would reform that careless inconstancy whereof I stood accused, and made a vow either to become a constant Lover or insensible. Whereupon *Philonice* said pleasantly, that she believed I should rather prove the latter than the former, and that she should be as glad of it as my self; which said, she rose up, and the company being dissolved *Berelisa* was extremely troubled: For though she had said many things handsomely, yet came they from her, rather out of that concealed interest which she had in what was discoursed of, than any freedom of humour, insomuch that being left alone, she was excessively melancholy. She read over the cruel Letter she had received, and found in it so much matter of grief, that she could not sleep all night. That which disturb'd her most in all this adventure was, that *Artemidorus* had told her, as a secret, of the recommencement of *Clidimira's* love to him; for as to what was said, of the affection which she her self had for that Prince, as it was very innocent, so was she not much troubled at it. She was also much incensed against *Terillus*, as believing it was he who had directed the packet which *Artemidorus* had received, nor could she but fear the business might have some unhappy consequence; but all considered, she feared nothing so much as that *Clidimira* might recover the heart she had lost. On the other side, *Clidimira* was in doubt whether she should gain her ancient Servant from *Berelisa*; but withal had this considerable satisfaction, to think that she caused a disturbance in her Rival. As for *Artemidorus*, he was extremely perplexed and out of tune; for in the imagination he had that *Terillus* had sent him the terrible Letter he had delivered to *Berelisa*, he was almost out of himself that he was in debt for it, and that he was withal obliged in point of generosity, to pretend not to believe it was he had put that trick upon him. Besides, the jealousie he observed in *Berelisa*, made him fear the consequences of it; nor was he less disordered by the affection of *Clidimira*. Yet was he not without some intervals wherein he was not much displeased, to think that it was now her turn to feel what punishment it is to love, and not to be loved again.

But to hasten as much as I can to an end of this long Relation, *Artemidorus* returned the next day to *Berelisa's*, to ask her what she would have him do. In the first place, said she to him, I would have you not pretend to believe that it was *Terillus* who directed that Packet to you; in the next, I would have you without doing her any violence; put some publick affront upon *Clidimira*, which may serve you as a pretence never to go to her house more, nor speak to her any where else. That I should never more see her at home (replied he) nor speak to her again, I gladly submit to you, but to do her any affront publickly, is a command you cannot justly lay upon me, insomuch that common civility will not allow a vertuous man to do any such thing. I know not (replied *Berelisa*) whether civility will permit it, but I am certain Love will, since I would have it so: For in fine, what confidence can I have in your affection, if you obey me not in this business? You know (added she) that it is with much reluctancy you have resolved to hate the unfaithful *Clidimira*, how then can I be assured that you will persist in this disaffection, since she still behaves her self as if she loved you? But Madam, answered *Artemidorus*, if I have been so much troubled to cease loving the faithless *Clidimira*, how do you conceive I can possibly cease to love the faithful *Berelisa*? However it be (said she) I must have this expression of your affection. But Madam, replied he, I do not absolutely deny you, but entreat you to take some days to consider, whether you do not your self an injury by engaging me upon such a business; for *Terillus* and *Clidimira* who have of late seemed very kind together, will be sure to lay it at your door, if I do what you would have me: If therefore you will take my advice, you will be satisfied with that security I give you, never to see *Clidimira* at her house, to avoid her elsewhere, never to speak to her, and to love you eternally. Ah! *Artemidorus*, replied *Berelisa* blushing with vexation, you are too discreet to be a Lover, and if the humour takes me to be discreet also in my turn, you shall find that Love and Discretion hold not so good correspondence, and that they are more likely to

destroy

destroy than support one another in the same heart. But Madam, replied this Prince, what have I said which might incense you? What have I done which might deserve your indignation? You husband your self too much between *Clidimira* and Me, replied she, and that I am not able to endure; whereas if I were as cautious not to displease *Terillus* as you are *Clidimira*, either you would renounce all love for me, or be very angry. But Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, are you not confident of my affection? And can you suspect that I still love the faithless *Clidimira*? I do absolutely believe you love her, replied she, but if there should happen some little difference between you and I, I should not think it impossible you might love her again: My desire therefore is, that you were at such a distance with her, that you should never be reconciled, and consequently never give me the grief to see you in your ancient fetters: Not (added she) but that if I were to hate you, I should wish you that misfortune; for I know nothing more unhappy, more poor, nor more unworthy a man of a great and noble soul, than to be matched with a faithless one, and put himself into a condition to be over-reach'd the second time. I assure you Madam, replied *Artemidorus*, that I am not likely to meet with this sad misfortune, and that I cannot be unhappy by the means of any faithless person if you do not become such. But why then (replyed she) do you not raise me out of the weakness you see I am in, since that while you restore me, you should withal be revenged of *Clidimira*? If I could do it without your being concerned therein as well as my self, replied he, I should gladly obey you: But Madam, I beseech you consider what commands you lay on me, and assure your self I shall ever love you, *Clidimira* never, even though she should have a greater affection for me than ever I had for her. *Artemidorus* (replied she) you are too tedious in debating a thing pleases me not.

While she said this, *Clidimira* comes into the room, which caused a fatal interruption of the conference. In the mean time *Artemidorus* thinking to oblige *Bereliſa*, took his leave; but not being able to quit the room without passing by *Clidimira*, he had not the power to do it without a civil salute; which *Bereliſa* took very hainously: Not but that she knew well enough that he could not avoid saluting her; but she conceived it but just, after the discourse she had entertained him with, he should have acquitted himself with more neglect and less Civility. Nor was it in her power to dissemble the disturbance of her mind; which *Clidimira* perceiving, and looking on it as a consequence of the Letter she had caused to be written to her, began maliciously to press her to tell the reason of it. When you shall have told me that of the Joy I see in your countenance, replied *Bereliſa* coldly, I shall happily give you that of the melancholy which seems to be in mine. Truly, replyed *Clidimira*, if my eyes do discover any joy, they betray me; for since the loss of *Telesis* I have had no great reason to be joyful: To deal as truly with you, replied *Bereliſa*, I also assure you that if mine express any melancholy, they are impostors and deceive you. But Sister, replied *Clidimira*, it were more unlikely that I should arrive to any joy after the loss of *Telesis*, than it is that you should be sad. There are so many things like ly to be true which are not true, replied *Bereliſa*, and so many true things which seem not to be so, that I think it not fit to measure your joy by the account you give me of it: Not but that (added she) after the loss of such a Husband as you had, it would be thought very strange that you should so soon have overcome all grief; but it seems youth, and a greatness of mind and beauty will not suffer affliction to be long liv'd. If it be so, replied *Clidimira*, since you have so great a Wit, since you are so Young and Handsom, and have only lost a Brother where I have lost a Husband, it is likely you should be much more light-hearted than I. As I have not lost a Brother, but I have withal lost a friend, replied *Bereliſa*, I have happy thought my self more concerned in this loss than you have: For to speak generally, when one loses a Husband one loses a Master, who many times disturbs our pleasures; and therefore it is not impossible but that the loss of *Telesis* may cause me a greater affliction than it does you. Not to examine whether it be impossible or not, replied *Clidimira* blushing for madness, I am certain *Telesis* is nothing concerned in the melancholy which is now legible in your eyes. And not to examine, replied *Bereliſa*, whether you have reason to speak as you do; I am certain that the gladness which may be read in yours ought not to be there, there being no great reason it should. You may be satisfied, replied she, that if I am glad I have reason to be so. And I for my part tell you, replied *Bereliſa*, that if I am troubled, I will be revenged on those that are the causers of my trouble. As angry as you are, replied *Clidimira*, I should willingly contribute to your revenge: And so you shall, replied *Bereliſa* in a malicious tone, for being related as we are, our interest cannot be without some relation, and so not to be divided. Tell me then, who are your enemies of either Sex, replied *Clidimira*? You see them every day, replyed *Bereliſa*, I need not name them to you, and it shall go very hard but——

As *Bereliſa* would have continued what she was saying, *Aphranor* comes into her Chamber, to acquaint her that the valiant Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had defeated his enemies, had at length forced them to Petition for Peace, which was signed; adding withal, and directing his speech to both her and *Clidimira* that they must needs go immediately to the Princess *Philonice's*. Which said, he acquainted them with some of the Articles of the Treaty, they not offering to interrupt him as having their several expectations, that he would not forget that which concerned the Prisoners. But *Aphranor* conceived they were not to learn, that in all Treaties of Peace, the prisoners of War are set at liberty, and therefore said nothing to them as to that point. Insomuch that having both an equal curiosity as to one Article, wherein yet they were not equally concerned, they spoke both at the same time, to ask the same thing. But having received their answer, they blush'd, they became more jealous one of another, they hated one another more then before; and to consummate their affliction, *Aphranor* told them that all the Prisoners were set at liberty; 'Tis true (added he) that the Prince of *Agrigentum* had ordered him who had brought him this news, to tell Prince *Artemidorus*, that his Court should

should be his Sanctuary, as he had offered it sometime before, and conjured him to remain there, till such time as he had made his peace with the Prince of *Leontum*. But when he had quieted them a little with this weak hope, he added, that it was thought this Prince would not accept of the proffer, because of the mis-intelligence which was between the Princess of *Agrigentum* and *Leontum* So that *Berelisa* and *Clidimira* perceiving that *Artemidorus* would be obliged to remove, were both extreamly troubled, which trouble yet had a mixture of some reflections of joy, which either of them raised from this consideration, that this absence of his would afflict her Rival. But to speak truly, it was a joy was neither serene, nor of long continuance.

In the mean time, *Aphranor* pressing them to go immediately to *Philonice*, and they not thinking it civil to discover they were not so loving one to another, as to make a visit together, were forced to obey him. But all the way as they went to this Princess, they spoke not one to another till they were come neer her Palace. *Clidimira*, purposely to vex *Berelisa*, and to sift out her thoughts, asked her whether she thought it not fit that she sent to congratulate *Artemidorus*: For, added she, with a seeming simplicity, since he was pleased to give me a visit in my affliction, I conceive it but fitting I should return this civility. If there be a necessity that he depart and leave us, it were fit you did what you say; but if he remain, I should conceive you did well, if you had no more to do with him, considering what hath passed between you. I assure you, replyed *Clidimira* maliciously, that were it not that I found him constantly in your Chamber, I should be very indifferent whether I returned him this civility or not; but since there is a *decorum* obliges me not to refrain visiting you, there is no great fear I should receive any incivility from such a Prince as *Artemidorus*. I know not whether I advise you well or not, replyed *Berelisa*, but I conceive it were better you received an incivility, then expose your self to Calumny. As for Calumny, replied *Clidimira*, I fear it not much; for when one is conscious that he deserves it not, he need not trouble his thoughts with it. You are very happy, replied *Berelisa*, to have such a tranquility in your thoughts; which said, they entred into *Philonica's*, where all was filled with joy. But they had not been there an hour, ere *Artemidorus* came to that illustrious Princess, to express his gladness of the satisfaction, which the so glorious success of the Prince of *Agrigentum* had caused to her; and withal to acknowledge how much he conceived himself obliged to the generosity of that Prince. *Philonica* answered *Artemidorus* with her ordinary Prudence and Civility; which done, the sage *Cleodamas* being come in, began to whisper something to *Philonica*. For being a man of the most ancient and most honourable House of any in *Agrigentum*, and had withal the recommendation of a great Understanding, Vertue and Honesty, he was more then any other concerned in the Peace which his Country was now to enjoy; so that having acquainted *Philonica* with many things, which it concerned her to know, he began openly to commend the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had now satisfied the World, that he had not raised a War but to settle Peace, and not out of any Sally of Ambition, adding that he was truly a Father to his Subjects, since he preferred their quiet before the carrying on of a War, which it had been more to his glory to have continued, had he not preferred the publick good before his particular advantages. It is true, continued *Cleodamas*, that to speak rationally, it is much more glorious for a Prince to have preserved Plenty in his Dominions then to have ruined his neighbours; and is more noble out of a consideration of Justice and Humanity to be thrifty of the blood of his Subjects, then out of a *Punctillo* of glory and ambition, to be prodigal of his enemies. All approving what *Cleodamas* said, and acknowledging the praises he gave the Prince of *Agrigentum* to be just, they congratulated *Philonica*, and afterwards, *Artemidorus*. For there being some or other continually, coming in, and going out of *Philonica's* Chamber, the company stood, and every one was at liberty to go from one place to another. So that there was not any either man or woman, which did not complement *Artemidorus*, except *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*, who had not the courage to go and tell him that they were glad of a thing which indeed caused all their affliction. But *Berelisa* desirous to conceal her trouble from her sister in-law, and being withal, almost out of her self to put her into some disturbance, came to her, and speaking softly; for one who thought her self so much concerned to send congratulations to *Artemidorus*, said she to her, methinks you make not much hast to tell him that you are glad he is at liberty, I expected you should have shewn me the way, replied *Clidimira*; for I believe you think your self as deep in the concernments of that Prince, as I do; but since haply you conceive, that by reason of the relation I have to you, I ought to speak first, I shall do it: Whereupon *Clidimira* without expecting any answer from *Berelisa*, drew near to *Artemidorus*, who was not far from her, and made a very handsom and obliging complement to him, *Artemidorus* thinking it in a manner barbarous not to return a civil answer before so many people, gave her thanks for her good wishes. But persisting in the desire of tormenting her sister, she behaved her self so, that though he had for a good while indeavoured to avoid discourse with her, yet she forced him to answer her divers times: Whereat *Berelisa*, who heard not what passed between them, was extreamly vexed, *Artemidorus* who was not ignorant of the ticklishness of her humour, would have gone to her as soon as he was dis-engaged from *Clidimira*, but she avoided all discourse with him, and gave him such a lesson of vexation to read in her eyes, that he was infinitely troubled at it. He nevertheless continued following her, and pursued her from place to place, insomuch that at last taking her leaning on a Window which looked into the garden, he went to that next it, and taking hold of a corner of her garment to stay her from going away: Well, cruel *Berelisa*, said he to her, will you eternally avoid me? And when all the World congratulate me though for a thing which afflicts me, do you think it a trouble to comfort me?

me? You are then already resolved, replied she roundly, to take *Clidimira* along with you to *Leontum*? I am resolved to die, cruel *Bereliſa*, if you prove not more favourable to me; and I am resolved to hate and be revenged of you, replied *Bereliſa*, if you prove unfaithful. I am content you shall do both, replied he, if I do prove such; but if I am both constant and unfortunate, pity me, and love me at least as much as you have promised. *Philonica* hereupon, calling *Bereliſa* to her, *Artemidorus* had not the opportunity to speak to her any more all that day; nor could he sleep all the night following, such a distraction did the humourousnes of *Bereliſa*, and the insinuations of *Clidimira* raise in his thoughts. Not as I have already acquainted you, that he had any design to ingage himself any further to *Clidimira*, and had an excessive affection for *Bereliſa*; but he had a conceit that it were a kind of aspersion to a person of honour, uncivilly to shake off the love of a woman, whether she have forsaken him or not; so that not finding any mean between these two things, he was in a strange perplexity. His liberty, which he now was Master of, contributed to his disturbance, for if it favoured him to be rid of *Clidimira*, it also removed him from *Bereliſa*, without whom it was impossible for him to be happy. On the other side, as to what concerned his fortunes, he easily fore-saw that if he remained at *Agrigentum*, now that he had obtained his liberty, he should be proclaimed Traytor to *Leontum*. So that which way soever he looked, whether on what concerned *Bereliſa*, or *Clidimira*, or on himself, his mind was still in the same disturbance. That which further augmented his disquiet, was the arrival of *Terillus*; for being perswaded it was he had sent him the cruel Letter which he had delivered to *Bereliſa*, he was no longer able to indure the affront; and if *Bereliſa* had not charged him to keep the busines secret, he could not have forborn expressing the resentments he had of it.

In the mean time, *Clidimira* having understood by the Gentleman whom she had corrupted, that *Bereliſa* and *Artemidorus* had had some little contestation, failed not to make her advantage of it, and was so diligent in finding an opportunity to talk with him at *Philonica's*, that indeed he could not with civility avoid her. To acquaint you, Madam, with what discourse passed between them, were no easie task for me; for neither *Artemidorus* nor *Clidimira* could yet be perswaded to give an exact acount of it. Yet thus much hath been gotten out of *Clidimira*, that *Artemidorus* entertained he with the bitterest reproaches, which, without a visible affront, and an abjuration of that civility which is due from man to womankind, he could imagine; and *Artemidorus* hath discovered so much, as that *Clidimira* without telling him plainly, *I love thee*, had entertained him with the greatest tenderness and passion, in the excuses she made, that she had married *Teleſis*. To be short, the very same day I saw this Prince, but so clouded with sadness, as I had never seen him before. Not but that he loved *Bereliſa* with the greatest affection imanigable; but believing withal, that *Clidimira* loved him as much, he looked on it, as what would raise a Tempest between him and *Bereliſa*. Nor indeed was it unlikely, for there cannot happen a greater disturbance to a vertuous man, then to be loved of two women that hate one another, and yet are obliged to be almost perpetually together.

But *Bereliſa* having understood what discourse had past between *Artemidorus* and *Clidimira*, by one of *Philonicas* women, who had over-heard some part of it, was so troubled that *Artemidorus* had said nothing to her, that without discovering her affliction either to *Lyſicoris* or me, or yet to *Artemidorus*; she (to be revenged of the disloyalty of this Prince, as she interpreted it) resolved to be more kind than ordinary to *Terillus*. But to tell you the truth, these two Lovers were equally surprised at her carriage: for if it was matter of wonder to *Artemidorus*, to see a remission of her affection to him; it was no less to *Terillus*, to find from her that little kindness she was pleased to shew him. He at first imagined, that she foreseeing that *Artemidorus* was shortly to leave *Agrigentum*, thought fit to make sure of him, and having a subtle and piercing wit, and that sharpned by his jealousie, he soon discovered that this kindness and compliance of *Bereliſa* was but personated and artificial, such as wherein her heart was nothing concerned; so that it caused him to be more jealous than ever. As for *Artemidorus*, though he doubted not but that *Bereliſa* still loved him, and that it was only for his sake that she was so kind to *Terillus*; yet all considered, he could not avoid some reflections of jealousie, which obliged him to hate this Rival. For *Bereliſa*, though she was satisfied that *Artemidorus* had a tender affection for her, yet being not assured but that the flatteries of *Clidimira* might have some influence on him, she was seised by a jealousie which distracted her beyond all imagination: and as concerning *Clidimira*, though she then could without any return of love, and in a manner without hope of any, yet was she subject to jealousie: So that it may be said, that jealousie never had such an Empire in any amorous transaction, and was withal so ill grounded, as in this. For *Terillus* was jealous, though he could never hope for any love from *Bereliſa*. *Artemidorus* was jealous of *Terillus*, whom *Bereliſa* hated; *Bereliſa* was jealous of *Clidimira*, whom *Artemidorus* loved not; and *Clidimira* was jealous, though there was not any rational likelihood she should ever regain the heart she had once lost. Nor could it otherwise be, but that the consequences of these several scenes of jealousie must be sad and tragical, and such as hindred these persons from those enjoyments of Peace, which the Prince of *Agrigentum* brought along with him, who was now come burthened with glory to receive the acclamations of his people. But I should tire you with a second relation of the honours were done him, and withal I must remember, it is the History of *Artemidorus*, and not his, which I relate to you. I shall therefore only tell you, that things being in this posture, there happed to be a consort of Musick in the Gardens of the Palace of *Gyants*, whereof I told you the ruines were so magnificent. For though this Palace be ruined, yet the Gardens remain, and they are so well ordered, that it is the general Walk of all persons of Quality, of either Sex, especially in the Sum-

mer, when we court the fresh Air, to avoid the inconveniences of the heat. The Prince of *Agrigentum* therefore desirous to hear some Musick in this Garden, wherein there are a many Walks with Trees on both sides, which cross one another, had it after an excellent manner: For the Moon not shining that night, and that it is neither pleasant nor handsome to be in the dark, especially in a place where so many people meet, he caused Lamps of Crystal to be fastned to all the Trees of the principal Walk; as for the rest, they were only at the places where they crossed, to the end that those might be humour'd who delight to walk in dark shady places, and are desirous of recollection, or would confer of something which cannot be spoken without a change of colour: So that it being noised abroad that there would be a Consort in the Garden, which is called the *Cyclops Garden*, abundance of people came thither that evening. Among others came *Artemidorus*, *Berelisa*, *Clidimira*, *Lysicoris* and *Terillus*. For my part, I was never taken with any thing so much as that nights walk: For those lights made a strange shew through the thickness of the Trees and the darkness, and that multitude of excellent persons, whereof one had but a glimpse, made a delightful confusion, and caus'd a many adventures. Some walk'd one way, some another; some walk'd up and down, as those that look'd for what they were nor likely to find; others having met those they look'd for, possess'd themselves of those seats, which are in diverse places of the Garden, and without any regard to the Musick, nor those that pass'd to and fro, they discours'd freely, having their minds so far disburthen'd of all things, as if there had been no other people in the world. There were others on the contrary who continually remov'd from one place to another, pretending they had much to do in every place, where indeed they had not any. There were also some who having quite forgotten the Company, hearkned only to the Musick and were wholly taken up with that: on the contrary there were others, who not minding the Musick at all, acted the parts of publick spies, and seem'd to have no other business there, then to observe what was done, that so they might have something to discourse of the next day. There wanted not those, who pretending they had some design in hand, and some business to do, seem'd to be much troubled, which made them quit the company they were engag'd in, to go into the Walks, as if they had appointed to meet some body there, though they knew there was nothing to entertain them but obscurity. There were also some, who neither discoursing with any body nor hearing the Musick, nor giving themselves to any recollection; walk'd up and down, singing as if they had been alone in some solitary place. In fine, I saw so many pleasant spectacles that night, that I never spent any with greater delight. 'Tis true, it was the mother of one unhappy accident; for you are to know that *Lysicoris* having observ'd *Berelisa* to be very melancholy, and that she minded not the Musick, took her aside, and conducting her to a seat which is neer the *Cypresse Labyrinth*, importun'd her to tell the reason of her sadness. *Berelisa* who felt her self almost over-burthened with it, told her all her mind, heightning and aggravating the affliction it was to her to be more favourable than ordinary to *Terillus*, purposely to vex *Artemidorus*. But (added she, her soul being dissolved into tenderness and passion) if this Prince depart, as I believe he will, I will be revenged upon *Terillus*, both for the disloyalty of *Artemidorus*, and the Letter he caused to be sent me; as also for the jealousie which *Clidimira* causes me, and the correspondence that is between him and her; for I am confident it is he hath distilled into her those inclinations which she hath, or pretends to have for *Artemidorus*.

Lysicoris hearing her speak so violently, told her she was very much too blame in all things; that for *Terillus* he was unfortunate enough in that he was not loved, abating the cruelty she had used in abusing him for some time; that as for *Artemidorus*, she might assure her self of his affection, and therefore should not entertain a jealousie that he would be so unworthy, as ever to return into the fetters of the faithless *Clidimira*: So that there remained only her Sister-in-law, for whom she might have any just aversion. And therefore, said she to her, you need not think it strange now that *Telesis* is dead, that she should endeavour to repair her disloyalty past, by a future fidelity. Ah *Lysicoris*, replied *Berelisa*, she would not certainly have renewed her love to *Artemidorus*, were it not to rob me of him, and indeed it is only envy, that hath let love into her heart. It happens in the mean time, that I who had resolved not to love any thing, had broken my resolution, to oblige a Prince whose affection I thought I might innocently entertain, and of whose heart I thought to have been possest for my life, whereas now I am in a strange disturbance, and a fear he should be guilty of an infidelity to me, to satisfie the most faithless, and consequently the most detestable person in the world. But, said *Lysicoris* to her, you torment your self without any reason; for I am confident that *Artemidorus* loves you, that you love him, and that *Clidimira* will love without any return of her love. To what end then do you trouble your thoughts to hate *Clidimira*, to entertain jealousie, and to pretend kindness to *Terillus*, since you hate him? I hate *Clidimira*, replied she, because I cannot help it; I am jealous for the same reason, and I am kind to *Terillus*, purposely to vex *Artemidorus*, to put a worm of jealousie into his brain, and to make him quit all thoughts of *Clidimira*, and oblige him to love me better. Alas, 'tis too much, cruel *Berelisa* (crieth out *Terillus*, who stood behind a Cypress near *Lysicoris*) and I should be the basest of man kind, if having heard all this, I revenge not my self on you in all the ways and circumstances that a person of honour may be revenged of a woman. Now, Madam, to represent unto you the amazement of *Berelisa*, were not easie for me, for she had not so much as suspected, when she left the company with her dear *Lysicoris*, that *Terillus* had followed them. Nevertheless how angry soever she might then be with *Artemidorus*, her first reflection in this accident was, a fear that *Terillus* might attempt something against

him. Whereupon doing her inclinations the greatest violence could be, she earnestly intreated him, to give her the hearing out of a consideration of generosity. But the more she intreated, the further was he from satisfying her, and suddenly stealing away, she soon, by reason of the thickness of the Trees, and the obscurity, lost sight of him. However, she imagined not that *Terillus* should take such a violent resolution as he did, or or that it should be taken and executed in so short a space. She and *Lysicoris* thought to find me out, to acquaint me how things stood, that without interessing her in the adventure, I might have a care of *Artemidorus*. But there being an infinite number of people in the place, and that women cannot shift places so easily as men, they saw me not. Besides that, the Princess *Philonica*, seeing them pass by, called to them, and obliged them to stay with her, which they did, but with little ease, as being extreamly troubled at what had happed. For *Berelisa* thought not fit to acquaint *Philonica* with the disturbance she was in, since she could not do it without discovering the mutual love which was between her and *Artemidorus*. That which yet increased her disquiet, was, that this Prince was neither with *Philonica*, nor with the Prince of *Agrigentum*; however, hoping to meet with me before the night were passed, she said not a word, and only charged divers people, in case they saw me, to tell me, that she would gladly speak with me about a business that required great hast. So that in fine, one of *Berelisa's* friends having found me among some women told me of it; but it happening to be just at the time that the musick gave over, and that all people were departing, I could not by reason of the throng get from among those Ladies with whom I was in discourse, nor yet come near *Berelisa*. Besides that, not able to conceive what she was so hasty to acquaint me with, I resolved to put it off till betimes next day. By this means she went away without seeing me, and I went my ways, without any thought of *Artemidorus*, to whom there had happened what is indeed to be admired. For you are to know, Madam, that *Terillus* having over heard what *Berelisa* had said, took a resolution in the first transport of his indignation, either to destroy himself or *Artemidorus*. To which end, it being ordinary for men to take their swords with them, in such evening walks as these, because it is very late ere they retire, and that in regard they are obliged to convey the Ladies, it seems fit they should be in posture to defend themselves; *Terillus* found it an easie matter to execute his design, yet so, as that it might not be discovered. He had no sooner left *Berelisa* and *Lysicoris*, but he went to find out *Artemidorus*, whom he soon found; for as a jealous Lover is very observant of what his Rival does, he knew the place where he had left him. Finding him accordingly, and taking him aside unperceived by any, he led him into one of those cross walks, which I told you had only Lamps at the places where they crossed. He was no sooner in it, but *Terillus* broke forth thus, My Lord, said he to him, you will haply think me very bold, if I presume to ask you whether you remember not a certain thing you said to me in the Wood of *Carisalis*; further, if I desire to know whether you will make good your word; for since you cannot bestow *Berelisa* on me, though you would, there is a necessity you should deprive him of his life, who once saved yours, according to your promise, so dispose of your self, that you may return me the life which I have preserved for you, *Terillus* at these words having drawn, *Artemidorus* saw it was no time to consider what he had to do, he retreated two or three steps to put himself into a posture of defence, and moved by a resentment of generosity and gratitude, I beseech you, cryed he to him, force me not to your ruine, since it is no fault of mine that you are not loved by *Berelisa*. But *Terillus* in stead of returning any answer to *Artemidorus*, made such a thrust at him, that this Prince was satisfied, that if he did not look to himself, he who sometimes had saved his life, would now take it away. However, for some time he stood only upon the defensive; but at length, finding himself hurt on the left side, he became more prodigal of his Valour, And now looking on *Terillus* as a furious Rival, there hapned between these two Lovers, a most terrible Combat; for being at good distance from those Lamps which were in the cross walks, all they could do was to see the glistering of their swords, not perceiving one another distinctly. But in fine, not to trouble you with the description of a Combate, which was not seen by any body: I shall onely tell you, that it proved so bloody and so obstinate, that *Terillus* fell dead at *Artemidorus's* feet, after he had received four great wounds. 'Tis true, *Artemidorus* had received three, whereby he was disabled to walk, as having one of them in his thigh; and being got into one of the most remote Walks, they had not haply been found out, if by chance *Berelisa*, who was to lie with *Lysicoris* that night, so to avoid the opening of the Castle gate of *Agrigentum* at an unseasonable hour, had not slunk away from *Philonica*, to go out at a back gate of the Garden which was neerest to that Quarter where her friend lived. *Berelisa* therefore following her, and being conducted by a Brother of *Lysicoris* and some others, they passed through that Walk where *Artemidorus* and *Terillus* had fought, and where they yet were in a most sad condition. The slaves who went before them, with a kind of Torch made of the Bark of Pine trees, which they use in that Isle, to light them in the night, spyed *Terillus* laid along on the ground all bloody, and *Artemidorus* leaning against a Tree, as hardly able to keep on his feet, and having his own Sword in his right hand, held that of his adversary in his left, to help to bear himself up. These slaves making a great exclamation at it, *Lysicoris*, *Berelisa*, and the Gentlemen who waited on them, came neer, and found these Rivals bloody all over. To tell you what impression it made in *Berelisa*, were a thing would trouble me much. As for *Artemidorus*, he spoke so, as that it was soon seen his wisdom and discretion had not left him; for he bemoaned his misfortune, in that he had been forced to fight with a man to whom he was obliged; and concealing the occasion of their quarrel, to preserve the reputation of *Berelisa*, he only acquainted them that he was not the beginner. But while *Lysicoris*, her brother and the other

Gentlemen

Gentlemen went to find out Chyrurgions and people, to have a care of, and remove the persons hurt, *Artemidorus* turning to *Berelisa*, All the suit I make to you, Madam, is, that if I die, you will believe I die with all fidelity to you, and that if I live, you assure your self it shall be only for your sake. These words having softned the heart of this great Beauty, it soon dissolved into tears in her eyes, so that she was not able to return him any other answer, then these three words, *I wish it*; as being partly hindred by the arrival of a multitude of people in an instant, which obliged them to provide for the wounded, whom for the present they carryed to *Lysicoris*'s house as being the neerest.

They were no sooner gotten thither, but the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had been acquainted with this accident before he had reached his own Palace, was there also; where he had not been long ere *Terillus* dies in the hands of the Chyrurgions who dressed him. Whereupon the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who knew how powerful the Family of *Terillus* was, caused the Corps of this unhappy Lover to be immediately carried to his own Palace, so to divert his friends from coming where *Artemidorus* was, whose wounds were very dangerous. But that *Berelisa* might not grieve for this misfortune, with that freedom she wished, *Clidimira* going homewards in her Chariot, passed by *Lysicoris*'s house, and so came to understand what had hapned; pretending a tenderness for the health of her Sister in Law, by reason of the fright she had received, she would needs see what condition that Prince was in, for whom she had so infinite affection: I leave you to imagine what resentments these two Rivals might have, as also what might be those of *Artemidorus*, who when he had been dressed, saw all people come freely into the Chamber where *Lysicoris* had disposed him, and found these two women about him. 'Tis true, this disturbance lasted not long; for *Lysicoris* having observed what trouble he was in, as also what *Berelisa* suffered, caused the Chyrurgions to give order that the Company should quit the Prince's Chamber. By this means *Clidimira* was forced to depart, and to allow *Berelisa* the liberty of bemoaning this unfortunate adventure, which she was more sensible of than can be well imagined, for she was not only troubled for him whom she loved, but was also afflicted for his death whom she loved not. This done, the Prince of *Agrigentum* fearing the friends of *Terillus*, who was descended of a House to which courage and boldness was hereditary, should commit some violence, left part of his Guard at *Lysicoris*'s, and returned to his Palace. For my part, I heard nothing of this accident till the next morning, no more did *Philonice*, but at the first noise of it, I was more surprised than ever I was at any thing in my life. This day the friends of *Terillus* making a great stir about his death, *Artemidorus* was secretly brought into the Castle of *Agrigentum*; for the Illustrious Prince, who is Master of it, would not, out of considerations as much of Generosity as Policy, expose *Artemidorus* to the violence of his Enemies; so that now it was *Berelisas* charge to have a care of this Illustrious wounded person. 'Tis true *Clidimira* kept her company much, for it having hapned that a house stood next to hers falling down, had brought with it part of the Walls of her Lodgings: Upon this pretence she desired to be entertained at her Father-in-Laws, who not considering the consequence of it, received her; so that *Artemidorus*, notwithstanding his aversion, was obliged to see her, and *Berelisa* could not blame him for it, nor indeed durst take it ill. Now *Clidimira* being very subtle, behaved her self so, as that she really perswaded *Artemidorus* that she had never loved him with that tenderness as she did then. On the other side *Berelisa*, notwithstanding all the secret discontents which she had gone through, and those she struggled with, assured him, that never any woman was inspired with a more violent, and withal a more vertuous passion, than that she then had for him; and what was most remarkable, was, that these two Rivals, out of a fear of disturbing the Illustrious Patient, as also to conceal their loves from the world; and lastly, for fear of losing the happiness which it was to them, to see what they loved, seemed to live in an absolute Peace, though they really hated one the other as much as might be.

But *Artemidorus* beginning to recover, and having past all danger, fell into an incredible disquiet. For though he faithfully and fervently loved *Berelisa*, yet could he not without incivility reject the applications of *Clidimira*: so that it was a perpetual trouble to him, for to entertain them but coldly, he could not without some violence to his own inclinations; if he received them with any satisfaction, he must expect to find in the eyes of *Berelisa*, those characters of affliction which brought him infinite trouble. But in fine, to put a period to my relation, you are to know that this private combat proved of publick concernment. For *Artemidorus*, being Brother to the Prince of *Leontum*, and there being no probable account given of this quarrel, the friends of *Terillus* were so ill satisfied with the Prince of *Agrigentum*, for giving Sanctuary to him who had killed him, that the people being engaged in it, and the Magistrates taking notice of it, he was forced to acquaint *Artemidorus*, that, though he were quite recovered of his wounds, it were hard for him to carry the business so, as that he might promise himself safety in his Court, as he had hoped he might, by reason of the difference that then was between the Prince of *Leontum* and himself. But at length that the business might be carryed on with as much generosity as might be, the Prince of *Agrigentum* assured him of a safe Retreat with the Prince of *Syracuse*, and withal forced him to submit to be put into an equipage sutable to his condition, and that he might continue it to him at *Syracuse*, till such time as he had made his peace with the Prince his Brother; assuring him, that if the friends of *Terillus* might be reduced to hear any reason, he would send for him back to *Agrigentum*. *Philonice*, for her part, expressed a thousand civilities to him; and it may be said, that never man had so much cause both to commend and complain of his Fortune, as *Artemidorus* then had: For as he was infinitely obliged to the Prince of *Agrigentum*, so was he equally unhappy in that he was forced to leave *Berelisa*. It added some grains to his unhappiness, that he was loved by *Clidimira*; these three Per-

sons suffering no mean afflictions; yet such as were not alike in all. For *Berelisa* was excessively afflicted at the absence of a Prince whom she loved, and of whose affection she was assured, though she was not without some jealousies he might prove false to her. *Clidimira* was for her part as highly troubled, in that she lost both the hope of regaining him, and that of seeing him of a long time. They had accordingly each of them to express their several passions, a conference in private with this Prince the night before his departure. Although it be the most terrible thing in the world to a woman to love, and not be loved (said *Clidimira* to him) yet (my Lord) I am of opinon, that rule ought not to be so general, and that a person whom only the malice of her Fortune hath made seem unfaithful, may and ought to repair the crime whereof she stands accused, and persist in her affection, even though she be not loved any longer. And therefore (my Lord, added she) permit the unfortunate *Clidimira* to assure you, that into what part soever of the Earth Fortune shall dispose you, she shall have those sentiments of affection for you, which she shall never for any other. I quarrel not with you (continued she) that you have quitted the affection you had for me, and have directed it to *Berelisa*; for when you began to love her, it was because you believed me unconstant: I was then at the disposal of a Husband, and could not love you any longer with innocence. But be you withal so favourable, as not to accuse me of a crime, which my ill fortune forced me to commit: I do not certainly deserve you should have that consideration of my love, as to make you disingage your self from *Berelisa*, but you may haply think me worthy to look on the heart that she possesses as a jewel, which it is possible I may enjoy, in case she either neglect or lose it. All then that I crave, is, that if by some accident, yet unforseen, you should with-draw your affection from her, you would promise to bestow it on me, and forget my weakness past. Ah, Madam, (said *Artemidorus* to her) you propose to me things impossible, for *Berelisa* will not lose me, and though she should, I shall be thought certainly at a loss of all reason, if I should ever be induced to resign my self to a person who had so unmercifully forsaken me before. All therefore I can say to you, is, that as I have endured your infidelity without any disturbance or revenge, so I shall without indiscretion admit those obligations you shall lay upon me, and shall so entertain them, as not to be deceived by them a second time.

This conference had certainly put *Artemidorus* into some disorder, had I not interrupted; but as to the discourse this Prince had with *Berelisa*, it was longer and fuller of passion, for the tenderness of it was reciprocal. However, *Artemidorus* could not absolutely force all jealousie out of *Berelisas* heart, though in those things he said to her, he discovered the greatest passion in the World. I am easily perswaded (said she to him) to believe that you love me; nay further, I am confident you love not *Clidimira*; but I am withal certain, that you are satisfied she loves you, and I doubt not but that if there should happen any difference between us, you would renew your affection to her.

In the mean time, this consideration is no small torment to me, and if you desire I should not die of grief, you must promise me in case absence should consume the affection you bear me, or that some other unhappy accident divorce me from your heart, or that my death make an eternal separation between us, that you will never love *Clidimira*; for I perceive that when you shall be returned to *Leontum*, there may happen such a turn of Fortune, as may bring her thither also. But can I give you a greater assurance of my affection, answered *Artemidorus*, than by promising to love you eternally, and to love none but you? You may, my Lord, replied this powerful Beauty, for amidst those fantastick apprehensions I am now engaged with, I should be more satisfied to hear you once say, that you will never love *Clidimira*, then that you should swear you will ever love *Berelisa*. But when I protest that I shall love you as long as I live, replied he, does it not signifie as much, as if I said I shall never love her? No (my Lord) it does not (replied she) and if you were sufficiently read in love, you would not think this distinction so extravagant, nor would make so much difficulty to humour my affection. Hereupon *Artemidorus* was obliged to promise her all she desired; and moreover, assured her, that as soon as he could, he would return to *Agrigentum*, that it should be only for her sake that he did return; and that if *Afranor* would but give his consent, he would marry her. He had once intended to have proposed it to *Afranor*, before his departure, but in regard it would have proved very unseasonable, *Berelisa* would not permit him. She also made him promise he would not write to *Clidimira*, though she should write to him; to be short, she made all the *proviso*'s which the nicest jealousie could suggest against this dangerous Rival.

This posture were Affairs in, when *Artemidorus* left *Agrigentum*. He loved *Berelisa*, and he him: He had renounced all love to *Clidimira*, yet she still loved him, and though he could not guess what might be his fortune, he immediately went to *Syracuse*, whither I accompanied him. He was no sooner gone from *Agrigentum*, but *Clidimira* did two things, one was, she entred into Combination with one of the friends of *Terillus*, purposely to oblige him to use all means to ingage the rest to oppose the return of *Artemidorus*; the other was, that she got leave to return to *Leontum*, where she hath managed her affairs with so much policy, that at the present she is so powerful in that Court, that *Artemidorus* cannot hope ever to come into his Country, but through her means.

On the other side, *Berelisa* left no stone unmoved to hasten his return to *Agrigentum*; but those with whom *Clidimira* held correspondence opposed it so stifly, that the Prince of *Agrigentum* thought himself obliged, out of considerations of his own interest, not to send for him. But there fell out another accident in the Court of *Syracuse*, which obliged *Artemidorus*, and me, to leave it. There hapned also other alterations at *Leontine*, which forced thence a Princess, who is at the present at *Clusium*, and we were by divers motives induced to come into *Italy* with *Amilcar*, with whom we took shipping together in *Sicily*, af-

ter

as we had entred into a ſolemn friendſhip. But I forget to tell you, that ſince *Clidimiras* coming to *Leontum*, and that ſhe hath gained great reputation there: *Artemidorus* is much more unfortunate than ever he was; for being ſtill paſſionately devoted to *Bereliſa*, and ſtanding upon a *punctilio* of fidelity, he was ſo far from intreating his former Miſtreſs to continue her favours and good offices, that he vouchſafes not to anſwer the obliging Letters, which ſhe writes to him. On the other ſide, he underſtands that the Prince of *Eriaeus*, is fallen deeply in love with *Bereliſa*, and that he is joyned with the Friends of *Terillus* to hinder his return to *Argentum*, and that he might be abſolutely unhappy, he durſt not have any correſpondence with the Princeſs his Siſter, leſt he might offend the Prince his Brother. But when all is done, the afflictions of *Artemidorus*, proceeding from no other cauſe than the exceſſive affection towards him of two of the greateſt Beauties in the World. I cannot retract what I ſaid in the beginning of this relation; but on the contrary maintain that this Prince is too blame for taking ſo much trouble upon him, ſince what occaſions his trouble might felicifie any two the greateſt perſons in the World.

For my part (ſaid *Amilcar*, perceiving *Zenocrates* had ended his relation) I think you are in the right, and that it is properly of ſuch things, that it may be ſaid a man cannot have too much. I aſſure you (replied *Hermilia*) I am not of your mind; for I believe a vertuous man thinks it a great affliction, to be loved by one woman, of merit and quality, having beſtowed his affections on another. For what concerns me, ſaid *Valeria*, I think a woman who is ſo unhappy as to love, and not be loved again, deſerves more pity than a vertuous man who is loved, and yet cannot himſelf love. However it be, ſaid *Brutus*, I think *Artemidorus* condition very ſad; for he hath loved a faithleſs woman, whom it is unlikely he will ever hate, ſince ſhe hath ſuch an infinite affection for him; he now loves a perſon whom he cannot come near; he hath a powerful Rival, and this Rival is abſent; his love is an obſtacle to his Ambition; he can neither be among his friends, nor yet among his enemies, and he knows he were happy, if he were not where he is: All which certainly is the greateſt puniſhment that abſence and love put together can inflict on him. It is but too certain, ſays *Herminius*, and I am of opinion that a Lover who is loved, when he is forced to be at a diſtance from the perſon he loves, and is ſubject to a fear of loſing her, is in a far greater torment, than a Lover who ſimply fears that he may not be loved. I do believe indeed it is the greater torment, ſaid *Zenocrates*; but yet there is a great pleaſure in the very thought of being loved, and it is as great an affliction to be aſſured that one is not. I agree with you (replied *Herminius*) and yet the fear of loſing a good which one is poſſeſſed of, and the impoſſibility of enjoying, ſignifie, haply, ſomething as hard to be indured, as the bare diſtruſt of not being able to attain that good which one deſires. But it is certainly too late to begin the diſpoſition of a thing of this nature, eſpecially in the Chamber of one that is ſick, and that a fair one too. For fairneſs (replied *Hermilia*) I muſt decline it, and for ſickneſs it is not ſo great, as that ſuch pleaſant company ſhould be any inconvenience to me; but certainly it proceeds from the impatience you are in to return to *Aroves* and *Artemidorus*. They are certainly (ſays *Amilcar*) too much ſubject to melancholy, to be left for ſo long time alone; beſides that to deal truly (added he ſmiling) it is already ſo late, that it is fit all addreſs themſelves to that God, who alone is equally propitious to the fortunate and the unfortunate, without any alteration in their fortunes, and that I have already obſerved ſome effects of his power, in the fair eyes of *Valeria*. Hereupon the whole company riſing, the entertainment was concluded, though *Valeria* would not acknowledge what *Amilcar* ſaid, and that ſo many honourable perſons were very unwilling to part.

The End of the Second Book of the Second Part.

CLELIA:

The Second Part.

BOOK III.

BEing come out of *Hermilias* Chamber, *Brutus*, *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, went to *Aronces* and *Artemidorus*, whom every one (according to his humour) comforted after the beſt manner he could. That done, they fell into diſcourſe about what their minds was taken up with: The Liberty of *Rome* and of *Clelia*, was the buſineſs in debate, as being the main ſcope of all their Deſigns. And whereas it was only in the night, that the ſecret friends of *Herminius*, *Brutus* and *Valerius*, had the opportunities of Conference, as ſoon as they had quitted *Aronces*'s Chamber, *Brutus* went to *Valerius*'s, to reſolve on ſeveral things with him: but all the way he thought of nothing but *Lucretia*. Alas! ſaid he to himſelf, how much more happy are all other Lovers, whoſe adventures I am entertained with, than I am? For thoſe who are not loved, hope, or at leaſt may hope to be; and thoſe which are, receive thoſe expreſſions of it, which come not without pleaſure. But for my part, I am much more miſerable, for the over-vertuous *Lucretia*, would not ſo much as that I ſhould know ſhe hath not forgotten me; ſo that I am forced to ſuffer all the malice of a croſs fortune, without the leaſt diverſion of comfort. Inſtead of one, I am ſeiſed by a many paſſions; ſince I am obliged to entertain hatred, jealouſie and ambition as well as love: and beſides all theſe extremities, I muſt chain up my reaſon, and make it a ſlave to the cruelleſt Tyrant that earth affords.

But whilſt *Brutus* talked thus to himſelf, as he went to *Valerius*, and that *Rome* ſeemed to be a depopulated City, the Inhabitants of it being buried in their reſt, the implacable *Tullia*, whoſe heart was upon the rack of an ambitious jealouſie, which is much more cruel than that which ordinary love inſpires, had ſecretly ſent for him who was *Clelias* keeper, out of a deſign to corrupt him if ſhe could. You know, ſaid ſhe to him, all that I have done for *Tarquin*, as alſo what he hath done to raiſe himſelf above all others; and after all; he is not aſhamed to ſubmit himſelf to a Slave, the Daughter of his Enemy. Nor are you ignorant how often he hath endeavoured to take away *Clelius*'s life; conſider then what an exorbitance of paſſion this Prince is hurried into, to deſcend to love *Clelia*, who hates him above all others; who yet might in time haply pretend to love him, that her Father may be reſtored, and put into a condition to revenge himſelf, and, in his turn, baniſh thoſe by whom he was baniſhed. You may aſſure your ſelf, added ſhe, that if *Clelius* were once in power, you would not be one of the laſt baniſhed; and you may eaſily conjecture by what is paſt, that he would never be quiet till *Tarquin* were turned out of the Throne, and till I were poſſeſſed of my grave. Serve me then couragiouſly in the Deſign I have to take away *Clelia* from *Tarquin*, and doubt not of a reward proportionable to ſo great a ſervice; for into what place ſoever you would repair for Sanctuary till *Tarquin* were appeaſed, I will take order you ſhall have no cauſe to complain of your Fortune. Beſides that, all the employments which *Tarquin* hath put you upon, have raiſed you ſo many Enemies here, that it were not amiſs if you removed: and that *Tarquin* hath ſo poorly rewarded all thoſe confident executions you have done for him, that you cannot expect any future advantage by them. Let me then by my entreaties, by my reaſons, and by the hopes I give you of making you happy in what place of the World you pleaſe, perſwade you to do what I will have you. You know that I can do almoſt any thing that I deſire to do; ſubmit therefore to my will, if you would not rather diſoblige the Woman of all the World, who hates to extremity what ſhe is once diſpleaſed with, and can moſt eaſily deſtroy what oppoſes her; but withal, who moſt magnificently rewards thoſe who ſerve her with cheerfulneſs and confidence.

The fellow whom ſhe ſpoke to being ſubtle, and ſtanding in fear of her, and knowing her to be the moſt revengeful Woman in the World, ſaw it was no time to conteſt with her; for he conſidered, that having diſcovered her ſelf ſo far to him as ſhe had, he were a loſt man if he denyed her. Beſides, reflecting how ill he had been rewarded for all the crimes he had committed in executing theſe unjuſt Orders of *Tarquin*, he concluded, that the dangerous conjuncture he was in, he could not do better than entertain the propoſitions which *Tullia* made to him. He therefore anſwered

answered her as one absolutely engaged in her interests, and only demanded some few days to dispose of his affairs, that he might with safety obey her: For Madam, said he to her, I must first make sure of some of the Guard which I command, I must give other Orders to those that are upon the Guard at present, and I must put all things into such a posture, as that nothing may hinder the execution of this noble design of yours, of delivering the King from a person which might really prejudice you, and haply prove his ruine. *Tullia* agreeing to what he said, dismissed him; and slept the rest of the night with more quiet, than a person so cruel deserved to find.

According to this design, *Amilcar* having been with her the next morning, she told him that within eight days at farthest, she would put *Clelia* into his disposal; so that burthened with this great news, he came to acquaint *Aronces* with it, who certainly received it with no small joy; though he was not so sensible of it as he thought he ought to have been. 'Tis to be feared (said he to *Amilcar*) I am so accustomed to misfortunes, that I cannot be otherwise than unfortunate. But however it be (says *Amilcar*) you are to blame not to give Hope a place in your heart; for if *Tullia* do not what she intends, we shall execute our other resolutions, and you shall find that the same persons who are employed to restore *Rome* to her liberty, are also engaged to restore *Clelia* to hers. You have moreover this advantage, that your Rival is one whom all true Romans wish destroyed, and all vertuous people abhor. You speak reason indeed (replied *Aronces*) but when all is done, *Clelia* is still in captivity under an unmerciful Tyrant who is in love with her: I live concealed in *Rome* not being able to do any thing but bemoan my self and give orders; *Clelia's* liberty is uncertain, the effect of the conspiracy is very doubtful, and supposing *Clelia* were out of *Rome*, we were still equally miserable, for what part of the earth would afford us Sanctuary, since we neither know where *Otho* is, nor where *Sulpitius* may be, and that the Prince of *Numidia* who could inform us, continues still in his madness? But all things considered might it please the Gods, I could but see *Clelia* once out of *Tarquin's* power, for could I but see her at liberty, and might but once more cast my self at her feet, and protest that I die for love of her, I should render fortune thanks and acknowledge my self more obliged to you than ever I was to any man.

But while *Aronces* was thus distracted between hope and fear; while *Amilcar* employed all his wits to serve him, while the Prince of *Numidia* was in some danger of death; while *Brutus*, *Herminius*, *Valerius*, and their friends plotted secretly in *Rome* to make some insurrection which might usher in the liberty of their Country; while *Arsidonius*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* were ready to hazard their persons in any thing wherein they might serve *Aronces*, while *Mutius* who still continued his addresses to *Valeria*, divided his heart between the love of her, and that of glory; *Horatius* was in an incredible disturbance at *Ardea*, having understood by some spies that *Clelia* was in *Tarquin's* power, that this Tyrant was fain in love with her, that the Prince of *Numidia* had endeavoured to deliver her, and that it was not known where *Aronces* was. If he had durst he would have come disguised out of *Ardea* as *Herminius* did, to see if he could have delivered *Clelia*; but he knew he was so much looked on by the besieged, that there was no possibility to do any thing of that nature; and all he could do, was to carry things so, as to oblige the *Ardeans* to persist in demanding the liberty of the Captives. But being withal a person of conduct and experience, he easily conceived it was not very likely *Tarquin* should deliver them up, as being one that was obstinate in all his resolutions. He therefore could do no more than what he did, unless it were to bemoan his fortune, whose pleasure it was, that at the same time he should be in exile in love, ill intreated and obliged to his Rival.

As for *Tarquin*, he was astonished to hear that it was the Prince of *Numidia* who had attempted the delivery of *Clelia*; for it was easie to infer thence that this African Prince must needs have a considerable party in *Rome*, to carry on such a design as that. However he doubted not when the Siege were over to discover the truth of the business; and so for the present spent not his thoughts on any thing so much, as how to gain the place by some treaty, or if that could not be done, take it by storm, which way they had not yet attempted. For *Titus* and the Prince of *Pometia*, their minds were rather employed in Love than War, and *Herminia* and *Collatina* were yet absolute Empresses over their Souls. But as concerning *Sextus*, *Lucretia* was the continual object of his imagination, he always saw her, even when he saw her not; he thought of nothing but her, he talked of nothing else, he conceived a hope though he knew not what should oblige him to it; and his apprehensions were so violent and so distracted, that never since it was loves employment to put the senses into rebellion against the mind, did he inspire into any one a passion more exorbitant, more tyrannical, and more fit to overturn all reason than that which had seized his soul. Thence it proceeded that he troubled himself not much, either at what was done in *Rome* or passed in the Camp, and it took up all his wits to find out means to see *Lucretia* again.

While these things were in agitation, the Envoy of the King of *Clusium*, staid in expectation, though to no purpose, to hear some news of *Aronces*; for though there were many persons, who could, if they had so pleased, have acquainted *Tarquin* where that Prince was, as also with the true worth of *Brutus*, and all the Plots that were a foot in *Rome*; nay, though there were two women who understood this whole secret, and two Maids that knew the greatest part of it, yet did it not take the least air that could be. For the Interest of the Country being thought at *Rome* of equal concernment with that Religion, there was a greater observance of faith and secrecy in such emergencies than there is elsewhere. And for the women, who were trusted with the knowledge of a business of so great importance, they were not ordinary persons; for *Racilia*, *Brutus's* Aunt, she carried about her that generosity which was (as it were) hereditary to the Family, whence she was descended, and *Sivilia* doubtless wanted not those perfections, and that greatness of Courage as were requisite to qualifie her for the trust of a thing of such consequence. Nor could it otherwise

therwise be, but that the illustrious *Herminius* was so well acquainted with her worth, that had she not been his Mother, he would have made her his Friend. For *Valeria* there need be no more said to give her the greatest commendation that may be, than that she was *Valerius* Daughter, *Lucretias* friend, and *Herminius*'s Mistress; and for *Hermilia* there needed no more to distinguish her from the Commonalty of women who can keep nothing secret, than to say she was *Brutus*'s Sister, *Racilias* Neece, and *Valeria*'s intimate friend. 'Tis true, she was as yet very young, and for that reason was she not acquainted with all that was designed against *Tarquin*; and for what she knew besides, there was no fear she might discover any thing, since she could not have done it without hazarding the life of her Brother.

Thus was this great business carried on so secretly amongst these illustrious persons, that there was not any thing discovered that might prejudice either *Aronces*, *Brutus*, or *Herminius*; nor was there any thing suspected abroad of the great design wherein the illustrious Lover of *Lucrecia* had been ingaged ever since his coming from *Metapont*; nay, this year he had two sons were received into the service; who were so far from knowing any thing of the design of their generous Father, that they were sufficiently engaged in his Sons Interest, whom *Brutus* was designed to ruine; and besides were entred into a Cabal opposite to that of those young men, with whom the subtle *Amilcar* held a secret correspondence against, if there were occasion to make use of them. Besides all this, there passed neither day nor night, but there were secret meetings in *Rome*, either at *Racilias*, or at *Valerias*, or at *Sivilias*. The *Salii*, and the *Vestals* wanted not their concernment in these negotiations, all which related only to the liberty of *Rome*. They caused divers reports to be scattered among the people, prejudicial to *Tarquin*, either relating to the Siege, or of his refusal to deliver up the prisoners, or of the loss of his Army, which grew weaker every day; or his past Crimes, his present Tyranny, or his future exorbitance. Care was also taken to possess the multitude, that if *Tarquin* took in *Ardea*, *Rome* would be reduced under a more cruel subjection than ever; thus to infuse into the minds of the inhabitants of that famous City, a general inclination which might ingage them to a rising, when there should be occasion. It is certain there needed no more than the violences of *Tarquin* and crimes of *Tullia*, to dispose the Romans into a desire of shaking off the yoke of so unjust a Tyranny; for there were none but knew, that *Tarquin* was no lawful King of *Rome*, and that instead of having been chosen according to the Fundamental Laws of that State, he had caused to be murthered one of the most vertuous Kings in the World, so to possess himself of the power he injoyed, so that it may be said he acquired it through the blackest of all crimes, and conserved it through the most insupportable tyranny that ever was. But though this Prince understood by some of his creatures that the people was discontented, yet contrary to his custom, he slighted the information; as having his heart at that time wholly taken up by love and detestation. *Clelias* resistance had filled his soul with those two passions, after so strange a manner, that they afforded him not the least quiet, and his mind was hurried by such violent agitations, that it was perpetually taken up with one of these two thoughts, either that he should injoy *Clelia* or destroy her. Troubled therefore with a perpetual imagination; either of forcing her to love him, or putting her to death, his mind could not admit much quiet; nay, *Aronces* and *Clelia*, as unfortunate as they were, were less disquieted than he, it being the property of virtue to fill with serenity those hearts it is possessed of. Not but that even the most virtuous people are sometimes most unfortunate, and most sensible of their being such, but it never happens that their hearts are tossed with those impetuous disturbances whereby the souls of wicked persons are shaken through the conscience of their crimes, and if those are forced to complain of some other, they have withal the happiness to have no cause of complaint against themselves, which is no small advantage. For as it would trouble a man more to have any thing to object against a neighbour, than against a stranger, against a kinsman than against a neighbour, against a friend than a kinsman, against a mistress than a friend, so it must be most troublesome for a man to have any thing to object against himself above all others. But there being nothing that *Aronces* and *Clelia* could reproach to themselves, they indured their misfortunes with an admirable constancy, though the sence they had of them were as deep as their affection was great.

There hapned in the mean time a very strange accident which might in all likelihood have proved the mother of a world of mischief. *Valerius* being come one night to *Racilias* to confer with *Herminius*, who was within three dayes to return to *Ardea*, the Slave whose charge it was to open the gate having over-watched himself before, forgot to put out a Lamp, which set the house on fire, at a time when all in it were so securely a sleep, that the first notice they had of it, was by the cries of those that passed by the next morning who perceiving great flakes and eruptions of fire, soon noised it all about by knocking at the adjoyning houses, and making horrible outcryes. Of all those that were lodged at *Racilias*, *Aronces* was the first took the Allarm, and could not be much surprized at such a confused noise, but must needs be much more, when, having gotten hastily out of his bed, he found his Chamber full of smoak, and whole roof opposite to his windows, so all of a fire, that it was not imaginable how it could be quenched. Awaking hereupon the slave that attended him, he sent him to do the like to all those of that side where the fire had not yet taken, and went himself and knocked at the several Chambers of *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, *Brutus* and *Herminius*, the Stairs being as yet free, in regard the Slave who had been the occasion of this disaster, lying in the highest room in the house, the fire began at the roof. That which was most fatal in this accident, was that it was broad day; by which means an infinite multitude of people being gotten about the house, were pressing to get in, to indeavour to keep the fire from spreading to the next houses. This put *Aronces* and *Herminius*

into a strange disturbance, for it was impossible but that among such a crowd of people, there might be some one that knew them, and consequently might cause them to be taken. *Aronces* whose thoughts were wholly taken up with the deliverance of *Clelia*, was now in danger to be taken himself, and *Herminius* was now within the reach of *Tarquins* cruelty, and not unlikely to lose his life; insomuch that those two illustrious but unfortunate persons were in some doubt whether it were better for them to expose themselves to the flames then fall into the hands of such an enemy, were it not that in hazarding their lives in that manner, they had also brought *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, *Brutus* and divers other persons that were in the house into imminent danger. When therefore they understood that it was absolutely impossible to stop the violence of the fire without assistance from without, they were the first who opened the Gates to the multitude of people, who demanded entrance, telling *Racilia* and *Hermilia*, that they chose rather to be the Victims of the Tyrant then expose the lives of two such considerable persons to the cruelty of the flames.

But that there might be a combination of generosity and prudence, and that whilst they endeavoured the preservation of others, they might not be thought absolutely negligent of their own, they disguised themselves as much as they could, and their design was, as they opened the gates, to follow *Racilia* and *Hermilia* with burthens of Purple, Tapistry, and other things of that nature, pretending they were employed to carry them to *Sivelias*, whose house was not very far thence. But to the end they might also defend themselves if occasion were, they took every man a sword. As for *Brutus* it was his business to conduct his Aunt and Sister, who had left in the house such as they thought able to hinder the disorders which are done upon such occasions. For *Brutus* not daring to make any discovery of his understanding, it was not thought fitting he should give any directions in an accident, wherein it is but requisite a man had his judgement at liberty, to act as he ought; Besides that desiring to be in a condition to serve his friends in case they were set upon, he chose rather to go out of the house with them. To be short, this unfortunate company had fortunately made a shift to break throw that throng of people which was knotted together before *Racilias* door, and was gotten within twenty paces of that of the vertuous mother of *Herminius*, when this illustrious Roman was discovered by the Captain of *Tarquin's* Guard, who was going to visit a friend of his in that quarter. The man thinking it a fair occasion to gain a considerable reward from the Tyrant and *Tullia*, by putting into their hands a person whose destruction they had so long endeavoured to bring about, cryed out to the people, charging them in the King's name to secure a traytor who was there present, whom he shewed to those whom he spoke to: And that they might take heart by his example, he immediately drew his Sword, and was seconded by two of his companions who did the like.

Herminius had scarce perceived that they made at him, but casting away the Purple Tapistry he had on his back, he put himself into a posture of defence, and indeed behaved himself so valiantly, that he made his way through the crowd that was about him. *Aronces* who went before him, had almost reached *Sivelias*, where he doubted not to have found Sanctuary, but turning about, he finds his friende ngaged; Disburthening himself therefore of what he carried, instead of providing for his own safety, he came to relieve *Herminius*, *Brutus* seconded him, having conducted *Racilia*, and *Hermilia* into *Sivelias*. The danger they was in was more then ordinary, for what was most remarkable in this adventure was, that though *Tarquin* were infinitely hated, yet the charge that man made for the securing of *Herminius* proved effectual. It is true, that as that infinite confux of people which throng to such unfortunate disasters, brings along with it a many persons apt enough to commit any disorders, so is it not much to be wondred at, that there were those that promoted this injust design. But *Herminius*, seeing *Aronces* and *Brutus* engaged in his relief, was so far from being encouraged at it, that it very much displeased him, and he made a shift to tell them so much as might acquaint them, that they should not have hazarded themselves for him. But they were deaf to such advice, on the contrary they were more eager in his defence then they had been in their own, though they were set upon and kept in by abundance of people. Those who were spectators of this action, were astonished to see *Brutus* fight as he did, for the Captain of the Guard spoke to much purpose, when he told them that the business now was to take an enemy of *Tarquin's*, the other heard him not. 'Tis true, that having gained among the people the reputation of one out of his sences, the people looked on his valour in this encounter as an effect of his madness, and therefore consigned their respect to him as Nephew to *Tarquin*. For *Aronces*, his valour made him be observed, though not discovered, for he who would have taken *Herminius*, would fain have had him alive, and have dispatched *Aronces*, who defended with such a courage, that never was there seen any thing like it. On the other side *Herminius*, to reward his generosity by another worthy eternal memory, knowing him who would have taken him to be the same who had promised *Clelia* within a few days, would not by any means kill him, and was content only to ward off his blows, lest he might ruine that design. But by unhappy accident, *Aronces* not knowing that to be the man who should have delivered *Clelia*, plaid upon him so effectually, that having dispatched three or four of those that seconded him, he run him with his sword quite through the body, so that he fell dead at his feet. *Herminius* who saw the beginning of the business, cryed out purposely to hinder *Aronces* from making that thrust, yet his generosity proved ineffectual, for his voice was not heard till after the blow was past. But if it came not soon enough to hinder his death who was to give *Clelia* liberty, yet came it time enough to discover to *Aronces* what he had done, for in the instant the man fell, he remembred his Physiognomy, and perceived that he took away his life who was to deliver his Mistress, which proved the greatest affliction of any that ever had happened to him. The horrid apprehension of despair which in that instant seized his spirits, yet could not suspend his valour; on the contrary it inflamed it, and desirous at least to

ſave his friends life, he did things ſo prodigious, that he aſtoniſhed the multitude that encompaſſed him: *Brutus* and *Herminius* for their parts did what (truly repreſented) would exceed probability, inſomuch that the Captain, and two of his Guard being diſpatched, they were not ſo much preſſed upon as before.

Nevertheleſs, they muſt needs have fallen at laſt, had they not been relieved by the prudence of the generous *Sivelia*; for as ſoon as *Brutus*'s Aunt was gotten into her houſe, and had acquainted her how things ſtood, ſhe immediately ſent to the place where lodged *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, to acquaint them, and demand their aſſiſtance. But it happened that the firſt was gone to viſit *Clelia*, by order from *Tarquin*, from whom he had to that purpoſe received a Letter, for it was ordinarily in the morning that he went to ſee this fair Priſoner, ſo to have all the other part of the day free to do other things wherein he was obliged to ſerve his friends. Beſides that *Clelia* was in a condition that ſhe awaked very betimes, and was ſo negligent as to matter of dreſſing, that *Amilcar* had admittance as ſoon as he pleaſed, without any diſturbance; for it having been long ere they could force open *Racilias* gate, to quench the fire, as having not yet the aſſiſtance of thoſe that were without, it was far days. But in fine, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* being acquainted with what paſſed, came immediately to *Sivelias* followed by all the people they had. In this poſture entring at one gate of this virtuous Matrons houſe, and going out at that, where *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Brutus* were, they came in to their relief; and their arrival was ſo ſeaſonable, that the multitude ſeeing ſo many armed people come out of the houſe, was eaſily perſwaded there were a many more within; ſo that running away, they left thoſe whom they would have taken, at liberty to enter into *Sivelias*. They were no ſooner in it, but they thought it the beſt courſe to diſlodge; for they eaſily imagined, that as ſoon as *Tullia* were informed of the buſineſs, ſhe would be-ſet the houſe. Without any ſtay therefore, they only paſſed through the Houſe, and went to that where *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* lodged, where taking their Horſes, they mounted *Aronces* on *Amilcar*'s; which done, *Brutus* having found them a guide, directed them to a Houſe which *Valerius* had near *Collatia*, there to lie concealed, till ſuch time as they had more leiſure to conſider what they had to do. For his part, he would not depart, telling them, that his apparent ſtupidity would excuſe him in this adventure, and bidding them not trouble themſelves about him. There being no other courſe to take, they went where *Brutus* directed them, and were there gladly received; for *Valerius* who had left *Rome* at the break of day to go thither, was there two hours before.

But as they went, what did not the unfortunate *Aronces* think on? If he had followed his own inclination, he could not have been prevailed with to quit *Rome*, but as it had been madneſs not to have done it, conſidering what was paſt, ſo was it his concernment to leave it, which yet he could not without ſo much regret and reluctancy, that never was there any Lover ſo miſerable. Ah! ſaid he to himſelf, How unfortunate art thou! Canſt thou expreſs no valour but what muſt be prejudicial to *Clelia*? Is it poſſible thou ſhouldſt deſtroy him, who was to deliver her? Is it poſſible, after ſuch a cruel and monſtrous diſaſter hath hapned to thee, thou canſt doubt thy own deſtruction, or conceive the leaſt hope? No, no, it were more rational to deſpair, and that thou ſhouldſt by an inconſiderate death put a period to ſo unhappy a life.

While *Aronces* entertained himſelf in this ſad manner, *Herminius*, who was extremely troubled at the accident, came up to him, and demanded his pardon, as if he had been guilty of his death. Alaſs, deareſt *Herminius*, ſaid he to him, what do you mean? It is I ſhould rather demand your pardon, as the cauſe of your misfortunes, for I am perſwaded that my ſingle unhappineſs cauſes that of all my friends, and that Fortune, who is reſolved to make me the moſt miſerable of all, thinking it not ſufficient I ſhould be ſuch through my own misfortunes, is pleaſed I ſhould have no friends but what are unhappy. It is indeed eaſie to diſcover that my unhappineſs is particular to me, and waits on me every where, for it happens, as it were, by appointment, ſince when it ſo much concerns *Clelia*, that I ſhould remain undiſcovered at *Rome*, the particular houſe wherein I lay concealed muſt needs take fire, which muſt force me out of it, in the ſight of two thouſand perſons; and the malice and inconſtancy of my Deſtiny muſt needs have it ſo, that of the infinite number of people, who made it their buſineſs either to kill or take us; I, who would have been content to die a thouſand, and a thouſands times for *Clelias* Liberty, muſt preciſely kill that man who ſhould have delivered her. It is certain, my Lord, replied *Herminius*, this unhappy accident hath in it ſomething more inſupportable than were the loſs of a Battel, or ſomething elſe of that nature; but all conſidered, I find in my ſelf a certain confidence, that ſomething will happen which we expect not; for, in fine, there hath not been in *Rome* ſince *Tarquin*'s aſſuming the power, ſo general an inclination to ſome great turn of affairs, as I have obſerved within theſe few days. Ah *Herminius*, replied *Aronces*, was there any thing more certain in appearance than *Clelias* Liberty? and yet by a ſtrange ſhifting of Fortune, I muſt needs kill him who was to deliver her. If you then take my advice, let us not hope any thing, added he, but let us rather prepare our ſelves, either to endure all misfortunes imaginable, or by death to accord them.

Whilſt *Aronces* and *Herminius* was thus engaged, and that *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* bemoaned their friends, and their own misfortunes, and were upon their way altogether to *Valerius*'s houſe, divers things paſt at *Rome*. For *Brutus*, whoſe great heart admitted not the leaſt fear, went to *Tullia*, to acquaint her, with his ordinary ſimplicity, that he was preſent when the Captain of *Tarquin*'s guard was killed, who, he ſaid, came by his death among a great multitude of people, by ſetting upon certain men who endeavoured to quench the fire at his Aunts houſe, exaggerating, according to his affected ſtupidity, how much he was to blame for diſturbing ſuch as were

were burthened with her goods, which they were carrying to the house of a certain friend of *Racilia*. *Tullia*, who had already understood the death of the Captain of the Guard, and was extremely troubled at it, took no heed to what was told her by a man, whom she thought no great master of his senses. On the contrary, without any further discourse with him: Did not your stupidity excuse you, said she to him, I should teach you how those are to be treated who presume to make use of their Swords against his Majesty's Officers. But since your madness secures you, get you gone out of my sight, lest in the transportation I am now in, I treat you for your stupidity, as your Brother was for his too much prudence.

Brutus hearing *Tullia* threatning him so insolently with death, had almost broke forth, and at once discovered his reason, his indignation, hatred, and his revenge: But at length mastering his resentments, he withdrew, as if he had not heard what *Tullia* said, and repaired to *Racilia*, who was at her illustrious friends house. In the mean time the fire being quenched, the streets were clear of people; and that which was most observable, was, that though abundance of people had been spectators of this accident, yet could not *Tullia* have any punctual account of it. For the Captain being dead without discovering any thing, or so much as naming *Herminius*, and his companions being also out of the way, all that could be made of it, was, that they had been killed, endeavouring to secure an enemy of *Tarquins*. The people knew not *Herminius* from another man, because he was disguised; and for *Sivilia*, the reputation of her virtue was so great, that none durst inform against her, nor tell *Tullia* that those armed people, who had rescued the other two, came out of her house. As concerning *Aronces*, there was mention made of him; and indeed the business was handled in such a confusion, that nothing could be made of it, there being an hundred several relations of the same thing.

But while these things were in agitation, *Amilcar* was gently entertaining *Clelia* and *Plotina*, who were so transported with the hopes of Liberty, that their conversation that morning was as free, as if they had really been at Liberty. For though *Amilcar* had received a Letter from *Tarquin*, wherein he easily discovered what a Tyranny Love and Hatred exercised over him, yet he shewed it not to *Clelia*, but entertained her altogether with discourse concerning *Aronces*, telling her what satisfaction it would be to him to see her at liberty, what it would be to her to receive new assurances of his affection, and the joy that attends a happiness which succeeds a misery. He gave her also a Letter from *Aronces*, wherewith she was extremely satisfied, as containing the greatest tenderness and passion; nay, so much was she pleased, that having perused it, she gave it *Plotina*, who reading it aloud, found therein these words.

Aronces *to the Incomparable* Clelia.

THe bare hope of seeing you once at Liberty, causes so great, yet so pleasant a disturbance in my soul, that fearing to dye for joy when I see you again, I conceive my self obliged to assure you, that I am still the most amorous of Men, and the most faithful Lover upon Earth. I know I should be somewhat ashamed that I can survive my grief, and withal fear I may die for joy; but all considered, if you well examine the apprehensions of my soul, you will find that a Lover, who hath been accustomed to misery, may rationally doubt his ability to bear the most sensible of all pleasures: However it happen, I shall think my self obliged to my Destiny, and esteem it such as may move envie, if I but die at your feet, after I have once more said, I love you.

Plotina having read this Letter, told *Clelia*, that there was something more to be done, that she was obliged to return some answer thereto, and let her see it. Accordingly this excellent person, who had an extraordinary command of her Pen, was pleased to do what *Plotina* and *Amilcar* desired, and answered it in these words.

Clelia *to the Generous* Aronces.

SInce you have survived your grief, you shall not need fear dying for joy, this being more properly the Messenger of Life than Death. But that I may be absolutely happy in my Liberty, remember you have promised never to break those chains which I have put you in; for according to those passionate resentments I have for you, I believe I should chuse rather never to quit my Prison, than that you should get out of the Fetters you are in. Excuse me then, if while you make Vows for my Liberty, mine are, that you may be my perpetual Captive. Farewel, I crave your pardon, if writing to you, I have offered at any Wit; for where there is either Love or Misery, it suffices if there be but Passion.

Clelia having done, *Plotina* and *Amilcar*, who were discoursing at the Window, while she was

writing, drew near her, and read what she had written. Whereupon *Amilcar* assuming the discourse: Ah, Madam, said he to her, how extremely am I pleased at your demanding pardon of *Aronces*, for being too witty in your Letter. There should not certainly be too much wit in Missive and Love Letters, which is the reason that it is so hard to find any Letters or Addresses of this Nature composed as they should; for there must be neither artifice nor negligence; it must not express too much Wit, yet it must speak a certain Gallantry and Passion: In fine, it is so hard to write well in Love, that there cannot be any thing more. But for my part, says *Plotina*, I cannot conceive there should be more difficulty to write of one thing than of another; for I think that, in point of Letters, all one hath to do, is simply to express ones thoughts. For where there is a conjunction of Fancy and Judgement, one for the most part hath reflexion on every thing which he ought to have, and consequently writes what is fit to write of it. For instance, when I am to write of a business of consequence, I shall not so express it, as if I were only to acquit my self of a simple Complement: If I am to write something of News, I shall not trouble my self about Complements: If I write a Letter of Friendship, I must not labour for any high Stile: If a Love-Letter, I have no more to do than to consult my own heart. I cannot therefore well apprehend why you conceive it so great a difficulty to write Letters of this nature. To dealy truly (says *Clelia*), I think it not so easie to write any kind of Letters, and that there are but very few persons absolute masters in it. I am of your opinion, replied *Amilcar*, but of all Letters, those of Love are the hardest to write, as being such, whereof there are very few that are able to judge. Yet *Plotina* speaks (replied *Clelia*) as if she thought all sorts very easie, whereas I think, as I have already told you, of all things in the world, it is that requires most judgement. But to shew you I am somewhat versed in it, replied *Plotina*, and that I know somewhat what belongs to the composing of a Letter, is it not granted that Letters containing business of consequence, ought to be appolite and exact; that they require a soundness of Judgement rather than Eloquence; that they admit not any superfluity or expression, and are compleated by what is pertinent; and that it be especially considered, that there be order and perspicuity? Yet I told you there must be withal, added she, a certain dress of Civility, which is that which puts a difference between the Letters of consequence, written by persons of Honour, and those of others: and in fine, it is necessary that the person who writes, understand well himself, what he would express to another; for I know not any thing more insufferable, than to write a Letter that shall need an Expositor, and confounds things instead of explaining them. And yet there are a many people (replied *Clelia*) who think they understand themselves when they do not. But *Plotina* is none of those (replied *Amilcar*) for I assure you she knows very well what she says, and therefore I should take it as an infinite obligation, if she would shew me how Letters of consolation are to be written; and whereas there happen frequent occasions to write such, I should take her directions in five or six, which I would preserve as patterns, to imitate when need were; for truly, I find nothing so contrary to my inclination as this kind of Letters. For when ever I intend any such, instead of any condoling or sympathizing with such as are afflicted, I find my self more inclined to divert than bemoan them; and I am so far to seek what ought to be said, and what not, that I can never compleat a Letter of this nature, without writing it several times over; nay when all is done, cannot dismiss it without some blots and scratches; and therefore the fair *Plotina* would extremely oblige me to shew me how to write them. Could you but see my apprehensions of it (replied *Plotina*) you would certainly do it with great ease, for I can by no means admit these tedious consolatory Letters, as proving always fruitless; whereas it might be said of some people, they write, as if their Letters should have in them some Magical force against affliction, and that they who read them, ought from thence forward abjure all regret for what they have lost. But I am to withal (added she) that people would be perswaded once for all, that only time is the comforter of such afflictions, and that it is not the proper office of Eloquence. Moreover, what measure of consolation is to be applied to such as are not over afflicted. The safest course a man can take in such cases, is to let his consolatory Letters be very short; for to observe a certain moderation therein, he is only to acquaint the person he writes to, how much he is concerned in his affliction, without digressing into tedious Lamentations, or high Elogies, not ingaging the numerous forces of Moral Philosophy and Eloquence to no purpose. It is very true (says *Amilcar*) and you are questionless much in the right. For how many Women are comforted for the death of their Husbands, when, indeed, they neither need nor care for it? Nay, how many persons are there of all relations, who should people accommodate themselves to their secret thoughts, were rather to be congratulated than bemoaned, since they are not sorry, that they are heirs to those for whose deaths they are complemented. I therefore resolve amiable *Plotina* (added *Amilcar*) never to write any Letters of consolation, but such as shall be short; not to disturb Morality and Eloquence on these occasions; to make no more those long exaggerations against the cruelty of death, as some do; as also not to study high Commendations or spins out long Panegyrick, and in a word, absolutely to conform my self to your directions. I shall not trouble you to tell me, how a man ought to behave himself in congratulating another's good fortune; 'tis an Art I am absolute Master of, and I can furnish you with ten or a dozen beginnings of Letters of that kind, abating those that start out thus, *I congratulate your ..... I conceive my self so much concerned in your .....* and the like, which are too low for persons who would be thought Masters of Wit. But I should take it as a transcendent courtesie, if you would shew me how I might acquit my self well of those Letters of *Recommendation*, which are given unsealed to those whom one thinks fit to commend; and particularly how those to whom one writes may understand, whether it be his earnest desire they should

should do the business proposed, or is indifferent whether they do it, or not; for when I am at *Carthage*, I am in a manner persecuted with such emergencies.

For my part (replied *Plotina*) when I commend a business which relates to such as for whom I have no great esteem, I write a short dry Letter, yet not wanting as to Civility, nay you shall find in it the word *Intreat*, but it stands so alone, that it is not fastened to any thing. On the contrary, when I effectually desire a thing might be done, I first of all make appear that what I desire is just, I give a good character of the person whom I recommend; I express what friendship or esteem I have for him, I put the obligation is done in his favour upon my own account: I ingage the person to whom I write in point of honour to do him some good office, and to make all secure, I write by some other hand, whereby I confirm all I had writen before. For what concerns me (said *Clelia*) I would gladly learn how to write to a sort of people, with whom onely Civility obliges me to hold a certain correspondence, who yet are such as you would not favour with your friendship, nor take any pleasure to oblige. In the first place (replied *Plotina*) I should advise to write to them as seldom as might be, for I can by no means away with that sort of people, that write to no other end but to write, who so readily charge themselves without any necessity, with the receiving of hundreds of Letters from persons whom they care not for; and are for the most part pleased when they send or receive without any choice. And in the second, I should wish, when one is obliged upon the account you speak of, a man would not express in his Letters either too great wit, or too much friendship; for certainly a man injures himself, who writes a high and over-obliging Letter to a person of ordinary parts; wherefore there must be gotten a kind of colder civility, which is soon found when looked for, which is used towards those for whom we have no great love nor esteem, when by some considerations of acquaintance, we are obliged to write to them, and it is in such emergencies as these that we are to make use of those Letters, which are called Letters of *Complement*, wherein there is not any thing particular, nothing either good or bad, containing a parcel of words and little sence, not obliging either those who write them, or those to whom they are directed, to any thing, as being dressed in such general terms, that they may be directed to all sorts of persons, without any particular address to any. Judgement, certainly, is requisite in all (replied *Clelia*) as for instance it might be said there is nothing easier then the writing of news, and yet there are some who write it most fantastically. They are such (replied *Amilcar*) who write news often, though they know not any, who believe all is said to them, write without order or choice, who trouble themselves to write things, that either none regards, or are displeasing in themselves, or have lost all the grace and insinuation of Novelty. For certainly, it is not more necessary that a woman to be a beauty, be also young, then that news be fresh and sudden, to please; there being nothing more unseasonable then a long relation of an old adventure. Yet it must be confessed (replied *Clelia*) that there are certain disastrous accidents, which some make it their business to renew the stories of, and spread abroad, as if they were lately happened, which certainly, is very troublesom to those who knew them before they were written to them. But in my judgement, when one writes a Letter wherein he would relate what had happened, he is to consider what kind of news the persons to whom he writes are most taken with; for I am confident there are some who are only pleased with those general narrations wherewith Fame it self comes for the most part burthened, and would hear of nothing but Victories or Defeats, the Sieges of Cities, Conflagrations, Deluges, Insurrections and the like. There are also those who matter not the general Occurrences of the World, so they are but acquainted with what passes in their own Quarter, whence it is but necessary we should sift their humours to whom we write, when we are to send any thing of intelligence.

You speak very much reason, Madam (replied *Amilcar*) but that which I would particularly learn from the fair *Plotina*, since she seems to be so much exercised in it, is to know in what Letters a man is permitted to display all his perfections, and after what manner he is to discover his wit. That certainly, is a thing you know better then I (replied she) but that you may be satisfied that I am able to judge of the excellencies of your Gallant-Letters, if ever you shall write any to me, I declare to you, that it is only in them that I pretend to be skilled, and that for those which are called Serious-Letters, I meddle not with them. In these out of all doubt (replied *Amilcar*) a man is permitted a high stile. For instance, if *Valerius* or *Lucretius* were to write to *Tarquin* concerning some affair of great consequence, or if some great Clerks held an Epistolary correspondence, they might pertinently make use of History, Morality, Policy, and in a manner all the assistances of Eloquence. Be it as it will (saies *Plotina*) I understood it not, but for your Gallant-Letters, I am the greatest Critick in the World. It is properly in these, that the Wit hath all liberty imaginable; here the fancy is not limited by any severity of judgement, which is so far dispensed with, that the more serious things may be chequered with pleasant digressions of extravagance. They admit Satyre if somewhat corrected with ingenuity; commendations and flatteries have here their several stations; a man may speak of friendship, in terms of love; all novelty is pardonable, even lying, if innocent, is excusable; if one knows no news he may make some; one may pass from one thing to another without disorder; for this kind of Letters, to speak properly being a conversation between persons that are absent, there is nothing so much to be avoided as a certain kind of reservedness of deep learning, that smells of Books and Study, and hath no acquaintance with Gallantry, which may by called the Soul of this kind of Letters. As to the stile of them, it must be plain, natural, and noble altogether, which yet hinders not, but that there may be a certain Art, by the means thereof, there is nothing which may not pertinently be brought into letters of this nature, there being not any thing from the thredbare Proverb, to the *Sybill*'s Prophecies, which a good wit may not make use of. But there must

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be an especial care had in such occurrences, to decline that swelling Eloquence which properly belongs to Orations, and there must be applied another kind, which with less noise proves more effectual, especially among women; for in a word, the Art of telling trivial stories handsomely, is not known to all sorts of people. You may be confident of it (replied *Amilcar*) and I can further assure you, that it is not proper to all to desire to know it. But, amiable *Plotina*, make your obligation absolute, and tell us precisely how you would have Love Letters written.

Since I never either writ, or received any (answered she) I know not very what I shall say, but being now in good humour to speak I shall not deny you. But I must in the first place tell you, there are a many more excellent Love-Letters than its conceived. I am of your mind (replied *Amilcar.*) Yet it is not to be admired (answered she) if the *Gallant* Letters make a great noise, and those of *Love* very little; the former being written to be shown to all the World, the other to be concealed. Those who receive a handsome Letter of Friendship, gain much reputation by shewing it; but for those who receive a well-couch'd Letter of Love, it were a dishonour to communicate it; so that it is not to be thought very strange, if we meet with so good few ones of the latter sort. To come yet nearer the business, since there are an infinite number of people, who may be said to have a great wit, in respect of those who are guilty of a great love; it is not to be wondred at, if there are fewer excellent Letters of this kind than of any; it being indisputably certain, that to write punctually of things of this nature, a man besides an ardent importunate love, must be indued with a certain tenderness of heart and intellectuals, which is that wherein consists all the Beatitude of Love, either as to Conversation or Letters. But (replies *Clelia*) did you not just now maintain, that in such cases too much Wit was to be avoided? I confess it (answered *Plotina*) but do you not think there is necessary a great deal of Wit to discover little? In so much, that though it may be said, that though Love Letters require not the fire of Wit, which should sparkle in Gallant Letters, yet must there be some instead of it, and the fire of Love possess the place of that Wit, whereof I speak. I conceive therefore the true Character of a Love-Letter, ought to be neat and passionate; and that if there be any thing of gallantry, spirit, yea even diversion in these Letters, it must be moderated with passion and respect. The expressions of them ought to be forcible and piercing, and among those things which divert the mind, there must be others that shall offer a kind of violence to the heart. It is requisite also, if I mistake not, there should be a little disquiet, for Love cannot by any means admit Letters of Felicity. Not but that there may be a certain degree of joy, yet it must be such as is not certainly serene, nay though there were no cause of complaint, yet ought a man to imagine something to himself whereof he may complain. You speak so admirably well (replied *Amilcar*) that if you had studied Love all your life, you could not have delivered your self better. If I have known no love my self (replied she smiling) I have those Friends of my own Sex, who have, and have taught me how to speak of it. In a word then, in a Love Letter, Fancy must be predominant over Wit, and the Stile of it must be natural, full of respect and passion; nay, I dare maintain there is nothing more likely to make a Letter of this nature less effectual, than its being over witty. Hence also doth it proceed, there are so few that can judge well of Love Letters, for to be critical in it, a man must imagine himself in the place of those that love; he must suppose what they say comes immediately from their hearts; he must discover a many little circumstances that are only known to those who write, not to others; and in fine, he must be able to distinguish very nicely, between that Gallantry which is required in Letters of Friendship, and what is admitted in those of Love. Moreover (added she) I have it from a very virtuous person, that ordinarily women are more exquisite at Love-Letters than men, and for my part I think he was not mistaken. For when a Lover is once resolved to make a full discovery of his passion, there is no need of Art, to say, *I am still under the Martyrdom of your Love*; but for a woman, in regard she never absolutely acknowledges her love, but doth all things with a greater Mystery, this Love, whereof there can only be had a glympse, causes a greater pleasure than that which is apparent, and without ceremony. But, it seem, says *Clelia*, there must be a difference between the Letters of a Servant, and those of a Mistress. No question of it, replied *Plotina*; for in the Letters of a Servant, affection and respect must be predominant; those of a Mistress should speak modesty, and fear in aspect to tenderness.

But excellent *Plotina*, replied *Amilcar*, since you are so learned, you are yet to tell me whether length be excusable in Love Letters, for I have a friend conceives they should be short. To speak in general terms of all sorts of Letters, replied *Plotina*, I think they should not be over-long; but it were very pleasant indeed, if it should be thought ill, that two persons, who love one another infinitely, who have not the opportunities of speaking one to another, and meet with many difficulties to convey their thoughts one to another, should not be permitted to write what they cannot speak; and that Love which is an exaggerating passion, and magnifies and multiplies all things, had not the priviledge sometimes to dilate it self into long Letters. For, how can a great passion be swathed in a few words? How can a short Letter contain a great jealousie, and transport all the apprehensions of one amorous heart into another in three or four words? As for those who write the gallant sort of Addresses, added she, it is easie for them to abbreviate, and yet lose nothing of Wit, since their reason being absolutely free, they make choice of the things they say, and reject those suggestions which please them not: But for a poor Lover whose reason is disturbed, he takes nothing up by choice, he writes down the dictates of his Fancy; nor indeed should he chuse any thing, since that in point of Love, neither can there be too much said, nor is it believed there hath been enough. Thus I maintain, there is no prohibition of long Letters, condi-

onally they be in no other dreſs than what love adorns them with; and to ſpeak ingeniouſly, there's nothing deſerves ſo great commendation as a handſome Love Letter: For all conſidered, notwithſtanding what I ſaid before, I believe that when one writes ſuch a one, the mind is ſo taken up, and ſo diſtracted, that it is much more difficult to write well in this, than in any other caſe. Not but, as I ſaid before, that the heart is that which is principally concerned in it, but that ſometimes the heart is ſo diſturbed, that it ſelf is ignorant of what it feels. But I pray, ſays *Amilcar*, who are theſe Female Friends of yours; who have taught you to ſpeak ſo learnedly of Love? She hath been entruſted with the ſecrets of ſo noble a Paſſion, replied *Clelia*, that if you knew all ſhe knows, you would not wonder to hear her ſpeak as ſhe does. It ſhall be her fault, replied *Amilcar*, if I do not, for it would be the greateſt pleaſure in the World to me, to hear her relate an amorous adventure; beſides that, added he, you cannot force me hence, though you were ever ſo deſirous, for the Captain of your Guards went out when I came in, and you know the doors of your Lodgings are never opened but when he is here: Nay he told me, he ſhould not return very ſuddenly, by which means you have as much leiſure as you could wiſh. But what ſhould oblige me, replied *Plotina*, to relate to you the adventure of one of my Friends, when there is no neceſſity for it? How! replied *Amilcar*, Do you think it a matter unneceſſary, to let me know in what School you have learned to ſpeak ſo well of Love? Aſſure your ſelf, if you refuſe, I ſhall be perſwaded you have run through three or four ſeveral Loves in your Life. If it be ſo, replies that excellent Virgin, I ſhall rather ſubmit to entertain you with the adventures of *Ceſonia*, whereof I had this day promiſed *Clelia* the relation; not but that ſhe knows ſomething in general of what hath hapned to this admirable woman, but ſince ſhe will have the particulars thereof, I am content you ſhould alſo participate, conditionally you uſe all the means you can for her deliverance as well as ours. Ah *Plotina*, replied *Amilcar*, if the fair *Clelia* will have it ſo, it will be an infinite pleaſure to me; for I know not any thing of greater delight, than to underſtand that a perſon of a great Wit, and withal ſerious, can admit Love. I thereforé promiſe you to do all that lies in my power, to oblige *Tullia* to ſet all the Captives at Liberty: and to perſwade her to it, I will tell her, that *Tarquin* will be leſs incenſed at that, then if ſhe only delivered *Clelia*. Hereupon *Plotina*, being confident that *Amilcar* would more readily employ all his intereſt for *Ceſonia*, if he were informed what had hapned to her, and *Clelia* having added her entreaties to thoſe of this accompliſhed *African*, began her Relation in theſe words.

THE HISTORY OF CÆSONIA.

SInce you lay your commands on me, fair and generous *Clelia*, I ſhall relate unto you the adventures of this admirable woman who hath had the happineſs of your good opinion; and I am alſo content *Amilcar* participate the pleaſure of the Relation. But he muſt give me leave, as learned as he is, to acquaint him with divers things relating to our City, and particularly concerning its original, which an *African* cannot in any likelyhood know, that ſo he may the leſs wonder if he find ſo many tracts of magnificence amongſt the *Rutuli*, and indeed ſo much gallantry and wit. For to deal truly with you, the Original of *Ardea* is more noble then that of *Rome*, and it cannot be objected to us, as it may be to the *Romans*, that our Fathers were Criminals and Out-laws; and in a word, the *Rutuli* are reckoned amongſt the moſt ancient people of *Italy*; *Ardea*, which is their *Metropolis*, being built by the fair and famous *Danae*, the Daughter of *Acriſius*, and mother of *Perſeus*, whoſe Hiſtory is ſo celebrated, that I think it unneceſſary to relate it.

You do very well, interrupted *Amilcar* ſmiling, for though an *African*, and as Ignorant as you conceive me, I am not to learn, that *Jupiter* fell in love with *Danae*, that he was put to his ſhifts for that invention of the precious Golden Shower; that he turned *Bull* to Raviſh *Europa*, and put on the form of a Swan to ſurprize the Mother of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*. I know further, that *Danaes* Father underſtanding his daughter was neer her time of Lying in (notwithſtanding all the care he had taken to cauſe her to be kept in a Tower, to elude the effect of an Oracle, which threatned he ſhould loſe his life by the hands of a Son of that Princeſs) cauſed this fair Lady to be ſhut into a Cheſt of Cedar, which he gave order ſhould be caſt into the Sea; and that the gods providing for her ſafety, directed the waves to caſt it on the Coaſts of *Italy*. I know further, that having been found by a Fiſherman, who was taken with her extraordinary Beauty, he preſented her to the Prince whoſe Subject he was, who grew ſo deeply enamoured of her, that he married her. Nay I have heard it reported, though that be not ſo eaſily credible, that *Danae*, though incloſed in the cheſt, and that toſſed up and down in the Sea, was ſafely delivered therein of young *Perſeus*, and that the Fiſherman made a preſent both of Mother and Child to the fore-mentioned Prince.

Ah *Amilcar*, cryed *Plotina* very pleaſantly, you know too much, and I ſhould be eaſily perſwaded you know all I have to tell you. And yet, methinks you ſhould have miſſed what ſome related,

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viz. that *Danae* was not the foundress of *Ardea*, but a Son of *Ulysses* and *Circe*; but the story is not true, as being grounded only on this, that *Ulysses* being a very eloquent person, and *Circe* an excellent Herbalist, the people of *Ardea* speak more politely than those of any other City, and have a greater knowledge of the names and qualities of Plants, than there is elsewhere. But it is out of Controversie, that the fair *Danae* built our City, for the conflagration, though very great, leaving behind it certain magnificent Temples, there is to be seen the History of *Danae*, excellently represented in certain Pictures, though done before the Foundation of *Rome*. She is to be seen also in a sumptuous Palace, drawn by a famous Painter, called *Cleophantus*, who followed *Demaratus* of *Corinth*, Father to the first of the *Tarquins*, when he came into *Italy* to avoid the persecution of *Cypselus*, King at that time of the Country; so that it is agreed on all sides: And to confirm it further, there are a hundred particulars to evince the truth; for we have women bear the name of *Danae*; and that of *Persander*, which is an ordinary name, seems to be derived from *Perseus*; and there is to be seen a Cypress Chest, which is said to be the same wherein *Danae* came to land in *Italy*, and was miraculously preserved when our City was burnt. Moreover, in memory of the Golden shower you spoke of, there is a yearly feast celebrated at *Ardea*, wherein all Lovers are obliged to some liberality towards their Mistress, wherein there must be something of Gold: For there is a certain Superstition spread whereby many are perswaded, that a man cannot be faithfully loved at *Ardea*, if he find not some means to convey to his Mistress something consisting of that Metal. But if the men employ all their wits to do it, the women on the contrary, unless it be on the Feast-day I spoke of, think themselves obliged in point of honour to avoid the receiving of any thing wherein there is gold, unless it be done by some ingenious surprisal; which gives occasion to a many gallant adventures.

But not to trouble you longer with things frivolous, it suffices you know, that there is a great profession of Arts, more magnificence, and more ingenuity at *Ardea*, then there is in *Rome*, as famous as it is: Even *Poesie* is there no stranger; for that in divers Temples may be found Inscriptions in verse, in praise of divers persons. There is one to be seen in *Junos* Temple, very excellent, and very ingenious, though the subject of it be only to celebrate a certain Painter of *Aetolia*, who for his Art and acquaintance with all Sciences, obtained the freedom of our City. *Ardea* therefore being a place more polite then the name of the *Rutuli* would make it be thought, wonder not at what I am going to tell you, and charge me not with too much partiality to my own Country.

But having spoken to you of *Ardea*, I am now to speak of *Cesonia*. For her Person I shall say nothing, for you know she is infinitely pleasing, that she hath the ayr it self of Beauty, that she hath a Majestick graceful aspect, that she is of a proper stature, hath an excellent eye, and her countenance full of freedom and modesty. You know further, she is infinitely ingenious, of a gentle and constant nature, and her conversation hugely inviting, and that the earth affords not a woman that hath a heart more noble and sincere, or inclinations more generous. Being a person of the greatest quality in our City, her education was proportionable; Her Father indeed she lost, while she was yet very young, but her Mother (whose name is *Ersilia*) omitted nothing which she thought might contribute to her perfection, and treated her with such complyance and obligation when she was grown up to her reason, that she seemed rather to look on her as a Sister then a Daughter, and would rather intreat her advice, then enjoyn her by command. 'Tis true, *Cesonia* did not abuse this tenderness, but the more indulgent *Ersilia* was to her, the greater was her respect and duty; so that it might be said the mother was absolute mistress of the daughter, and that the daughter had the same power of the Mother, for there was never observed the least contestation between them. *Cesonia* having thus a great beauty, a great wit, a great goodness, and a great fortune, it is not very strange if she had a many Suitors. For my part, though I am two years younger then she, and of an humour less reserved and more free, yet hath she given me the first place among her friends, for I dare presume to affirm thus much of my self that among the most serious Confidents in the World, I will not be outvied by any as to Fidelity and Secrecy. It happened moreover that *Cesonias* house, and that wherein I lived, joined, and that her mother and mine were allyed; by which means we were in a manner alwaies together, and there was such a reciprocation in our pleasures, that we took not any when we were not together in the same place. We had some other friends of our own sex; but to tell you truly, there was a great distance between those apprehensions of friendship which we had for them, and those we had one for another. Yet was there a strange difference between *Cesonias* humour and mine; but withall, such as had the same effect in our hearts, as divers sounds have in Musick, when it is well understood; for my freedom of disposition diverted *Cesonia*, and I was no less pleased with her mildness, complaisance and ingenuity. She is even guilty sometimes of a certain languishing melancholy, with which I was much taken; in a word, we made such harmony, that there never happened the least discordant note between us. Not that we could be alwaies of the same opinion, but when we were not, we disputed without bitterness; as soon as we apprehended truth, we submitted thereto; nay, even when each persisted in her opinion, it was without indignation or any discovery of sullenness or obstinacy. Nor did our friendship make a small noise in the City; insomuch, that when people spoke of us, without naming us, we were commonly called, *The two friends.*

Cesonia in the mean time having no great inclination of her self to marry, and taking no encouragement from my humour, which hath ever been much addicted to liberty, to change her opinion, slighted many propositions were made to her, though very advantagious; so that she had slipped over the eighteenth year of her age, before her heart was sensible of any disposition to fix her choice upon any one of all those that were her servants. It was certainly no trouble to her that she was esteemed by all of quality in our City, beyond all the Beauties of *Ardea*; but she withal thought

thought it so hard a matter to meet with a man that knew well how to love, and that it was the greatest unhappiness to be obliged to one by whom she were not absolutely beloved, that she would have been glad of *Ersilias* consent she might not marry at all. For when she had a mind to aggravate the aversion she had to marry a man by whom she could not think her self beloved, she spoke the pleasantest things in the world, though naturally she is very serious. But (said I to her one day, when there was very great company at her house, and that all were pressing her upon her shiness, and over-reservedness in things of that nature) according to the humour I conceive you to be of, it were a hard matter to perswade you, that you might be perfectly beloved; for though you be sincerity it self, I have heard you say, in the business of love you distrust all things. You may very well have heard me say so (replied she) and it shall be your fault if you hear it not again; for there are not only a sort of men in love, who tell you they feel more then they do, but there are others who though absolutely insensible, will yet entertain you with their incredible sufferings. There is also a sort of Lyars who are sensible they are such, and because they know not well what Love is, think they are in Love, when the most can be said of them, is that they are simply disposed to be so. By that argument (replied an excellent person, whose name was *Persander*) it were not sufficient for a man that were in love with you, to render you those services which another might, but he must find out some new way to convince you of his affection. Very right (replied she) for I am not very credulous, and to prevail any thing with my great mind, there must be something extraordinary, especially if the first birth of the affection should be directed to me, that I might no longer doubt of the conquest I had made. But (said another to her, a person of great merit, named *Turnus*) I would gladly know what that were that should absolutely convince you of the power of your charms. Since I have not so exactly examined what apprehensions I should have of a thing, wherein I am not concerned (replied she) I know not well how to answer you; but for the present, what would assure me of a mans affection, were to see him express it by a neglect of what he were most naturally and most strongly inclined to. For, if (for example) I should oblige an ambitious man to renounce his ambition for the love he bore me; if I should force a covetous man to become liberal; if I should cause a cholerick person to banish that Passion out of his soul, meerly because I was displeased with it; if a fickle man should prove constant meerly for my sake; or if an obstinate Lover should quit some other Mistress purposely to serve me, I think I should believe I were possessed of the Empire of their hearts who should do such things upon my account. And to deal sincerely with you, I do not think those who conquer any heart, ought to use their Conquests as ordinary Conquerours do, who to insinuate into their new Subjects, alter not the Laws of those Countries they have subdued. On the contrary, I maintain, that it is lawful for those who conquer any heart, to govern it by such laws as they shall think fit; and that it is the noblest expression of a Mistresses Authority, absolutely to dispose of what never acknowledges her Supremacy. If therefore I should have made a faithful Lover of a fickle, or a fickle of a constant, I should think my self more confirmed in my power, then I should by all the ordinary discoveries which men do make of their Passion.

Cesonia had no sooner said this, but *Turnus* smiled, and *Persander* changed colour, as if they were secretly concerned in what that fair Lady spoke. And indeed, you are to know, that *Turnus* was naturally inconstant, and *Persander* loved without any return of his love, and had been a long time a Suitor to a Lady of our City, who certainly deserved not the love of a person of his quality; so that having been both smitten by what *Cesonia* had said, it caused a little agitation in their hearts, for they had both an infinite esteem for this admirable person. But for her part, when she spoke it, she thought not of either, and was minded onely to disburthen her self of an opinion, wherein she thought her self singular; and indeed it proved the Text of all that days discourse; all being obliged to dispute whether a woman were more obliged to an inconstant Lover that should prove constant by loving only her, or to a faithfull Lover that should prove inconstant to a former Mistress, as being forced to it by the charms he met with in a second. I shall not trouble you with a repetition of that discourse, because I must repeat another in the sequel of my story, whereby I should be obliged to relate the same twice.

But I must needs more particularly tell you thus much, that *Persander* and *Turnus* were of the best of quality in *Ardea*, that they were both very proper as to their persons, and were both infinitely discreet and vertous. 'Tis true, they were of very different natures; for *Persander* is a man of a more pleasant, more free, and more general conversation, and excellently good at those little things, which indeed are the State-affairs of Love. *Turnus* was of a serene, mild, and complaisant disposition, and if the love of ease had not disputed the Empire of his heart with that of glory, and his Mistresses, he had made one of the most exquisite Lovers in the World: For he had something of Gallantry, something of Delicacy, and insinuation of Affection, which was infinitely taking, and withall, notwithstanding his inclination to ease, certain Sallies of violence, which fortifi'd people in the perswasion they had of his love. But for *Persander* his ingennity and cunning contrivances were his best Agents; and it may be said of these two Conquerous, one was fitter for the gaining of a battel, the other more excellent at a siege.

Turnus was at this time, instead of one, ingaged in divers Love-designs; for there were in *Ardea* three excellent persons, by whom it may be presumed he might have been loved; if he could have been content to love but one, and direct all his affection to her. *Persander* on the other side, could admit but of one passion, but as I told you before, Love had otherwise prevented him; and certainly she to whom he had then designed his heart, was not worthy to receive it. But indeed, she was not only so far from knowing the value of it, that she refused to accept it On the contrary, she had treated *Persander* with so

much indignity and neglect, that the Clouds under which he lay began to disperse, when *Cesonia* without any design, held the discourse I have related to you, which was pertinently directed both to him and *Turnus*, if they could have resolved then to love her. For, if you remember, I told you that *Cesonia* acknowledged her self equally satisfied of the affection of an inconstant person, if he became constant, and of that of a constant Lover if he proved inconstant for her sake. That which was most observable in this accident, was, that *Persander* and *Turnus* who were friends, applyed to one another what *Cesonia* had said, though they were satisfied that she had spoke without any reflection on them, though indeed the application was not serious on either side.

But departing the house together, and being both equally surprised with the beauty and perfections of *Cesonia*, they fell a praising of her, and spoke a many things in her commendation. From which discourse, *Persander* took occasion to tell *Turnus*, that since he was so much taken with *Cesonia*, he should do well to address his services to her, and quit that indifference in love, wherein he had continued all his life. For in fine, said he to him, while you wander from one beauty to another, you will not advance much; and since that all those from whom you receive favours, please you not so well as absolutely to ingage you to them; and that you are this day more taken with *Cesonia* then all your former acquaintances, I would advise you to sacrifice all your other Mistresses at her Altar. I promise you (replied he) that if I thought the sacrifice would prove acceptable, I should do it with all my heart; but you know, it is not only requisite that the victims should be such as might please the Gods but they also must be acceptable who offer them. Being assured therefore (continued he) that you are more in *Cesonias* favour then I am, I should advise you to undertake the adventure; for if she said that she was confident of the affection of an inconstant Lover that should prove constant for her sake, she also said she would be satisfied with the love of a constant one that should prove unconstant, to serve her. If therefore you will take my advice, you will forsake your ancient Mistress and make choice of this; for not to flatter you, it will be more advantageous for you to alter your resolutions then for me. There are, you know well, three persons, all excellently handsom, of whose affections I might presume, could I but love them, and who find me imployment and diversion sufficient, though all that is between us, be no more then a fence of mirth and gallantry, which may haply grow up to something, if we please, and may also come as easily to nothing, if we are disposed. But you, without any reciprocation of affection, love a person that seems onely amiable to your self; and you put your friends upon a necessity of wishing that she may never prove favourable to you; for if you conquer the indisposition of your love by marriage, you were the unhappiest of all men in that it were to exchange one whom you thought a worthy Mistress into a troublesom Wife. If therefore you value my advice any thing, you will this day renounce her, and address your love to *Cesonia*, with a confidence of the approbation of all people. For by this means, you will reform an errour which all the Tyranny ascribed to Love could not excuse; Reason would approve your change; and though you should not be loved, yet were your condition better, than it is now; since it is more supportable to be slighted by a person of great merit than by another that hath not any.

I cannot but acknowledge (replied *Persander*) that notwithstanding the violence of my Passion, I ever knew that the person for whom I have had for so long time a fruitless love, was guilty of some imperfections, nay that she was disacceptable to all rational men. But if I am too favourable, the others are unjust, since she wants not such good endowments, and that .....For her good ones interrupted *Turnus*, I know not what she may have; but for those that relate to civility; I'll answer for her, she has not any; for she's of an unsetled and perverse disposition; she is ungraceful, both as to behavior and countenance; she is nothing acquainted with the world; she always takes things in the worst sense, she sometimes commends what is to be discommended, and dispraises that which deserves praise, nothing obliges her, she is moved without occasion, and she understands not the greatness of your mind, and consequently not that of your affection. Fasten therefore on the occasion which Fortune presents you with, make a hearty sacrifice of this miserable Victim; for I am of opinion, when the sacrificer is accepted, they look not so directly on what he offers; besides that none can be more liberal then he that bestows all.

You have certainly a strange confidence in my Friendship, replied *Persander* (blushing through the disorder of his thoughts) to speak to my Mistress as you do. I am so confident of the truth of what I say, that I fear not your displeasure. Not but that I know you now look otherwise on the person you love, then you will do one day; but you are so accustomed to be troubled that others are not so much taken with her as your self, that I do you no more injury then you have endured a hundred times before. Nay I am sufficiently satisfied continued he, that I have seen you blush for very shame, upon several occasions, at some things which that creature either did or said; and therefore it were very unjust you should bear me any ill will, because I cannot speak well of her, since you may easily perceive it is only your own concernment that could have obliged me to speak after this rate, you being the only Suitor to this Wench, who certainly is very indiscreet to slight you, in regard there is nothing so certain, as that if she miss you, she will never meet with such another. Cease then at length, cruel friend, to persecute me, replied *Persander*, if you expect not I should also take my turn and fall upon you, and tell you, that if I deserve to be blamed for loving a person defective, as to those perfections which Love should aim at, you deserve to be much more, who are indifferent whether you are loved by any one of three the most accomplished women the Earth affords. Hereupon the two friends parted, not thinking what might be the consequence of what they said one to another.

On

On the other side *Cesonia* and I, not knowing any thing of what had passed between *Persander* and *Turnus*, fell to discourse upon what had been spoken in the Company; for, our houses adjoyning, we were seldom asunder but at night; nay sometimes it hapned, that I staid at *Cesonias*, or she at our house. Being therefore at liberty, as to company, we took a Walk into *Ersilias* Garden, but reflecting on whatever had been said, I represented to *Cesonia* that she had said one thing which *Persander* and *Turnus* might severally apply to themselves, for their stories were known to all the world. I had no sooner said it, but she blushed, as having no thought of them when she spoke as she did, and fearing they might imagine it directed to them, she was much troubled in her mind. I should be extreamly afflicted, said she to me, that two persons of their Quality should suspect me of any design to engage them to love me. Since they are the only two of all the City, replied I laughing, that are not fallen into your chains, what great crime were it if you should spread your chains for them? How great a crime it were I know not, replied she, but it would certainly argue a great weakness, and much indiscretion; but that which gives me some ease, added she, is, that *Turnus* is so well known for his Inconstancy, and *Persander* for his obstinate fidelity, that I shall not be easily suspected of having any intention to alter their resolutions. But that also which is equally true, is, that they are the two men of all the City whom I most esteem, and for whom certainly I should have the greatest inclination; and consequently added I, they are the two persons of all the City who were the most likely to make you happy, if so be you resolve to marry any one. According to the humour I now am in, said she, I should not be satisfied to have only an inclination for him I would take to be my Husband, for I conceive my felicity consists rather in the resentments which others have for me, then in what I have for them: and if I had met with any one among those who have endeavoured to gain me, that could have put me into a strong perswasion that he had a great and violent affection for me, I should without doubt have looked on him, so as from him to have derived my happiness, for certainly there is a greater pleasure in being loved, then in loving.

Ah *Cesonia* cryed I, you are extreamly mistaken if you believe what you say, since 'tis only the Love which is in one's own heart that can make one happy, and that to speak sincerely, there is no pleasure in being loved, but by that which one loves. Every one hath his particular humour (replied *Cesonia*) and that is none of mine; for if I had two Lovers of equal merit, and my inclination led me to favour him whom I thought the less amorous, I should prefer before him the other whom I conceived to have greater affection for me, though I loved him the less. Ah *Cesonia*, replied I, how great a fault would you do in so doing! Ah *Plotina*, replyed she, how dangerous a one should I be guilty of, did I make any other choice? for all considered, is it not true that the end of loving is to be loved again, and that it is the greatest torment to love beyond what one is beloved? I agree with you, replied I, that it is insufferable to be sensible of having more love then one causes; yet I hold there can be no sensible pleasure in loving any further then it relates to that which one loves; and that all the devoirs, all the services, all the addresses of a person whom one loves not, give no great satisfaction in comparison of those are rendred by one for whom we have a certain respect.

But *Plotina*, answered *Cesonia*, you consider not what you say when you speak thus; for it is so natural to love, to the end one should be loved again, and to imagine a certain pleasure therein, that to speak generally of it, one desires to be loved as well by those whom one loves, as those whom one loves not. There is also a certain satisfaction in receiving acknowledgements of esteem from those we are not in a manner acquainted with; and the reason is, that as often as one receives such expression of affection, one seems to take it as a certain argument of his own merit; besides that, if there be any charms in love, I think they consist in an absolute Empire over the heart of a vertuous man. I can also very easily imagine, that it is as it were a degree of felicity, for a woman to see a person of a great reason and understanding, renounce part of his Reason to serve her; that he raises to himself an hundred sensible pleasures from her most inconsiderable favours; that he betrays a thousand obliging weaknesses, which he himself is not sensible of; that his colour changes when he sees her, that many times he knows not what he says, even when it is his design to speak the best he can; that he sees her in all places; that he seeks none but her; that he resigns himself absolutely to her will, and altogether renounces his own. But on the contrary, when one loves, insteed of commanding, he obeys and must expect all the inconveniences of love, and never be acquainted with the enjoyments of it.

Ah *Cesonia*, replied I, I could not have imagined a serious person could possibly have said what you have! And I should never have thought, replied she, that a person of a free and gallant humour could have held what you hold, which certainly should rather be the Tenet of Melancholy and Distraction. But said I to her, what do you think on when you imagine it is a greater pleasure to be loved then to love? Do you think I cannot name you a hundred several men whom you should esteem strangely troublesom, if they were but once encouraged to follow you every where, and to pretend an infinite love to you? But when I say so, replied she, I do not mean that I would be loved of those people of no worth, who are not to be admitted in the quality of lovers, nor yet of friends; and all that I say amounts to no more then this, that a woman who hath a great esteem for a vertuous man, by whom she is faithfully and ardently loved, shall be more happy then if she her self had a strong love for another vertuous man, who were less amorous then the former. And I hold on the contrary, replied I, that there is no enjoyment in being loved, but in as much as it proceeds from those we love; that all those weaknesses which you say it would be pleasant to observe in a person of a great mind, would not seem such to you, if you were not capable of having the like; and to apprehend aright what

Love is, there is no queſtion but the moſt inconſiderable ſervices rendered by a perſon whom we love, far exceed the greateſt we receive from another, for whom we have not that ſympathy. And in a word *Ceſonia* ſaid I to her laughing, the caſe is not the ſame with love as at a *Ball*, where many times thoſe who dance not, have a greater pleaſure then thoſe who do; for certainly, whoever would find a great ſatisfaction in being loved muſt himſelf love, and that to the greateſt extent of paſſion; and for my part, I am ſo far from imagining any pleaſure in marrying an amorous Husband if I loved not him, that I think it no ſmall torment, by reaſon of the continual reſervedneſs wherein I ſhould conceive my ſelf obliged to live. If therefore you will take my advice, make choice of him whom you your ſelf ſhall beſt love, and not him who hath no more to ſay for himſelf; then that he hath a greater love for you. I ſhould willingly grant (added I) it were a great unhappineſs, and a great madneſs to love and not be loved again; but as long as I live, I ſhall perſiſt in this opinion, that there can be no true delight in being loved, if one alſo loves not; and certainly, the heart muſt be extreamly prepoſſeſſed for to raiſe this one pleaſure above all others, and imagine it ſuch as whereby all ſorts of afflictions were alleviated, and might effectually put us into a condition of indifference for all things elſe.

But is it not alſo certain (repli'd ſhe) that as ſoon as one is ſtrongly poſſeſſed with love, there inevitably follows a number of cares and diſturbances. There do ſo (repli'd I) but I believe withall there are thouſands of pleaſures, which cannot be conſequent to any thing but by the reſidence of that paſſion in the Soul. For when all is done, all thoſe things which we ſay are very pleaſing when one loves, are not ſo conſiderable in themſelves, as to make a ſuperſtructure of Felicity, were it not that the heart is prepoſſeſſed. So that to be abſolutely happy, we muſt, if I may preſume to ſay it, enter with ſincere intentions into this correſpondence and conſonancy of affections, we muſt retain in our ſelves, ſo much love as we cauſe in others, and expect to find our particular ſatisfaction, in our own tenderneſe rather then in that of another: For were it not ſo, one might take an equal pleaſure in being loved, by a hundred ſeveral people at a time; whereas, I am confident that a woman who hath three or four Lovers, will find no true pleaſure but with him whom ſhe particularly loves.

I do not tell you (repli'd *Ceſonia*) that thoſe whoſe hearts are deſigned to love, find no ſatisfaction in loving; but that which I maintain is, that one who would marry, ſhould find her ſelf in a more firm poſture of happineſs, by marrying a man who extreamly loves her, then if ſhe married one whom ſhe her ſelf were infinitely in love with. But (repli'd I) you mind not what you ſay, for it frequently happens that theſe amorous Husbands grow ſoon cold in their affection; ſo that if you are ſatisfied in being loved, though you loved not your ſelf, it muſt needs follow, that as that love evaporates and conſumes, your pleaſure alſo determines. On the contrary, if you love him whom you have married, he is always the ſame pleaſant object he was to you, even though he ſhould give you ſome ſlight cauſe of diſcontent; Not to flatter you therefore any longer, I think there never was any woman (Cockneys excepted) beſides your ſelf, who thought there was any great pleaſure in being loved, without loving her ſelf. Be it as it will be (ſaid ſhe) ſince I preſs you not to change your opinion, neither ſhall I change mine for your ſake; but it may come to paſs that while I ſhall be content to be lov'd, though I love not, you ſhall love, and not be lov'd again. For that matter (replied I) I fear not what may happen to me; for one never loves, but what ſeems worthy to be loved, and I ſhould not look upon the moſt vertuous man in the world, as ſuch as ſhould oblige me to love him, if he did not firſt love me.

Theſe were at that time the apprehenſions of *Ceſonia*; but not to ſpend time in the relation of many little accidents conſequent thereunto, I ſhall onely tell you, that from that day, *Perſander* and *Turnus* took ſome by occaſions to ſee and know more of *Ceſonia*, and became more aſſiduous Diſciples of our Cabal, which certainly was the moſt ingenious and moſt gallant of any in the City; and if I may preſume to affirm it, that which had the greateſt reputation of Vertue. 'Tis true, it ſtood not with our conſtitutions to admit indifferently all ſorts of people, and that we ſtood much upon the choice of our friends of either ſex, when we were commonly called abroad, *The fair Solitaries*. Our ſolitude indeed hath nothing that might affright, for we admitted the viſits of all vertuous perſons, without any regard had to the reſt. Not that we would be charged with any incivility; but it happened either by artifice or good fortune, that we were not pleaſing to thoſe whom we liked not, So that ſome ſtood in fear of us, others not knowing what to ſay to us, and ſome for the moſt part not apprehending what are ſaid to them, we lived without any diſturbance; for to tell you truly, we minded not much what they thought of our Conſiſtory; and when we were informed of what fooliſh things they ſaid of *The fair Solitaries*, we only made ſport of it, and then took occaſion thence to think our ſelves happy in that we were diſſociated from ſuch people.

But for *Perſander* and *Turnus* we gladly entertained them when they preſſed the favour of ſeeing us more particularly then ordinary; for they were both perſons of ſo much worth, that to do them reſpect was to receive it. However it was not their deſign at firſt to profeſs any love to *Ceſonia*; but certain it is, that *Perſander* being ſtill ſlighted by the perſon whom he lov'd, took this occaſion to divert and imploy his thoughts, ſo to indeavor his recovery. Nor indeed did he diſſemble it, ſaying, when we ſometimes asked him, whence it came he ſo much honoured us with his company, that his buſineſs was to find out ſome pleaſant friend that ſhould make him forget a too cruel Miſtreſs. As for *Turnus*, ſince he purſued only what moſt pleaſed him, and that *Ceſonia* wanted not any thing he could have wiſhed; he eaſily diſ-engaged himſelf from thoſe three Beauties, whereof there was not any whoſe heart he might not have gained, if he could have ſerv'd but her alone with perſeverance. It hapned alſo that *Perſander*'s Miſtreſs went into the Country, and that a new difference fell out betwixt them at parting;

ting; for she put such a fantastick trick upon him, that he was extreamly troubled at it. It came to pass afterwards, that he saw divers of her Letters, which were such as seemed not fit to be written by the Mistress of *Persander*, for he himself writes admirable well; he also came to the sight of several Letters of *Cesonias*, wherewith he was taken even to admiration. Insomuch, that absence, vexation, and reason clearing up *Persander*'s heart of its former pre-possession, put him into a condition sensible of the Charms of *Cesonia*. As for *Turnus* he was so accustomed to the sense of merit and beauty; that it would have been very strange, if he should have had none reserved for one of the most accomplish'd persons in the World.

These two friends thought not, in the mean time, that they were become Rivals, for they professed themselves equally friends to *Cesonia*, who entertained them accordingly. So that not behaving themselves, as Lovers, they soon gained with us that liberty which friendship affords. They writ Letters to us, and we answered them; we had a hundred appointed walkings together; and we carried our selves towards them, rather as if they were friends of our own sex then the other. For being both of them circumspect, respectful, and discreet, we stick'd not to say before them a many things which might be thought somewhat extravagant. But at length, I one day perceived it was not impossible they might have some resentments of love for *Cesonia*; for being one afternoon all four together in *Ersilia's* Chamber, we fell a talking of a certain Lover of our City, who as it was reported, had parted very fairly from his Mistress, to go and travel; and that though there happened no difference between them, he was absolutely cured of his Passion, and was returned without any Love. For my part, says *Turnus*, I do not think it impossible; for I know those, who without the remedy of absence can overcome two or three Passions, much more, one. And for my part (replied *Persander*) I do not think a man can be cur'd by absence only; and I am absolutely perswaded, that to be eased of ones Passion, a man must necessarily entertain another. There may no doubt (continued he) be a sort of people, who are not so sensible as many others, and into whose souls it might infuse a certain coldness, which signifies rather indifference then Love; but afterwards restored to the sight of the person whom they had loved, they would re-assume their love; for I cannot conceive that absence alone is able to destroy love. I hold therefore, that whoever ceases to love, upon no other account then absence, must be guilty of infidelity, and have taken another Mistriss. But if there be a necessity a man enter into a new love, before he can be said to give over loving a former Mistress, in case of absence, replyed *Turnus*, the same conclusion holds against a Lover who should at once disengage himself from two or three. By no means, repli'd *Persander*, for it may happen that these Mistresses might do a many things conducing to his cure, which a person that is absent cannot. But if on the contrary replied *Turnus*, these two or three Mistresses were more favourable then ordinary, what would you say? I should say, replyed *Cesonia* laughing, you would be thought ungrateful, if you forsook them for another. But Madam, replyed *Turnus*, I put not the question to you, but to *Persander*, who will needs maintain that a man cannot cease loving a person that is absent, without entring into a new love; and thinks it not possible a man may quit three fair Mistresses, without finding another; Nay I conceive, added he, he pretends that a woman ought to think her self more oblig'd to him, if he loved her in the absence of his Mistress, then she should to me, though I should in the presence of three suffer my self to be wrought upon by the charms of this fourth. There is no question of it replyed *Persander*, and for instance, if making profession of constancy as I do, it should happen that the admirable *Cesonia* could make me inconstant, and fasten her love upon me, I should do a greater action for her sake, then you should do by forsaking all your Mistresses to serve her; for change being natural to you, you did no more in loving her, then comply with your own inclination, But if I should persevere to love her for a long time, replied he, shall I not have done much more for her then you, who are naturally fastened to one place, and should not deserve any great reward, though you loved ever so faithfully? It must certainly be a very long time, replied *Persander*, before you can recover your reputation. I beseech you, replyed *Cesonia*, make not these fruitless suppositions, and if you have any quarrel, let not me be concerned in it.

But if that which they say be real (reply'd I laughing, not thinking it had been so) you were finely catch'd. I had no sooner said so, but I saw *Persander's* colour change, and *Turnus* was not without some disturbance. I assure you replyed *Cesonia*, I should hardly believe it, though they should endeavour to perswade me to it, You do not then believe Madam such an accident as this impossible, replyed coldly *Persander*; for if you remember, you said one day when *Turnus* and I were present, that to give you a remarkable testimony of his affection, a Lover must do something absolutely disconsonant to his natural inclination, and among those you expected that an unconstant man should prove constant for your sake, or that a constant Lover quit his perseverance purposely to serve you. And Madam, added *Turnus*, we were so far perswaded to follow your directions, that I advised *Persander* to quit his Mistress, to love you, and he afterwards gave me the like counsel to forsake all mine, to apply my self only to you. He was pleased it seems to requite your ill advice with as bad, replyed *Cesonia* blushing. On the contrary, replyed *Persander*, I gave him that counsel out of meer friendship, but he was not disposed to follow it. 'Twas because at that time, I was so wedded to your judgement, that I would not do what you refused. Certainly replyed *Cesonia* laughing, you are both very admirable persons, to tell me so truly what passed between you that day. They are much more, replyed I, laughing with her for company, if they dealt so really with you as to acquaint you with their present thoughts; for I am clearly of opinion, though I should not swear it, that in *Persander* you have made an inconstant Lover of a constant, and in *Turnus* you have exchanged inconstancy into a perseverance. You speak so indiscreetly

creetly replyed *Cæsonia*, that I think not fit to answer you. But if it be so, replyed *Persander*, what do you expect *Turnus* and I should do? Must we hate one another, must we cease to love you, must we fear, or must we hope? And that you may complete your obligation upon us, be pleased to declare which of us two may with more confidence presume to have given you the greater testimony of his affection, he who is become constant, or he who has quitted his constancy? I beseech you, Madam, added *Turnus*, be pleased to give *Persander* a punctual answer. Did he speak to me seriously, replied she, I would answer him; but since he proposes nothing but trifles, having not the least relation to truth, I shall not trouble my self to give him any return. But supposing they said not any thing that were real, replied I, why make you such ado to satisfie their curiosity? And if what they say have some ground, tell them sincerely, though by way of jest, what they may think of their several fortunes. In troth *Plotina*, said she to me, you give me very pleasant advice: Truly, replied I, you have my very thoughts; for *Persander* and *Turnus* are as yet Friends; but if they are Rivals, I wish it may be without quarrel, and that you impose on them as an expression of their love to you, to live always in Friendship. If they were my Lovers, replyed she, I should be glad they were such without hating one another; but since they are not, and that I should be sorry they should, I have nothing to say to them. For your being sorry, said I, I cannot so easily believe it: For in fine, continued I jestingly, this adventure hath in it something so particular, that you would be much troubled to repent your having been the occasion of it. Besides, that having so much generosity as you have, you should be glad to have put so great an obligation on two the most eminent persons in the world; for all that can be objected to *Persander* is, that he loves a woman that deserves not his love; and all that *Turnus* can be charged with, is the inconstancy of his Love.

For this good Office *Turnus* and *Persander* gave me many thanks, and began again to press *Cæsonia* to resolve them, but she would not: So that the discourse was concluded in such a manner, as satisfied *Cæsonia* and me, that there was something of truth in what we suspected; and withal convinced *Turnus* and *Persander*, that they had both followed the advice they had given one another. However they went away together, but burthened with thoughts and melancholy, as being each of them troubled in their minds, that he had a Rival instead of a Friend. But at last *Persander*, as being the more discreet, desirous to sift the resentments of his Friend; Tell me truly, said he to him, are you not at this present more taken with *Cæsonia* than with all the world besides, and if it were possible you could reform your inconstancy, you would do it only for her sake? Before I tell you my thoughts, replied *Turnus*, do you acknowledge that you are this day more pleased with *Cæsonia* than ever you were with your former Mistress, and that if you could prove inconstant, you would do it only for the love of *Cæsonia*? For inconstancy, replied *Persander*, I cannot be reproached with it, though I forsook the person you mean, and should in consequence love *Cæsonia*, since it is granted there is no obligation to love where one is not loved. And whereas you are pleased to tell me that I am more taken with this excellent person than my former Mistress I am to tell you, that how far soever you may have thought me prepossessed, I have always known, that the one had imperfections, the other none. But that which hath caused this change in my resolutions is, that the person in whom I then had only a glimpse of certain imperfections, and in whom I imagined there were some excellent good qualities, seems now to me some other creature; for I find not any thing in her I am pleased with, her Company is troublesome, all that I saw in her formerly is vanished, and I am so much ashamed, nay indeed so much amazed, that I have thought her so excellent and loved her so much, that my thoughts of it far exceed my expressions.

Ah *Persander*, cryed out *Turnus*, you are in love with *Cæsonia*: And you, replied the other, who thought it your felicity to divide your self among all the Beauties, never think your self well now, but when neer *Cæsonia*. I acknowledge it, replied *Turnus*, for whereever I am, I ever wish my self with her; and there is certainly something of enchantment, whereby I am so carried away, that her House is in my way, in what quarter soever of *Ardea* my business lies. It seems then, replied *Persander* smiling, if we are not yet Rivals, we soon shall be: I am of your mind, replied *Turnus*, and I am troubled at it beyond expression: For certainly (added he) I must needs be very unhappy, that the most perseverant of all men, hath resolved to cease to be such, purposely to become my Rival. It is rather I who have cause to complain (replied *Persander*) in that the most inconstant Lover in the World, will needs be other than he was, merely to cross my designs. Ah! *Persander* (replied *Turnus*) I am the more unhappy of the two, for certainly *Cæsonia* had a greater inclination for you than for me. I know not on what you ground that conjecture, (replied *Persander*) but it should rather be inferr'd, that a man who could not gain the love of the least amiable person in the World, should not be over confident of gaining that of the most accomplished, and therefore his Rivalship is not to be looked on as very formidable. But *Turnus*, if I am slighted as inconsiderable, you are (on the contrary) much to be feared; for can a man possibly have a more dangerous Rival, than one who, though guilty of no love, or at best but little, could yet in a manner command all the greatest beauties of *Ardea*. Howere that may be (replied *Turnus*) I am confident *Cæsonia* hath naturally a stronger inclination, and a greater esteem for you than me. I know you are a greater Gallant, more vigilant, and more ingenious than I am, and consequently have reason to fear you may be more fortunate than I. Since you are infinitely more amiable than I can ever possibly be (replied *Persander*) and that I have a very great opinion of *Cæsonia's* judgment, I am easily perswaded not to expect any love to your prejudice. But to do something more than ordinary in the World, (added he) let us endeavour from this day forward, so to manage our Love, that it destroy not our Friendship; for as yet there is not ought done wherewith we may reproach one the other. You advised me to love *Cæsonia*, and I gave you the same advice, so that we cannot be

be charged with any defect of Friendſhip in the original of our Love: And therefore ſince I might be thought unreaſonable, to preſs you to quit your pretenſions for my ſake; it were alſo unjuſt in you, to oblige me to ſtifle my Paſſion for yours. Not but that if I thought I could do it I would, both out of conſiderations of Friendſhip and Reaſon, though you preſſed me not to it; but ſince it is impoſſible, and that I cannot conceive you can be ſo ſuddenly weary of a thing you are ſo much taken with, we muſt regulate thoſe apprehenſions we have one of another, while we love the accompliſhed *Ceſonia*. (W)

To obſerve the Rules of Generoſity (replied *Turnus*) we muſt promiſe not to attempt any thing one againſt another, and have the ſame love one for another, as if we were not Rivals; but ſince that cannot be, the contrary courſe muſt be taken: And therefore (for my part) you have from me all liberty to ſay and do any thing, which you think may gain the love of *Ceſonia*, conditionally you give me the ſame. I am very well content (replied *Perſander*) but this ſhall not hinder what means I ſhall uſe otherways, as being ſtill your friend. And I ſhall do the like if I can (replied *Turnus*) but I ſhould be glad one of the Articles of our Treaty were, that in caſe *Ceſonia* make choice of either of us, and thereby cut off all the pretenſions of her other Lovers, the other ſhall have nothing to object againſt him, but ſhall continue in friendſhip with him. Be it ſo (replied *Perſander*) though I can never hope to make any great advantage of this *proviſo*.

In this manner, Madam, did theſe two Rivals acknowledge to one another the love they had for *Ceſonia*, ſo that from that day they omitted nothing, whereby they thought to gain the favour of this excellent perſon. But this happening neer the time that they celebrate the Feaſt of the *Golden Shower*, to honour the memory of *Danae*, and that it is then the cuſtom, as I have already told you, that all Lovers beſtow on their Miſtreſſes ſomething wherein there muſt be Gold, *Turnus* proved the ſubject of our abuſes for a whole Afternoon together at *Ceſonias* houſe: For all people believing he was in love with three or four of the City at a time; one woman who knew nothing of the change of his humour, ſaid, that day would undo him, he was obliged to make ſo many magnificent Preſents, if ſo be he preſented all his Miſtreſſes. If you are one of them (replied he) you ſhall ſee what will be done: For my part (ſays *Ceſonia*) I think this cuſtom ſo ill grounded, that I am almoſt minded to pretend my ſelf ſick on the Feaſt day, for though there cannot be made ſo ill a conſtruction of receiving Gold at this as at other times, yet it is againſt my humour to accept ſuch magnificent Preſents. As for thoſe inconſiderable things, whereby they are neither inriched who receive them, nor they impoveriſhed who beſtow them: I ſhould permit they paſſed between friends, eſpecially when they are equally able to return them; but I am a profeſſed Enemy to thoſe women are taken with magnificent Preſents. It ſeems then you are of the opinion (ſays a perſon of quality whoſe name was *Pallas*) of thoſe who believe that ſince *Jupiter* invented the Golden Shower, there hath remained in that Metral, a certain Magical Force, that ſoftens the rigours of all thoſe Beauties which receive of it, and, that the beſt receipt, and the moſt advantageous for a ſlighted Lover, is to oblige his Miſtreſs to take a good quantity of Gold. Since there are no univerſal Medicines (replied *Ceſonia*) I do not think that, as Soveraign as you take it, abſolutely effectual, unleſs it be on ſome intereſſed woman, with whom merit ſignifies nothing, Gold all things. For my part, replied I, 'tis a thing I cannot eaſily apprehend, how any women can be ſo baſe as to ſell their affection, and am as far to ſeek how there can be men that will buy them: For if I were a Gallant I ſhould imagine ſomething ſo diſhonourable in this kind of Commerce, that I ſhould never prove a Merchant in it. I ſhould no ſooner diſcover in the heart of a woman any thing reflecting on her own intereſt, but I ſhould contemn, avoid, and hate her; and in my opinion an intereſſed woman is ſo far abominable, that I take her not to be good for any thing; for I ſhould neither admit her in the quality of a Miſtreſs, nor of a Wife, nor a Friend, nor a Kinſwoman, nor yet a Neighbour, ſo much do I abhor this kind of unworthineſs. It ſeems then (ſaid *Pallas*) you have no great devotion for the Feaſt of the *Golden Shower*? I obſerve it out of curioſity (replied I) but if it happen any thing is preſented to me, I leave it in the Temple, that people may ſee I go not thither to come thence ever the richer: And for my part, replied *Ceſonia*, I think fitter not to go thither at all.

Perſander and *Turnus* who were preſent at this diſcourſe, did what they could to oblige her to change her opinion, but ſhe could not be prevailed with to make an abſolute promiſe to go to the Temple: For in fine, ſaid ſhe to them, I have lived hitherto, and never received Preſent wherein there was any Gold; and I will not begin now. Not but that I am of opinion (added ſhe) this ſuperſtition of *Ardea* hath ſome rational ground; but I have ſuch an averſion from that Metal, which makes ſo many of my Sex commit ſuch horrid enormities, that I will not receive any of it. For my part (added ſhe) I make no compariſon between a woman moved by the ſenſe of merit, and haply ſubject withal to ſome weakneſs, and one whoſe Soul is only open to avarice, and who beſtows her heart on him that bids moſt for it. I agree to what you ſay (replied *Perſander*) but after all, Madam, (added he) Liberality is a Vertue, and more to be practiſed by a Lover than any other. Ah *Perſander* (cryed I) is it ſo eaſie to reconcile theſe two things? for I take it as granted that the moſt diſintereſſed woman in the World, is ſhe who expects the greateſt liberality from her Lover; but with this proviſion, that he ſuſpect her not of an imperfection ſhe is not guilty of, and endeavour to expreſs his Liberality, which vertue hath ſuch an eaſie way to diſcover it ſelf, that even thoſe who have nothing to give, find means to ſhew they are not covetous: For a Lady ſhews ſometimes that ſhe is of a liberal nature, as well in not ſeeking and avoiding the occaſions of receiving Preſents, as in making ſuch her ſelf. To deal truly with you, replied I, all women are not of that diſpoſition; for I know one who hath ſuch an excellent gift of receiving, that it may be ſaid ſhe never hath any thing, and is deſirous of all that others have without any exception: For ſhe takes occaſion to commend whatever ſhe ſees, if there

there be the leaſt hopes it may be offered her: She asks thoſe who are not of *Ardea*, what is moſt rare in their Country, that ſhe may afterwards beg it, ſhe permits ſuch things to be ſent into her houſe, as ſhe intends not to pay for; and if ſhe betray her ſelf in ſome little liberality in her life, it is on ſome occaſions, wherein ſhe is infallibly aſſured for the little ſhe beſtows, to receive much: And for my part, I am ſo far perſwaded ſhe can refuſe nothing that's proffered her, that if ſhe had a Lover were ſo faſtantick, as inſtead of Perfumes, Flowers, Fruits, and ſuch accommodations, which may be received without any imputation of Avarice, to ſend her Arms; I believe ſhe would take them rather than it ſhould be ſaid ſhe refuſed any thing.

This Jeſt having put the Company into a laughter, they fell afreſh to perſecute *Turnus* with the number of his Miſtreſſes, and the Feaſt of the *Golden Shower*: But he anſwered ſo ambiguouſly, as might convince them they were deceived who thought he had ſo many Preſents to make. To be ſhort, *Turnus* and *Perſander* not ſpeaking any thing to one another, were both reſolved to ſurpriſe *Ceſonia* by moſt magnificent Preſents, if ſhe came to the Feaſt: But they were ſpared the trouble, for pretending ſome indiſpoſition ſhe would not go. For my part, I, according to my wonted curioſity, went, and failed not to find there *Perſander* and *Turnus*: But that you may know what is done in that place, I am to acquaint you in few words with part of the Ceremonies of this celebrious Feaſt.

You are then to know, that for the performance of theſe Ceremonies, there is a Temple deſign'd, wherein is to be ſeen repreſented the Hiſtory of *Danae*, and where the greateſt part of thoſe of quality of either Sex are preſent: I ſhall not trouble you with the Sacrifice which is there offered, for it ſignifies nothing to my purpoſe; but I ſhall tell you, that the Ladies that come thither are dreſſed to the greateſt curioſity and expence, that they are all on one ſide of the Temple and the men on the other; and to ſhew that Liberality ought to be the inſeparable attendant of Love, there is a *Cupid* repreſented on the Altar, who hath in one hand his Bow and Torch, and in the other a horn of Abundance inverted, out of which may be ſeen falling down, Gold, Pearls, and precious Stones. In the mean time the Ladies who are on one ſide of the Temple, have each of them in their hands, Myrtle-Crowns, and are, for a certain time, obliged to ſtand: For the men who would ſhew their Gallantry, they are on the other ſide, holding every one what they have to beſtow on their Miſtreſſes, in caſe they come to the Ceremony. Having proceeded thus far, he who offered the Sacrifice makes a large diſcourſe in the commendation of Liberality: Which done, all the Ladies one after another paſs before the Image of Love, which they call *Love Liberal*, and having made a low reverence, they walk gently before thoſe men who have the gallant and precious things, which they intend to beſtow on their Miſtreſſes; and when any Lady comes over againſt him who would make a Preſent to her, he very ſubmiſſively ſtays her, and with one knee on the ground, offers her what it was his deſign to beſtow on her. This civility obliges to accept, but if he who makes the Preſent be ſuch a Lover as ſhe would wiſh were not ſuch, ſhe only receives his Preſent, and makes him a low reverence. On the contrary, if he be one whoſe Service ſhe is pleaſed with, ſhe puts the little Myrtle Crown ſhe had upon his head; and for the Preſent ſhe hath accepted; it is at her diſcretion either to carry it away with her, or beſtow it on the Temple: If ſhe chuſe the latter, ſhe lays what ſhe had received on a ſpacious Altar near the door. But that whatever proceeds from Love may return to Love, all that is laid on the Altar is employed to promote the fortunes of ſuch as love one another, and have not wealth enough to live happily together without ſome aſſiſtance.

In the mean time, it is an affliction to ſome Beauties to go to this Feaſt, and receive nothing, whereas on the contrary there are others, on whom too much is beſtowed, for among us, it is in a manner as diſgraceful to have too many Lovers, as to have none; it being believed that five or ſix pretending to a woman, cannot ſubſiſt without hope, which it were a ſhameful thing for any Woman to keep ſo many in.

But to return to my ſtory, you are to know, that on this Feaſt-day *Turnus* came thither, with gold Chains in his hand, whereof the workmanſhip was indeed admirable, and his deſign was to preſent them to *Ceſonia*, and to do it ſo as if he ſhould entreat her to chain him up. For *Perſander*, he held a kind of Crown of Gold, beſet with precious ſtones, which he intended alſo to preſent her with, as it were in acknowledgment of the ſupreme Power ſhe had over his heart. But they were both much ſurpriſed not to find *Ceſonia* there, and indeed the whole Aſſembly was much amazed to ſee they beſtowed not what they had on any; ſo that there being no young Lady of quality of all *Ardea* who was not there, *Ceſonia* excepted, it was eaſie to judge they deſigned their Preſents to her.

But what was moſt remarkable was, to ſee that day *Turnus*'s three, and *Perſander*'s former Miſtreſs; for the former were all in expectation of thoſe Chains of Gold, and the latter was more than confident of the Crown. But, in regard they would not carry away their preſents, theſe two Lovers went and laid them at the feet of that God of love I mentioned before: I had forgot to tell you, that when I paſſed by *Turnus*, he ſtaid me and would have obliged me to take his chains, and deliver them to *Ceſonia*; telling me very freely, that that fair Lady and I were but one and the ſame thing, and that conſequently he might well truſt me with what he had to preſent to her. Ah *Turnus*, ſaid I to him, you are in a great error; for ſince it cannot be underſtood by all what you ſay to me, it would be thought (if I received what you offer me) that I were one of your Miſtreſſes. Having ſo ſaid I paſſed by him, not giving him time to make any anſwer: But *Perſander* having obſerved that he had ſpoke to me, he would alſo needs ſtay me, to ask whence it came that *Ceſonia* was not there? To which I anſwered, that the reaſon of her not being there was, that ſhe would not receive any thing wherein there were gold, whereupon I left him.

From the Temple I went to *Ceſonia*'s, to acquaint her with what had paſſed, and particularly that *Per-*

Perſander and *Turnus* had made ſuch diſcoveries of their inclinations to her, as ſhe ſhould acknowledge infallible. For, added I laughing, *Perſander*, the faithful *Perſander*, had that power over himſelf, as to ſee his ancient Miſtreſs paſs by, not only without offering her the Crown he had in his hands; but without ſo much as taking any notice of her; and *Turnus*, the inconſtant *Turnus*, was pleaſed to ſee paſſing by all his Miſtreſſes one after another, without ſo much as anſwering their looks: So that all that now remains to be done, is to conſider whether you are more obliged to him who is become inconſtant for your ſake, or to him who ceaſes to be ſo, that he might conſtantly love you.

Ceſonia deſirous not to take what I ſaid in good earneſt, anſwered me ſmiling, that haply theſe two Lovers had done this rather out of Revenge than Love, whereupon ſhe asked me divers other things. Nevertheleſs I perceived ſhe was not diſpleaſed at what I told her, nay indeed it pleaſed her ſo well, that ſhe kept me with her all that day: That which was yet more particular in this adventure was, that all thoſe who came to ſee her, congratulated her for her new conqueſts, for ſeeing that *Perſander* and *Turnus* beſtowed not their preſents, and that ſhe was the only young Lady of Quality, as I told you before, wanting in the Aſſembly, it was generally conceived it was to her they intended to preſent things of that magnificence; and it may be thence preſumed this thing love had not by its luſtre raiſed ſo much noiſe if ſhe had been in the Temple as it had by her abſence. Beſides, it was looked on as a thing ſo pleaſant, that ſhe ſhould gain the hearts of a conſtant and an inconſtant Lover, that the talk of it multiplied extremely.

In the mean time, *Perſander*, whom I had told that *Ceſonia* could never be prevailed with to accept any thing wherein there were Gold, though divers of her Lovers had endeavoured to ſurpriſe her, was ſo far obliged to his imagination, that it prompted him to do a thing which all the reſt had attempted in vain, and withal, ſuch as gave him a happy advantage over *Turnus*. Muſing therefore how he might ſurprize *Ceſonia*, he at laſt thought (it being then the proper ſeaſon for Flowers) he had found it out; and employing therein a certain woman in whom he might confide, who was infinitely ſubtle, he debated the buſineſs with her, and uſed her aſſiſtance in the execution of it. She took a ſmall, but ſtrong Gold Wire, which ſhe neatly drew through one of thoſe great Bulruſhes which grow near Lakes, ſo as it might not be perceived: Which done, folding the Wyre and the Ruſh both together, ſhe bent it into a Circle, on which having faſtned abundance of excellent Flowers, ſhe made a kind of Crown which ſeemed very pretty and delightful. But that *Ceſonia* might not ſuſpect there was any Gold, there were certain diſtances wherein the Ruſh was viſible all about, ſo that it was almoſt impoſſible to diſcover this innocent Cheat. The Crown being thus finiſhed, *Perſander* beſtowed it into a very handſom Basket and ſent it into *Ceſonia*, together with a Letter which ſhe received when there was none preſent but my ſelf. At the firſt, as it is natural to people to be afraid of being over-reached, ſhe well viewed this Crown of Flowers, but not perceiving any thing that had any reſemblance to Gold, ſhe accepted it, and reading the Letter aloud, ſhe found it as full of Gallantry as the Preſent: But that you may the better judge of it, it was very much, if not altogether to this effect.

Perſander *to the Admirable* Cæſonia.

EXpect not from me, Madam, in theſe days, when the ſame things proceed from Ambition as from Love, any thing that is rare or precious: That which I take the preſumption to ſend you is ſo trivial and ordinary, that it dares hardly own the name of a Preſent: Yet, Madam, be pleaſed to remember it may be allowed that of an Offering, and that a Goddeſs might condeſcend to accept it from a heart ſo diſpoſed as mine is. For in fine, Madam, to think all the Crowns in the World ſo far below you as this is, to envy even thoſe Flowers becauſe deſigned to your ſervice, and to eſteem them too too happy though they die to-morrow, if they do but pleaſe to day: Theſe (Madam) ought to be the ſincere apprehenſions which men ſhould have when they do you homage. How glad ſhould I be, Madam, if you ſhould not receive it ſimply out of Civility, as I do it not ſimply out of Cuſtom; and if but one favourable glance, or a ſingle agitation of your heart diſtinguiſh it from ſo many others more ſumptuous and more magnificent. This favour once obtained, what tradition ſoever we have received from our Fathers, I ſhould ſtudy no other way to deceive you, as Jupiter *did* Danae; *and you would be freed from the perpetual trouble of avoiding it. Grant it me then, Madam, for your own quiets ſake: But aſſure your ſelf withal, I beſeech you, that it is beyond all compariſon more neceſſary for mine.*

Ceſonia and I having both read this Letter and commended it, ſhe asked me whether it were fit I anſwered it; for in fine (ſaid ſhe to me ſmiling, and looking on that flowery Crown) I think there is no Snake hid under theſe Flowers; or to ſpeak without Figure, *Perſander* hath put no trick upon me. As for Gold, ſaid I to her, it is not likely there ſhould be any amongſt theſe Flowers, but for Love, I am confident *Perſander*'s heart is well furniſhed. If *Perſander* be in Love with me, replied ſhe, I am not obliged to anſwer him: Ah *Ceſonia*, ſaid I to her, while a Lover diſcovers himſelf no otherwiſe than as a Friend, one is not obliged to gueſs at what he hath in his heart, if one would not have it ſo; therefore if you take my advice, you will not gueſs at what *Perſander*

thinks, but write to him: Whereto *Cæsonia* condescending, answered him in these words.

Cæsonia *to* Persander.

THE Crown *which you have sent me, I am infinitely more taken with then if it were of Gold and Diamonds, and indeed, it comes in a most fortunate conjuncture of time, for I receive it with joy, whereas certainly I should have refused a more precious if you had proferred it me. But believe not however, that I cannot distinguish your favours from your Flowers, for if these please my sight, those put me into disorder. Nevertheless, I shall not put the trouble it is to me that I deserve them not upon your account, since it were not so just I should quarrel with your flatteries, as my own Imperfections.*

When this Letter was finished and that I told *Cæsonia* it was well, she called for the Slave who had brought the Crown of Flowers, and gave it him; which done I told her, it was but just she should for the rest of that day wear the Present, had been made her. But *Plotina*, said she to me must I crown my self with Flowers, as if I were to be a Victim? No said I to her, but to disguise the business somewhat of a Crown I will make a Garland. Whereupon I went to break asunder that Circle of Bul-rush on which the Flowers were fastned; But I found it a harder matter to do then I thought. But at last, the place where the gold-wyre met giving way, and the Rush broken in divers places through the force I used, the gold-wyre appeared, so that breaking forth into a loud laughter, that my Friend had been over-reached, ah *Cæsonia*, said I to her you were mistaken when you said there was no Snake under these Flowers, for I have found one, which is very pleasant, and yet withal very terrible,

While I said this, *Turnus* enters the Room, so that *Cæsonia* made a sign to me that I should hide the Crown of Flowers, and say nothing of it. But there being abundance of obligation in these kinds of surprizes, and being my self merrily disposed at that time, I obeyed her not. On the contrary, as soon as I perceived *Turnus*, I began to abuse him, and told him he had a Friend who far out-vyed him, as to wit: For, added I, *Cæsonia* who would not go to the Temple on *Danaes* Feast-day, to avoid the receiving of Presents, and fears the shower of Gold, more then the thunder of *Jupiter*, hath been deceived by *Persander* after the gallantest manner in the world. Whereupon I shewed both *Cæsonia* and *Turnus* that ring of gold-wire which was drawn through the Rush whereon the Flowers were fastned, and presently after I perceived they both blushed. There being only we three in the room, and that I was very familiar with *Cæsonia* and *Turnus*, I asked them why they blushed. For my part, says *Cæsonia*, it may be easily conceived I take it not well that I am surprized: And for my part added *Turnus*, it may be as easily guessed I am not pleased to see my Rival more witty and more fortunate then I. A Rival replyed roundly *Cæsonia*! Right Madam, a Rival, replyed he, for though I think *Persander* hath not openly professed love to you, I have chosen rather to tell you he is my Rival, that you may thence conclude I am his, then live any longer, and you not understand that I love you. And to the end I may nor retract what I say, added he, I tell it you before *Plotina*, whom I stand much in fear of.

Turnus speaking this smiling, *Cæsonia* seemed to take it as not spoken seriously, and accordingly at the beginning put off the business very handsomly. But *Turnus* having a confidence more then ordinary, would not be satisfied: No, no, Madam, said he to her, since I doubt not but you are acquainted with my love, bestow not your wit to no purpose. Though it were so, replyed she laughing, it were no greater matter, for you have loved divers others. I confess it, said he, but I declare to you, I now love none but *Cæsonia*. How said I to him, have you forsaken your three fair Mistresses? I have replyed he hastily; nay I have renounced all Female acquaintance, and if there be any love left in me for you, it is because *Cæsonia* loves you, so infallible is it that *Cæsonia* hath the absolute disposal of my heart. Your heart, replied *Cæsonia*, is so accustomed to change of affection, that if you love me to day, it is to be expected you should give over to morrow. Ah, Madam, replied he, think me not the same inconstant man of whom you have heard related such stories, unhaply you have thought somewhat fantastick; for I am so altered from what I have been, that I hardly know my self.

While *Turnus* spoke thus, I was dressing up the Garland of Flowers, for to put on *Cæsonias* head, but she would not have it, whereat *Turnus* was very glad: But his joy lasted not long; for *Cæsonia* desirous he should not take any advantage of it, she said some things to him, whence he might infer, that it was not impossible for her to have some inclinations for *Persander*, though she looked on this surprizal rather as an argument of his Invention, then any Design he therein had to express his Affection. In fine, said she to *Turnus*, I look on what *Persander* hath done, with the same consideration as I hear what you say. Ah Madam, replied *Turnus*, though there be an equality in the resentments of *Persander* and mine, yet I beseech you, do not you treat us equally. I shall treat you both as you deserve, replied she, and, to begin with you, Let us hear no more of your pretended Love, for I should be sorry to be one day numbred among your cast Mistresses. Ah I beseech you Madam, replied he, be pleased to be my new inclinations, and I promise you never to have any other. If you were *Persander*, replied I, you could say no more. *Persander* is now proved faithless, replied he, and I am become constant. But if *Persander* have proved faithless, answered *Cæsonia*, you say it is for my sake: and therefore it will be no advantage to you to reproach him with that in my presence. But Madam, replied he, if it be any advantage to *Persander* to have proved inconstant for your sake, shall I merit nothing to have proved constant upon the same account? That you

you ſtand ſo much upon your Reformation, as to Conſtancy, replied ſhe, granting it true, it ſignifies no more then that we expect your love for five or ſix hours longer. Ah Madam, replied he, I ſhall love you to the laſt gaſp. I ſhould be ſorry you were ſo neer your end, replied ſhe, were it only to ſatisfie a curioſity I have, to ſee into whoſe hands you will commend your heart, when it is out of mine, if ſo it be true it is there, which, to tell you truly, I have no great confidence of. Ah Madam, cryes out *Turnus*, you are very unjuſt ſo cruelly to perſecute a man who offers you the greateſt Sacrifice that any Lover could. And I am clearly of opinion, replied I laughing, that if you had kept a fair reckoning of all your Miſtreſſes, you might have ſummed up as many as there need Victims to make up a Hecatomb.

As we were thus engaged, comes in *Perſander*, who thought *Ceſonia* had not yet found out the cheat he had put upon her. But ſeeing as he came in the Crown taken aſunder, he inferred the plot was diſcovered. 'Tis true, he was further confirmed in it, by what *Ceſonia* ſaid to him: for ſhe no ſooner had caſt her eye on him, but ſpeaking to him. You are very confident, ſaid ſhe to him bluſhing, to give me a viſit after you have thus abuſed me. Ah Madam I am indeed very unfortunate in it, ſince you are diſpleaſed with it; nor can I believe that ſecret force, which they ſay Jupiter infuſed into Gold, when he found out the precious ſhower whereby he himſelf was felicified, to be very effectual, ſince I find you incenſed againſt me for ſo ſmall a matter. If I had ſurprized her as you have, replied *Turnus*, I ſhould not think it ſtrange ſhe took it ill; It is true added I, no body loves to be abuſed, but when all's done, I am glad *Ceſonia* hath been, to teach her that ſhe ſhould not boaſt it could not be done, as ſhe did yeſterday. And further, not to diſſemble, ſaid *Ceſonia*, I give ſo little credit to this imaginary power of Gold, that I do not fear I ſhall overlove *Perſander* for the Preſent he hath made me. Ah Madam, replied *Turnus*, if he had only beſtowed on you this little circle of Gold, I ſhould not much fear him, but I am afraid in this competition of our hearts, you may prefer his before mine. I perceive then, replied *Perſander*, you have ſpoke many things to *Ceſonia*, too many, by the one half I aſſure you (replied ſhe) and I am ſo little ſatisfied of the truth of any thing he ſaies, that of all he hath ſo confidently advanced, I believe nothing. How, Madam (replied *Turnus* ſomewhat haſtily) are you not ſatisfied that *Perſander* and I love you ſo much, that we begin already to love one another the leſs? Ah *Turnus* (replied *Perſander*) I muſt confeſs your Generolity is greater then mine; for I ſhould not have been ſo free as with my own, to diſcover the love of my Rival. I am fully ſatisfied (ſaies *Ceſonia*) you are both in ſome want of your ſences.

And truly (replied I) this adventure ſeems to me ſo pleaſant, that I condemn you to her good ſport for the reſt of this day. I muſt indeed needs do ſo (replied *Ceſonia*) or be offended in good earneſt with two men, for whom of all the World I have the greateſt eſteem. Alaſs Madam, I beſeech you be not offended, and not to examine things too ſtrictly; be pleaſed ſince *Turnus* hath ſpoke ſo much to you, to allow me the ſame liberty. That you may not deceive your ſelf (replied *Turnus*) I have only mentioned your affection to make way for my own. However it be (ſaies *Ceſonia*) I ſhall believe nothing but what I think fit, and ſhall not think but what I ought; for it were little leſs then madneſs for me to imagine, that I ſhould in one day make two Lovers quit, the one his fidelity, the other his inconſtancy. But though it were not true (replied I) it may be ſuppoſed, were it only to raiſe ſome pleaſant diſcourſe. Conditionally it laſt no longer then this evening (replied *Ceſonia*) and that my two pretended Lovers, will to morrow content themſelves to be only my friends, it ſhall be ſo. We ſhall be to morrow what we can be (replied *Perſander*) but in the mean time, give me the liberty to tell you, what I thought not to have told you this day. Say what you pleaſe (replied ſhe) ſo I be not obliged to believe you. For my part (replied *Turnus* laughing) I defie your incredulity, as to what I ſhall ſay. Be it as it will (replied I) only ſay what you have a mind, and leave the ſequel to the Conduct of Fortune. I ſay then (replied *Turnus*) that if the fair *Ceſonia* be not the moſt unjuſt woman in the World, ſhe will acknowledge her beauty never ceaſed any affection could more expreſs its power, then by ſubduing the heart of an unconſtant man. And I ſay (on the contrary, replied *Perſander*) that there is no beauty ſo mean, which might not pretend to the Conqueſt of an inconſtant man, and that the greateſt acknowledgement which *Ceſonia* ever received for the force of her Charms, is to have forced me to a change of apprehenſions. But (replied *Turnus*) you conſider not what you ſay: The truth is, Madam (continued he, directing his ſpeech to *Ceſonia*) there is no compariſon betwixt theſe two. For before I began to love you, I led a moſt happy life; all places were equally delightful to me; I either loved, or thought I loved a many excellent Beauties; I was happy in their eſteem and I might haply, have without vanity pretended to their affections, could I but have reſolved to fix mine on any one of them. The injoyments of my life knew not the leaſt diſturbance; I had no acquaintance with jealouſie, or my thoughts with diſorder; I only deſired thoſe things which were eaſily obtained; and in a word, ſuch a ſerenity was there in the Conduct of my life, that I could not be in any impatience to change my condition. But notwithſtanding all this indulgence of Fortune and that natural inconſtancy, I have quitted all theſe undiſturbed pleaſures, and forſaken three or four Miſtreſſes by whom I was eſteemed, to confine my love to one; by whom I ſhall haply be ſlighted. But for *Perſander* (added he) I do not much wonder at his change of life; for being firſt blinded by love, he muſt needs be perpetually unfortunate. So that to ſpeak rationally, his change is ſo much advantagious to himſelf, that I ſuppoſe you are not much obliged to him for it.

To anſwer what you object againſt me (replied *Perſander*) I muſt alſo ſpeak ſomething againſt you which is not very hard to find. For as I have already ſaid, Madam (added he, ſpeaking to *Ceſonia*) change of affection is ſo natural to an inconſtant man that it is much more to be wondred that *Turnus* ſhould have known you ſo long be-

fore he loved you, then that he loves you now. And for thoſe undiſturbed pleaſures he ſpeaks ſo much of, ſince it is certain there never proceed any ſuch from love, and that what he felt may be called only a paſſionate enjoyment of himſelf, if I may ſo expreſs it, he ſhould be aſhamed to quote them. It is not therefore very ſtrange, Madam, that a perſon accuſtomed to court divers Beauties at the ſame time, ſhould at length take you in his turn, ſince you are alone furniſhed with greater Charms, then all he hath ever loved. But for my part, Madam, I do a thing much more extraordinary. I confeſs (added he) my love was blinded, and that I have loved that which was not amiable, and what I ought not to have loved, but as I doubt not but you have heard, errours of this nature are more excuſable then any other; for the judgement upon the firſt admiſſion of love, loſing its liberty, it were unjuſt, to expect a Lover ſhould judge as truly of his Miſtreſs as others do. However, I was never ſo far blinded, but that I was convinced you were a thouſand degrees above what I loved, even when I loved you not. But in fine, I confeſs my love was greater than it ought to have been, nay, I know I was not loved, and yet I ſuffered all the afflictions of love: Notwithſtanding all which, I maintain that a Lover who is unfortunate, yet conſtant, is the hardeſt to be lured into a new love of any man in the World: For certainly, it is no eaſie matter for him to croſs his own experience, and to jump out of one love into another, when he found no ſatisfaction in the former. I conclude therefore that loving you, I do ſomething far more extraordinary than what *Turnus* hath done.

The truth is (replied *Caſonia*) I do not conceive either of you hath done any great matter; for *Turnus* loves me, becauſe he hath haply made a vow to love all; and you love me becauſe you are of a paſſionate and tender nature, and that not being able to faſten love where you deſired, you will try your fortune elſewhere, and addreſs your ſelf to ſome perſon from whoſe favour you may derive this advantage to make the World believe, that if you had not been loved, it was rather through want of knowledge in her whom you loved, than merit in your ſelf. I therefore think you both very happy, that I take not what you ſay ſpoken ſeriouſly: For if it were, you would haply both repent it, and if I were in an humour to ſatisfie you, I ſhould be much troubled to chuſe either, and be obliged to entertain his affection. How, Madam, (replied *Perſander*) can you any longer doubt what you have to do? How, Madam, (added *Turnus*) are you not yet fully ſatisfied in the buſineſs? For my part (replied I) methinks I ſhould not be ſo much troubled: And what, I pray, would you do (replied *Caſonia*) I would, replied I, have them both ſerve me for a long time, not engaging me to any thing ſo to be aſſured, that the inconſtant Lover were really become conſtant, and that the conſtant had abſolutely forgotten his former error: But during this ſpace, I would obſerve them very narrowly, and if I found them both equally conſtant, I would chuſe him for whom I had a greater inclination. I ſhould not haply do what you would (replied *Caſonia*) for were I to make the choice, I ſhould chuſe the more amorous of the two. Ah Madam, (cries out *Perſander*) how happy ſhall I be if you take that courſe! Ah (excellent *Caſonia*) how much ſhall I be ſatisfied, replied *Turnus*, if you make that wood good! It ſuits very well indeed, added he, with a man who never loved but once in all his life, to be confident he knows better how to love than any other. 'Tis too true, replied *Perſander* coldly, it is only a conſtant Lover who knows how to love well, but an inconſtant man is not fit ſo much as to ſpeak of Conſtancy. Time ſhall convince you what I am fit to do, anſwered *Turnus*, and Time and Love, replied *Perſander*, ſhall convince the fair *Caſonia*, that a man who hath loved conſtantly what was not worthy to be loved, can eternally adore her with as much Reſpect as Paſſion. Whatever comes of it (replied *Caſonia* riſing up) let it ſuffice that you have ſpoken contrary to your thoughts, let us continue what we now are I beſeech you, and be my conſtant friends if you expect any friendſhip from me. It is a great pity (replied I, looking on *Turnus* and *Perſander*) you did not fall in love with me rather than *Caſonia*, for I think this Adventure ſo particular, that I ſhould have been infinitely pleaſed to continue the humour. I aſſure you amiable *Plotina*, replied *Perſander*, that for what concerns me it ſhall laſt as long as I live, though the fair *Caſonia* contribute nothing thereto.

Turnus could not hear this without ſaying ſomething to it, whereupon *Caſonia* forbad them all further diſcourſe, and diſmiſſed them; telling them very ſeriouſly, that the next day they ſhould not be permitted to entertain her with ſuch extravagancies. Accordingly, for ſome time after, neither *Perſander* nor *Turnus* made any progreſs in their Loves, and he from whom *Caſonia* had received Gold, was no more eſteemed than the other.

In the mean time, theſe two Friends omitted nothing of what they thought might pleaſe *Caſonia*, and aſſure her of their affection; for *Turnus* could enjoy himſelf no where but when he was near her, all his old Miſtreſſes were indifferent to him, all the love he had reſerved he beſtowed among thoſe friends of hers whom he loved. *Perſander* alſo for his part, made it his only buſineſs to viſit *Caſonia*, he would ſee no more her whom he had loved, and he did all he could to inſinuate himſelf into this charming beauty, but to his unhappineſs and haply *Caſonias* alſo, Fortune was pleaſed to favour *Turnus* with divers occaſions to ſerve his Miſtreſs. For this latter being of a nature very eager and inventive, though otherwiſe a lover of his eaſe, he acquitted himſelf of theſe ſervices with ſo much obligation, that it begat in *Caſonia* a belief that he loved her beyond *Perſander*, for whom ſhe certainly had a greater inclination. Not but that *Perſander* did a many things both to divert and entertain her; and conſequently gave her ground to think, that he would have rendred her the ſame good Offices as *Turnus* if he had had the opportunities, but it was not the pleaſure of fortune ſo to favour him with them: And *Turnus* had this advantage over him, that he had obliged *Caſonia* in divers things of concernment, and in ſuch manner as might induce her to believe that he had a greater affection for her than any man had had. Beſides all which, *Erſilia* having been concerned in ſome of thoſe good Offices he had done her

her daughter, and that a certain Sympathy of humour led her to favour this man, he had *Cæſonia's* Mother of his ſide. Not but that ſhe had an infinite eſteem for *Perſander*, but imagining to her ſelf a more abſolute power over *Turnus* than him, ſhe was the more inclined to beſtow her daughter on him, and to ſpeak truly, ſhe would rather have had a Son ſuch a one as *Perſander*, rather than as *Turnus*, but ſhe wiſhed ſuch a Son-in-Law as *Turnus*, rather than *Perſander*. As for *Ceſonia*, ſhe was more inclined to the latter, but believing her ſelf better beloved by the other, her reaſon or rather her error forced her to do ſome violence to her inclination, out of that opinion that it is a greater pleaſure to be loved than to love. For my part, being both my Friends, I was much troubled between them: But my friendſhip with *Ceſonia* being more ancient than with them, I conſidered only her intereſt, ſo that after a ſtrict examination of the buſineſs, I took part with *Perſander*, whom I was ſo much for, that I told *Turnus* that if *Ceſonia* asked my advice, I ſhould tell her it were better for her to marry *Perſander* than him. And accordingly ſome few days after, being preſſed by *Ceſonia* to take ſome final reſolution, ſhe asked me my opinion. I was not ignorant that though ſhe entertained theſe two Lovers with an equal Civility, ſhe had a greater affection for *Perſander*, and therefore adviſed her to prefer him before his Rival. Ah *Plotina* (ſaid ſhe to me) *Turnus* certainly loves me better than *Perſander*, though haply I love *Perſander* better than *Turnus*. But, ſaid I to her, how are you ſo particularly confident that *Turnus* loves you better than *Perſander*? For it happens many times, that one is ſo far from knowing preciſely their own apprehenſions, that I know not how you can have the confidence to judge of thoſe of others. That you ſhould put the value on the ſervices *Turnus* hath done, as to prejudice *Perſander*, is that I cannot by any means endure, ſince that if Fortune had favoured him with the ſame opportunities, he had done the like. I doubt it not (replied *Ceſonia*) but when all is done, the ſervices of *Turnus* are very conſiderable. They are ſo, ſaid I, but ſince the buſineſs is to know whether hath the greater love for you, and that you acknowledge *Perſander* would have done the ſame things that *Turnus* hath, methinks you ſhould not prefer *Turnus* before *Perſander*, eſpecially conſidering your inclination leads you to favour the latter rather than the former. But you conſider not (replied ſhe) that I am not of your belief, that a woman, to be happy muſt love, and that I believe quite contrary, that her ſatisfaction conſiſts in being loved. But whence is it that you imagine (ſaid I to her) that *Perſander* loves you leſs than *Turnus*? In the firſt place (ſaid ſhe) I apprehend, that *Turnus* proving conſtant for my ſake, hath made a greater diſcovery of love than *Perſander*: I find alſo a greater eagerneſs in the one than in the other; *Turnus* hath always a hundred things to entertain me withal, but when *Perſander* hath any opportunity to ſpeak to me, he hath much ado to find any thing to ſay, though certainly he have a great Wit. Ah *Ceſonia* (ſaid I to her) how ſorry am I to hear you ſpeak as you do, and to ſee that you know not, that that which you look on as an imperfection in love, is an infallible effect of an extraordinary paſſion: For whence proceeds that diſturbance of mind in *Perſander* when he ſpeaks to you, but that ore-whelm'd with Paſſion, he is troubled and is not able to ſpeak? And whence comes it that *Turnus* entertains you with a hundred extravagancies wherewith you are diverted, but that he is not of ſuch a tenderneſs of nature, as that Love ſhould put his Reaſon into any diſorder? But will you not at leaſt acknowledge (ſaid I to her) that the Letters of *Perſander* are fuller of Paſſion than thoſe of *Turnus*? For though you look on their Letters only as Letters of *Friendſhip*, yet may they well paſs for thoſe of *Love*. For Letters (replied ſhe) they are things of ſo ambiguous a nature, that nothing can be ſafely grounded on them: For I know a man, who during the ſpace of a long abſence, writ a many Letters to a Kinſ-woman of mine, which ſpoke all the tenderneſs imaginable, nor indeed could there be any thing more ſeemingly obliging, or more inſinuating. Being after all this returned, he carried himſelf towards her, as if he had never writ any thing to her that ſignified ſo much as ordinary Courtſhip. What you ſay (replied I) is ſo fantaſtick, that I think you have invented it to confirm your own apprehenſion: For how can a vertuous man bely himſelf, ſince that when he does it the diſproportion of his reflections injures only himſelf, and takes nothing away from the merit of thoſe people on whom he ſo reflects? But in fine, not to ſpend words vainly on a thing which cannot fall out often, do you acknowledge that *Perſander* writes as paſſionately as *Turnus*, and give me leave immediately to convince you of this Truth, by comparing theſe Letters you have of theirs. Since I have by chance two in my Pocket at this very preſent, (replied ſhe) it will not be hard for me to ſatisfie you: Whereupon I taking her at her word, ſhe gave me a Letter ſhe had received from *Turnus* ſome two days before, wherein I found theſe words.

Turnus *to the Fair* Cæſonia.

IF you thought not on me the laſt night, Madam, I am unhappy; for I never had ſo many thoughts of you, nor indeed did I ever think on you with ſo much tenderneſs as then. To acquaint you with them were hard for me to do, but in a word, they always amounted to this, that you were the moſt adorable Perſon in the World, and that I ſhould be the happieſt of men, if you were ſo favourable as to give me leave to disburthen my heart to you. Will you ever, Madam, oppoſe the felicity of a man who adores you, and will not pay his adoration to any thing elſe? Reſolve me, Madam (I beſeech you) for after the loſs of Hope, I ſhould take the loſs of Life but as a Courteſie.

Now

Now (says *Cæsonia* to me) do you think this Letter so indifferent? When I have seen that of *Persander* (replied I) I shall give you my opinion of *Turnus*'s; whereupon opening it I therein read these words.

Persander *to the Attractive* Cæsonia.

TO have infinite Love for you Madam, not to see you, to want the opportunities of both hearing from you and sending to you, make up altogether too great a punishment, and it is impossible I should be able long to endure it. Your own cruel Prohibitions hindered me from Writing to you Yesterday; my cross Fortune, and I know not what ridiculous Prudence kept me from coming where you were, but you were perpetually present to my thoughts, and to speak truly, I was not in any of those places where I was. I contribute so much to my own unhappiness, as to think you did not the like, and that the Unfortunate Persander *came not once into your mind, unless by some accident or through Civility, you were obliged to speak of him, or that you had not any thing to say of him in that excellent good Company wherein you were. Be pleased to let me know so much, Divine* Cæsonia, *I beseech you, for though I wish you greater satisfaction and enjoyment in all things than I do my self, I should entertain even death it self kindly, if you cannot have any true pleasure without me, as I cannot nor will without you.*

Now, said I to her in my turn, Do you not think this Letter as passionate as the other? But if I should think so, replied she, I should infer nothing thence; for it is not to be doubted but *Turnus* loves me more eagerly than *Persander*. And I on the contrary, replied I, am confident *Persander* loves you as much as man can love: Nay, I question not but that you love *Persander* somewhat better than *Turnus*, and therefore you would commit a great error if you preferred *Turnus* before *Persander*. For is it not true, that there cannot be a greater Wit than his, that he hath a mind excellently endued with all gallantry and perfection; that you esteem him above all those of your acquaintance, and in a word, that there is not a more vertuous person in the world? I confess it, says she, but being of opinion, that if I should marry him, I should love him more than he me; and on the contrary, that *Turnus* will love me more than I shall him, and more than *Persander* doth, I am resolved no longer to disobey the command my Mother hath laid on me, to prefer *Turnus* before *Persander*. But *Ersilia* said I to her, makes this choice out of policy as you do out of humour; and therefore I now foretel, that you will be both deceived in it. But, replyed she blushing, were not *Turnus* worthy to be chosen without any dispute, of all the vertuous persons of *Ardea*, if *Persander* were laid aside? He were, replied I, but with all his wit, all his merit, all his good parts, nay and all his goodness, I would not marry an inconstant man newly become a Proselyte; for not to dissemble, the conquest you have made of him, you are indebted for to his Inconstancy.

This I seconded with an hundred other things, but what ere was said to *Cæsonia* was said in vain, for she thought the Inclination she had for *Persander*, would make her unhappy if she married him, and that he loved her not sufficiently; and *Turnus* had so dazled her with the greatness of his fame, by a thousand little flatteries and many real services, which Fortune favoured him with the opportunities to render her, that she was absolutely perswaded she was more loved by him than *Persander*, whom yet she could object nothing against, and who on the contrary had a thousand ways obliged her: So that *Ersilia* who doubtless was more desirous she should marry *Turnus* than *Persander*, having pressed her to resolve on something, and told her she should do well to conform her self to the intention she had to bestow her on *Turnus*; she inconsiderately consents, and perswaded he bestowed her self on the more amorous, she her self delivered this sad news to *Persander*: For he coming one day to see her, and finding her more cold to him than ordinary, he asked her the reason of it, which she told him without much ceremony. I beseech you now (said she to him, after she had acquainted him with the command *Ersilia* had laid on her) trouble not your self to make fruitless complaints to me, and consider you may yet be accounted among my Friends if you please. Ah Madam, replied he, if you cannot entertain my Love, I shall little value your friendship: but Madam, have you quite forgotten that you said, you would look on love above all things, and that you would bestow your self rather on the more amorous, than the more amiable. It is for that reason, replied she, that I do your merit some injustice. No, no, Madam, disguise not the truth, acknowledge that your mind is changed, and that instead of disposing your self to him who loves you most, you bestow your self on him you love best. Yet Madam, added he, to give you an extraordinary expression of love, I declare to you, that if I thought that *Turnus* could but love you all his life as he doth now, I should never charge you with my misfortune; though I am confident that I love you a thousand times more than he does. But Madam, since I am intimately acquainted with him, expect what I now foretel you, that as soon as you shall have made him happy, you will begin to be miserable your self. Not but that there is in *Turnus* a sufficiency of vertue and goodness, but take in also all the Generosity of his Soul, I dare affirm Love will soon be dislodged out of his heart, when he shall once have no more to hope. Nay, I dare tell you Madam, that for *Turnus*'s constancy you are partly obliged to me; since it is certain that if I had not been his Rival, he had loved you less, and would have changed his resolution ere this time; For not to flatter you,

you, it is only emulation hath increased his love, and his Ambition hath been as great to out-do his friend, as to overcome his Mistress: But when you shall have put him into a condition, wherein he shall not have any thing either to hope or fear, you will find that of a Lover whom you thought constant, you have made an inconstant Husband. I know *Turnus* hath done you those services which I could not: But Madam, have I omitted any thing which I could have done? Or can you reproach me with any want of duty? I cannot, replied she, but I am so fully perswaded that *Turnus* loves me better than you do; that I shall never change my mind unless he force me to it: And therefore trouble not your self, nor say any thing to me to his prejudice. For his merit, Madam, I shall acknowledge whatever you conceive may be thought to his advantage; but for his affection, give me leave to tell you, that you are not well acquainted with it: For in a word, *Turnus* is but an inconstant man somewhat disguised, yet I do not accuse him of having purposely deceived you. On the contrary, I assure you he is deceived himself, and believes he shall always love you as he doth now: But time will shew you if you alter not your resolution, that his mind is still the same; and you shall find on the contrary, that the unfortunate *Perfander* will have a constancy for you, which all the World shall reproach him with, and that he shall condemn himself for; for I perceive, that how unjust soever you may be to me, I shall love you eternally.

After this, *Perfander* said a thousand other obliging things to *Cesonia*, but she had already consented to what her Mother had proposed; and how that *Erfilia* had acquainted *Turnus* with it. So that not any ways relenting, she only set her self to entreat *Perfander*, not to bear any ill will to his friend for the choice she had made. But, Madam, you shall then promise that if *Turnus*'s love die and mine out-live it, notwithstanding your injustice, you will give me leave to reproach you with it. If that happen, replied she, I should so well deserve it from you, that I make no great difficulty to give you leave.

Hereupon *Perfander* made his last assault on *Cesonia*'s mind, but was as before repulsed; for she considered what *Perfander* said to her, rather as an effect of the greatness of his Wit than of his Love; and *Turnus* by a thousand little flatteries, such as cannot be expressed, had so strangely perswaded her that he infinitely loved her, that she had not the least doubt of it; so that though she had an infinite esteem for *Perfander*, yet she continued firm to her design. *Perfander* (in the mean time) may be said to be much more miserable, than *Turnus* was happy, though at the beginning he thought his happiness excessive: For my part, I was so angry with *Cesonia*, that I could do nothing but chide her for her injustice, and that not so privately but that *Turnus* knew of it. Nay one day, I would needs perswade him to resign *Cesonia* to his Friend, but being incensed by my opposition, I saw his Passion increased by what I said to him, insomuch that my business was to keep these two friends falling out; and indeed I managed things so fortunately, that though *Perfander* was tempted to break the promise he had made to *Turnus* in the beginning of their love, yet I prevailed with him to endure a misfortune which could not be remedied, without using any violence.

But that which was most remarkable was, that three days after *Turnus* was married he went to visit *Perfander*, who was fallen sick through grief, and spoke to him the most obligingly he could, to wish him to a continuance of Friendship: Adding particularly, that he should think the possession of *Cesonia* too dear, if it cost him the loss of his affection. Ah *Turnus* (cries out *Perfander*) were I in your place I should not say so: For I assure you, I should easily part with all your friendship for *Cesonias* affection. To this *Turnus*, in stead of some bitter answer, continued his mildness, and put *Perfander* into such a trouble, that he knew not what return to make him; for he intreated him to come and see him as he was wont, he assured him he should not be jealous, that he knew his Wife infinitely esteemed him, and he promised him his friendship. But the more he spoke, the more was *Perfander*'s vexation increased: Nevertheless, he answered him very discreetly, neither accepting nor refusing his offers, as not knowing whether he should do, such a disturbance had love caused in him: Which done, he dismissed him without any incivility, or any particular expression of Friendship.

In the mean time, *Cesonia*, though she seemed to be satisfied, yet was somewhat troubled in her mind at *Perfander*'s indisposition, which proved so dangerous that it was feared he might die of it: But at length he overcame it, though not that Passion which had seized his soul. On the contrary, it became so violent, that not being able to live without the sight of *Cesonia*; he resolved withall to endure that of his Rival, and to accept the proffer *Turnus* had made to him to continue friends. He therefore went to visit him, which visit *Turnus* took with much kindness; he brought him into *Cesonias* Chamber, before she had any notice of his coming, and intreated her to receive him as his friend; which done, having conducted *Perfander* into the Garden, he began to tell him he had a design to Travel. *Perfander* at first, conceived *Turnus* had some extraordinary occasion that obliged him thereto, not being able to apprehend that one whom *Cesonia* had chosen for the most amorous, could be perswaded to leave her, to go and Travel without any necessity, within a month after he had married her. He therefore asked him if he had any business of importance that obliged him to that resolution: None at all (replied *Turnus*) but to tell you the truth, it is long since I have had an inclination to travel, and now there is nothing to engage my stay at *Ardea*; and that I fear not you should take away *Cesonia* from me in my absence, I am resolved to satisfie my Curiosity.

Perfander hearing *Turnus* speak in this manner, was so astonished that he could not tell what answer to make him, nor indeed had he returned him any, had it not been that he had pressed him to accompany him in his Travels. So that being obliged to speak, he told him, he had business required his stay at *Ardea*; whereupon he took his leave of him.

On the other side, *Turnus* whose head was full of this humour of Travelling, spoke of nothing else

else, and that with so much impatience, as to his departure, as if he had had a Mistress in every one of those places whither he pretended to go, and had never loved any thing at *Ardea*. *Persander* said nothing at all to him of it, and onely asked what caused him to take such a sudden resolution. To which *Turnus* answered, that two friends of his, having acquainted him with their intentions to travel, they had stirred up in him those he sometime had, so that he had resolved to go with them.

Not long after, *Persander* came to see me, to see what I should say of *Turnus* his design of Travelling, and if I knew not what *Cesonia* thought of it: For me thinks (said he) that having made choice of *Turnus* for the more amorous, she should take his departure somewhat unkindly. *Cesonia* (said I to him) hath more wit then to make her complaint to me; but I can read in her eyes, that she takes it most hainously. And for my part, if it were my own case, I should think it very hard measure that *Turnus* should marry me, only to forsake me, being not obliged thereto by any rational ground. But what saies *Ersilia*, repli'd *Persander*? *Ersilia* (repli'd I) repines secretly at it; but for *Cesonia*, that which confirms me that she is absolutely inraged at it, is that I have understood by a Maid that waits on her, that unless it was the first day that *Turnus* acquainted her with his design, that she endeavoured to oppose it, she hath not spoke one word since to divert him from it. Ah *Plotina* (cries out *Persander*) the amorous *Turnus* is no longer such, and the unfortunate *Persander*, notwithstanding his misfortunes is more amorous then he. For in fine (continued he, shewing me a Letter he had received from a Kinsman) you may see by what is written to me, that it were for my advantage to leave *Ardea*, and that I am promised a very considerable employment elsewhere. But notwithstanding my being slighted by *Cesonia*, I cannot be induced to quit the place where she resides, and deprive my self of all sight of her. I assure you (repli'd I) you are almost as much to be blamed as *Turnus*; for I do not think that *Cesonia* deserves you should so much as think of her. Besides (said I to him) all your love to her will be to no purpose, for she is vertuous, and though it should happen she lost all love for *Turnus*, and should repent she had preferred him before you, your happiness will be never the greater. Ah *Plotina* (replied he) you know not how ingenuous Love is in finding out Pleasures; for it is to me a very sensible one, the very thought that *Turnus* is now to leave *Cesonia*. Nay, it is no small delight to me to imagine the Tears she sheds the day of his departure, will be rather the tears of indignation then Sorrow; And though I expect not ever to be happy, yet there is a certain kind of Hope which stands Centinel about my heart and keeps in my love, But what (replied I) if you have not lost your discretion, can you hope? I have no hope to be loved of *Cesonia* (replied he) but I hope that *Cesonia* will love *Turnus* no longer, and will haply regret the unfortunate *Persander*.

We said one to another a many things of this kind, whence I apprehended that *Persander* had still an infinite love for *Cesonia*, and that she mistook her self much that she had not made choice of him. To be short, all were so surprized at *Turnus*'s departure, that a many things were reported of him, which were not true; but at last, notwithstanding all *Ersilia* could say to him, he took his leave. So that she then saw she was deceived, when she imagined to her self the absolute disposal of *Turnus*; for this humour of Travelling having taken him in the head, as soon as the Passion he had for *Cesonia* was satisfied, all the Charms of that excellent person were not strong enough to divert him. 'Tis true, his flatteries to her at parting were extraordinary, but they proceeded not from any great regret he had to leave her, though he was to be absent almost a whole year. *Cesonia* however at first, bore his departure with constancy enough, and out of a consideration of glory, betrayed not any the least dis-satisfaction at this voyage. Nay she had not the confidence to speak to me of it; and so discreetly avoided all discourse thereof, that I could not take it ill that she was so reserved. Besides that, for my part, I sought not the occasion to reproach her that she had not believed me, because I could take no pleasure in afflicting her to no purpose.

In the mean time, the whole City came to visit her, and comfort her for the absence of *Turnus*, and among the rest came *Persander*: for I had forgot to tel you, that *Turnus* at his departure had been to take his leave of his friend, that he had spoke very obligingly to him; that he had intreated him to continue his friendship to his Wife, and had desired *Cesonia* to admit the visits of *Persander* as those of any other, lest it should imagine he had forbidden him out of jealousie. Accordingly *Cesonia* disposed her self to receive the visits of *Persander*, conditionally they were not too frequent, and that he should say nothing to her, she might be offended at; resolving, in case he presumed to entertain her with the affection he had for her, not to see him any more; for *Turnus* had so far injoyned her to see him, that he could take no other resolution. Upon these terms, *Persander*, who had still an extream affection for her, visited her sometimes, and behaved himself with so much respect to her, and such acknowledgement of her Vertue, that he betrayed not his Passion in his discourse; but if *Cesonia* had examined his looks, they would have acquainted her with the most violent love in the World, 'Tis true a certain secret melancholy took up her spirits so much, that she would not seek what she was not desirous to find.

Hence it also proceeded, that *Cesonia* during *Turnus*'s absence, avoided as much as might be, coming to great Feasts, and carryed her self as a Woman of great Vertue, and love to her Husband, and tender of his reputation should have done, especially, being young and handsom, having a Husband absent, and divers Lovers in the places where she resides.

But whiles *Cesonia* lived after this rate, and was extreamly troubled in her mind at *Turnus*'s absence, when two months were passed ere she had received any tidings of him, he sent a man expres to *Ardea*, with divers orders. *Cesonia* was much amazed to understand that her Husband who she thought had taken shipping long before.

before, was ſtill at *Rhegium*, which place he ſpoke not of leaving for ſome time; whereat being much ſurprized, ſhe thought fit cunningly to ſift out what ſtaid *Turnus* there, and put her off with ſuch an unlikely account of it, as much increaſed her Curioſity. But that which was moſt myſterious to her, was, that ſhe came to underſtand that the man had brought a Letter from *Turnus* to *Perſander*, that he had ſpoken with him divers times, and that he could not return to his Maſter, till he were diſpatched by *Perſander*. So that being infinitely deſirous to know what might be in the Wind, ſhe was in an extraordinary diſquiet, for ſhe would not have any private diſcourſe with *Perſander*, though ſhe had for him the greateſt esteem in the World. Nor could ſhe eaſily condeſcend to give me any order to find it out, as conceiving that if ſhe had made that requeſt to me, I ſhould fall a chiding of her. But at laſt ſhe applyed her ſelf to me, and having made me promiſe I would not quarrel with her, ſhe told me what ſhe had ſo much mind to know. But (added ſhe) I would not have *Perſander* imagine that you ask him any thing for my ſatisfaction; for I would not give him any pretence or occaſion of diſcourſe concerning *Turnus*. I promiſed *Cæſonia* to obey her directions, and kept my word in not charging her with any thing. 'Tis true, I did not forbear it ſo much in performance of my promiſe, as out of compaſſion, obſerving in her eyes, that ſhe ſaid to her ſelf all that I could have ſaid to her.

As ſoon as ſhe had left me, I ſent to *Perſander* to come to me; which when he had done, without any mention of *Cæſonia*, I asked him what buſineſs he had with *Turnus*. He at firſt was loath to tell me the truth, but being well acquainted with his humour, ah *Perſander* (ſaid I to him) if you ſatisfie not my deſire, as to what I would now know, I ſhall never permit you to ſpeak of *Cæſonia*. You know that I am the onely perſon with whom you can rationally diſcourſe of her, and that I am your only comfort in this caſe. *Perſander* not able to deny me any longer, ſhewed me a Letter he had received from *Turnus*, wherein putting him in mind of their ancient Friendſhip, he intreated of him an extraordinary courteſie in doing that for him which he ſhould underſtand by the Bearer of the Letter. Whereupon *Perſander* told me, that *Turnus* deſirous that his family ſhould not know the vaſt expences he pretended to be at in this voyage, intreated him to write to a Kinſman of his at *Rhegium*, to furniſh him with ſuch things as he ſtood in need of: That further, he deſired to have ſent him, divers rarities which are made at *Ardea*, ſuch as are only fit to be preſented to Women, pretending a deſign he had to paſs through divers Courts, where he might make his advantage of them. And in a word (added *Perſander*) without diving any further into his intentions, I do for *Turnus* all he deſires of me, though he hath ruined my Felicity without eſtabliſhing his own; and within theſe two daies, I diſmiſs him he hath ſent to me, with all thoſe things he deſires.

This done, *Perſander* ſpoke many thinks very honourable and obligingly of *Cæſonia*, yet without any deſire made to me to tell her of it, as knowing it would have been to no purpoſe, though I am confident his love to her was guided by innocence it ſelf.

Having thus underſtood *Turnus*'s buſineſs with *Perſander*, I thought not to have acquainted *Cæſonia* with it, leſt it ſhould afflict her. But I muſt confeſs, reflecting on her obſtinacy in oppoſing me, I was not very ſorry, I could convince her, I was in the right. Beſides that, it being fit ſhe knew what expences *Turnus* was at, that in caſe he ſhould ſend for wherewithall to continue his extravagancies, ſhe might take ſome courſe to remedy it, I reſolved to tell her the truth. But when I had acquainted her with all Paſſages, ſhe ſuſpected ſomething beyond what I had, which was, that *Turnus* had no other reaſon to ſend for all thoſe things, then his being fallen in love at *Rhegium*. To be ſhort, ſhe immediately ſent for the man who was come from *Turnus* to *Ardea*, and pretending that ſhe knew what ſhe was before deſirous he ſhould have told her, ſhe managed the buſineſs with ſo much diſcretion, that the man who had a great reſpect to *Cæſonia*, and thought his Maſter was much to blame, confeſſed at laſt (thinking ihe might remedy it) that he was indeed fallen in love at *Rhegium*, that his expences there were exceſſive, and that if ſhe took not ſome courſe to get him back to *Ardea*, he would continue there ſome time. To tell you what effect this new inconſtancy of *Turnus* had both on *Cæſonia* and my ſelf were not eaſie for me. But for *Cæſonia*, when ſhe had diſmiſſed the man, ſhe fixes her eyes ſwelled with tears on me, and remembring what I had ſometime ſaid to her. Ah *Plotina* (cried ſhe) you had great reaſon to tell me that *Turnus* was but an inconſtant man diſguiz'd, and that I had done better to have preferred *Perſander* before *Turnus*, then *Turnus* before *Perſander*. But alas (added ſhe) it is now no time to complain, it was the cruelty of my Fortune, when I thought to have choſen him who loved me moſt to have taken him who loved me leaſt, to his prejudice who loved me more, and haply better. The word *haply* is not well placed where you put it (ſaid I to her) for it is not to be doubted but *Perſander* will love you while he lives. Ah *Plotina* (ſaid ſhe tome with a high indignation) if there were any means to repent, I would repent me of the injuſtice I have done *Perſander*: But alas I muſt not for my own ſake admit any thought of repentance, and I muſt live ſo with *Turnus*, as if he were conſtant, and ſo with *Perſander*, as if I were indifferent to him. Divers other things came from *Cæſonia* wherewith I was extreamly moved.

Notwithſtanding all this, ſhe wrote to her Husband with all the reſpect and mildneſs in the World, and having diſcovered her affliction to her Mother, it was reſolved ſhe ſhould pretend to be ſick, that divers of *Turnus*'s friends ſhould be intreated to write to him, to indeavour to bring him home again, and that ſhe her ſelf would alſo invite him with the greateſt inſinuation ſhe could uſe. To be ſhort, ſome days after, ſhe was ſo much Miſtreſs of her own thoughts, that ſhe writ to him a Letter infinitely paſſionate: But he being at that time much taken with his loves at *Rhegium*; and underſtanding from ſome friends at *Ardea*, that *Cæſonia* was not very ſick, he returned not to *Ardea*, but remained two months

anger at *Rhegium* that is to say, as long as his Passion lasted. He then went to *Syracuse*, whence he was to go into *Greece*, but he was no sooner come to *Syracuse*, but he fell in love with a Princess of that place, which is one of the greatest Beauties in the World.

Besides all this, *Turnus* having with him two friends who were of *Ardea*, and were very complyant with his humour, much of what he did came to be known by that means, for one of these two was Brother to one of *Turnus*'s former Mistresses, when he first fell in love with *Cesonia*. She being acquainted by her brothers Letters with all the new loves of *Turnus*, was very glad to find that the charms of *Cesonia* had been no stronger then hers to confine *Turnus*'s affections, and maliciously divulged what her Brother had written to her concerning the Loves of this unfaithful Husband. By this means the business came to be so generally known, that there was none but might without any breach of civility speak to *Cesonia* of it, either as to blame *Turnus*, or pity her. She in the mean time had observed so much reservedness in her carriage, that *Persander* had never met with any occasion to speak to her without witnesses. But one day *Ersilia* having employed him with some business of consequence, and *Persander* being come to give her an account of it he found her not at home, but met with *Cesonia*, with whom he was obliged to stay, expecting the return of *Ersilia* but he found her in so melancholy a posture, that she hardly knew how to entertain him. *Persander* on the other side having so favourable an opportunity to speak to her, had not the power to tell her what he was desirous she should know; but at last the love he had in his soul making him more confident: It is long since Madam, said he to her, that I vainly seek what I have this day found; yet I beseech you Madam, added he, imagine not it is my purpose to say any thing to you whereat you may be offended, and therefore forbid me not to speak, for I shall only bemoan you, and but once accuse me in my life; all I have to say is, to conjure you to believe that as *Turnus* hath not been able to quit his inconstancy, *Persander* shall never be otherwise then constant, and shall love you while he lives. Ah *Persander*, said *Cesonia* to him, triumph not over my misfortunes, for it is enough to have an inconstant husband, without having a Friend defective as to respect. I beseech you therefore say not any thing to me which I shall not be satisfied to hear. No, no, Madam, said he to her, fear not any thing from the unfortunate *Persander*, he desires nothing of you, he hopes for nothing from you, and the sum of all he would have, amounts to no more then the favour of one single audience from you, that I may have the satisfaction of your own confession, that you were mistaken when you had bestowed your self on the most amorous; for Madam you need no further experience then that of this day, to make the comparison. To be short, added he, this Lover that was so eager, so constant in appearance, forsakes you as soon as he was possessed of you, and falls in Love with divers others as soon as he is out of your sight; But the unfortunate *Persander*, though treated with insupportable injustice, loves you still, without hope of ever being loved by you, and shall love you while he lives. *Turnus* hath left you without any cause, and I, whom affairs of consequence call hence, remain only to see you, though I am confident you bestow not a thought on me, that you would have me quit all love to you, and that I can pretend to no other advantage then that of pitying you, and doing you those services you can expect from a generous Friend. But I beseech you, deny me not this favour, trust me with the burthen of an affliction you cannot conceal from me. Speak not any thing of favour to me, nothing of obligation, nothing that may discover that you so much as think I love you; but tell me only as a discreet and faithful friend, that you are dis-satisfied with *Turnus*, that you are sensible of his injustice and his inconstancy, and are at last convinced that you have made an ill choice. I therefore expect no other reward of the respectful passion I have for you, then to see you dis satisfied with my Rival; and to give you an infallible expression of the greatness and purity of my inclinations, I protest to you, that, if I could change his heart, and make him constant to you, I would do it, so to make you happy, though I doubt not but I should be much more miserable then I am, if you were satisfied with *Turnus*.

I beseech you, *Persander*, said she to him, content your self that I tell you in general terms, that I have done you an injustice, and expect not I should trust one with the knowledge of my affections, who is Rival to him that causes them. Besides, imagine not that the inconstancy of *Turnus* shall ever make me do any thing against Innocence; for I am vertuous for my own sake, not for his: and therefore flatter not your self with a groundless hope, if you are not disposed to affront me: You might indeed sometime have hoped without doing me any injury; but now the case is altered, and indeed I take it not well, that when you speak to me, you bemoan me. Do that secretly, if you have so much generosity, as to pity my misfortunes, and increase them not by giving me so much cause to quarrel at your constancy, as I have to complain of *Turnus*'s inconstancy.

After this *Persander* said a many other things which neerly concerned *Cesonia*, but she continued firm in her resolution, not to permit him to entertain her with his passion, how innocent soever it might be. She would also have needs forbidden him to visit her; but he made it so much appear to her that it would find all the Town discourse, that at last she consented he should see her sometimes, conditionally he would never speak to her of his affection. She would further make him promise her, not to speak at all of *Turnus*; and in fine, she said not any thing to him, which though a jealous husband should over hear, he could be displeased with. But *Persander* being a very discreet person, had a greater esteem for *Cesonia* then before, and his Love, instead of diminishing any thing by the loss of Hope, was much augmented; in a word, he was screwed into a higher love to *Cesonia*, then any man could have been.

Cesonia on the other side, understanding from time to time, that *Turnus* continued not eight days in any place ere he had found out a new Mistress,

stress, was extreamly exasperated against him. But that which encreased her misery, was, to see *Persanders* constancy to her, though she did nothing for him. For though he said nothing to her concerning his Love, and did none of those heroick actions, which are the ordinary marks of a great passion, he did a many others, which *Cesonia* and I took notice of, and which satisfied us, that he was infinitely passionate in his Love, though he said nothing of it. He was even blinded into a compliance to *Ersilia*, by whom he was very much loved; he never came to *Cesonia* when there was any company there: If any one commended her in his presence, there was such a visible satisfaction in his eyes, as if he were concerned in her reputation; if any one endevoured to excuse *Turnus*, he could not but discover his indignation. If *Cesonia* chanced to be sick, he could not be at rest any where; he loved what she was taken with, even to things intastable; he conformed all his apprehensions to hers; he saw her as often as he could; he loved me for her sake, as much as if I had been her Sister; and when he and I were alone, she was the constant subject of our discourse; he looked on no women with any delight, but *Cesonia*; and in a word, *Cesonia* was the sole object of all his pleasures, and all his affection. Notwithstanding all this, he mastered this violent passion, through the aw he stood in of the person who caused it; and indeed, so far did she conceive her self obliged thereby, that insensibly, contrary to *Cesonias* first intentions, she trusted him with the knowledge of her discontents. But I must needs give her this testimony, that she never either did, or said any thing that *Persander* could take any advantage of: so that it may be said he was her Lover, and that she was only his Friend: Those good thoughts which she had for him, were so innocent, that it was the reason she made not that provision against a many little inconsiderable circumstances, which how innocent soever they might be, yet proved the occasions of all ill reports: For it was talked abroad, that *Cesonia* cleared her self up for the inconstancy of *Turnus*, by the constancy of *Persander*: and that which raised many strange reports, was, that he whom *Turnus* had sent to *Ardea*, to bring with him what he had sent to *Persander* for, having told it some body at his departure, who soon after divulged it, it was known that *Persander* had sent *Turnus* such things, as should detain him some time out of his Country. And as Calumny sucks Poyson out of the best actions, so it was reported about *Ardea*, that what was done, was with the privity of his Wife, and that *Persander* had not done him that good office, but to keep him at a distance from *Cesonia*. Besides, her Beauty and her Vertue raising her to the enmity of her own Sex, the business was so strangely glossed upon, that I thought my self obliged to acquaint her with what was said of her, for I knew her innocence, and that it was time for her to remedy this evil, and put envie and calumny to silence, by taking away those pretences they make use of. That which gave the greatest colour to these unhappy reports, was, that the Friends of *Persander* pressing him to marry, he so roughly rejected all Propositions of that nature, that it was easily perceived there was some secret considerations that obliged him to be so backward. There was also another thing that made a great noise; for you are to know, that *Persander*, who besides a great Wit, hath other excellent good parts, and particularly Poetry; and it being impossible but that a Lover who is indued with that quality, must write something, though *Persander* durst not shew any Verses directed to *Cesonia*, as purposely made for her, yet could he not avoid the writing of some. But to the end, in case they might be gotten some way from him, she might not receive any injury for whom they were made, he called her by a name which had no resemblance to hers; for instead of *Cesonia*, he called her *Dorinica*. He shewed me divers Copies, and (if I am not mistaken) presented her sometimes with them, yet not acknowledging they were made for her, but only to have her judgement of them, for certainly *Cesonia* is very good at such things. It unfortunately hapned one day, that *Persander* having made a Paper of Verses, and left them on the Table in his Closet, thinking he had locked the Door, there came one of his acquaintance to see him, who finding the Doors of his Lodgings open, enters without speaking to any body into *Persanders* Chamber, and thence into his Closet, where he had often seen him. But not finding him, spying the Verses on the Table, which he thought very amorous, he read them twice over, and got them by heart, without any other reflection thereon at that time, than that he was taken with them; which done, understanding that *Persander* was not within, he went his ways, not saying any thing to any body. From thence he went to give a visit to a Lady he was in love with, who had an ill opinion of the Cabal of the Fair Solitaries in general, by reason of a particular dis-affection she had to *Cesonia*, who was one of them. He repeated to her the Verses he had learned, which she had no sooner heard, but she said, that certainly they were made for *Cesonia*. She also got them by heart, and being one that talks much, one that goes fast, and whose Fancy far out-runs her Judgement, without considering what might be the consequences of it, she dispersed divers Copies of them. But that you may the better know what the business came to, I must repeat them to you: They were these,

For *Dorinica*.

I In her Presence fain would dye,
That her Fair hand might close my Eye;
And when my soul in sighs expires,
This is my Martyr she might say,
I would by some sublimer way.
But behold! Be silent my Desires,
We Dorinica *must obey.*

You may eaſily judge, that theſe Verſes contain nothing that could with reaſon prejudice *Caſonia*, yet made they no ſmall noiſe abroad; nay, ſuch as whence were drawn very unhappy conſequences. It hapned alſo that the laſt Verſe falling in very pertinently, as ſimple as it is, in regard there is ſomething amorous in the very cadence, it became a certain frolick to quote it upon divers occaſions, ſo that it was a general humour to ſay, how pertinently or impertinently, it mattered not.

We Dorinica *muſt obey.*

Though there were no other reaſon for it, than that it was become an expreſſion *a-la-mode*. But at laſt, the buſineſs growing very common, I ſpoke to *Caſonia* of it, with all the ſincerity of a faithful Friend. I had no ſooner acquainted her with what was ſaid of her, but ſhe bluſhed, and was extremely troubled. However ſhe was not much to ſeek what to do. I muſt need confeſs (ſaid ſhe to me) that *Perſander* hath ſo carried himſelf towards me, ſince I fell into misfortune, and hath ſo much obliged me, that I cannot but have for him the tendereſt friendſhip in the World; nay, I muſt acknowledge that unleſs it be when I am with you, my diſturbances admit no remiſſion, but by acquainting him therewith. But it ſeems I muſt be deprived of that ſatisfaction, and I ſhall do it in ſuch a manner as ſhall ſilence all the Calumny that perſecutes me. This *Caſonia* ſpoke with ſo much trouble in her countenance, that I eaſily perceived ſhe took ſome ſtrange reſolution: So that I thought to have told her it was enough, if ſhe were more circumſpect in ſome little Occurrence, and that it were not diſcreetly done abſolutely to break off with *Perſander*. No, no, *Plotina* (ſaid ſhe to me) ſay nothing to me, for I ſhall do what I have reſolved; but only pity the unhappy deſtiny I have to ſtruggle with. And that you may the better know how to pity me, I muſt acquaint you, my dear *Plotina*, with the true ſtate of my Soul, that fully underſtanding my frailty, you may accordingly commend me for the power I have to conceal it. Know then that I have ever had a violent inclination for *Perſander*, and only an ordinary eſteem for *Turnus*, and that if I had not believed the latter loved me incomparably beyond the other, and that it was greater pleaſure to be loved than to love, I had never married him. But that which makes up my preſent puniſhment, is that *Turnus*'s inconſtancy hath raiſed in me a deteſtation of him, and the conſtancy of *Perſander* hath raiſed in me a love of him. The Gods know (added ſhe, bluſhing) whether I have not equally reſiſted both the hatred I have for *Turnus*, and the affection I have for *Perſander*, and notwithſtanding theſe two Paſſions, made a ſtronge reſolution to live contentedly with him whom I hate, and by all means poſſible to conceal my affections from him whom I love. But all conſidered, I cannot but reſent the injury *Turnus* hath done me in ceaſing to love me, as ſoon as he was aſſured of me, and am ſo ſenſible of the obligation *Perſander* hath put upon me, by continuing his affection, when he can hope to receive no viſible expreſſion of mine, that I eaſily foreſee that through theſe two oppoſite apprehenſions, I ſhall lead the moſt wretched life in the World, eſpecially ſince I muſt wraſtle with them as long as I live.

I ſhould never have done, if I ſhould acquaint you with all *Caſonia* ſaid to me, and what anſwer I made her: But as we were thus ingaged, *Perſander* comes into the houſe; and one of *Caſonia*'s women being come into her Cloſet (where we were, to give her notice of it) ſhe gave order he ſhould be brought in. He was no ſooner entred, but ſhe ſeeing there was none but we three, and fixing her eyes full of ſadneſs and melancholy upon him, I beſeech you *Perſander* (ſaid ſhe to him) do me the favour to think never the worſe of me, when you ſhall underſtand a certain requeſt I have to make to you.

Ah Madam (ſaid he to her) though you deſired my death, I ſhould not take it ill at your hands, and therefore you may aſſure your ſelf you cannot make any requeſt to me that ſhall oblige me to hate you. But, Madam, (added he) What ſtrange requeſt is it you have to make to me? I am firſt to intreat you (replied ſhe) to be confident that I have for you the greateſt eſteem imaginable, and acknowledge my ſelf infinitely obliged to you. But that done, I am to intreat you, to tell me whether it be true or no that you have for the unfortunate *Caſonia*, a moſt tender and a moſt diſintereſted Friendſhip. For Friendſhip, Madam, (ſaid he to her) I know not whether I have any; but for affection, I aſſure you, never had any man ſo much as I have for you, and that if I were to loſe my life to make good this truth, I ſhould do it chearfully. No *Perſander* (replied ſhe) you ſhall not need to do any thing of that nature, and without loſing your life, it ſhall ſuffice only that you henceforward loſe all ſight of me. Ah, Madam, how cruel is that word *only*, and how little does it oblige me? For I think it more inſupportable to be ever deprived of your ſight than my life. But, Madam, do you ſpeak to me in good earneſt? I do *Perſander* (ſaid ſhe to him) and *Plotina* ſhall tell you the reaſon of it. Whereupon I told *Perſander* what ſcandalous reports were ſcattered up and down, whereof he had not heard any thing before; for being of a nature very ſenſible of reputation, his friends durſt not tell him any thing. I had no ſooner acquainted him therewith, but *Perſander* caſting himſelf on his knees at *Caſonias* feet; Alas, Madam, (ſaid he to her) can you lay this misfortune to my charge; to me, I ſay, who love you without acquainting you ſo much, and have that power over my ſelf, as to conceal the moſt eager, and moſt violent paſſion that ever was? However, divine *Caſonia* (continued this afflicted Lover) I ſhall willingly not be innocent, and to make me guilty, there ſhall need no more than that my love hath cauſed you the leaſt diſquiet. But, Madam, all crimes are not baniſhed, there are more kinds of puniſhment than one. No, no *Perſander* (replied *Caſonia*

Sonia) forcing him to rise up, I wish not your banishment as a punishment, but as a remedy for the evil I suffer; for certainly it is not just, that I believe at the same time unfortunate and innocent, should be thought guilty, when I am not. If therefore it be true that you love me, resolve to chuse one of these two things. Ah, Madam, (cries he) how difficult do I think the choice you put me to, though I know not yet what you would say to me: However it be (said *Cesonia*) there is no other expedient left. But once more, Madam, (replied he) what choice is it you put me to? That you would either quit *Ardea* (replied she) and never come into it, or at least not of a long time, or that you would marry, and never see me often, but when you cannot possibly avoid it. Ah, Madam, (cries he) into what a strange extremity have you reduced me? Ah *Persander* (replied she) what an unhappy conjuncture am I in for your sake? Reputation I value above all things, and though I have done nothing whereby mine should be prejudiced, yet am I in a fair likelihood to lose it; if therefore you love me, and any true Generosity, assist me to preserve that, which once lost you cannot restore. I give you two days to take your choice of these two things I have proposed to you; and if you do it not, I shall be more dissatisfied with you than with *Tarnus*.

Hereupon *Persander* made a thousand fruitless expostulations, and propositions, and proposed a many several expedients; for, he was content not to see *Cesonia* any more at her house, conditionally he might see her sometimes at my Chamber; nay, he at last came so low, as that he would not seek to her any where, provided he might write to her; but there being in things of this nature a certain mystery & obligation, *Cesonia* would on by any means ingage her self. She told him he must obey, that he loved her not, if he preferred not her Reputation before all things; and that she would absolutely hate him, if he resolved not either to marry, or absent himself for ever.

To tell you all they said one to another, and what I said to both, were to presume too much upon your patience. But I shall tell you, that since there have been Lovers, there were not any that passed two such long and cruel days, as those *Persander* spent in making this dreadful choice. For when he thought on this perpetual, or at best very long absence, he was no longer Master of his own thoughts, nor indeed of his words: Never to see *Cesonia*, seemed to him a thing so cruel, that he thought death it self more supportable. On the other side, when he thought of marrying, he had such a horrid aversion thereto, that he could hardly admit any Treaty of it: he thought he could not in honour marry one he should not love; and love inspired him with apprehensions so opposite to those of Marriage, that he could not take any resolution that way. Not but that it was some ease for him to think that he might at least remain by that means in *Ardea*, that he might see *Cesonia* in the Temples whether she would or not, and flattered himself with a hope that she might change her mind. But for this eternal absence, that which troubled him most in it, was, that he believed *Cesonia* would forget him: So that how great soever his aversion to marriage might be, yet he thought it spoke something more amorous, not to leave *Cesonia*, than eternally to forsake her: Nevertheless he could not resolve in the time *Cesonia* appointed him, but spent eight days in bemoaning himself, and doing nothing but writing Letters to me, to entreat me to get an arrest of that cruel Judgement: *Cesonia* avoiding all interviews in that time. But at last *Cesonia* understanding there was divers reports abroad, which gave people occasion to think there was some secret correspondence between her and *Persander*, sent him word, that it was her absolute Will he should take his choice: So that this unfortunate Lover looking on this Removal as absolutely insupportable, and thinking it would be conceived extravagant, was content to Marry, conditionally *Cesonia* made choice of a Wife for him; for there were three or four Ladies whereof his Friends proposed to him the choice. But if *Persander* was much troubled to chuse, *Cesonia* was no less to advise him: yet at last finding that she who had the greatest Fortune, had the least Beauty, she gave me order to name her to *Persander*, who was very much pleased with an imagination, that *Cesonia* pitching on a Wife for him that was not over handsome, might do it out of some considerations of kindness to him. But *Cesonia's* design took not, for the Friends of that Lady having heard the reports of the loves of *Persander* and *Cesonia* changed their minds, and answered him, that they thought not their Daughter handsome enough to cure *Persander* of so violent a Passion. This unhappy Lover therefore was forced to address himself to another, who certainly was as indifferent to him as the former, but was questionless much the handsomer; and to be short, the Marriage was talked of as a thing absolutely concluded.

No sooner were all parties agreed, but *Cesonia* was infinitely troubled at it, and was so much incensed against *Persander*, that she could not be more exasperated against *Tarnus*, than she was against him. Nevertheless she durst not at first discover her apprehensions of it, but I soon observing she was fallen into a new discontent, tormented at last into a confession, that she was extremely vexed that *Persander* had chosen rather to marry, than to depart. For in fine, said she, if he loved me so much as he would make me believe, he could never have consented to marry, especially with so great a Beauty, as he is now to have: but certainly the reason of that is, that I am destined to the experience of all kinds of Inconstancy: *Tarnus* as soon as he became my Husband, ceased to be my Lover, and *Persander*, who pretends so much obstinacy in love, will certainly become a Lover of his Wife, as soon as he shall have marryed one. But, said I to her, what concerns it you, whether he loves her, or loves her not, since you will never see him more, and are absolutely resolved never to receive a gallant Letter from *Persander*? I know I am much to blame, said she to me, and I am so disordered to see my own weakness, and the humourousness of my apprehensions, that I blush at it; for certainly I shall never see *Persander*, I shall never receive either Verse or Prose from him, that shall mention his Love;

Love; and *Turnus*, how inconstant soever he may be, shall, if ever he return, find me faithful to him. But when all is done, I cannot but be troubled that *Persander* marries, and marries one he can love. But said I to her, you have put the choice upon him: I confess it, replied she, but I expected not he should have made the choice he hath. It is not yet too late, replied I, for I am confident *Persander* hath so much aversion from marrying, that if you but let him know your dislike of it, he will give over all thoughts thereof. No, no *Plotina*, replied she, it is now too late, for I wished *Persander* might not marry, and since he thinks it fit to do so, there is no remedy; and if you acquaint him with the strangeness of my resentments, I should never endure the sight of you. This *Cesonia* spoke with so much earnestness, that I durst not disobey her; so that *Persander* thinking he did a thing at least acceptable to *Cesonia*, married. But the day before his Wedding, I saw him so pensive, and found *Cesonia* so melancholy, that it may be said, never any Marriage caused so much heaviness. In the mean time, *Persander* being a person of much honour, he had for his wife all possible Civility, and somewhat the more, in regard he considered it as a means to stifle the rumours which had been so prejudicial to *Cesonia*. So that gaining hereby the reputation of a good husband in *Ardea*, he soon got that of an ill Lover with *Cesonia*. Thus having two Infidelities to deal with at the same time, she fell into a hatred of all men in general. She would never meet with *Persander* in any place where he might take any occasion to speak to her; and she so carefully avoided him, that though he was very desirous to acquaint her with what he suffered for her sake, he could never have the opportunity. And indeed it is certain, there never was a man more unhappy then he was at that time, for though his wife were excellently handsom, yet was she an insupportable burthen to him, and his imagination was so full of *Cesonia*, that he could not think of any thing else. But at last it chanced that a Chariot of *Cesonias* hapning to break two miles from *Ardea*, *Persander* passing by casually in another, found her in that perplexity. Being very glad of so favourable an opportunity, he comes out, and entreats her to make use of his; nay, offers not to come in himself, and to take a horse from one of his servants that followed the Charriot. *Cesonia* at first would by no means be entreated, but I being with her, told her it was no time to stand upon punctilio's, that it was better to accept the proffer *Persander* made, then to lie in the fields all night, that the affectation of not receiving such an office, would questionless be ill intrepreted, and that it were not fit he got on horse-back, whereupon she took my advice.

Now *Cesonia* and *Persander* having not spoken one to another since that days conversation whereof I told you before, they were both in no small disturbance. But at last *Persander* whispering broke forth first: Well Madam, said he to her, you would needs be obeyed, and might it please the Gods you knew what I suffer in obeying you and how dearly I purchase your reputation. You have made so good a choice replied she blushing, that I think you are rewarded for the services you have done me, by the very doing of them, and consequently, I am not so much as to give you thanks; for when all's done, it is a greater pleasure to be husband to a handsome wife whom a man loves, then to be banished. *Cesonia* spoke this with a certain accent, which satisfied *Persander* that there was some resentment of displeasure and jealousie in the heart of this excellent Beauty, whereat being both much surprized, and much troubled, he entreated her to express her thoughts more clearly, but she would not hear of it; and all he could get from her was, that she forbade him ever to see her. *Persander* who loved her now better then he had ever, having left *Cesonia* at home brought me also to my chamber; and being very importunate to know the true thoughts of my Friend, I told him something of what I knew; for I thought the condition those two Lovers were in, so strange that I could not but speak of it: I shall not repeat to you all he said to me, but shall only tell you, he seemed to be so afflicted that *Cesonia* should imagine he loved his wife, and that he had not made such a choice as satisfied her of the greatness of his affection, that it much pitied me. But at last taking a resolution to cure *Cesonia* of this jealousie, though he knew he was not to expect any thing from her, he took the pretence his affairs furnished him with, to go to travel. By this means he left *Ardea* soon after his marraige, as *Turnus* had, though for different reasons. But at his departure from *Ardea* he writ a letter to *Cesonia*, so passionate, and so full of respect and tenderness, that I think Love never dictated such another; and indeed it was received by *Cesonia* with a very sensible sorrow, though checquered with a certain joy to see *Persander* more constant then she had thought him. But presently after she condemned her self for it, and was so far from being satisfied, that she would often say to me, that she thought her self so highly blamable, how vertuous soever she might be, that she durst not examine her true apprehensions.

In the mean time *Turnus* after a years travel returns who being a man vertuous, though very inconstant, he complemented *Cesonia* with the greatest kindness in the world: but his kindness was without eagerness, without transport, and without Love, and that which was most strange of all, was that assoon as he was returned, he fell in love with *Persander's* wife; and having met with one of those pick-thanks who are always the messengers of ill news, that gave him some particulars of what had been said of *Cesonia*, he became jealous of his own wife at the same time when he fell in love with his Friends. Thus was the unfortunate *Cesonia* ore-whelmed with all kinds of disgraces; for she had a husband that was both jealous and in love at the same time; she was her self guilty of both love and jealousie; the presence of her Husband was burdensome to her, the absence of *Persander* she was not able to bear, though he would not have him recalled; and for *Persander*, he only was absolutely miserable, as being void of all hope of ever being otherwise.

In the mean time *Persander's* wife being a vertuous woman, gave *Turnus* but very cold entertainment, but love being commonly exasperated by opposition, his passion grew so violent, that conceiving it might make much for him, he told her that *Persander* was still in love with *Cesonia*. But

But she answered him, that since *Cesonia* was true to him after all his Inconstancies, she would be the like to *Persander*, though he should not have changed his passion when he married her.

On the other side, some body having written to *Persander* that *Turnus* was fallen in love with his wife (who was called *Danae*) and that not very privately, he thought it the less dangerous if he pretended to be in love with his, nay conceived he should not much offend *Cesonia* thereby; whereupon he returns to *Ardea*. He was no sooner arrived, but *Turnus* came to see him, with all the eagerness of a Lover who would be well thought of by a man whose Wife he is in love with: Not but that he considered the Visits he then gave *Persander* opened *Persander* the way to his House; but being above all things confident of his Wifes Vertue, he chose rather to give *Persander* occasion to see *Cesonia*, then miss his opportunities of seeing *Danae*: So that the beginning of this Society had in it something infinitely pleasant: But at length the apprehensions of these four persons were so disordered, that there never was heard any thing of the like nature: For not only *Persander* and *Turnus* broke all to pieces, but it withal made a division of the whole City; and there are in this adventure an hundred remarkable particles, which were too long to relate. Twice they took up Arms upon the account of these two Factions, whereof the Loves of *Persander* and *Turnus* were the cause or the pretence: Divers Duels were fought, very fatal to some; it was an ordinary question in all companies, whether one were *Persander* or *Turnus*, for these two Lovers had derived their names to all of their party. They had also their different colours, and things came at last to that hight, that people were in a general expectation of an Insurrection in *Ardea*; for there wanted not those who would gladly have fastned on such an occasion to compass their own ends and possess themselves of Authority. On the contrary, all discreet and well affected persons, vainly troubled themselves to find out some expedients to give check to so great a disorder. But at last, when all the world could not imagine any remedy for so great a mischief, I found out a way adventurous 'tis true, but withal necessary; which was to propose to *Persander* and *Turnus* to make a publick and legitimate exchange. For there having hapned among us within some times divers examples of reputation, I found that both Religion and the Laws, authorized by Custome, permitting that *Persander* might forsake *Danae*, and marry *Cesonia*, and *Turnus* quit *Cesonia*, and marry *Danae*; I found I say, that neither of both having any children, and their Fortunes being equal, there needed no more, to reconcile these two Families, and restore and establish Peace in *Ardea*, by taking away all pretences from the factious, who aimed only at the publick disturbance, then that these two women should shift houses.

But though *Persander* and *Turnus* easily saw their own happiness by the expedient I proposed to them, yet a fantastick reflection of hatred hindred them at first to consent to one another's happiness; insomuch that *Turnus* to hinder *Persander* from marrying *Cesonia*, would chuse rather not to marry *Danae*, and *Persander* to hinder *Turnus* from the possession of *Danae*, would never meddle with *Cesonia*. But at last Love growing predominant, their eyes were opened to see Reason in what I proposed, and joyntly entreated my meditation in a business which they thought not very difficult to bring to effect, for it had the verdict of the Laws; what had lately hapned, confirmed the Law by Custome; their Friends should in all likelyhood easily consent thereto, and the two women should not probably hinder it. It was not impossible, but that *Danae* being convinced that her husband never had any affection for her, but an infinite love for *Cesonia*, would think it an advantage to lose a Husband that loved her not, to gain another who died for love of her. As for *Cesonia*, it might be thought she should be glad to exchange an inconstant man for one who had ever faithfully loved her, and whom she dearly affected, though she had with much care concealed it.

But these two women made all the difficulty that was; for *Cesonia* held that love expired when marriage was admitted, and for that reason she would sit down with the loss of one Lover by marrying *Turnus*, and would not expose her self to the loss of another by marrying *Persander*, that consequently she chose rather to be miserable all her life in the manner she now was, then to fall into some way of misfortune, more insupportable then the other. But *Danae* was much more hard to be prevailed with: I beseech you, (said she to me, when I pressed her to follow my advice) force me not to acquaint you with all my thoughts, since they are much different from yours. I confess (added she) I have a Husband that hath a violent passion for *Cesonia*, but since he is a discreet and moderate person I am confident he will never slight me the more for it, and that I shall never have any other cause to complain of him: Nor can I charge him with having deceived me, for I have married him before he ever told me that he loved me: But for *Turnus*, as inviting as he is, he would make me absolutely miserable; for when he married *Cesonia*, he infinitely loved her; I am not so great a Beauty as she, and therefore since he hath been inconstant to that divine person, he must needs prove so to me: by which means I should be the Victim of *Persander* and *Cesonia*, and he be much more miserable then I am already. But you consider not (said I to her) that if you further not this design, you will incur the hatred of *Persander*, for it is impossible a Lover should not hate whatever hinders him from possessing his Mistress.

For *Cesonia* I used no other argument to her then the constancy of *Persander*, to bring her to reason: yet these two Women had much ado to be brought to this exchange, particularly out of the considerations of Modesty; and if their Friends had not forced them, and made it appear how far it concerned their Country, the business had never been done. But at last, this private being become a publick Interest, and the chief Pillars of Religion and Civil Magistracy interposing therein, the exchange was made in the Temple of *Concord*, but without much ceremony, because *Cesonia* and *Danae* would have it so. I shall not trouble you with what passed between these four persons at this meeting, nor acquaint you with the joy of *Persander* and *Turnus*, or the satisfaction

on of *Cesonia* to see her self rid of an inconstant Husband, and in the power of a faithful Lover: But I shall tell you that *Danae*, who certainly was not a little taken with *Turnus*, was not mistaken in her conjectures; and that this lovely, but inconstant person, soon after his marriage, began a-new his Love sallyes, which continued till death put a period to them; for he was killed, expressing a great and high Courage, when *Tarquin* made his approaches to *Ardea*. But that which was most observable, was that it hath been discovered since his death, that he was fallen in love again with *Cesonia*, meerly through his humour of Inconstancy; for he had confessed as much to one of his Friends. As for *Persander*, he hath continued the most constant Lover in the world; and indeed, he was loth *Cesonia* should be exposed to the inconveniences of a long siege, though she was desirous not to forsake him; and it was upon that account, as you know, that we went along with you out of *Ardea*, when we were taken by some of *Tarquin*'s Troops, notwithstanding all the Valour of *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres*. I would also particularly tell *Amilcar*, that *Persander*, after the death of *Turnus*, took *Danae* into his care, and sent her out of the City with us. I have further understood this very morning by one of her Guards, that *Persander* is as importunate for the deliverance of *Danae*, as of the other Captives, and that he is not only constantly faithful in his love, but withal constantly Generous and Just.

Plotina had no sooner given over speaking, but *Amilcar* began to thank her that she had killed *Turnus* in her Relation; for in fine, said he, I have a very good friend called *Zenocrates*, who pretends something as well as I, to the pleasure and reputation which infallibly attend those who are ingeniously and fortunately inconstant; and yet he would be forced to confess, that *Turnus* was a thousand times more inconstant than we. Now you know (added he with that seriousness which he sometimes affects when he is minded to act a Vice) when a man would do any thing, he is very proud to be perfect, and the best at it: I am therefore much obliged to you for *Turnus*'s death, who had far out-run *Zenocrates* and me in Inconstancy. Not but that he hath received much injustice; for when all is done they should not have summ'd up amongst his inconstancies, the changes of his Love to *Cesonia* and *Danae* when he had married them; for as you know, it is not much the mode that Husbands should be in love with their Wives. I assure you, replied *Plotina*, *Persander* is still with his, will be as long as he lives, and there is no other difference between what he hath been and what he now is, but that he is not so great a Gallant in publick as he was wont; but for the resentments of his Soul, they are as full of tenderness, passion, and respect, as they were when he was but Rival to *Turnus*. And for my part, I know nothing so unjust as the procedure of those people who spend five or six years in sighing and groaning, and doing whatever lies in their power to gain a woman they love, and having married her, slight her the next day.

As *Plotina* was speaking thus, a great noise was heard in the Court, insomuch that *Clelia* being frighted with it, as being in a condition of alwayes fearing some new misfortune, *Plotina* went into a little with-drawing Room, which had a little grate that looked into the Court whence the noise was heard. Opening it hastily to see what the matter was, she saw people bring in his body, who had promised to deliver *Clelia*: Whereupon returning into the Chamber, Ah Madam, cryed she, you are not yet come to the period of your misfortunes, for he who should have terminated them is dead. At these words *Clelia* and *Amilcar* were extremely surprised, and could not well apprehend what she should say: But having expressed her self more clearly, and *Amilcar* not knowing how to believe her, he went into the place where she had seen what she spoke of, and saw the body of this pretended Deliverer of *Clelia*, which they had newly brought in, and an infinite number of people hearkning to those that brought it, who related to such as knew it not, how the misfortune happened: So that *Amilcar* returning into *Clelia*'s Chamber with much sadness in his countenance, she doubted not but what *Plotina* had said was true, and was extremely troubled at it: Yet could she not for the present comprehend all the malice of her fortune, and little suspected as well as *Amilcar*, that *Aronces* had killed this man, whose death happened in so unfortunate a conjuncture.

In the mean time *Amilcar* conceiving it necessary he saw *Tullia*, to perswade her to take this occasion to deliver *Clelia* before *Tarquin* should dispose the Guard into another hand, was extremely troubled that he could not get out, for that he who commanded in the absence of the Captain of the Guard who was dead, was so employed about knowing how it had happened, that there was no possibility of speaking to him. It was therefore to no purpose that *Amilcar* should call to the Guard which was in *Clelias* out-chamber to get out, he was forced to stay above four hours ere he could get the door open: But at last he got out, having put *Clelia* and *Plotina* into the best hopes he could, though he conceived not much himself.

As soon as he got out, he went to *Tullias*, who discovered an extraordinary trouble at this accident. But Madam, said *Amilcar* to her; I humbly conceive, that before the King send any new Orders for the guarding of the Captives, it were fit you set them at liberty. Ah *Amilcar*, said she to him, it is a thing now absolutely impossible; for the Lieutenant to him that is dead, who is now in full power and pretends to his place, is so faithful to *Tarquin*, that there is no likelihood of corrupting him; and I am but too much given to believe by reason of this accident, that good Fortune begins to shake hands with me, for it hath happened very strangely. To be short (added she) I cannot so much as know who hath killed this man, whose life contributed so much to my quiet; and all that I can say of it is, that the fire began at *Brutus*'s Aunts, that it is said there were some secret enemies of *Tarquin*'s seen in the same street disguised; that they endeavoured to secure them, and that this man was killed by some one whose name cannot be learned: and it hath hapned that the stupid *Brutus* drew his Sword against the King's Officers. But he hath withal so little sense, that he hath been here, as if he had done nothing amiss, and were confident his stupidity should free him from the pun-

punishment he deserves. So that considering by what an adventure my design is crossed, and satisfied there must be some plot which I cannot discover, I must needs (if *Tarquin* change not his mind) take some extraordinary resolution: For if I were to set *Rome* on fire, to avoid being slighted by a daughter of *Clelias*'s, I will rather begin with the Palace where she is imprisoned, than suffer my self to be made the slave of a slave, though I should perish my self in the fire I had kindled. The cruel *Tullia* spoke this with so much expression of Fury in her looks, that *Anilcar* was in some doubt that she who had made no conscience to pass through her Fathers body to get into the Throne, might easily be drawn into some extravagant resolution. He therefore told her it were not amiss to stay till the end of the Treaty or of the Siege, before she resolved on any thing, and that in the mean time, he would do her what service he could with *Tarquin*.

Upon this *Spurius Lucretius* (who was then Governour of *Rome*) came to acquaint her, that certainly there must be some secret conspiracy in the City, inregard he had been advertised of some nightmeetings in divers places, and that it was requisite some end were put to the Siege of *Ardea*, lest the absence of *Tarquin* might occasion some rising. 'Tis true *Lucretius* spoke not this aloud; insomuch that *Anilcar* seeing he whisperd, departed, and came to *Racilias*. But he was much surprized to see the house half burnt, and not to find there neither *Aronces*, *Brutus*, *Herminius*, *Racilia*, nor *Hermilia*. Not knowing what to think, he went to *Sivelias*, where he learned the truth, and where *Brutus* came soon after, with whom he conferred about what was most fit to be done, for considering how things stood, it seemed necessary they knew what passed in the Camp, and yet it was withall requisite *Anilcar* returned with *Tullia*. Whereupon *Brutus* offer'd to go to *Tarquin*, for though nothing were communicated to him, yet was he fitter to observe what was done, then any other, as being not mistrusted by any. Besides that having been made Tribune of the *Celeres* (which was a kind of Horseguard first raised by *Romulus*) he had then some pretence to go to the King about something that related to his imployment, which should signifie no more then to confirm *Tarquin* in the opinion of his incapacity: and to speak truly, *Tarquin* had not bestowed it on him, had it not been to disappoint another of more ability to discharge it; there being at that time no employment gotten by election, but all being at the sole disposal of the Tyrant.

Brutus therefore took a resolution to go to the Camp, to discover what passed there, that so he might acquaint those who were employed about the deliverance of *Rome*, the liberty of *Clelia*, and safety of *Aronces*. But in his way thither he took that house of *Valerius*'s where *Aronces* was, to whom he delivered *Clelias* letter, which he had received from *Anilcar*, and withal acquainted him, that he was not charged with any thing had passed, as also neither *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, nor *Celeres*. He told them however, it was not fit they returned to *Rome* before this Tumult were appeased. and that it were known what *Tarquin* said of it.

Herminius in the mean time whose purpose it was to get into *Ardea*, was detained by *Aronces* till the very last day of the Cessation. But *Tarquin* having some suspicion of *Valerius*, *Brutus* told them he thought it not safe for them to stay in that place, so that he advised them to go along with him assoon as it were night, assuring them he would bring them to a certain house of *Collatia* where they should be more secure. But (replied *Herminius*) you consider not that *Collatine* is Lord of *Collatia*: Pardon me (replied he) but I know *Collatine* is in the Camp, and that he sees *Lucretia* but very seldom; besides the house to which I would bring you to, stands alone far from any other; the Master of it is one that hath neither Wife nor Children, one that hath a dependance on me, and may be trusted. This said, *Brutus* was no further opposed; and *Valerius* who was present, being of the same mind, they went away that evening together, and *Brutus* conducted his friends to that mans house where he himself had lodged, when he saw *Lucretia* in the Garden, which was the last time that ever he spoke to her. For from that time he had not so much as the sight of her, so carefully had she avoided all interviewes with him, and indeavoured to live a retired and solitary life. The Moon shining very bright, as this illustrious Troop came near *Collatia*, *Brutus* discovered the house where *Lucretia* lived; whereupon not being able to keep from sighing, *Aronces* who was next him, overheard it, and asked him the reason of it. Alas (said he to him) can I possible see the house where the attractive *Lucretia* lives, and not sigh. Ah my dear *Brutus* (said *Aronces* to him) though your grief be just, yet is it not so well grounded as mine; for as to *Lucretia*, you fear neither her death nor the exorbitance of a Tyrant. 'Tis true, the punishment of my love consists not in fear (replied he) but I feel something worse then the most horrid fear, since I am certain never to have any society with the Divine *Lucretia*, and having at the same time a love for her, and a hatred for *Tarquin*, my soul struggles with two violent Passions, without any hope to satisfie them; for though I am continually plotting against this cruel Tyrant, yet my reason tells me, I shall never destroy him; so that I rather contrive my own destruction, and am busied to deceive my self, then to do any advantagious service to my Country: *Aronces* answered *Brutus* as might be expected from an unfortunate Lover, that is, as a man who thought himself the most miserable of all Lovers; for as we think not the misfortunes past, less then those we suffer; but in as much as the sence of them is past; so does not any man believe the mis-fortunes o another less then his own, but because he is not sensible of them.

But at length *Brutus* having disposed his friends into the mans house who was so faithful to him, took his way to the Camp, where he arrived just upon the departure of *Sextus*, who was gone no body knew whither. As soon he came, he went to see *Tarquin*, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, who having already heard of the burning of *Racilias* house, the death of the Captain of the Guard, and the tumult which followed in *Rome*, asked him what news he brought; but he much wondred that they knew not what he had done in the adventure

venture, and it seems *Tullia*, and those who had sent *Tarquin* the account of it, gave so little heed to what *Brutus* had done, that they had quite forgot to acquaint this Prince that he was any way concerned in the disorder. He was also very glad to see that *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, were not at all accused.

But the Prince of *Pometia*, who had an infinite affection for *Hermilia*, was more inquisitive into the accident of the fire, so to be satisfied what was become of her. 'Tis true, *Brutus* answered so impertinently to what was asked him, that this Prince was not much more satisfied than before; nor indeed had *Brutus* any other business there, than to hear what was said. He therefore understood that the Treaty of *Ardea* was still in the same Posture, and that there was no great hope of any alteration; *Tarquin* being willing to deliver up all the Captives but *Clelia*, but would by no means hear of dismissing her. But *Horatius* who was grown very powerful in *Ardea*, obliged the people of that City to demand the liberty of *Clelia*, as well as *Cesonia*, *Plotina*, *Danae*, and their friends. The Envoy of the King of *Clusium* made a great stir that there was no news of *Aronces*, and employed all the interest he could to hinder *Clelia* from coming into the hands of those of *Ardea*. But he might have spared both his fear and his pains, for *Tarquin*'s passion was obstacle enough.

Things being in this posture, *Tullia* and *Lucretius* sent severally to *Tarquin*, and those who were sent by them, came into his Tent while *Brutus* was there, which the Tyrant took no notice of. *Brutus* by this means hearing what was said to *Tarquin*, as being not bidden by any one to withdraw, he understood that the Messenger from *Tullia* told him, that she had at last discovered that *Herminius* lay concealed in *Rome*; that it was he whom the Captain of the Guard would have secured; that *Aronces* with three other friends had relieved *Herminius*, that they had left *Rome*; and therefore it lay upon him to find them out. On the other side, *Lucretius* particularly acquainted *Tarquin*, that he had discovered that *Tullia* endeavoured to get the Captives into her own power, though he knew not the reason of it; and that he had understood that some persons had lain concealed at *Valerius*'s Country house, who were gone thence towards *Collatia*. But within two hours after *Lucretius* himself arrives, to acquaint *Tarquin* that since he had sent to him, he had been credibly informed that those who had lain hid at *Valerius*'s, were for certain at *Collatia*, or at least had been there: So that *Tarquin* being exasperated at so many unlucky reports, gave out divers unjust and violent orders. And *Clelia* being that which at that time found his mind most employment, he resolved to have her brought to the Camp, that so she might not be at the disposal of *Tullia*, saying aloud to one of those Creatures who promoted his Passions, that she should absolutely either satisfie his Love or his Revenge. For *Herminius*, his purpose was to promise extraordinary rewards to those that should bring him either dead or alive: He resolved to make the same promises to those that should bring *Aronces* to him; and for *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, he was extremely incensed at what they had done.

Brutus understanding so many things of so great consequence together, none having the least fear or suspicion of him, thought fit his Friends at *Collatia* had notice thereof: But not knowing well how to trust any other with what he knew, he resolved to go himself to the place where he had left them, to bid them depart thence: Yet could he not go till the next morning, lest his departure might be suspected. But as he was ready to depart, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, who were going to *Rome* to see *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, asked him whether he would follow them, supposing he was also bound for *Rome*: Besides that they were much taken with *Brutus*'s affected simplicity, especially ever since he had accompanied them in their journey to *Delphi*, when *Tarquin* frighted by a prodigie, had sent these two Princes to the Oracle at *Delphi* to know the meaning of it, though till that time they always sent upon such occasions into *Tuscany*. Now *Brutus* had behaved himself so ingeniously in this voyage, that without discovering his understanding, he had diverted them very much: But he had carried himself more cunningly than they thought, for he had brought an offering to *Delphi*, though they perceived it not, which was in some measure a representation of his understanding; for he had caused a kind of Golden Scepter to be inclosed in one of those staves which men carry rather out of grave Custom or as a badge of Authority, than for necessity; to intimate to Posterity at least, that his understanding lay concealed under a gross stupidity, as that precious offering was inclosed within a piece of Wood of little value. Nay *Brutus* had better understood, than those Princes, the answer of the Oracle which they consulted: For they having demanded who should Reign after *Tarquin*, the Oracle answered, *He who should first kiss his Mother*. The Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* (as witty as they were) had understood it according to the literal sense, and had put it to the chance between themselves, whether of them should first salute the cruel *Tullia*, hoping thereby to exclude Prince *Sextus* their Brother, though the first born of the Family. But *Brutus* not acquainting them with their error, found out another meaning of the words of the Oracle; for imagining, that the Earth is the common Mother of all men, he pretended to fall down, and kissing the ground, he thanked the Gods that had put him in some hopes he should one day put a period to the Reign of so cruel a Tyrant. This hope yet was but very weak when the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, asked him to go along with them to *Rome*, as being in no small fear of *Tarquin*'s cruelty, towards those persons for whom of all the world he had the greatest esteem.

But that he might omit nothing that lay in his power for their preservation, he excused himself to those who would have carried him to *Rome*, not but that it was his intention to go thither, as soon as he had been at *Collatia*, for he thought it necessary that *Amilcar* should employ his interest with *Tullia* for the welfare of that admirable person, without whom *Aronces* could not be happy. To make therefore the best advantage of his time, he departed, purposing to go attended only by one slave: But Fortune was pleased to dispose otherwise of him, for *Tarquin* who was impatient

to

to have in his power those who he was informed lay hid at *Valerius*'s, and who were or had been at *Collatia*, intreated *Collatine* and his Father-in-Law *Lucretius*, to go thither immediately, and if they were there to cause them to be secured, if not, to be pursued. Now it happened so fortunately that they overtook *Brutus* in a cross Road, where one way led to *Rome* the other to *Collatia*. *Brutus* no question was not a little troubled at their arrival; for he easily imagined that *Collatine* and *Lucretius* went not without some reason to *Collatia*.

But though he could give them no good account of his taking that way with them, yet he bore them company, they never asking why he did it; for taking no great heed to him, they fell a discoursing as freely as if he had not been there, and permitted him to follow them without so much as speaking to him. He in the mean time desirous to dive into their design, hearkned very attentively to what they said. *Lucretius* was engaged to *Tarquin* out of considerations of Ambition, and *Collatine* of Kindred, for they were both vertuous, and detested the cruelty of that Prince: So that falling into discourse about their present employment, I know not, says *Lucretius* to *Collatine*, whether we should be glad to find what we are going to look for; for though I was heretofore the cause of *Herminius*'s banishment, I would not have him now fall into the hands of *Tarquin*. But was it not you (replied *Collatine*) that informed the King that some people lay concealed at *Valerius*'s? 'Tis true (replied *Lucretius*) but if I had not done it, I must have concealed my self; for the cruel *Tullia* knowing that I had understood so much, I was no longer Master of it: I am now satisfied, but too late, that *Lucretias* Mother had much reason when she would have disswaded me from ingaging my self too far into the Interests of *Tarquin*; for to measure things according to his nature, there is nothing so certain, as that he is a professed enemy to all that are any way ambitious, or have any love of Glory; and indeed it was the constant saying of my wife, that *Tarquin* would be the only ambitious man in the State, that those who lived under him must not be his Subjects but his Slaves; that he would ever be an enemy to all persons of honour, and that I should one day be ore whelm'd with the ruines of his house, if I dis-intangled not my self out of his concernments. I assure you (replied *Collatine*) that *Lucrecia* continues in the resentments of her Mother, for though she leads a very retired life, and seems to be nothing concerned in those things that are done in the World, she hath *Tarquin* in the greatest detestation that may be. She never meets with any occasion to say something which might disengage me from the interests of *Tarquin*, but she doth it with such earnestness, as I find her not subject to in any thing else. She remembers all the exorbitances of *Tarquin*, and all the cruelties of *Tullia*: She hath not forgotten even those little expressions of Generosity, in words which fell from all those whom they have either banished or put to death, and from the constancy of so many illustrious but unfortunate persons; she draws those infallible consequences, which convince her that *Tarquin* will be ruin'd; so that she is perpetually telling me it were better to live quietly at *Collatia*, than to be so much about the King. It is long since (replied coldly *Lucretius*, reflecting on the Letter he had some time found) my daughter hath had a horrid aversion for *Tarquin*, though she could not well tell the reason of it, for people of her age are not ordinarily much concerned in State affairs.

Brutus hearing what *Lucretius* said, was much troubled at it, and felt in his heart a certain redintegration of Love which filled it with joy, out of an imagination he had, that he was somewhat concern'd in the hatred which *Lucretia* had for *Tarquin*, and that when she would oblige *Collatine* to disengage himself from his interest, and endeavoured to perswade him that the Tyrant would be destroyed, she called to mind the design which he told her he should have as long as he lived to ruine him. So that entertaining himself with this reflection; Alas, infinitely amiable *Lucretia*, said he, is it possible that I am not banished out of your memory, and that the love of the unfortunate *Brutus*, contributes somewhat to the hatred you have for *Tarquin*? Can I yet be happy enough to deserve the reflection of your thoughts in the midst of your solitude? But why should I doubt it, resumed he, doth not the innocency of our affection assure me, that *Lucretia* remembers it without any disturbance of mind, and that it is the object of her most pleasant imaginations?

As *Brutus* entertained himself in this manner, he heard *Collatine* say to *Lucretius*, but is not that *Sextus* who crosses the Road, and who followed only by one Slave, seems to avoid meeting with us? 'Tis he without doubt (answered *Lucretius*) but since he will not be seen, let us not see him; for he is young, insolent, and fantastick; and certainly it were not civility to pretend to see him since he endeavours so much to avoid it. But whence should he come now, added *Lucretius*? Princes of his humour (replied *Collatine*) do things so obscurely, that it must never be asked whence they come.

While *Lucretius* and *Collatine* were thus engaged in discourse, and kept on their way not pretending to see *Sextus*, who crossed the fields purposely to avoid them; *Brutus* felt somewhat in his heart which cannot admit expression; for looking on *Sextus* as a Lover of *Lucretia*, he was tempted to put his feigned stupidity in practise, and to follow and lay hold on him as a Rival, whom he abominably hated, and indeed he might easily have quitted *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, who would not have hindred him, and have pursued *Sextus* who had but one slave about him no more than he. But thinking withal, that when he should have killed *Sextus*, *Rome* were not delivered, and that he must quit the design of delivering it, the love of his Country stifled in him that violent eruption of jealousie which had stirred him, when he saw Prince *Sextus*, who riding very fast, soon got out of their sight, whose meeting he so much avoided.

But they had scarce rid on half an hour, ere *Collatine* spies one of the Slaves that belonged to his wife coming towards them, running as fast as he could possible, thereby discovering there was something extraordinary that obliged him to make such haste: So that *Collatine* coming up to him, What's the reason, (said he to him) that thou makest such haste? Hath *Lucretia* sent thee about

some buſineſs that requires it? Right my Lord, (replied the Slave) and I am commanded from her, to tell you and *Spurius Lucretius*, that it concerns her very much to ſee you both as ſoon as may be poſſible. She further deſires you if it may be, to bring ſome of her intimate friends with you: But knoweſt thou not (replied *Collatine*) what hath obliged *Lucretia* to ſend thee? No my Lord (replied he) and I have no more to ſay to you than what you have heard.

Lucretius and *Collatine* not able to imagine what ſhould oblige *Lucretia* to ſend for them, began to put on ſomewhat faſter than before, not laying any thing to *Brutus*, who having a greater Curioſity to know what the matter was than they, followed them, they not offering to forbid him: For beſides that, he was never miſtruſted by any; he had alſo endeavoured as much as his ſtupidity permitted him, to hold a fair correſpondence with *Collatine*, out of a hope that it might one day procure him the happineſs to ſee *Lucretia*. They therefore rid all three faſter than they had done before, and that without ſpeaking to one another, every one imagining to himſelf what might be the occaſion of this meſſage. But for *Brutus*, his mind was in a greater diſturbance than either of the two; for it coming into his thoughts that he was to ſee his dear *Lucretia*, whom he had not ſeen ſince he had had with her the moſt paſſionate, and moſt raviſhing diſcourſe that ever was, he had a certain trouble in his mind, which yet had ſomething in it that was pleaſant.

But at length they came to *Collatia*, where they were no ſooner arrived, but they met *Valerius*, who having had notice that he was ſuſpected, was going to a certain friends houſe; ſo that *Lucretia* having deſired her Father and Husband to bring ſome of their friends with them, they ſtaid him; for though *Valerius* was not ingaged in the concernments of *Tarquin*, yet was he no enemy either to *Lucretius* or *Collatine*. Taking him therefore along with them, they paſſed by the houſe where *Arences*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus* and *Celeres* were. But *Brutus* did not ſo much as look that way; and for *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, they almoſt forgot they were ſent to *Collatia* from *Tarquin*, ſo much were there minds taken up with the meſſage they had received. Having therefore alighted, they were going into the houſe, and were hardly gotten to the ſtone walk which you come into, when you have paſſed through the Court, but they ſpie *Lucretia*, who was on the other ſide in an Entry at the bottom of the Stairs, but they perceived her to be ruffled, pale and melancholy, and they ſaw in her looks, grief, indignation, and diſorder. 'Tis true, ſhe bluſhed extremely, when intending to lift up her eyes, and to ſpeak, ſhe met thoſe of *Brutus*. That ſight put her into ſuch diſturbance, that ſhe ſtep'd back, turned her head aſide, and was not able to bring forth that ſhe was about to ſay. But at length having lifted up her eyes to Heaven, ſhe turned her ſelf towards her Father and her Husband, who ſeeing in what trouble his Wife was, was very earneſt with her to know the cauſe. Ah *Collatine* (ſaid ſhe to him) lifting up her eyes a ſecond time to Heaven (as it were to beg its protection) if the misfortune which hath happened to me could be expreſſed, it were not ſo great as it is; but all that modeſty permits me to tell you, is, that the infamous *Sextus* came into my Chamber, that he is both, the moſt criminal, and the moſt inſolent of men; and I am the moſt unfortunate perſon of my Sex, though the moſt innocent. This known continued ſhe, with tears in her eyes) ask me no more, but be ſo generous, as to promiſe I ſhall be revenged, that you will exterminate even the whole Family of the *Tarquins*, that you will die rather than ſuffer them to live; and in a word, that none hereafter may know the violence I have received, but ſhall withal, know the revenge that followed it. As ſhe delivered theſe words, *Lucretia* certainly not out of any deſign, met again the looks of *Brutus*; 'tis true, ſhe preſently turned aſide, but not till he could have received certain motions which ſeemed to demand his particular revenge on Prince *Sextus*. Whereupon her Husband coming near her, began to chear up, and promiſed to revenge her, while a faithful woman-ſlave, that belonged to this afflicted Beauty, gave *Lucretius* a ſhort account of *Sextus*'s Crime, and this terrible accident, which all the World hath been acquainted with; upon which, *Lucretius*, as well as *Collatine* and *Valerius*, promiſed *Lucretia* to revenge her. For *Brutus* he promiſed no otherwiſe than by his looks, and certain threatning geſtures, which he could not abſtain from; for though he was deſirous to ſpeak, yet could he not poſſibly do it on this firſt apprehenſion, ſuch a ſtorm had grief, rage, indignation, love, and jealouſie raiſed in him.

But theſe four Illuſtrious Romans having promiſed *Lucretia* to revenge her, *Valerius*, who loved her extremely for her virtue, beſides the relation of an ancient friend of his illuſtrious daughters, deſired her not to afflict her ſelf ſo much, and that ſhe ſhould live for the pleaſure ſake of ſeeing her ſelf revenged. No, no *Valerius* (replied this generous perſon) it ſhall never be ſaid that *Lucretia* hath taught the Romans by her Example, that a Woman can out-live her Reputation. With theſe words, the vertuous *Lucretia* appearing more fair and reſolute than before, drew a Ponyard, which ſhe had hid about her, and lifting up her hand and arm, and looking up towards Heaven, as it were, to offer her ſelf a ſacrifice to thoſe Gods whom ſhe invoked, ſhe thruſt it into her breaſt, and fell down with her boſom all bloody, at the feet of the unfortunate *Brutus*, who had the fatal advantage to have the laſt of her looks, and to hear the laſt of her ſighs. For while *Lucretia*, *Collatine* and *Valerius* were making horrid out-cries to expreſs their aſtoniſhment and their ſorrow, this unhappy Lover caſt himſelf on the ground, ſnatches the Ponyard out of *Lucretias* breaſt, and ſeeing her reſigning up her laſt breath, in a manner as if ſhe yet knew him, and begging his revenge, his mind was ſeiſed by a certain heroick fury, which when he ſaw that this admirable Woman was dead, raiſed him up, with the Ponyard all bloody in his hand, and enabled him to ſpeak with ſuch Eloquence as the Gods ſeemed to have inſpired into him. Inſomuch, that all thoſe who in an inſtant were come from all parts of the Town, to ſee ſo ſad a ſpectacle, were ſtrangely ſurpriſed to hear *Brutus*, who ſtill held up the bloody Ponyard

nyard: For he ſpoke the nobleſt things in the World, to ingage *Lucretia*, *Collatine*, *Valerius*, and all that heard him, to revenge the injury done to *Lucretia*, and expel out of *Rome* the Family of the *Tarquins*. So that prevailing with all thoſe who heard him, both by reaſon of the admiration they had of him, and by the ſight of ſo fair and ſo ſad an object, as alſo thoſe great things he ſaid unto them, he derived the fury of his own ſpirit into thoſe who heard him.

This done, he delivered the Ponyard into the hands of *Collatine*, and thence into thoſe of *Lucretius* and *Valerius*, and afterwards into thoſe of all that were preſent, and made them all ſwear by the chaſt blood of *Lucretia*, to revenge her death, to follow and be guided by him: Whereupon, not to ſpend time in fruitleſs tears, he ſent for *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, and having given them the ſame Oath with the ſame Ceremony, he commanded *Lucretia*'s Chariot to be made ready, and aſſiſted by *Aronces*, his dear friend *Herminius*, and divers others, he puts into it the fair Corps of that vertuous perſon, laid on rich Cuſhions, and cauſing the Chariot to be covered with a Mourning Cloth, he himſelf gets on Horſe-back, commands all the people to follow him, and riding up and down the City of *Collatia* with this Ponyard in his hand, he preſently took his way towards *Rome*. But he was followed thither by all the the people of *Collatia*, that were able to follow him; for as the vertue of *Lucretia*, while ſhe lived, raiſed her into the adoration of all; ſo being dead, did it ingage them to revenge her death; and for more ſecurity, *Valerius* ſet Guards at the Gates of *Collatia*, to hinder any thing to be carried to *Tarquin*. *Brutus* therefore comes to the Gates of *Rome* with a conſiderable number of armed people about him, every one having what he could get, before any notice of his coming was brought. For his part, he rid behind the Chariot of *Lucretia*, ſo that having that ſad object full in his ſight, and the Ponyard wherewith *Lucrece* had killed her ſelf in his hand, he thought what cannot well be imagined, and what it was impoſſible he could have expreſſed himſelf, love, grief, jealouſie and rage, had put his reaſon into ſo much diſorder. He hath indeed ſince ſaid, to expreſs the greatneſs of his diſturbance, that in this emergency he minded not the Liberty of *Rome*, but in order to revenge the death of the innocent *Lucretia*, and made uſe of the Intereſt of his Country, which was ſo dear to him, only to ſatisfie his Paſſion. Nor did he then think of revenging the death of his Father and Brother, and ſo much was his mind taken up with this ſad accident, that *Lucretia* was the only cauſe of this great and dangerous attempt. Nor was this deſign ſo inconſiderate as it ſeemed to be: For *Brutus*, *Aronces*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Zenocrates*, *Artemidorus* and *Celeres* knew that there was in *Rome* ſo great an inclination to a Revolt, and were ſo well informed of the great number of thoſe who were ſecret Enemies to *Tarquin*, that they entertained ſome hopes the people might be drawn into an inſurrection. *Aronces* hoping the deliverance of *Rome* might procure *Clelia*'s liberty, was as zealous to break its chains, as if he had been a Roman, and was as earneſt in the revenge of *Lucretia*, as if he had been her Brother. *Herminius* for his part, had been always ſo exaſperated againſt the violences of *Tarquin*, was ſo ſenſible of this adventure of his friend, and ſo moved at the affliction of *Brutus*, that he was as forward to revenge *Lucretia*, as if *Valeria* had received the ſame injury. For *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, they being all vertuous and gallant ſouls, were eaſily drawn in to ingage in this noble attempt; and for *Valerius* it was ſo long ſince he wiſhed the deſtruction of *Tarquin*, and the Liberty of *Rome*, that he was eaſily concerned in the revenge of *Lucretia*. But that which was moſt ſtrange, was that *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, who were ſent from the Camp to exerciſe the Orders of the Tyrant at *Collatia*, and who had permitted *Brutus* to follow them without ſaying any thing to him, acknowledged him for their Leader, and came along with thoſe, whom had not this ſad accident happened, they ſhould have ſecured, and conducted into the Priſons of *Tarquin*; ſuch a change of reſolutions did this ſtrange adventure work in them, and ſo much reſpect had the great worth of *Brutus*, diſcovering it ſelf ſo unexpectedly inſpired into them.

On the other ſide, *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and his friends, who had quitted *Rome* diſguiſed, were now reſolved to appear there openly. 'Tis true, they were attended by a ſtrange multitude of people from *Collatia*, who by reaſon of their diſcontents were fit inſtruments to raiſe a Commotion in *Rome*. Beſides, *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Valerius* having conferred together, had thought fit their friends had notice to be ready, for their force could not march very faſt, by reaſon of the Chariot which carried the Corps of *Lucretia*. They therefore ſent *Celeres* before, who receiving inſtructions from theſe three excellent perſons, made haſte to give *Amilcar* notice to get together all their friends in the moſt ſpacious place of *Rome*, and that they ſhould come thither armed. He was alſo to adverтiſe the *Sabii* and the *Veſtals*, with whom they held intelligence, that there might be nothing wanting, which might contribute to the enterpriſe. *Lucretius* for his part, being then Governour of *Rome*, ſent Orders to thoſe who were under him, to be ready for ſome expedition, bidding him whom he ſent not to mention, what had happened to *Lucretia*. To be ſhort, the Chariot that brought the Corps of that admirable perſon came to *Rome*, before any thing was ſuſpected.

Being come to the Gates, *Brutus* who doubted not but the ſight of ſo ſad a ſpectacle would move to pity, and exaſperate the hearts of the people, and conſequently ingage them to a riſing, went himſelf and took off the great mourning Cloath that covered that excellent body; but as he drew it off, he turned his head aſide to hide his trouble from *Collatine*. Whereupon, the Chariot entred uncovered into the City followed by *Brutus*, who held the bloody Ponyard in his hand, and by the Father and Huſband of *Lucretia* with their eyes full of tears, and by the multitude of the people that came from *Collatia*, bewailing the death of *Lucretia*. Curioſity and amazement

mazement soon seised the minds of all those who were spectators of so strange a spectacle, and the same beauty of *Lucretia* which made her subject to receive the violence, contributed also to her revenge: For being but newly dead, she appeared so admirably handsome, that the people of *Rome* who had heard so much of her Beauty, and hardly ever seen her by reason of the solitary life she led, was extremely moved at the sight of so many Charms; but seeing her dead, was desirous to know the cause of her death and the rather from that multitude of people who followed the Chariot, and wept as they went.

This obliged almost all those who saw *Lucretia*'s body, to follow it, and so augmented the number of those that accompanied it, insomuch that he who conducted the Chariot, being hindred by the crowd of people, was forced to go more softly. *Brutus*, thought fit the people had time to come together, to soften and be moved of it self before the design absolutely broke forth, and that it were not amiss to expect till they were come to that place where they were to find their friends met together. He therefore said not a word, and riding close to *Lucretia's* Chariot, he only shewed the people by some gesture of his hand and eyes that object. But being come to that spacious place, which is between the Capitol and the *Palatine* Hill, where they were resolved to rest, *Brutus* caused the Chariot to be staid before the Gate of the Temple of *Jupiter Stator*, which *Romulus* had built in accomplishment of a vow, which he had made in the time of the war with the *Sabins*.

This done, *Brutus* alighted, and got up on a place two steps high, whence, as being at that time Tribune of the *Celeres*, he had the priviledge to speak in publick on divers occasions. At first sight, in regard he was accustomed to make known the Orders of *Tarquin*, with much simplicity to those that were under his charge, there was no body troubled himself much to hearken to what he said, all thronging to get near *Lucretias* Chariot, and to understand the circumstances of her death. But *Amilcar* coming in, followed by a great number of *Valerius*, *Herminius* and *Collatine*'s friends, and those who had before heard *Brutus* speak at *Collatia*, making it their business to impose silence on the rest of the multitude; at length, the illustrious, and too too unfortunate Lover, with a fierceness in his countenance that challenged respect, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and shewing to the people the Ponyard he had in his hand.

. . . . .

BEhold Generous Romans (said he to them with a certain accent of Authority) this is the very Ponyard which the fair Lucretia *thrust into her own heart, though as far from any crime as innocence it self. I shew it you, O ye Romans, to obtain your permission to use it against the most cruel enemy you have. 'Tis for that, that the illustrious Father of the vertuous* Lucretia, *and her unfortunate Husband are come with tears in their eyes to demand justice of you: But that you see so many gallant men with their arms in their hands, is not so much to revenge the death of this generous Roman Lady, as to deliver you out of Slavery. This is the day, generous Romans, that you must shake off the the Yoke of the outragious* Tarquin, *and the cruel* Tullia. *The blood of* Lucretia *hath made Heaven propitious to you, and the injury she hath received from the eldest Son of your Tyrant, ingageth all the Gods so far to revenge her death, that though you should not concern your selves in it, I am confident the same Gods who have inspired into me the attempt of turning him out of the Throne which he hath usurped, will take vengeance of his presumption, and will also punish you for your baseness, if you joyn not with so many gallant men, who are resolved to die this day, and be sacrificed near the body of the chast* Lucretia, *rather than continue their subjection to the most abominable Tyrant in the World.*

Brutus pronounced these words with such a noble confidence, that the people of *Rome* astonished to hear him speak after this manner, was really perswaded the Gods had done a miracle on him, that the great understanding he then expressed was inspired into him; that they ought to look on him as a Messenger from Heaven; that they should hearken to him with respect, and follow his directions; so easie a matter it is, to dispose of the minds of the people, when one knows how to make use of those things whereby they are surprised. So that after a great noise of acclamations, every one crying silence, the whole multitude became so strangely quiet, that *Brutus* drawing a happy Presage from the attention they gave him, continued in these words.

I Have already told you, generous Romans, continued he, that this was the day designed for your Liberty, and I tell it you once more. This certainly is the day that you shall recover your own just Authority, since that it is of you that Lucretius *and* Collatine *demand justice for the violence the chast* Lucretia *hath received from the insolent* Sextus. *But alas, who can say he ever saw a crime equal to this of his? For suppose this injury of* Sextus *had been done to one of your Slaves, it were capital according to our Laws. But, generous Romans, you are not to learn that* Lucretia *was of a very noble blood, descended of a Family very considerable in* Rome, *even before the first of the* Tarquins *had so much as thought of leaving* Greece *to come into* Italy. *You know further, that she was admired for vertue; that she was Daughter to the Governour of*

of Rome, and wife to a near Kinſman of Tarquin. But it ſeems neither the conſideration of blood, nor that of Hoſpitality, nor the obligations of humane or divine Laws, nor any reſpect of the Penatial Gods, witneſſes of the preſumptuous fury of Sextus, had the power to divert him from committing a crime ſo abhominable, that it can hardly be expreſſed, and ſuch as the vertuous Lucretia, though ſhe contributed nothing thereto, could indure to out-live, and hath choſen rather to die than to be in a condition to be guilty, though but of the memory of it. But if the innocent Lucretia hath periſhed through the crime of Sextus, it is but juſt that Sextus be deſtroyed to ſatisfie the death of the innocent Lucretia. It is therefore of you, generous Romans, that Lucretius demands juſtice for the death of his only daughter: And it is of you that Collatine demands the ſame juſtice for the outrage he hath received from a Prince that ſhould have been his Protector. For to whom can theſe illuſtrious, but unfortunate perſons addreſs themſelves to be revenged of their Enemy? To the cruel Tullia, Mother to this unjuſt Prince? To her, I ſay, who made no conſcience to poyſon her former Husband, though the moſt vertuous Prince in the World, who contrived her Sifters death, a woman infinitely vertuous; who ſaw her Father maſſacred, though the greateſt and wiſeſt of all our Kings, and cauſed her Chariot to paſs over the body of that unfortunate Prince, to get into the Throne ſhe is now poſſeſſed of with ſo much injuſtice: You know, Romans, that I tell you nothing but what is true, and that I add nothing thereto. How then can we hope for any protection from the wickedeſt woman in the world, to revenge the moſt vertuous? Nor is there any probability of obtaining any juſtice of the Husband of ſuch a Wife, a worthy Father of the Executioner of the innocent Lucretia. For beſides that, he hath contributed to all the crimes of Tullia, that he poiſoned his former Wife, put to death a Brother and a Father-in-law, what hath he not done to your ſelves? and what hath he not done to all Romans in general, and to every one in particular? He hath thruſt Slaves into the Senate, he hath impoveriſhed the rich, oppreſſed the poor, baniſhed or put to death all of quality, who have not diſſembled their vertue to ſave their lives; he hath undertaken a War only to keep you under, he hath imputed falſe crimes to hook in the fortunes of thoſe he did accuſe; and hath even built Temples, though a deſpiſer of the Gods, as much as any man, only to amuſe and imploy the common people, that ſo he might the more Tyrannically exerciſe the Authority he hath acquired through thouſands of crimes. By this means is it come paſs, that the ſame Romans, (who according to ſacred Preſages, were looked on as Conquerours of the World) are turned wretched Mechanicks, and are fitter to handle a Rule and Chiſel, than a Sword or a Buckler. Nevertheleſs, as wicked and abominable as he is, if he were but your lawful King, Lucretius and Collatine would ſubmit to his injuſtice, without troubling you with their revenge, and would content themſelves to ſeek it only of the Gods. For my own part, I ſhould alſo apply my ſelf to them for that of my Father and Brothers death, who, as you know, increaſed the number of his innocent Victims. But generous Romans, you know that Tarquin is not your lawful King, nor ever can be. This unjuſt Prince is crept into the Throne, contrary to the Fundamental Laws of our State; he was choſen neither by the Senate, nor by the people; he laughed at the Augures, and their Preſages, which are obſerved upon theſe occaſions, and ſlighted all Ceremonies of Religion, which he hath always made a ſtalking-horſe to the Intereſts of his Ambition. You ſhould therefore be ſo far from acknowledging him to be your King, that you ſhould think your ſelves obliged by the fidelity you owe your laſt lawful King to revenge his death. Revenge it then, Romans, by revenging that of Lucrecia, and to give you another motive to induce you thereto, know that the Daughter of the vertuous Clelius, your fellow-Citizen, whoſe life the Tyrant, after he had baniſhed him, hath ſo often endeavoured to take away, is one of his Captives, and that haply ſhe will be expoſed to all the misfortunes of Lucretia, if we do not ſuddenly deliver her. But what do I ſay? Your buſineſs is not only to revenge your late King, your Fellow-Citizens dead or baniſhed, nor to deliver the Daughter of vertuous Clelius, and Neece of the Grand Veſtal, but it lies upon you to revenge your ſelves, and to keep your Wives, your Daughters and Sifters from falling into the ſame inconveniences. Conſider, O ye Romans, what kind of Succeſſor Tarquin will leave you, if you take not a generous reſolution to root out the whole Family; conſider what preſumption Sextus will ariſe to, if this crime eſcape unpuniſhed; how great the inſolence will be of a new Tyrant, born and brought up in Tyranny, and whom we ſhall encourage to be more cruel through our own ſhameful cowardize. Let us then take this generous reſolution, which the whole World ſhall one day celebrate with infinite praiſes; all we have to do, to be free, is to will it, we need no more than ſhut our Gates againſt a Tyrant, to become Maſters of Rome,

and

and to drive away a mischievous Woman, to banish hence all Vices. When we have once put in execution so noble a design, I am confident Tarquin's *own Soldiers will prove his most implacable Enemies. They are all your Brethren, your Children, or your Friends, they are subject to the same tyranny as you are; you are all ingaged in the same interests, they acknowledge the same Laws, they adore the same Gods; and certainly, we shall no sooner have shown them so great an Example of Vertue, but they will chearfully imitate us. The most difficult part of the attempt is past, in that we have taken the boldness to speak so freely, and break that infamous silence, which made us the Complices of* Tarquin *by conniving at so many outrages, so many villanies, so many crimes. But since we have this day begun to bemoan our selves, I doubt not but our lamentations will stir up the vertue of all Romans, and that what was privately resolved, will be publickly put in execution. Tell me, I beseech you, Generous Romans, is there any one among you, who hath not secretly repined at the injustice of* Tarquin, *and hath not made vows and imprecations against him? And have I not reason to believe that all Romans will be of our side? Nay, I dare presume to tell you, that you are no longer in a condition to deliberate what you have to do; for since you have heard my Remonstrances, it concerns your well-fare, that you carry the business on to the utmost extremity:* Tarquin, *as you well know, being so little accustomed to make any difference between the innocent and the guilty, that he would rather sacrifice all the Romans to his vengeance, than suffer one particular Roman to escape his revenge. Be therefore no longer in suspence, since you are already Traytors to him; and that you may defie his injustice, resign your selves to the conduct of the Gods. I therefore conjure you in the name of* Romulus, *our illustrious Founder, not to suffer* Sextus *to come into the number of his Successors; I conjure you further in the name of* Numa, *the most religious of all our Kings; and I conjure you once more, in the name of* Servius Tullus, *the wisest and most vertuous Prince that ever was. But I particularly demand your revenge for the admirable* Lucretia, *and the liberty of* Clelia, *in the name of the vertuous* Tanaquil, *whose memory will never be lost among us. Consider therefore once more, that since we have no lawful King, you have the disposal of the Supreme Power. Consider, I say, that you will be guilty of all the crimes your Tyrants shall hereafter commit, if you lay not hold of this opportunity, that Fortune forces upon you. The day I now speak to you on, is a fortunate day, it is neither that of the* Calends, *nor that of the* Nones, *nor yet that of the* Ides, *all which are fatal to great* Enterprises; *all Presages favour us, and in a word, as I have told you already, we have no more to do to be free, than to desire it. Let us therefore courageously take up arms for the Liberty of our Country; but let it be with that Heroick Confidence, which is always precedent to all great and fortunate emergencies. I have already told you, that this attempt is easie, and I tell it you once more; but supposing it were not, and that we must struggle with a Civil War within our Walls, such as might arm Citizens against Citizens; that we must see the same Forces that now besiege* Ardea *before* Rome, *and that the Temple of* Janus *were to be eternally open, should this oblige us to quit the design of destroying so unjust a Tyrant? Were it not more noble to see our Country ingaged in a perpetual War, than forced to a perpetual Slavery?* Romulus, *who is now in the number of the Immortal, waged a War against the* Sabines *as soon as he had laid the Foundations of* Rome, *but upon much slighter grounds than we have to war against* Tarquin, *since that he continued it to justifie the carrying away the* Sabine Virgins; *and we have to deal with the Ravisher of* Lucretia. Numa *the Second of our Kings, but the first for Piety, allowed by his Laws, that there might be yet Wars, though he met not with any occasion to raise any during all his Reign.* Tullus Hostilius *did not only carry on that so famous War of* Alba; *but was also engaged against the* Fidenates *and the* Veientes. Ancus Martius *had to do with the Inhabitants of* Latium, *with the* Sabines, *the* Veientes, *and the* Volsci. *The former of the* Tarquins *of whose vertues the latter have not any, had he not War with divers Nations, especially the* Thuscans? *And* Servius Tullus, *a person of much Vertue and Moderation, did he make any difficulty to War against the* Thuscans, *though out of no other considerations than those of Glory? Judge then, Romans, from hence what these great Princes would have done, if the publick Liberty had been in any danger, or that it had been to revenge so horrid a crime as that of* Sextus's. *Have not we been ingaged in a War for* Tarquin? *And are we not still engaged in one against our Neighbours to make him the more powerful? Why then may we not as well be engaged against him? It cannot be said we want any thing to raise it; for if we are for our selves, there is nothing against us,* Rome *having within its own Walls, Soldiers, Captains, Armies, and wherewithal to subsist, without the assistance of any thing but its own strength, and its own vertue*

vertue. *Let us then resolve to undergo the miseries of an eternal War, rather than sign a Peace with our Tyrants; for even the certainty of death should not fright us from doing our duty, since a glorious death is to be preferred before an ignominious life. Besides, imagine not there is any among us, that expects or pretends to be your King; for we absolutely declare to you, that our design aims only at the destruction of the Tyrant, and that we act upon no other Principles than those of the Publick Good, Justice and Glory. Let us then couragiously take up arms; for, as I have already told you, it were henceforth more dangerous to continue in Peace, than to begin a War. Let us revenge the innocent* Lucretia: *Let us maintain the priviledges of the* Vestals, *which* Tarquin *hath violated by detaining the Captives of* Ardea: *Let us recall Vertue into* Rome, *and to execute the first act of Authority: Let us expel* Tullia *out of our City: Let us shut the Gates of* Rome *against our Tyrants: Let us make good our Walls, if they assault us: And in a word, let us rather die like true Romans, than live any longer like infamous Slaves. And now, O ye just Gods (added* Brutus, *looking up to Heaven) who are the disposers of this World, and the Protectors of* Rome, *infuse a true desire of glory into the hearts of the people that hears me, and suffer not your Altars to be any longer prophaned by the unworthy Offerings of our Tyrants. And you, illustrious Founder of our City, whom Vertue hath ranked amongst the Immortal, suffer not your work to be destroyed; and let not* Rome, *which must one day be Mistress of the World, be any longer subject to the humours of the most cruel of Mankind, and suffer not vertue to be at such a distance from the Throne, as not to be secured against Vice, even in the houses of private persons. Divine* Egeria, *who inspired wise* Numa *with such holy Laws, infuse into all those that hear me, an ardent desire to destroy him, who hath so slightly observed them. Diana, Goddess of Chastity, to whom our late King hath built a sumptuous Temple, suffer not the chast* Lucretia *to be unrevenged. Ye sacred Guardians of our Houses, for whom we pretend to have a particular adoration, forsake us not, but resign up our enemies to our just vengeance. And finally, thou great* Jupiter, *Master of all the Gods, to whom the abominable* Tarquin *hath built a Temple, out of sacrilegious motives, curb this insupportable Tyrant, whose Pride is such as only Thunder can pull down. Revenge so many unfortunate men unjustly oppressed; hinder* Rome *from being destroyed, inflict the severest punishment on me that may be, if the love of my Country be not the only resentment of my heart; and as far as it is possible, infuse into all Romans the same resentments of treated for their Tyrants, as the heart of* Brutus *is at this time seised with, that* Rome *may be delivered, and all Romans put into a condition of happiness. Let us proceed (generous Romans) this is the last day of your Slavery; if you follow me, Victory expects us, and I see her already stretching out her Arms to us. Speak, that I may know whether your apprehensions are the same with mine, or at least satisfie me by certain signs, what you would, or would not have. For if it be true, that I and my friends are the only true Romans, and such as only deserve so glorious a name; and that nevertheless we must quit all hope of delivering our Country: This Ponyard (added he, lifting up his arm) that hath pierced the heart of* Lucretia, *and which I preserve to pierce that of the Tyrant, if opportunity befriend me, shall presently run through my own, and ease me of life, which I cannot any longer preserve with pleasure or reputation.*

At these words the friends of *Brutus, Aronces, Valerius, Herminius, Lucretius* and *Collatine*, beginning to cry out all together, *Liberty, Liberty*, all that infinite multitude made the same cry, and expressed it self by a thousand tumultuous voices, that it was absolutely resolved to shake off the the yoke of Tyranny. But *Brutus*, whom the love of *Lucretia* made then more active than that of his Country, caused the Body of this admirable Woman to be laid at the entrance into the Temple, placing some of the Inhabitants of *Collatine* to guard it; which done, conferring with *Aronces, Lucretius, Collatine, Valerius, Herminius, Artemidorus, Zenocrates, Amilcar, Celeres, Mutius*, and divers others, who offered their services to him, it was resolved, that the first thing was to be done, was to secure the Gates. But the Liberty of *Clelia* being the main business of *Aronces* in this deliverance of *Rome*, he was of opinion, that while *Brutus* went to seise himself of the Gates of the City, it were fit another party of such as took up Arms for them, should be sent to take in *Tarquin*'s Palace, so to secure *Tullia*, and to hinder the illustrious daughter of *Clelia* from being exposed (during this Tumult) either to the insolencies of his Guards, or the cruelty of the abominable *Tullia*. This Proposal of *Aronces* seeming not unnecessary, a Party was assigned him for that purpose; nay, they permitted *Artemidorus, Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* to follow him: and *Brutus* getting into the head of all those who had already taken up Arms, went to possess himself of the Gates.

The first Gate he came to, was that which they called the *Carmental* gate, which was between the *Tarpeian* Rock of the *Tiber*: Next he went

to that which is near *Janus*'s Temple, and the *Viminal* Hill: then to *Romulus*'s gate, towards the *Palatine* Hill: and lastly, to that which is called *Pendana*, or otherwise *Romulida*: But as he went he made a strange alteration in this great City. In a short hours time all the Temples were opened, all Shops shut up, the whole People were in Arms, all the Women went to their Devotions, and there was nothing to be heard through all the streets of *Rome*, but Imprecations against *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, Complaints for the deplorable death of *Lucretia*, and the Praises of *Brutus*. The *Salii* began to sing in their Temples, to demand the liberty of *Rome*, and doubled their care for the preservation of that *miraculous Buckler*, which was confounded amongst eleven others like it, lest it should be stolen. The *Vestals* came all about their sacred Fire to beg the same thing of the Goddess *Vesta*; the great High Priest sacrificed for the same purpose: So that these examples of Piety authorizing the Insurrection, had no small influence over the minds of the People.

In the mean time, the creatures of *Tarquin*, those whom like so many slaves to him he had thrust into the Senate, or the executioners of his Cruelties, were at a strange loss; for the rising proved so sudden and so general, that they had only time to flee to *Tullia*, who was now in such a condition as she was never in before. Now as it happens that in all popular insurrections there is ever a third party that minds only Plunder; and endeavours to enrich it self by anothers loss: *Herminius* who much feared the disorder, desired *Valerius*'s leave to place a Guard at his house, lest the excellent *Valeria* should be exposed to any affronts; as also to dispose another at *Sivelias*, where *Rœcilia*, *Hermilia*, and *Collatina* then were, with the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus*, who yet knew not any thing of the Tumult, in regard this House was in a street somewhat distant from the place where it began. But it happened that *Mutius*, *Herminius*'s Rival (who had been one of the first that joyned with *Brutus*) was come, out of the same apprehension, to *Valerius*'s door, with the same design as *Herminius*: So that these two Rivals asking one the other what brought them thither, they very roundly satisfied one another. But *Herminius* being at the same time both generous and discreet, though naturally of a fiery nature, broke not forth into any violence upon this accident; but speaking to *Mutius*, I beseech you, said he to him, let our difference remain undecided, till we have delivered *Rome*; and if you will take my advice, let us endeavour to deserve *Valeria* by the destruction of *Tarquin*, for our valour this day is only due to our Country. I am content (replied *Mutius*) but I think not fit to depart hence, if you allow me not to leave here as many of my people, as you do of yours; which being accordingly done, *Mutius* returned to *Brutus*, and *Herminius* went to his vertuous Mothers to place also a Guard there. But before he came, the noise of what had hapned to *Lucretia*, and the rising of the City was gotten thither, so that the Prince of *Pometia*, who was then entertaining his dear *Hermilia*, and *Titus* who was talking with *Collatina*, were extremely disordered; for being both very vertuous, *Sextus*'s crime caused in them a certain horrour. The Tumult in the mean time still encreased, and they were not ignorant that *Rœcilia* and *Sivelia* loved not *Tarquin*, and that they could not in honour forsake their Mother, how wicked soever she might be; wherefore there was a necessity they should part with *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, but after the most cruel manner in the World, since they had not the liberty to speak any thing to them in particular: 'Tis true, their eyes bid them a sad and sensible adieu. But the Prince of *Pometia* was somewhat happier than *Titus*, for he had the time to tell his dear *Hermilia* in few words, that he was extremely afflicted to leave her. Alas, Madam, said he to her with a low voice, if what is reported of *Sextus* be true, I fear the Gods will henceforth forsake all the *Tarquins*, and that I must take my last leave of you; for I look on his crimes as so horrid, that I think it but just to be punished for it, for no other reason, than that I am his Brother. If this unhappiness befall me, added he, pity my sad destiny: But though my Father lose his Kingdom for it, I shall have some comfort, if I lose not your affection.

Having said this, he was forced to accompany the Prince his Brother, and they were hardly come to the stair-foot, but *Herminius*, who had a great esteem for them, meets them, followed by those whom he intended to place as a Guard at *Sivelias*, till the Tumult were over. This meeting surprised them very much; for the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* seeing *Herminius* followed by people in Arms, easily apprehended from his being in *Rome* in that posture, that the danger was greater than they had thought it. *Herminius* on the other side, who infinitely esteemed them, and was indeed much obliged to them, in that divers times they had opposed the King their Father in his behalf, who knew that it was for his sake they affected not *Mutius*, and met them thus in his Mothers house, was extremely troubled what to do; for it was unquestionably fit they should be secured, had he only considered the design he was upon: but thinking with himself, that Honour, Generosity, and the very consideration of Hospitality permitted him not to do it, he chose the more noble side, and speaking to them: How sorry am I for your sake, my Lords (saith he) that you are Brothers to *Sextus*, and are obliged to be entangled in his ruine; and how sorrow am I for my own, that I am forced to be of a party contrary to yours: Yet to assure you that I have a respect for Vertue where-ever I find it, and will do you all the favour lies in my power, and haply somewhat more than I ought, I offer you a Guard to the Gate of the City which is now nearest; nor indeed can you take any other resolution. You are without Arms, you have none with you but slaves, the whole City is risen, there is nothing can oppose us, and deliberate a minute longer, I shall not haply be in a capacity to protect you. The Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* hearing *Herminius* speak in this manner, were much surprised at it, for they knew his reality, and doubted not the certainty of what he said: Notwithstanding they stuck a little

tle at the resolution they were to take: but hearing a great noise in the street opposite to that through which they were to pass, and seeing there was no choice to be stood upon, they accepted *Herminius*'s proffer, but with intention to go out of the City, and to get into the Palace, where *Tullia* was, by a secret door that *Herminius* knew not of, in regard it was built in his absence from *Rome*. To be short, having acknowledged *Herminius*'s generosity, and regretted their own misfortune, they were brought to a Gate of the City which *Brutus* had not as yet possessed himself of, conducted thither by *Herminius* himself, who having upon his return placed a Guard at *Sicelias*, drew up to *Brutus*, who presently came to that Gate, at which the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* went out.

It hapned in the mean time, that this generous action of *Herminius* was so far from being prejudicial to the common cause, that it advantaged it; for these two Princes being gallant and withal vertuous persons, their presence might haply have cooled the zeal of those who took up Arms against *Tarquin*. He did not therefore conceal from *Brutus* what he had done, assoon as he was come up to him. But as it is impossible to preserve any Order amongst a multitude of people that takes up Arms on a sudden, *Rome* was in a most deplorable condition; for though the whole City were up, yet every quarter not satisfied it was so, busied it self in making Barricadoes against the others. Those of the *Capitol* fortified themselves apart, lest some one of the *Tarquins* should possess himself of the *Arx* that was on that Hill. Those of the *Palatine* hill did the like; and those of the *Aventine* cut down almost all the old Lawrels, wherewith their Hill was in a manner covered, to block up the ways. They also guarded both ends of the *Sublician* Bridge by which *Ancus Martius* had joyned the Hill of *Janiculum* to *Rome*. Those also of the *Quirinal* Hill fortified themselves, as did also all the quarters of that famous City. There was also a Guard at the *Circus*, lest it might have been made a certain Fort: Those of the *Sacred* street barricado'd themselves: Those of the great street of *Apollo* did the like: that called *Eros* did the like: the street of the *three Ways* which was very populous divided it self, and was the only part of *Rome* where the Inhabitants disagreed. But for those that lived in the *Cyprian* street, never was there such fury heard of as they expressed against their Tyrants, for it having hapned that it was in that street the cruel *Tullia* caused her Chariot to pass over the corps of her Father, they conceived themselves obliged above all the rest, to signalize their animosity against her: And indeed these were they who contrary to *Brutus*'s intention, plundred certain Houses that belonged to some Creatures of *Tarquin*, and kill'd some that fled from them, though they made no opposition.

Brutus having thus possessed himself of the Gates, and desirous to know what success *Aronces* had in his enterprise, he was for some time in no small disquiet, for he was informed that all those places I have named were barricado'd: So that not being able at first to infer any thing thence but that the City was divided, he had some reason to fear, that his Design would not prove effectual, that *Lucretia* should not be revenged, and *Rome* not delivered from her Tyrants; yet did not his great Heart fail him, but without any further debate he went from quarter to quarter, from Hill to Hill, from one place to another, and was extreamly satisfied to find that all the Romans were of the same party. So that having acquainted them all that they were guided by the same *Genius*, such an infinite number of people followed him, that the multitude proved a hindrance to him.

Having therefore given Orders every where, he went to see what posture *Aronces* was in, who had it seems met with a greater resistance then he had expected. For all *Tarquin*'s creatures being tumultuously gotten about *Tullia* she had a many hands with her, such as being by their own Interests obliged to defend themselves, did it very obstinately. 'Tis true *Aronces* behaved himself extraordinarily in this adventure. As for the cruel *Tullia*, when they told her of the first beginning of the Commotion, she laughed at it, and thought it would come to nothing; and when they acquainted her with her Son's crime, and *Lucretias* death, this detestable woman said, that if *Sextus* had caused *Collatine* to be poisoned out of the way, before he had made any love to his wife, she had never killed her self. But when she understood for earnest that the whole City was risen; and that they were coming to seize her in her Palace, she was hurried into the greatest fury and rage possible. She would needs go up into a Fort which looked into the spacious place before the Palace, but the people who were already gotten together there in Arms had no sooner seen her, but they gave her all the abusive language she deserved; So that not seeing any safety in exposing her self to the violence of an incensed multitude, she thought it her best course to make good the Palace, and to send to *Tarquin*, hoping he might come time enough to hinder this Tumult from proving his destruction. But at the same time as she was sending to *Tarquin* she commanded a ponyard to be brought, poyson to be prepared, and that the Palace might be set on fire, if she were forced to fly at the Sally-port which was in the Moat; which done, being desirous to have the sole disposal of *Clelia*, she sent for her Keeper, to entreat him to translate her into that part of the Palace where she was, that so (said she to him) she may be more secure during the Tumult. But this man being sufficiently acquainted with the intentions of *Tullia*, answered her, that he durst not remove that Captive out of the palace where she was; that he had sent to *Tarquin* assoon as the rising broke forth, and expected his Orders concerning her; whereupon he withdrew, and putting himself in the head of his Companions, would not return any more to *Tullia*, though she sent for him divers times.

On the other side, the Prince of *Pometia* and

Titus, compassing the Walls of the City to reach the Sally-port, whereat they hoped to get into the Palace, walked with an incredible disturbance; for being discreet and vertuous, they detested their Brother's crime, and easily fore-saw how dangerous the consequences of that Insurection might be. But when they reflected on the concernment they had in this unjust action, they were almost perswaded to return into *Rome*, and put themselves at the head of those who endeavoured to revenge *Lucretia*; for *Titus* was in love with the Sister in Law of the Illustrious deceased, and the Prince of *Pometia* with *Hermilia*, who was an intimate friend of *Lucretias*. 'Tis true, he would have been much more afflicted if he had known her to be *Brutus*'s sister, and that *Brutus* was the the Leader of that exasperated multitude which had taken up Arms.

Things being in this posture, *Aronces*, followed by *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Celeres*, and those whom *Brutus* had commanded to obey him, was gone to set upon the Palace where *Tullia* was, hoping either to take it, or force her from *Rome*, but principally to deliver *Clelia*. And indeed this Illustrious (but unhappy Prince) did prodigious things in this business; and having broke open the outer-gate, he was the first with his Sword in his hand to assault those who made it good, and indeed did it with extraordinary resolution; for the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus* (who were at last got into the Palace at the afore said Port were in person in this outer Court, both giving Orders, and fighting themselves. What was most observable in this engagement, was, that the cruel *Tullia*, who saw all from her chamber window, and the admirable *Clelia*, who with *Plotina* was gotten to that little grate, whence she had seen the Body of him who should have delivered her, when *Amilcar* was with her, were both Spectators of it: So that when the valiant *Aronces*, seconded by his Illustrious Friends, had at length caused those to retreat who made good the gate he had broke open, he spies the cruel *Tullia* at the Window before him, and the admirable *Clelia* at another on his left hand, so that having before him at the same time, the only object of his love, and one of the greatest objects of his hatred, it much augmented his Valour, especially finding the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* at the head of theirs, it seemed to him a matter of great Reputation. The fight that happened in this outer Court, was long and resolute on both sides; for it being fortifi'd with a certain Rayl two steps from the ground, and that there was an ascent of certain stairs to come into it, it was a great advantage to *Aronces*'s enemies. However *Aronces* forced them so far twenty times, and was himself as often forced back to the Gate.

But while this Combate lasted, *Clelia* suffered something beyond all imagination, for she saw every minute her dear *Aronces* in a possibility to be dispatch'd; She had divers reasons why she should fear she might prove the cause of his death: For observing that *Aronces* in the very heat of that tumultuous Engagement, turned his head divers times towards the window where she was, she was so much afraid it might prejudice him, that she would have been glad to have been thence. But all considered, her curiosity to see what should happen to her dear Protector being the stronger, she staid to behold that furious Combat, which certainly had something of more violence then is ordinarily observed in any engagements of War. For the Romans who followed *Aronces* were so enraged and so impatient to become Masters of the Tyrants Palace, where there was excellent good Plunder, that of what humour soever they were, none wanted motives to fight, The Covetous considered the riches of the Booty; the Generous the destruction of *Tarquin*; *Aronces*'s friends, the liberty of *Clelia*, the Vertuous generally on the chastisement of *Tullia*, and revenge of *Lucretia*.

There wanted not also on the other side divers causes of an extraordinary Valour: For as to the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, though they had a horrour for the Crimes of their Father, Mother, and Brother, yet a Throne lying at stake, all they could pretend to was in hazard, and for those who accompanied them, they were so far perswaded that if they were taken, the people would tear them to peices, that they made an incredible opposition; insomuch that there was not any thing of this nature heard of before, then being so many people kill'd in this Encounter, that the place where they fought was covered over with dead Bodies.

But that which had in likelihood proved the ruine of *Aronces*, was, that while he fought and forced the Valiant Princes, he had before him, up to a certain Lodge, *Tullia* sent out others by a gate that was on the right hand, who shut *Aronces* in, and immediately thereupon Barricaded the Gate which he had broke open, by which means he was shut into the outer Court of the Palace, and could not be relieved from without. There was indeed some opposition made against those who executed the Orders of *Tullia*, but at last they were effected, *Aronces* being at that same time particularly engaged with the Prince of *Pometia*. For *Zenocrates*, he dealt with Prince *Titus*; and for *Amilcar* and *Celeres*, they endeavoured to get within the Rayl, to make way for some of their men, and declined forcing the Lodge, which was so obstinately maintained.

But when *Aronces* understood by the cries of those that fought behind him, that the Orders he had given for the guarding of the Gate which he had forced, had not been observed, he gave himself in a manner for lost, for he could not fight in two places, having not so great a Force as that he could any way divide it. Upon this the greater part of his men were more troubled how to force a passage out of the Court, then desirous to take in the Lodge. But this being not the design of *Aronces*, who would have chosen rather to die then to retreat, and quit his resolution of delivering *Clelia*; No, no (said he to those who minded only the forcing of the Gate) it is not there that we must fight; for Persons truly Valiant never go out at the same places by which they came in.

in: Follow me therefore *Romans*, for that way that you would go, there is nothing to be expected but ſlavery, and the way I bring you into, leads you into Liberty.

Aronces pronounced theſe words as if he had been really aſſured of Victory; ſo that all drawing up to him, he made a freſh attempt; but did it with ſo much courage, and was ſo well ſeconded by all his friends, and particularly *Zenocrates*, that the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus* were found to give ground. *Aronces* forced them to quit the Lodge, and all they could do, was to ſacrifice part of ther people for a ſafe Retreat into the Palace, with much ado to keep out their enemies from coming along with them.

Thoſe in the mean time who ſallyed out by the Orders of *Tullia*, to poſſeſs themſelves of the outer gate, no ſooner perceived that the Princes their Maſters had quitted the Lodge which they maintained, but they alſo forſook the gate they were to keep, and entred into the Palace the ſame way they came out; by which means *Aronces* and his Friends became abſolute Maſters of the Court. But being further deſirous to force the Palace-gate, the cruel *Tullia* commanded to be caſt on them a certain artificial Fire which *Tarquin* had made uſe of ſome time on the *Tiber*, in the time of the *Sabine* war: For there being ſome of that compoſition ſtill left, *Tullia* cauſed it be employed to the great diſcommodity of the Combatants, in regard the fire faſtned ſo on any thing it touched, that it could not be gotten off, nor put out, but with much difficulty. Beſides, ſhe cauſed to be thrown out at the windows whatever was proper to cruſh down her enemies; nay ſhe pulled down a certain row of Pillars, which ſtood on a Model on the top of her Palace, to overwhelm thoſe who ſhould endeavour to become Maſters of it. Thus though *Aronces* had no more enemies with ſwords in their hands, yet was he in greater danger then before; for from all the windows in the Palace they ſhot arrows, caſt this artificial fire, or threw ſomething to preſs down thoſe that it light upon.

In the mean time the valiant *Aronces*, not moved at the greatneſs of the danger, and thinking himſelf over-happy that his dear *Clelia* ſaw what danger he was in for her Liberty, notwithſtanding that tempeſt with Darts, Stones, and Fires, made uſe of the ſame Engine, which he had before employed to break open the outer gate: for *Lucretius* being Governor of *Rome*, had furniſhed him with it, when he firſt ſet upon the Palace.

Things being in this Poſture, *Brutus* who was become Maſter of *Rome* without any reſiſtance, comes to the place, having given order for all things elſe-where. But he comes thither followed by *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Lucretius*, *Collatine*, *Brutus*, and an infinite multitude of armed people: So that *Tullia* and the Princes her Sons ſeeing that the Inner-gate of the Palace would be forced, and that it was impoſſible for them to hold out till the arrival of *Tarquin*, took a very ſtrange reſolution; for the Gate being broken open, and falling, *Aronces* ſpies in a great Entry a many combuſtible things heap'd together, which *Tullia* had cauſed to be brought thither on a ſudden, and which ſhe had ſet on fire when ſhe went away: ſo that inſtead of finding armed People to make good that Gate, *Aronces* and his Friends ſaw only a great eruption of flames which denyed them entrance after a very ſtrange manner. This Illuſtrious Prince therefore being forced to retreat, turned his eyes towards the window whence he had obſerved *Clelia*, and where he then ſaw her; but he now ſees her in ſuch a poſture as pierced his heart; for he perceived her clinging to the Grate, to avoid going with certain men who would have forced her thence, and looking towards him to demand his aſſiſtance: Soon after he loſt ſight both of her and *Plotina*, nor could he any more ſee the cruel *Tullia*; ſo that imagining in all likelyhood that this unjuſt Princeſs had tranſlated *Clelia* ſomewhere elſe, and that ſhe was in her power, he felt ſomething it is impoſſible to expreſs. Coming therefore up to *Brutus* and *Herminius*, he told them what a confuſion he was in. He had no ſooner acquainted them with it, but *Brutus* having told them there was a ſecret door to the Palace, he doubted not but that *Tullia* and her people had reſolved on an eſcape. In a word, though there were divers things thrown out at the Windows, it was not with ſuch violence as before; ſo that it might eaſily be perceived the Palace was in a manner forſaken. Had there been no other concernments then thoſe of *Rome* and *Brutus*, it had been but neceſſary to let thoſe eſcape who endeavoured it, and render their Gods thanks that they were gone, not taking the trouble to purſue them. But the Liberty of *Clelia* being at the ſtake, though *Brutus*'s ſoul was fully taken up with the grief and revenge he took, and was to take of the death of *Lucretia*, and the Liberty of his Country, yet he told *Aronces* he ſhould have what force he pleaſed for to overtake *Tullia*, before ſhe ſhould joyn with *Tarquin*, who in all appearance would ſoon leave the Camp to come to *Rome*. But that nothing might be done but upon ſure grounds, whilſt they endeavoured by the help of Ladders to get in at the Windows, which were now forſaken: *Herminius* ſent immediately to the Walls to diſcover what people were flying in the fields, while, that no time ſhould be loſt, they ſent orders to thoſe who kept the Horſes whereon they came from *Collatina* to *Rome*, to bring them where they were.

In the mean time thoſe whom *Herminius* had ſent upon the Walls, returning ſaid the Fields were full of people running away, ſome with Arms, others without; ſome loaden with luggage, others not quite cloathed: ſome on horſeback, others afoot; and that amongſt the reſt, there were a many women. But that *Aronces* might no longer doubt whether *Clelia* were within the Palace, it hapned that thoſe whom *Tullia* had left to hold the Aſſailants in ſome play for

a while, fearing they might be ſurprized if they ſtayed too long, ſoon followed her: ſo that it being now eaſie to get in at ſome Windows, whence they had taken away the grates, they found the Palace abſolutely diſ-inhabited, there being left only the Prince of *Numidia*, who was ſtill very ſick, and ſome few other wretches, who having been hurt in the firſt Combate in the Court, were got in with the Princes, when the Lodge had been forced, and had ſtaid (though much againſt their Wills) in that forſaken Palace. Whilſt therefore *Lucretius* did what he could to quench the fire, *Aronces* having gotten into the Palace, went to *Clelias* Chamber, where he found her not. But what was moſt horrid of all, was, that he underſtood by ſome of the wounded, that *Tullia* had cauſed that Illuſtrious Roman to be taken away, againſt his Will, in whoſe cuſtody ſhe was, who yet would needs follow her. He underſtood further, that this cruel woman went thence, having *Clelia* in one hand, and a ponyard in the other: and that ſhe ſaid as ſhe went out, that if ſhe were purſued, and likely to be overtaken, ſhe would firſt kill *Clelia* with it, and afterward her ſelf. No ſooner had ſhe heard theſe cruel expreſſions, but he is filled with fury, and he was no leſs diſturbed at the fear of *Clelias* death, then *Brutus* was at that of *Lucretia*. In the mean time he was at a loſs what to do in ſuch an unhappy conjuncture, in as much as he was forced to ſtay for Horſes ere he could purſue *Tullia*, though he was much in doubt whether he ſhould do it or not; for if he followed her too weak, it would come to nothing: if he went with great force, he feared the cruel *Tulla* might really do what ſhe had threatned. Yet was he infinitely deſirous to follow her, and was in an extraordinary diſcompoſure, that he could not do it aſſoon as he wiſhed.

On the other ſide *Amilcar* ſought all the Palace over for the other Captives, but he could not learn any thing either of *Ceſonia* or *Danae*, or any of the reſt of their friends, only *Plotina* he underſtood had voluntarily followed *Clelia*.

But at laſt the fire being quenched, and thoſe who were gone for the Horſes having brought them, *Brutus* and *Aronces* conſulted with all their Friends, and having well conſidered the ſtate of affairs, and underſtood from the wounded Soldiers that remained in the Palace, that *Tullia* had ſent for *Tarquin*, and that when ſhe went thence, ſhe thought him far on his way to *Rome*; it was reſolved, that *Lucretius* and *Valerius* ſhould remain at *Rome*, to take all neceſſary orders there, and to ſhut the Gates againſt the Tyrant, if he ſhould offer to enter in; for it might be eaſily imagined, that in an occaſion of ſuch importance as this was, *Tarquin* would not bring with him too great Force, in regard it would take up too much time; beſides, that it was likely enough he might think it no hard matter to appeaſe this Tumult. It was alſo conceived that *Sextus* would be retired into ſome place, that ſo he might not incenſe the people by his preſence: So that *Brutus* reſigning himſelf to the juſtice of heaven, to his own great heart and conduct, undertook to put the Camp into the ſame diſorder as he had done *Rome*. To that end, he told them, he would take ſuch a way, as that in all likelyhood he ſhould not meet *Tarquin*, and, that *Clelia* might not be neglected, a Force ſhould be aſſigned *Aronces*, wherewith to follow *Tullia*, and do what he thought conducing to the ſafery of that admirable perſon. The Deſign of *Brutus* ſeemed at firſt ſomewhat too high, but he ſo far ſatisfied his friends, that it were vain to make a riſing in *Rome*, if *Tarquin* continued Maſter of the Army; and in fine, he ſpoke to them with ſo much authority, that, they could not but comply with him. However it was not thought fit he ſhould go without any Guard; whereſore having found that they could preſently ſend out two hundred Horſe, *Brutus* took fifty of them, and aſſigned the reſt to *Aronces*. But the difficulty was to get out of *Rome*; for the Romans who then looked on *Brutus* as their Tutelary Deity, oppoſed it with ſo much earneſtneſs, that it was like to cauſe a general diſorder throughout the City; and there were above two hours ſpent ere they could be perſwaded, that it was for their Intereſt that *Brutus* went out of *Rome*.

Aronces on the other ſide, had as much ado to get out as he, and they were both encompaſſed by ſuch a multitude of people, that though they were the deliverers of *Rome*, they were not Maſters of themſelves: So that it was almoſt night ere *Brutus* and *Aronces* could get out of the City, which was no ſmall affliction to this diſconſolate Lover, whoſe buſineſs was to ſeek out his Miſtreſs

But when theſe two unfortunate Lovers were gotten out of *Rome*, their friends were divided, *Herminius* and *Mutius* ſtood for *Brutus*, conceiving themſelves more obliged to him, as being Romans, and *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, were of *Aronces* ſide. But though they were divided as to Intereſts, yet did they joyntly wiſh the proſperity of their ſeveral deſigns. For *Aronces*, he took the way that he was told *Tullia* had taken, who he underſtood had taken up two Chariots at a houſe ſhe had within two miles of *Rome*, for ſhe went from the Palace on horſeback. But for *Brutus*, he wheeled about another way into the Camp without meeting *Tarquin*, and he was ſo fortunate, as to reach it juſt at the break of day. Nay, it happened ſo critically, that by the ſame time that *Tarquin* had got to *Rome*, *Brutus* came to the Camp, where he no ſooner arrived, but he underſtood that *Sextus* was gone out of the way, as ſoon as the report of the inſurrection at *Rome* was brought thither.

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In the mean time, how ſenſible ſoever *Brutus* might be of the death of *Lucretia*, the deſign he had to revenge it, was the reaſon that he ſpoke of nothing but joy, triumph, and liberty. In a word, this illuſtrious Roman going from Tent to Tent aſſembled all the Officers; but while he gets them together, he ſpeaks to all the Soldiers he meets, he tells them all that *Rome* is free, that *Tullia* had left it, that all the adherents of Tyranny were ſent out of the City; he aſſures them that *Tarquin* ſhould find the Gates ſhut againſt him, and entertains them with peace, reward, glory, and reſt. He repreſents to them the fruitleſs inconveniences they had ſuffered during the time of the Siege of *Ardea*, he calls them the true deliverers of their Country, if they have but the courage to declare themſelves; he intreats them, he importunes them; nay ſometimes he threatens them; he takes *Herminius* to witneſs of all he ſays, whoſe integrity he knew was well known; to their intereſts he adds thoſe of the Gods, and he ſpeaks to them after ſo confident and heroick a manner, that the prodigious change which they found in him, produced the ſame effect in the Camp as it had done in *Rome* and *Collatia*, and raiſed in them admiration and reſpect for him: So that the name of *Brutus*, and the word *Liberty* paſſing from mouth to mouth, the whole Camp fell into diſorder, and both Officers and Soldiers unanimouſly ſubmitting to *Brutus*, acknowledge him for their chief, and the deliverer of their Country. Whereupon ſending haſtily to acquaint thoſe of *Ardea*, that he reſtored them to that peace which *Tarquin* would take away from them, provided they would joyn with him againſt *Tarquin*, he raiſes the Siege and begins his march towards *Rome*, beſtowing the pillage of the Tyrants Tents upon the Soldiers, ſo to engage them by that act of hoſtility to perſiſt in their revolt.

But while *Brutus* ſeconded by his friends manages the affairs of the Camp with ſo much ſucceſs for the Liberty of his Country, and the revenge of *Lucretia*. *Tarquin* arrives at *Rome*, confident that his preſence would eſtabliſh his Authority there: But he was much miſtaken, when he ſaw the gates ſhut againſt him, and that ſome told him from the Walls, that the people of *Rome* baniſhed him for ever with all his Family, and declared him unworthy the name of a King, which he had with ſo much injuſtice uſurped. *Tarquin* having not with him at this time above four hundred horſe, was forced to retreat; but could not do it without horrid threats to thoſe who had denied him entrance; for he knew nothing of what was happened in the Camp, and thought he had no more to do to chaſtiſe *Rome*, than to raiſe the Siege of *Ardea*. But when in his return he underſtood by the King of *Cluſium*'s Envoy whom he met, as alſo by ſome of his own creatures, that his Army was coming againſt him under the command of *Brutus*, whom all obeyed and acknowledged for one of the greateſt men in the World, and by this means found himſelf without any aſſiſtances, between a City riſen againſt him and a revolted Army; he had certainly need to ſummon up all his Courage, to ſupport ſo great and ſo ſudden a Revolution. Upon the firſt relation of this ſtrange accident, he made a halt; then he asked whether they knew where *Tullia* was, and what was become of the Captives; for thoſe who came from the Camp told him they were gone from *Rome*. But being told that the Captives were in *Tullia*'s diſpoſal, and that ſhe had taken the way to *Tarquinia*, he alſo took the ſame and that with much diligence, commanding ſecretly two of his creatures whom he had employed in thouſands of Crimes, that if his enemies ſhould purſue him, and ſet on him with a party ſtronger than his own, they ſhould keep cloſe to his perſon, and if they ſaw him in any likelihood to be taken, kill him: For though I have a heart great enough to hinder me from falling into the hands of my enemies, ſaid he to them with his eyes full of fury, yet I fear my arm will prove too weak to diſpatch my ſelf, or ſhall miſs the firſt attempt I ſhall make on my ſelf, if I am forced to it. Hereupon he began to march, and this unjuſt Prince who ſaw himſelf overwhelm'd with all kinds of miſfortunes in an inſtant, and that through the crimes of his Son, or Wives, or his own, was ſo abominable, as not to have the leaſt remorſe; but employed his Wits to be revenged of thoſe whom Heaven uſed as inſtruments to puniſh him for uſurping a Kingdom, and ruling with ſo much cruelty and injuſtice.

Brutus in the mean time, though crowned with the glory of freeing two Cities at the ſame time, and being the deliverer of his Country, and the revenger of his dear *Lucretia*, was the moſt unfortunate man in the world, when it came into his mind that *Lucretia* was dead and *Sextus* alive. And indeed, though *Brutus* was of a nature gallant, mild, and the moſt obliging in the world, yet after the death of *Lucretia* he ſeemed to have changed his humour and temperament, and all his life after affected a certain auſtere vertue, wherein there ſeemed to be ſomething of roughneſs; nay, ſometimes ſomething of cruelty, to thoſe who were not informed of the ſecret of his heart, and could not gueſs at the true cauſe of his melancholy; and that inſatiable Ambition which though *Rome* were delivered, he had to root out the race of the *Tarquins*. Yet had he withal an admirable command of himſelf in this great occurrence, wherein it concerned him to confirm his Victory by his Preſence. For when he had diſpoſed his Troops about the Gates of *Rome*, he made his entrance, which was with extraordinary acclamations, and without any further delay, having returned the Gods thanks in *Janus*'s Temple, which he cauſed to be ſhut the more to aſſure the people, he called a Council of all the perſons of Quality in *Hoſtilius*'s Court,

as

as being the most convenient place of any for great Assembly. They were no sooner got together, but the people by an unanimous consent, having no lawful King, conferred all Authority on *Brutus* with this Title of *Consul*, only for one year. Which done, this new Consul ordained the Senate to consist of three hundred, which he chose with so little contestation that all the Citizens were satisfied.

But while *Brutus*, *Collatine*, *Valerius*, *Lucretius*, *Herminius* and *Mutius* were busied about the regulation of their City, so to perpetuate the liberty they had acquired, *Aronces*, the unfortunate *Aronces* met with a contrary destiny: For having parted from *Brutus* and been informed which way *Tullia* took, when she left the house where she had taken up the two Chariots; he followed it till he came to a place, where he understood that the multitude of people that followed *Tullia* was divided. In this place was he at a great loss, not knowing what resolution to take: He imagined indeed that his business being only to find out *Clelia*, it was more likely she was rather in that party where there were Chariots, than where there were only Horses, and he was not much mistaken; for he conceived that *Tullia* seeing her self far enough from *Rome*, had sent the Princes her Sons to the Camp, and kept on her way. And indeed it happened so, that this cruel Princess seeing her self in that extremity, would not take *Clelia* with her to the Camp, but thought better to carry her to *Tarquinia*: But she being in one Chariot, and having disposed the Captives into another, he who had the conduct of the latter being faithful to *Tarquin*, whose misfortune he had not yet understood, and making it his business to deliver *Clelia* out of the power of that cruel Princess; carried his business so handsomely, that he caused him who conducted the Chariot of the Captives to go somewhat slowly, so to be at a distance from that of *Tullia*, who having her mind persecuted with the memory of her Crimes, and the representation of the miseries would fall upon her, thought not on *Clelia*, as not suspecting any could be guilty of so great a presumption as to offer to take her away from her. She thought indeed at first to have taken her into her own Chariot, but the very sight of her being troublesome to her, she disposed her into the other, which going more slowly staid somewhat behind. This man therefore in order to his secret design, having caused the Axle-tree of the Chariot of the Captives to be broken, when it was taken up at the house by which *Tullia* had passed, told him who conducted it that he must overtake *Tullia*, and therefore must put on a little faster. But he had scarce gone a hundred paces ere the Axle-tree flew asunder, so that there was no going any further. Upon this accident he said they must needs leave the Chariot there, and that every one of his Companions should take one of the Captives behind him: So that these unfortunate Beauties not knowing what to do, and seeing that it was to no purpose to make any resistance, submitted, thinking they were all to follow *Tullia*. He who was the Author of the design, took *Clelia* into his charge; one of his Companions took *Plotina* behind him, another *Cassonia*, another *Donae*; and so some or other the rest of the Captives.

Now while these Captives were together, they had resolved to endeavour each to perswade him who carried her to bring them to *Rome* or *Ardea*, and the more to engage them to promise great rewards. Accordingly, *Clelia* was no sooner on horseback, but she began to intreat him who carried her to do an act of vertue, and carry her to *Rome*; promising him extraordinary rewards if he did it. She prevailed so far, that the fellow, who as I told you had his secret design in it, seemed to condescend; and making a little halt, he took the first way he came to on the right hand. But *Clelia* not desirous to be alone with him, intreated him to perswade his Companions, who had the charge of her friends to follow them; or at least that *Plotina* might accompany them: He answered, that if the business were communicated to so many, it would be discovered; but at length calling to him who carried *Plotina*, pretending he had broken something about his Bridle, he made him stay a little behind the rest: So that turning out of the way, and taking advantage of a little hill, they put on a good pace. But coming to a certain passage which *Plotina* knew, as being of the Country, she perceived the fellow instead of carrying them to *Rome*, drove towards *Ardea*: So that acquainting *Clelia* with it, that afflicted Beauty told him that he was out of his way, and that his design was to ruine them. By no means (replied he) for I deliver you out of the hands of a Princess who hates you, to put you into the power of a Prince who loves you.

At these words was *Clelia* extremely disquieted, for she chose much rather to be exposed to the cruelty of *Tullia* than the passion of *Tarquin*. And not knowing that that Prince was gone from before *Ardea*, and that he had neither Kingdom nor Army, *Clelia* was in an incredible disturbance: Insomuch that without any further deliberation she casts her self off the horse, the fellow not being able to hinder her, and calls *Plotina* to her assistance, who could not do as much, as being held fast by him who carried her. Not that *Clelia* had any hopes to save her self, but hoped only by making a little stay there, that the Gods whom she invoked would send her some relief.

In the mean time, *Tullia* having observed that the Chariot of the Captives followed not, caused her own to be staid, to know whence the disorder happen'd: But at last understanding that it was broke, she commanded

to be brought into hers, not out of any motive of goodneſs, but out of a conſideration of the moſt cruel jealouſie in the World: So that ſome that were about her putting themſelves in order to ſatisfie her, they called him who was charged with the conduct of that Beauty. But not finding him and acquainting *Tullia* with as much, ſhe commanded twelve of her people to purſue them, and to bring *Clelia* back or never to ſee her again. Theſe proving ſucceſsful in their ſearch, were come almoſt to the place where *Clelia* caſt her ſelf to the ground, and where ſhe yet was obſtinately refuſing to get up again: So that he who was to have brought her to *Tarquinia*, ſeeing theſe twelve Horſe approaching whom he preſently knew, he ſaw it was not his beſt courſe to return any more to *Tullia*, but to ſeek protection from *Tarquin*. He therefore attempted once more to perſwade *Clelia*, really thinking he did her a good Office: But Madam (ſaid he to her) you conſider not that *Tullia* would not have you in her power, but to put you to death. It matters not (anſwered the generous *Clelia*) I would rather ſuffer death, than the love of your unjuſt Prince.

She had no ſooner ſaid this, but ſhe perceives a great body of Horſe towards *Ardea*, and imagining they were ſome of *Tarquin*'s Troops, ſhe began to run croſs a Meadow, before thoſe whom *Tullia* had ſent to take her, though ſhe doubted not much but that ſhe ſought her own death. She had not gone twenty paces, but turning about to ſee whether ſhe was followed, ſhe perceives twenty horſe drawn off from the Body ſhe had ſeen, making towards her as faſt as they could ride: So that conceiving they would eaſily overtake her, ſhe ſtood ſtill, ſeeing indeed ſhe could do no otherwiſe; for thoſe twelve horſe diſcovering that they whom they ſaw, were not of *Tarquin*'s Forces ran away; and he who would have carried *Clelia* to the Tyrant perceiving it alſo, got up on Horſeback, and provided for himſelf, and his companion to diſburden himſelf of *Plotina*, ſet her down and followed him.

Hereupon theſe two Beauties being met again, and reſolving to die together, were much ſurpriſed to ſee *Horatius* riding before thoſe twenty Horſe, which were drawn off from their Body: For though *Clelia* loved him not, nay might indeed charge him with all the misfortunes of her life, as having hindred her to marry *Aronces* near *Capua*, and knew that he did hate that illuſtrious Prince, and was by him reciprocally hated; yet in regard he was a vertuous man, and had a reſpect for her, beſides an infinite love, it was ſome joy to her to ſee that ſhe was not any longer ſubject to the violences of *Tarquin*. *Horatius* on the other ſide, being come in the head of theſe twenty Horſe, out of no other conſideration than that of Humanity, to relieve women whoſe condition he ſaw was ſuch as needed relief, was no leſs amazed to find the admirable *Clelia*. He preſently alights, and coming towards her with infinite reſpect; Well, Madam, (ſaid he to her) ſhall I obtain pardon for having carried you away from *Capua*, by bringing you to *Rome*; now that it is delivered from that cruel Tyrant, who hath ſo often ſought the life of the Generous *Clelius*.

I know not (replied ſhe) whether the crime you ſpeak of is of ſuch a nature as may be abſolutey pardoned; but I am certain you will put an extraordinary obligation on me if you bring me to *Rome*, ſince *Tarquin* hath no more to do there. But *Horatius* (added ſhe) may I truſt you? You may Madam (replied he) and if I bring you not immediateiy to *Rome*, account me the moſt infamous of Mankind: For in a word, (I profeſs to you) conſidering the obligations which it hath pleaſed my deſtiny my Rivals ſhould caſt on me, I will never prejudice him by any other ways than thoſe of my addreſſes, my ſervices, and my own Vertue. But Madam, (added he) we muſt loſe no time, for there have happened ſo great changes in one day, that methinks all ſhould change again in one day: Therefore give me leave to ſet you on a Horſe which you ſhall guide your ſelf, that ſo you may not ſuſpect I have any deſign to force you any where, and may the more willingly permit me to be your Conductor.

Notwithſtanding all this, *Clelia* would needs be aſſured by a new Engagement, that *Horatius* would bring her to *Rome*; which done, this illuſtrious Roman chuſing out a Horſe among thoſe that followed him, cauſed one of his people to attend and conduct *Clelia*, and another to take *Plotina* behind him; and ſo without any further ſtay he took his way to *Rome*, followed by the whole Body which had overtaken him.

But *Clelia* being extremely deſirous to know the State of affairs, whereof ſhe had not heard any thing, ſince ſhe had ſeen her dear *Aronces* expoſed to ſo great danger (for her ſake) in the Palace Court, intreated *Horatius* to acquaint her with what he knew. He therefore told her, that *Brutus* had wrought a revolt in the Camp; that he had ſent word to *Ardea* that *Rome* would have peace with her, adding that for his own particular, to come as ſoon as he could to her, he had got together two hundred Horſe, with intention to caſt himſelf into *Rome*, having not been certainly informed that *Tullia* had carried her with her. *Horatius* had ſcarce told her thus much, but he underſtood from ſome of his men who went before, that there was ſeen in the Plain into which they were entring, a very deſperate Fight between two parties very unequal in number, for there might very well be on one ſide, three or four hundred Horſe, and there ſeemed not to be on the other much above an hundred. This intelligence put *Horatius* into ſome diſorder, for he muſt needs think it could be no other than *Tarquin*, who he knew had taken with him from the Camp three or four hundred Horſe, and conceived he muſt have met with ſome of thoſe who had revolted from him: So that his heart being divided between Love and

Honour, he knew not whether he ſhould go and relieve thoſe who ſtood in need of his aſſiſtance, or make it his buſineſs to conduct *Clelia* ſafely to *Rome*. But to make a mean between both, and to know at leaſt more certainly what the matter was, he ſent ſome of his men to make diſcovery, and lay cloſe behind a little hill.

Clelia, who little imagined that the Illuſtrious *Aronces* was engaged in a dangerous fight againſt *Tarquin*, and thought he had been in *Rome*, or with *Brutus*, was very importunate with *Horatius*, not to trouble himſelf about any thing, but to bring her into ſome place of ſafety. And indeed, her inſinuations were ſo prevalent, that he ſeeing thoſe whom he had ſent out, returned not ſo ſoon as he expected, he could no longer endure that *Clelia* ſhould be in any fear of falling into the hands of *Tarquin*. So that he turned out of the way he would have gone, leaving only two of his men, to bid thoſe whom he had ſent, when they were returned, to follow him the way he ſhould lead them, which was the neareſt to go to *Rome*. But theſe two waited to no purpoſe, for thoſe who had been ſent out to diſcover the Parties that were engaged, had been forced to fight themſelves, *Tarquin*, who had ſoon perceived them, having ordered thirty of his men to engage them, out of a fear of being ſurpriſed by ſome freſh ſupplies; and accordingly, they had been either taken Priſoners, or cut to pieces: Beſides, that *Tarquin* having been informed by thoſe who had been taken, that *Horatius* was not far from him with two hundred Horſe, and eaſily inferring that if he joyned with *Aronces*, he were utterly loſt, ſince that valiant Prince found him ſo much work with ſo ſmall a handful of men, he commanded his people to make one final attempt to overcome him; for till then, in regard he was Son to a King, who was his Ally, from whom he expected Protection, he had given Order that he ſhould not be killed. But conſidering the importunity of his preſent condition, he was obliged not to debate the buſineſs any longer: So that *Aronces* was in an extreme danger; for he had about an hundred Horſe left, and had almoſt four hundred to deal with.

Beſides all this, the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus* had joyned their Father, and being obliged to fight for their Father how wicked ſoever he might be, they engaged *Aronces* with an incredible Courage, though they had an infinite eſteem for him. 'Tis true, the Valour this Prince expreſſed that day was ſo prodigious, that there never was ſeen any thing like it; for he was ſeveral times ſurrounded by his enemies, yet could they neither take him Priſoner, nor hurt him. He killed (in a manner at *Tarquin*'s Elbow) that valiant *Hellius*, with whom he had ſome time fought near *Ardea*: and if *Tarquin* had not uſed a ſubtle ſhift, he might have been overcome by him, ſo ſignal was his Valour, and ſo worthily was it ſeconded by that of *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*.

To this may be added, that the Romans whom he had with him, were in ſo much fear of falling into the power of *Tarquin*, that they behaved themſelves ſo much the more gallantly. But at laſt *Tarquin* having cauſed ſome of his people to make out-cries, as if *Rome* were returned to its Duty to him, and that his Army had changed their reſolutions; thoſe who were with *Aronces* taking Alarm at this falſe report, though he did all that lay in his power to hinder them from believing it, ran away; ſo that he was left alone with his four Friends, amidſt ſo great a number of Enemies; yet would he not yield, till that there was no other remedy, after he had received a wound in his right Arm; but at laſt he was forced to ſubmit to the multitude by which he was ſurrounded, and become the Priſoner of a King, who had loſt both his Kingdom and his Army.

But that this adventure might prove yet more inſupportable to him, it hapned that *Tarquin*, whom it concerned to treat him, had indeed an extraordinary care of him, out of ſome conſiderations of Policy only, though he hated him moſt horridly, both as a Lover of *Clelia*, and that he found him in Arms againſt him; ſo that after he had put a Guard upon him, and thoſe Friends of his who met with the ſame Fortune, except *Amilcar*, who made a ſhift to eſcape after he had been taken, it hapned that *Tarquin* cauſing *Aronces* to be dreſſed at the firſt Houſe he met in his way, one of *Horatius*'s men, who had been taken by ſome of *Tarquin*'s, ſtanding near him when he was dreſſed, knew him, and made acquaintance with him. *Aronces* who could not want a curioſity for ſuch a Rival, asked him by what adventure he came thither, and where his Maſter was? To which this man, being of the humour of thoſe, who when they relate things, love to circumſtantiate, anſwered, That *Horatius* recovering at length of his wounds, found himſelf in a condition to caſt himſelf into *Rome*; that told him how he had found *Clelia*, highly expreſſing the ſatisfaction that Beauty had in meeting him ſo ſeaſonably, aſſuring him that he was to carry her to *Rome*, and that they would be there very ſuddenly. The firſt apprehenſions of *Aronces*, were extremely confuſed and entangled; for after a long fear that *Clelia* might periſh through the cruelty of the implacable *Tullia*, he arrived to a ſlender comfort, when he underſtood that ſhe was not in her power. He was notably diſſatisfied that ſhe went to *Rome*, as alſo that ſhe was quite out of the reach of *Tarquin*'s violence, and *Sextus*'s; but when after all he conſidered, that ſhe was fallen into the hands of a Rival, a perſon of ſo great worth as *Horatius*, one who had ſuch an advantage over him, as to render him ſo conſiderable a ſervice; and withal ſaw himſelf wounded, and Priſoner to a Prince, who he knew loved *Clelia*, and who would not fail to return him to the King his Father, and to engage him into his Intereſts, he thought himſelf the moſt unfortunate man in the world, for he fore-ſaw what in reaſon ſhould be the conſequence of ſo croſs an accident. Accordingly when

when he was on Horſe-back, and forced to follow a Prince, whom Fortune had forſaken, and who went for refuge to *Ceres*, intending to ſend thence to Treat with *Porſenna*, he entertained himſelf after the ſaddeſt manner that could be. For when he called to mind with what eagerneſs he wiſhed *Romes* Liberty, and *Tarquin*'s Ruine, and conſidered that the Misfortune of that Prince was the only cauſe that he was his Priſoner, he acknowledged in himſelf, that men were guilty of great raſhneſs, when they preſumed to deſire any thing preciſely of the Gods; ſince that many times what they deſire, proves more prejudicial to them than what they fear: So that not daring in a manner to wiſh any thing, for fear of making any wiſhes againſt himſelf, he was extremely afflicted, eſpecially when he conſidered that *Clelia* was in a place where he had two very conſiderable Rivals; that himſelf in all likehood ſhould be turned over a Priſoner to the King his Father, and ſaw not any thing from whence he might derive the leaſt comfort; but the hopes he had in the Friendſhips of the Illuſtrious *Brutus*, and the generous *Herminius*.

The End of the Second Part of CLELIA.

CLELIA,

AN

EXCELLENT

NEW

ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO

MADEMOISELLE de LONGUEVILLE.

The THIRD PART.

Written in French by the Exquisite Pen of *Monsieur de Scudery*, Governour of *Nostredame de la Gard.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Dorman Newman* and *Thomas Cockerel.* 1678.



Комплиментъ

TO THE ACCOMPLISH'D LADY, THE LADY Conſtance Enyon.

MADAM,

THE Opinion I have of your Goodneſs muſt needs be very great, when I think the preſumption I am guilty of, in this addreſs ſo innocent and juſtifiable, that I do not much doubt your pardon. It is certainly no ſmall one in me, to make uſe of your name, to do that, which of all things, I take the greateſt pride and pleaſure in; that is, confidence to let the World know, I cannot receive a favour with half as much freedom and ſatisfaction, as I can acknowledge it. To thoſe I have received from Your ſelf, I cannot but add the many extraordinary Obligations, I am indebted to your noble Relations, and particularly thoſe at Cumberlow; and among thoſe, to that accompliſhed Perſon, whom the World juſtly admires, to find, at ſo few years, ſoaring in a Flame ſo high, as that of the Author of the Hiſtory of Philoſophy. Theſe Madam, are ſo great, and conſequently, preſs ſo much upon my memory and reſentments, that, ſince the greateſt acknowledgements I can make of them, are in my apprehenſion, much below the advantages I have made thereby, it is no miraculous effect of Gratitude, if I graſp at any occaſion to do it.

For, what I now preſent you with, Madam, I need ſay no more by way of recommendation of it, than that it is a third Volume of that excellent Romance, whereof you were pleaſed with ſo much kindneſs to receive the two former; with the ſame fate too, that is, that it hath gone through more hands than one. The advantages you are to make of it, I am not to preſs, ſince it is, among your other perfections, not the moſt inconſiderable, that you can diſcern the excellencies, and diſcover the defaults of things of greater conſequence, than thoſe of this nature. But when I reflect on your Sex, I cannot but do my Author this right, that as no man hath put greater obligations

ligations on It, than he, by the noble and generous characters he hath honoured it withal; so is it but just, you have the esteem and affection for him, which you have not for any other.

Thus, Madam, *having given you an account of* this *address to* your self, *and presumed your pardon for it, I have a far greater confidence to obtain it for* another *I make to* Heaven; *which is, that you may meet with that indulgency of* fortune *and* happiness, *which so much good* nature, *so noble an* education, *such a vertuous* inclination, *and excellent* endowments, *as yours are, may justly expect. And this,* Madam, *shall be the perpetual wish of,*

MADAM,

Your most humble

and most obliged Servant

J. Davies.

CLELIA

CLELIA:

The Third Part.

BOOK I.



Aronces was doubtless a very miserable man, in being a Prisoner unto a Prince whom fortune had forsaken, and one that was his Rival too; but the thought of *Horatius*'s carrying *Clelia* unto *Rome*, made him more miserable than either; not but that he was very glad of her being out of the tyranny of *Tarquin*, and power of terrible *Tullia*; yet nothing did so much sting his soul, as to think that *Horatius* should be him that restores liberty unto *Clelia*. Indeed, could he have seen into the soul of this fair one, his own soul had been better satisfied; for though she had good reason to be glad of going to *Rome*, yet it went much against the hair, to see that *Horatius* should be her Conductor thither; she apprehended both *Aronces* and her self to be in a very ill condition, though *Horatius* was infinitely obliged unto *Aronces*: And when she bethought her of how she was going to see, at the same time both *Aronces*, *Horatius*, and the Prince of *Numidia*, she apprehended a million of miseries: for after she had seen her dear *Aronces* fight so valiantly in the Court of *Tullia*'s Palace, she could not imagine he could be out of *Rome*: sometimes her fear was that he was wounded, and sometimes that he was dead, so as these fears in her thoughts would not suffer her to enjoy those sweets which her own liberty, and the liberty of her Country, might have procured unto her.

As for *Horatius*, his joys to see *Tarquin* ruin'd, *Rome* deliver'd, and his Mistress in his own possession, did so much take up his whole heart, as for a while he never bethought himself, how his Rival was the party loved, and not he. At last, turning his eyes upon *Clelia*'s fair face, who at that time was in a deep study, and such a study as spoke much sadness, he imagined that *Aronces* was the subject of her study; so as calling to memory all those testimonies of tenderness which that fair one had expressed towards his Rival upon several occasions, and all those bitter expressions towards himself, the tide turned, and what was joy but a minute before, was now sadness: Indeed, when he came to bethink himself, that in carrying *Clelia* to *Rome*, he carried her unto a place where he expected to find *Aronces*, unto whom he owed his life, his heart was most sensibly afflicted; he was then within a little of altering his design, and falling into the same thoughts which he harboured when he carried away *Clelia* in the great Earthquake, and defended her against the Prince of *Numidia*, upon the Lake of *Thrasimenes*: But when he remembred how that violence got him the aversion of *Clelia*; how since then, he was more miserable than before; and how *Aronces* won the heart of this fair one, only by the grandeur of his virtue, he kept himself firm to the resolution which he had taken, of overcoming *Aronces*, by no other way, but by endeavouring to excel him (if it were possible) in virtue. Thus did both *Clelia* and *Horatius* think upon *Aronces*, though by motives very different: and *Aronces* entertained thoughts of *Horatius* and *Clelia*, which were as unresemblant as the two passions from whence they sprung; though certain it is, they sprung from one and the same cause: for if *Aronces* had not been in love with *Clelia*, he had never hated *Horatius*: *Horatius* on his side, had most tenderly loved *Aronces*, if *Aronces* had not loved *Clelia*; and *Clelia* had been good friends with *Horatius*, had she not been so sensible of *Aronces* his love. But, which was most admirable, the Prince of *Numidia* was less hated by his Rivals, than they were by one another, because they thought he had the least share in the affection of *Clelia*.

As for *Tarquin*, his heart was swelled with as much Cruelty and Revenge, as ambition could infuse, and with all that a slighted love and pale jealousie could prompt him unto: but in the midst of all, he retained the arrogance and grandeur of his courage; and it may be said, that in falling from a Throne, he yet kept footing upon it; for in the midst of all disasters, he still thought upon such remedies as might conduce to the cure of them; and he found it some sweetness, to have in his power the only beloved Lover of *Clelia*: He hoped also, that this would help him to remount the Throne; so as this unfortunate Prince, whose crimes might well make him fear his future condition would be worse than the present, did not for all that despair, but went to *Tarquinia* with such an undaunted resolution and boldness, as *Aronces* could not chuse but admire at. But whilst this proud Tyrant, and this illustrious Prisoner went to *Tarquinia*, *Horatius* with his men conducted *Clelia* and *Plotina* to *Rome*, as I told you before.

In their way thither, they espied a very handsome woman by the side of a little wood, who perceiving so many horsemen, desired to conceal her self, having none with her but an old shepherd for her guide, whose condition they knew by the Shepherds hook which he had in his hand. This object begetting a curiosity in *Clelia*, and her own misfortunes teaching her to pity the condition of others, she looked very attentively upon this woman, who desired to slink away out of sight, at the seeing such a number of men: but when she had well viewed this woman, and shewed her unto *Plotina*, they both thought her to be *Cesonia*. *Clelia* then crying out, and calling upon *Horatius*: Oh good sir, (said she to him,) I beseech you let yonder woman be carried with me to *Rome*; certainly she cannot discern me amongst so many. But to oblige you unto the satisfaction of my desire, know that she is one of the Prisoners of *Ardea*, her name is *Cesonia*; and my love unto her is such, as you would do a most high favour if you could bring her to me. *Clelia* had no sooner said so, but *Horatius* commanding some of his chief men to eye her, he set spurs to his horse, and being followed by four men of quality, who heard not what *Clelia* said, they went towards the place where this woman and this old shepheard were. The Wood not being very thick, they were quickly found out, for both being on foot, they were quickly overtaken: *Horatius* was no sooner come within hearing of this woman, but he said, I beseech you fair *Cesonia*, do not fly from *Clelia* who hath sent me to you, nor shun a man who knows your merit, though not you, and who is ambitious to serve you.

Upon these words, *Cesonia* turning about, she stopt, and knew her dear *Persander*, who was one of those which accompanied *Horatius*. As she was beyond expression joyed, so *Persander* on his side, who came out of *Ardea* only to hear what was become of her, he was so surprized at the sight of her in that place, as he had much ado to speak: for *Horatius* had so many things in his mind, as he never told it was *Cesonia*: and *Plotina* had not time enough to tell him; so hasty he was in following *Horatius*, so as *Persander* had much ado to recover himself out of his astonishment. Whilst *Horatius* was advancing towards *Cesonia*, and she not knowing whether or no she should believe a man whom she knew not, the old man who was her guide, turning about, and knowing *Horatius*, he stept nearer that valiant Roman, and looking fiercely upon him, shaked his sheephook at him: Oh villain (said he) is not *Clelia* this second time in thy power, and does not that suffice thee?

This language causing *Horatius* to look attentively upon him, that spoke thus angerly unto him, he knew him to be *Clelius* the Father of *Clelia*; He no sooner knew him, but he alighted from his horse, and advanced to him in a very humble manner: Oh generous *Clelius*, (said he unto him) I think my self most happy in that I am in a condition to repair my crime, and in being able to restore unto you that most excellent woman, whom I ravished from you in the heat of a most violent passion: For now know, that though I still have, and ever shall have the same affection unto your most admirable Daughter, yet I do not entertain all the same thoughts; the truth is, in lieu of carrying her away, my only thoughts are of carrying her to *Rome*; and my only aims are to get her out of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*'s power, as you may understand from her own mouth, she being within two hundred paces of this place. Moreover, you cannot question the good intention of my heart; for I am in the head of two hundred horse, and consequently able to dispose of *Clelia*'s liberty: but so far am I from any thoughts of carrying her away, as I do offer to put her in your power, and guard you both unto *Rome*, without asking any other recompence, but only to forget what's past, and not to deny me the seeing of her whom I adore.

Clelius hearing *Horatius* speak so submissively, and looking then upon him, as upon the Son of that woman whom once he dearly loved, his anger was a little appeased, so as *Cesonia* taking heart, and being much joyed to see her dear Husband, also to find that her guide was Father to her friend, though she could not well conceive, why he should be in that equipage wherein she found him; yet he spoke unto them all, and advised them to go presently unto *Clelia*, since she was so near. After this, *Horatius* used many generous and kind expressions; *Persander*, he took *Cesonia* behind him, and one of *Horatius* his men lent *Clelius* his horse: This done, they all went to the place where *Clelia* stayed in expectation of her dear *Cesonia*, whom she no sooner saw with *Persander*, but she galloped to meet them with *Plotina*; but all this while *Clelia* never thought to meet with more consolation than she could hope for; yet *Horatius*, desiring to make use of such a favorable occasion, he advanced towards her, and shewing *Clelius* unto her, The Gods having some pity upon me (said he unto her) and doubtless being desirous I should obtain some part in your esteem, though not in your affection, have given me the happy opportunity, Madam, of restoring unto you the generous *Clelius*.

Upon these words, *Clelia* looking upon him whom *Horatius* shewed unto her, she cryed out for joy, and would have cast her self upon the ground at her Fathers feet; but *Clelius* would not permit her, saying, That they could not make too much haste to *Rome*, since *Tarquin* was not in it; For my part (said *Plotina* with a pleasant air) I am perfectly of your opinion, for I am so full of fear, as you would do me the greatest pleasure in the world, if you would speedily carry me unto any place where I might be in safety; for though I cannot tell from whence *Clelius* came, nor why he is disguised in the habit of a shepherd, nor how *Cesonia* escaped; yet I had rather be going speedily thither, than stay a minute to know all these things: But yet (added this pleasant Lady) we may do two things at once, for we may be going and talk too as we go; for it is but singling out as should hear, from those which should not. The counsel of *Plotina* seeming good, after *Clelius* had expressed unto his Daughter his joys of finding her again, and that *Clelia*, *Plotina*, and *Cesonia* had caressed each other as much as they could in that place, *Clelius* placed himself betwixt the two first of them; as for *Horatius*, he got himself on the other hand of *Clelia*, and *Persander* on the other hand of *Cesonia*; the way being large, they might easily walk a front, and might unheard talk to each other, for all the rest kept at a handsome distance, so as disposing of themselves in this order, *Clelia* asked her Father from whence he came; for truly

truly (said she) I never knew any thing of you since I was a Prisoner unto the Tyrant, unless that the Prince of *Numidia* told me that you were in a place which he could not name: for being very dangerously wounded in endeavouring to deliver me, he grew so much distracted, that *Amilcar*, whose name doubtless you know, and to whom I am infinitely obliged, could not understand where you were, though he imagin'd you could not be far from *Rome*. Truth is, reply'd *Clelius*, I being at the end of my exile, and not being able to endure that you should be the slave of him that was the Tyrant of my Country, and my mortal enemy, I resolved for *Rome*, where I understood by some intimate friends, there was a disposition to revolt. But do what I could, it was impossible to hinder *Sulpitia* from following me; so as we came from *Cora* together, mean while, fortune brought us to meet with the Prince of *Numidia*, by coming to *Ameriola*, who knowing us, treated us most generously; but that not being the place of finding you, let it suffice you to know that he is worthy of your esteem, and of my friendship; that it was I who sent him to *Rome* with Letters for a friend of mine, who was to facilitate the enterprise which failed; for not knowing then where *Aronces* was, and knowing that *Horatius* was in *Ardea*, I thought they took care for your liberty. Mean time, I understanding from *Ameriola*, that the Prince of *Numidia*'s enterprise had failed; that the report was, *Aronces* was at *Rome*, and that there was great Tumult, I disguised my self as now you see me, to get into *Rome*, not then knowing the truth of things. So as having sent back my horses, I began to foot it; when I espied this fair one (said he unto *Clelia*, and pointed at *Cesonia*) who not knowing which way she went, came unto me, and asked where she was, and desired me to direct her either unto *Rome* or *Ardea*: The memory of your misfortunes making me compassionate of hers, I asked her by what adventure she came to be alone, and so out of her way; unto which she answering very handsomely, she acquainted me in few words with the flight of *Tarquin*, and all passages in *Rome* since his departure, I not yet telling her that I was your Father, because that could not advantage her, but might prejudice me, she is still ignorant of it.

All my care was of conducting her speedily unto *Rome*, when we espied the Cavalry which is your guard: For my part, said *Cesonia* unto *Clelia*, I have no great matters to relate unto you, for all I have to tell you, is, That he who conducted me, understanding from a friend of his, how angry *Tullia* was at your flight, and having no mind to see her again, though he was no cause of it, he resolved to quit the incensed Queen, and carrying me under a Tree, he left me there: I, not knowing what to do, and utterly disliking to be under the power of the most wicked woman in the whole world, I took a way opposite to that from whence I came, and walking I knew not whither, I came at last unto this little wood, where I was most glad to find the generous *Clelius*, whose age and Physiognomy invited me to ask his protection, and that he would conduct me either unto *Rome* or *Ardea*; for in that dismay I knew not well where I would be. After this, *Clelius* enquired of *Clelia*, concerning *Aronces*, who told him in short all she knew; but though he spoke very low unto her, yet *Horatius* heard, and knew by *Clelia*'s countenance that she spoke with a feeling tenderness of his Rival, so as it damped him with unexpressable sadness: Yet hope did a little underprop his heart, and the state of things made him think, that happily some adventure might fall which might be advantageous unto him; for when he remembred the lamentable condition wherein he was, when his Rival found him wounded in a Wood, and how he was beholding unto him for his life, he thought himself much less miserable, than at that time, so as his mind was very free to entertain *Clelius* all the way with discourse of all that was memorable at the siege of *Ardea*, not omitting how *Porsander* had there signalized himself upon several occasions. But in conclusion, *Clelius* being the first of the Company that discovered *Rome*, he was possessed with a most extream joy at the sight of it, after so long an exile from it: he never thought how he was in a habit unfit to appear therein: *Clelia* indeed did put him in mind of it, but he made answer, That as long as he had a heart becoming a true Senator of *Rome*, he cared not for the habit: yet they met with an expedient for this; for as they came into *Rome*, stood a house which belonged unto one that was an ancient acquaintance or friend unto *Clelius*, where they stayed, and where he was furnished with a habit sutable to his quality: after which, they went unto the Gates of the Town; but a very strict Guard being kept, they were stopped until such time as *Brutus*, who then was sole Master of *Rome*, was informed who they were that asked entrance: he no sooner heard of them, but he sent *Herminius* to receive *Clelius*, *Horatius*, and *Porsander*, not knowing that *Clelia* was with them, giving order afterwards, to quarter the Cavalry which *Horatius* brought. So as when *Herminius* went to receive them, and conduct them unto *Brutus*, he was most pleasingly surprised to see *Clelia*, *Cesonia*, and *Plotina*; for he thought that *Clelia* was with the cruel *Tullia*, and could not imagine what was become of the other Captives: for he knew very well, That when *Tullia* forsook her Palace, *Clelia* was only mentioned unto *Aronces*, and where the rest were, was not known. Thus *Herminius* now wanting nothing but to see the return of *Aronces*, he received all these illustrious persons with abundance of joy, and did all manner of imaginable honours unto *Clelius* in particular; he beseeched him to take a lodging in the house of the virtuous *Sivelia* his Mother, who would take all possible care of *Clelia*, until *Sulpitia* came, and until his own house was made ready. The way in going to *Brutus*, being to pass by this house, *Clelius* presently espied the virtuous *Sivelia*, who was his ancient friend, and leaving *Clelia*, *Cesonia*, and *Plotina* with her, who received them with that generous civility whereof she ever made profession, *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Porsander*, and some principal men of *Ardea*, were conducted unto *Brutus* by *Herminius*: This enterview passed tumultuously enough, for *Lucretius*, *Valerius*, *Colatin*, *Mutius*, and many others, were then with *Brutus*, advising upon several necessary affairs concerning the establishment of *Romes* liberty; *Brutus* yet did highly applaud the valor of *Horatio* at the siege of *Ardea*; and the sight of *Clelius* gave

much satisfaction unto so many illustrious Romans, for he was known to be always a most irreconcileable enemy of Tyranny and the Tyrant; *Brutus* also, did him all imaginable honours: *Clelius* again returned a million of applauses. But as he styled him the Liberator of his Countrey: No, no, generous *Clelius* (said he unto him) never bestow any such glorious titles upon me: for a right Roman ought not to assume any above the rest of the Romans; let us therefore only render thanks unto the Gods for our deliverance from servitude in which we were, and to take away all likelihood of ever being under the power of one single person, I do declare that I will not be Consul alone, but will put into the hands of the Senate and People, all that Authority which they gave me, unless they will appoint one to be my Partner: For indeed (said he most generously) I dare not trust my own virtue in such a business. *Brutus* had no sooner done speaking, but all that heard him were opposite to his design; yet he standing firm to his principle, told them plainly, that he would propound it the next morning in the publick Assembly: however, he being ever a man most regular in all points of civility, he went towards the evening unto *Sivelia*, to see *Clelia* there, unto whom he seemed much troubled for *Aronces*, and told her in short, how he went out of *Rome* with a design of delivering her. Alas (said she with a sad sigh, and looked upon *Plotina*) certainly it was that unfortunate Prince which was in Combate with those Troops which we saw when *Horatius* brought us away. She had no sooner said so, but *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, came to *Sivelia*'s house, who confirm'd *Clelia* in her thought, and told all the Company that *Aronces* was *Tarquins* Prisoner; also how they all made a retreat after they had seen their illustrious but unfortunate friend taken. Yet they did not fear that he would be ill used, because as the case stood with *Tarquin*, it was no policy for him to shew any odium against the Son of such a great King, who only was able to relieve him in his misfortune; but still they conceived that he would not set him at liberty, so as all the company apprehended this adventure with abundance of sorrow. *Brutus* resented it as the friend of *Aronces*; and foreseeing the sad consequences as a true Roman; and especially out of compassion upon an unfortunate Lover, who is more sensible than any other of any thing that disturbs the love of his friends. As for *Clelius*, he having almost always loved *Aronces* as his own son, ever since he saved his life in his Cradle, and keeping him from perishing after his shipwrack, he was exceedingly troubled: *Sivelia* out of tenderness and generosity, did pity him: *Herminius* was ready to run desperate: *Horatius*, out of grandeur of soul, and to merit the esteem of *Clelia*, he commended him, and said, That a Prince so virtuous as he was, deserved a far better destiny, than to be the Prisoner of the most vitious man upon earth: *Cesonia* and *Plotina* could not keep their eyes from gushing out into tears: as for *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, they pitied *Aronces*, pitied *Clelia*, pitied *Brutus*, pitied *Herminius*, they pitied *Rome*, they pitied themselves: As for *Clelia*, she was sensible more than thought can reach unto; yet she durst not shew all her sorrow, though the example of her friends might well have authorized hers; nor would she too much smother her sadness, lest she should infuse some false hopes into *Horatius*: but she having such an even and just temper in her affliction, that she could not be accused, either of excessive grief, or of too much carelessness. That which made her the more mistress of her spirit, was, because she believ'd the life of *Aronces* was in no danger; for she knew not that he was wounded, but she conceived the cruel consequences of his imprisonment; the least of which was, that she should be separated from *Aronces* for a long time, and be exposed unto the passion of *Horatius*, who having made his peace with *Clelius*, would become more confident; so as this sage Lady, in restraining the violence of her sorrow, did deserve much commendations. Mean while, as one subject of compassion doth easily renew the remembrance of another, so *Clelius* asked *Brutus* concerning the Prince of *Numidia*, and understood that in visiting the Palace of *Tarquin* after *Tullia* was gone, they found him upon his bed, who never cared for the disorder and noise which he heard, looked calmly upon those that run from Chamber to Chamber with naked swords, not knowing whether there were any men so desperate as to defend him. *Clelius* understood further, how since the care which was taken of that Prince, had something restored him unto the freedom of his spirit, Alas, alas, (added *Brutus*, and sighed) I cannot tell whether or no it be a good office to restore a miserable man unto his wits, since certainly it makes all men in the world the more miserable. *Brutus* expressed this in such a sad manner, as made all those pity him who knew the distemper of his soul, and were not ignorant that the death of *Lucretia* did more grieve him, than the liberty of *Rome* rejoyced him; for notwithstanding all his zeal to his Country, could he but revive *Lucretia*, he would do it with abundance of joy, though at the rate of erecting that Throne which he had pulled down. Doubtless he would have dyed a hundred deaths, rather than live in the servitude wherein he did: but he would have lived a slave all the days of his life, rather than never to see *Lucretia* but in her Tomb. This sad adventure had so much changed him, that he was scarcely knowable; such of his friends as were not admitted unto the secrets of his soul, did believe that this alteration proceeded from the weight of his cares which hung heavy upon him; but those of his Cabinet counsel, who knew the grandeur of his soul, they thought it to be love only which loadned him; his conversation was only upon such things as were necessary for the publick good, unless he spoke of his sorrows and passion unto such as knew of them. He was not only always more serious, but also more haughty; and he could not flatter any but the people of whom he stood in need to revenge *Lucretia*, and to maintain the liberty of *Rome*: So as after so much good language as he thought fit to comfort *Clelia*, he retired himself to think upon other matters, but especially to give that great example of moderation, of which he had made such profession unto his Friends: Mean while, *Clelius* went to see the Grand *Vestal* his Sister, and received visits from all his Friends: *Clelia* was visited by all the

the Ladies of quality in *Rome*; amongst the rest, by *Lucilia*, by *Hermilia*, by *Celerina*, by a Lady of quality called *Flavia*, and another named *Edvina*. *Hermilia*, and the sister of *Collatine*, being compounded of such a secret Melancholy, as would not suffer them to rejoyce in the Liberty of their Country, so much as others; they kept always together. *Valeria* also went to visit *Clelia*, who gave such a reception unto all these Ladies, with so much obliging Civility, though with a little tincture of melancholy, as she won their Loves, the very first day.

Mean while, *Brutus* according to his design, harangued the Senate and people, as he said he would; And with so much Eloquence, and Authority, as it may well be said, that their suffrages were not free, because he left none at liberty to be of any opinion contrary to his: He did so expresly aggravate the danger of making but one Consul, as the Image of *Tyranny* working upon the minds of those to whom he spoke, they all obeyed at will, and consented that the Soveraign power which he had, should be divided. But when it came to the vote, who should be his Copartner; the affair was greater than was imagined: For, as all new establishments meet with many difficulties; so such a murmur did arise, as made it evident, there would be Contrariety of opinions in this Choice: The multitude did not aim at chusing one that was the most able, the most wise, and the most valiant, but only such a one as was the most irreconcileable enemy of *Tarquin*. For, had they aimed at the most able, they would have looked upon *Valerius*, whose Prudence was admirable, whose honesty was known to all the world, and who had generously seconded *Brutus* in delivering *Rome*: They would then have thought upon *Clelius*, whose experience was great, and virtue high: They would have chosen *Lucretius*, they would have thought upon the wise *Herminius*, though he was thought too young to be Consul, though his high birth and heart rendred him worthy of any thing: They might have pitcht upon many other illustrious Romans. But, as I said before, thinking only upon such a one, whom they thought most obliged to hate *Tarquin*; they all concurred in their Votes, and no name could be heard but *Collatines*, whom the multitude thought more engaged to ruin *Tarquin* than any other, by reason of *Lucretia*'s death, and wrongs received from him: such popular deliberations are commonly tumultuous, inconsiderate, and derogatory to right reason, so as they never considered that *Collatine* himself was of the Race of *Tarquins*. *Brutus*, who heartily wished *Valerius* to be chosen, and hoped he would; he was much surprised to see *Collatine* the man: for he could not endure him, but hated him as much, as if he were his Rival; also he looked upon him as a party cause of *Lucretia*'s death, by infusing Love into the heart of *Sextus*, when he inconsiderately carried him to see that fair and unfortunate Lady: He looked upon him as a person whom she ever hated, though out of Nuptial conscience, lived well with him: and he looked upon him as a man, who bore the name of Tyrant; but to speak ingenuously, he did not look upon him through all these Considerations, but because he ever looked upon him as his Rival, so as it grieved his Soul to have him for his partner in Authority: Yet since it concerned the safety of *Rome*, that no division should appear betwixt them, in that new establishment; and since also it concerned the glory of *Lucretia*, that he should give no ground of guessing why he hated *Collatine*; therefore he constrained himself in this Rencontre: he thought again, that if he should oppose what the multitude propounded, it would breed a great Combustion; For, now there was not one single Roman, who hoped not for some little share of the Royal Authority: So as *Brutus*, whose piercing eye saw things as they were, and foresaw the consequences of this affair; he dissembled his thoughts, and told *Valerius* in secret, how angry he was that he was not Consul. But in conclusion, the mind of the multitude must be satisfied, and *Brutus* seemed not to take it ill; complying therefore with the Times, he himself was the first that saluted *Collatine* as Consul, unto whom from that time, the people began to render all honours which that dignity required: *Brutus* offered him the first place, but he would not accept it, nor indeed the people consent unto it: so as it was resolved, that there should be but one Consul before whom the twelve Lictors should walk, and before whom the Hatchet and bundle of Rods should be carried, lest it should incense the people, who do not love those emblems of Authority should be doubled, which may punish them when they deserve: Not that the Authority of the prime Consul was greater than the other's; for *Brutus* would not permit it, for fear of such consequences as might ensue: But as for these bare emblems of honour, they belonged unto *Brutus* only.

Howsoever, after that *Collatine* was chosen, *Brutus* would have his Colleague confirm all those who the day before were tumultuously made Senators, Censors, Pretors, Ædiles, Questors, or Tribunes: after which, *Brutus* caused a publick Oration to be made, never to suffer any to raign in *Rome*, nor that any should ever be brought to consent unto it, either by menaces or promises. They did establish as a Law, that the Consulship should last but one year; that for the future, none should be Consuls under forty three years of age; none Pretors under forty, none Ædiles under thirty seven, none Tribune under thirty, and no Questor under twenty seven. *Brutus* would also have it, That the Consuls should be of the most illustrious Races; and that the three hundred Senators should be Noble-men.

After which, the Senate being regularly assembled, they voted to regulate the Power and authority of those who had the conduct of things sacred; for it being the custom, that the Kings should offer some sacrifices in person, to shew that they had an absolute authority in these Dominions, and that they had no dependency of any but the Gods, *Brutus* would not have the Consuls do as the Kings used to do: But he made a Royal Sacrificer for that Ceremony only, and that they should submit unto him that was the chief in matters of Religion. After which, the means of making war against *Tarquin*, was taken into consideration: They provided for the Guard of the Town; they consulted how to keep their Neighbours from joyning with the Tyrant; they swore a solemn league betwixt *Ardea* and *Rome*; they resolved to keep the Cavalry which *Horatius* had brought, and

to send Deputies unto *Ardea*, to thank that Town for the resistance which they made against the Tyrant. And *Brutus* omitted nothing that might conduce to the publick good, to the ruine of *Tarquin*, and to the revenge of *Lucretia*, after which every one returned to his house. Mean time, *Clelius* with *Amilcar*, went to see the Prince of *Numidia*, who knew him at first, and asked for *Clelia*. This Prince being much joyed to hear that *Clelia* was escaped, he beseeched *Clelius* to give him no occasion of hatred, protesting unto him, that he should die with some contentment, if he could be but assured of his indifferency. *Clelius*, who was generous, and saw him in that pitiful condition, by endeavouring to deliver his daughter; he assured him, that she should be full of acknowledgment to him, provided he would be reasonable. Ah generous *Clelius* (cryed he out) I will be any thing that will keep me from being hated by *Clelia*, and from being unjust unto *Aronces*; but yet I would adore your divine daughter for ever. Yet sir, my demand that she would not hate me, is because I would die more contentedly, for I know that I cannot live long. Oh Sir, (replyed *Amilcar*, after his usual way of freedom) If you do not dye of your wounds, as I hope you will not, and wish you may not, you will die either of love or grief: time will undoubtedly cure those two kinds of maladies; Death will not triumph over Lovers, and unfortunate persons, without the help of a Feaver, or some disastrous accident: But to advance your cure (added he) I will answer, for the esteem of your Mistress, and for your Rival; I will also answer for their friendship, if you could but surmount your love. Oh *Amilcar* (cryed he out) were my heart like unto yours, I should quickly surmount it, but to my misery we do not resemble. Afterwards, this Prince, who was naturally of a violent temper, began to fret and grieve inwardly, so as *Clelius* seeing him in a condition not to be long conversed withal, he left him, and went to take order for the repair of his house, which *Brutus* caused to be restored unto him, to the end he might receive *Sulpitia*, who was to arrive the next day. As for *Amilcar*, unto whom *Clelius* was much obliged, he went unto *Sivelia*'s to see *Clelia*; for having had no discourse in particular with her, he accounted it as if he had not yet seen her; yet he could not have any private discourse with her at that time, because *Plotina*, *Valeria* and *Herminius* were there: But being all persons of strong reason, discourse was almost as free, as if they had all been intimate and particular friends: *Herminius* having spoken much of *Clelia* unto *Valeria*, she did not so much constrain her self, but both discoursed of their sorrows as freely as if they had been ancient friends: After a while of discourse, *Valeria* might easily be found a person of no common rank: her Physiognomy was so full of spirit, she spoke so well, and to the purpose; her tone was so charming, and her discourse so genuine and free, that of all those illustrious Romans which came to see *Clelia*, there was none pleased her more than *Valeria*; so as having a strong inclination to love her, she received all the civilities which the charming mistress of *Herminius* did her, with extraordinary kindness.

I beseech you (said *Clelia*, in answer to some applauds which *Valeria* gave her) do not judge of me by what you see now, but trust unto what *Herminius* and *Amilcar* shall tell you of me, for they are my ancient friends and know me. I am not to day in my right humor, and my face is so much altered, that did I care for it I should grieve extreamly, not but that I have a thousand subjects of joy: For I see my Father again, I see him in *Rome*, I see the power of *Tarquin* demolished, and I see my Country delivered: But for all that, the clouds of displeasure will not dissipate, and the miserable condition of the most virtuous Prince upon earth, makes me that I cannot gust any joys without ingratitude: You see with what freedom I talk unto you, and you easily perceive that I reckon our acquaintance from the first day I was acquainted with *Herminius*. You honour me abundantly, (replyed *Valeria* and blusht) but believe it, Madam, I will not dye ungrateful, but in my humour do requite you in a most extraordinary manner: For to discover my heart unto you, I confess that I have ever believed, a person of any solidity ought not to contract amity so lightly, as to close with them at the first sight, for appearances are very fallacious: there are many who do please the first hour, yet when they are better known, will displease for ever after: And I assure you, that since the fair and unfortunate *Lucretia* betook her self to a course of solitude, I never entertained any friend whom I could name particular; not but that *Hermilia*, whom every one knows to be the sister of illustrious *Brutus*, is a person whom I love and esteem; and that another named *Flavia*, has a great share in my heart. But Madam, it is not after such a manner as I loved that most excellent Lady, whose death would certainly have caused mine, if her solitude had not accustomed me to living without seeing her: yet Madam, I must tell you, that I do find such inclination in my heart toward you, as I never found for any, but for virtuous *Lucretia*. Madam, reply'd *Clelia*, I am infinitely obliged to you, for ranking me with her who cannot be parallel'd by any without injustice; but to retaliate confidence for confidence, I must acquaint you that I do more for you, than you for me; For I must confess unto you, that except *Plotina* and *Cesonia*, unto whom averse fortune has devoted me; I have no friends whom I love so well, as to trust them with any of my secrecies: True indeed, friends I have; *Herminius* and *Amilcar* are so, and will be as long as I live; but as for feminine friends, I have found so few a number of such as are capable of solid friendship, as I content my self only with their society. But towards you, added *Clelia*, I do find a strong disposition to love you, and it shall stick of you, if I be not at this very day perfectly your friend. Whilst these two fair ones were talking thus, *Cesonia*, *Plotina*, *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, were talking of the late Revolutions: But *Amilcar* not affecting over-serious discourse, and hearing *Clelia* name him, he interrupted those two illustrious Romans, and asked them, what they talked of; We talk of a business so important (replied *Valeria*) as will mar all my felicity, and of a thing which neither *Clelia* nor I ever did before: for, though we have not known one another yet half a day; yet we intend to begin a league of friendship which must last as long as we live. Both of you, replied *Herminius*, are able to move love eternally, and the

more you know, the more you'l esteem and love each other. For my particular, said *Plotina*, I see nothing extraordinary that you have done: what wonder is it, that two so fair as you, both flowing in wit, and knowing each other long by reports of friends whom you dare trust, should contract friendship so soon? For, this I am sure of, that if you contract amitie with one whom afterwards you find not answerable to your fancy, it is an easie matter to break off: Though perhaps I am one (said *Amilcar*) who makes and breaks these kind of affections which they call friendships, though they deserve not that title; yet I am clearly of *Valeria*'s opinion, and maintain that it is very frivolous to make these imaginary friendships so much talked of in the World.

For my part, said *Herminius*, I must confess, that I do not well understand what friendships you mean. I have heard of a great Friendship, and under friendship, and a solid, ardent, and inviolable friendship: but as for an imaginary friendship, it is new to me; and I believe it is forged in your imagination: I cannot tell, replied he, whether or no I did forge it in my fancy; but I think that I did not erre in calling it so; But, I believe (added he and smiled) you are not well acquainted with all kinds of friendships, because you do not apply your self to know that by which *Clelia* taught you all secrets at *Capua*, by giving you that ingenious paper, which hath made such a noise in the world: Also, I believe you are ignorant, how there are friendships by occasion, friendships by fashion, friendships by humour, friendships by judgment, friendships by wit, friendships by Interest, friendships of Complement, friendships of Love, and of many other kinds, not reckoning that friendship of imagination so unknown to you, and which so many use: For my particular, (replied *Cesonia*) you would do me a favour, if you would tell me how it ariseth in the hearts of those that have it; It ariseth (replied he) between persons whose spirits are near alike, as *Plotina* and I should, if we had no judgment. Five or six foolish Proverbs uttered with a good grace, and taken into an imagination, is sufficient to beget one of these whimsy friendships; all the pleasure thereof, that can be hoped for, is the age of an afternoon: I speak this by experience, for I remember how I got my self eight or ten friends in a quarter of an hour, by making a handsom description of a woman that had a mind to be very fine, and yet knew not how to dress her self; but indeed, they were all nothing beholding to me if they had considered it. For, I vented this Raillerie before two of their near kindred: Truth is, it was rather an error of memory than discretion; but I am sure, if I had not been in a very merry mood that day, or had spoke nothing but good sense and judgment, these eight or ten fond women had never been my friends. Thus Fancy and Imagination is a thing that begets these fading friendships, which are like mushroms, grow up in an instant, and die as soon. You have paraphras'd so learnedly upon this kind of friendship (said *Herminius*) as I believe it would be very acceptable to all the Company, if you would explain all those kinds which you have named. For my part, (said *Plotina*) I profess he shall lose mine, of what nature soever it be, if he do describe them all, one after another. I beseech you all (said *Amilcar*, then seeing *Clelia* and *Plotina* about to make the same request) command me nothing, for I would have the fair *Plotina* know, that her menace does affright me, and forces me to satisfie her Fancy.

Begin then presently, replied she; yet (added she) I will dispense with you, for omitting those friendships by occasion; for I have made many of that kind in my life. Some friends only at the Temple; others, friends only of my friends, and others at Balls. For, there we agreed very well to laugh and jeer at those that danced ill: there we took out one another to dance, and talked very obligingly together; and yet we never saw one another, unless at some Feast, or by accident: But, I hapned to be so well informed of any thing that related to them, that I knew them as well as themselves: but I have said enough of this kind, and I had better let *Amilcar* speak concerning friendship in fashion. As to that (said *Herminius*) I can speak as well as *Amilcar*: For, in my travels, I knew a woman, who indeed had many excellent qualities; who yet cloister'd up her self as it were, and would not permit the world to croud her with Courtships, but would be known only unto those whom she esteemed; but upon a suddain, having taken a fancy to three or four persons of the highest rank where she lived, and to come and see her, and extoll her; presently it became the mode to love her, to talk of her in all places, to applaud her, and write unto her. Some would say, they knew her, though they never saw her in their lives; because they thought it a disgrace to say, they never saw her: so as she might well say, that their friendship unto her, was a friendship of fashion. I beseech you (said *Amilcar* then) give me leave to tell you, what friendship of humor is: I know a man (said *Cesonia*) who does love so fantastically, as I believe, I may well interrupt you from speaking: He is a man of wit, and understanding enough, and yet one, who never loves any but Fools and ignorant persons: Because, as I think, he had rather be admired by brutes, and adored by dolts, than to have friends as able as himself: Yet some days, the same whimsy which makes him love these kind of men, makes him abhor them, and ingenuously confess, that he knows not why he loved them. You may be sure (said *Amilcar*) that I dare not add any thing unto what the fair *Cesonia* hath said: but I hope, I may speak of the friendships by judgment: I beseech you, (said *Clelia* then) be not too hasty, but give me leave to speak of that friendship, of which only, I am able to discourse with delight and experience, if I may without vanity say it. For, I call it Friendship by Judgment, when one takes time to know the person whom one would love: when one is chosen that is virtuous, good, and wise: when one enquires who are his friends, when one observes of what temper and humor he is, and when one is assured that Love will be reciprocal: for without all these qualifications, it is not any Friendship of Judgment: when I see a woman that pleaseth me; when I hear her name many persons as her particular friends; that afterwards she has received many kind offices from them; if after all this I hear her rail and backbite them, would it be an argument

ment of judgment to love such a person, how amiable soever she may be otherwise? But, if on the contrary, I find a woman of an ingenious spirit, who zealously defends her absent, or unfortunate, or dead friends: It were an argument of a sound judgment, to Court the affection of such a generous person. Now, (said *Amilcar*) I hope for a room to speak, since the discourse is to be, friendship that comes by wit and ingenuity: For, having a good wit my self, it belongs to me to talk of that which I have so often caused. Not, but that *Herminius* (added he, and smiled) has as good a wit as I, and better: but that he thinks it a kind of crime to shew it: Therefore, since I am a wit by open profession, I know better than any how little we are obliged unto those, who care not for seeing us, but only to hear some pieces of wit flash from us, or to tell us some impertinences themselves. These are a sort of men, who are ready to break their buttons with laughing, or are ravished with admiration as often as they see you: they have always about them some Copies of Letters, or verses *à la mode*, new songs, biting Satyrs against their best friends, and many other conceits which often themselves understand not a line of: They will shew you wit in one hand, and folly in another. They will ordinarily mistake wit for nonsense, and repeat some good lines, as things of no conceit: And again, will out with some pitiful stuffe in such a passionate tone, as if they were repeating some sapphick Verses. I remember a woman, who to shew the bravery of her wit, had always in her Pocket or memory, all the good and the bad Verses that were made in the Neighbour-hood where she lived: she told me one day, she would shew me some lines which were much cryed up for good, but for her part, she found no great matter in them. But (said she) I have some others that are most admirable: But I not trusting much to the judgment of this Lady, had a mind to see those Verses which she discommended, rather than those she reported to be so rare: so as after a few entreaties, she was perswaded to repeat both: But truly those which she said she was ashamed to remember, were a most admirable composure, the measure and numbers were so natural and genuine, as spoke both passion and wit, and such as touched the heart, and moved to tenderness, more than to please and divert. When she had done these good lines, you see, said she, that these are not worth so much pains as to remember, but there are others of an excellent strain, the expressions are admirable, and the conceit delicate.

Oh Madam (said I) you are a most incomparable wit, I beseech you make good your promise: I will, answered she, upon condition that in recompence you will shew me some Verses of your own. Then she began to spit out a number of big sustian words which made a mighty sound, but signified nothing. A Gallimafry of Gibbrish, which wrought highly upon the fancy of this Lady that repeated them. Well (said she, with an Air suitable to her capacity) are not these strong lines? Do you think I do not know what is wit? Come, Let me hear some of your lines. Ah, Madam, (answered I) mine will sound very ill after such as you have repeated; but being much pressed by her importunity, I made two or three Verses of a Song upon a sudden, stuft with nothing but [illegible] sense in it, which passed her approbation better than if they had been witty; but in conclusion, I waited upon her to her house, with a resolution never to come at it again: But the truth is, this humour of hers is rife every where; but my greatest wonder is, that people should be so inquisitive and desirous of things which they understand not, nor are pleased with, but only to shew unto others of as mean capacities as themselves; yet they will often venture at Verse themselves, and vent lame cripled Copies which have neither reason nor rime in them; a whole sheet sometimes of nonsense, one Verse a foot too short, another two feet too long, and all but so much labour and Paper spent: This kind of people will out of a fond vanity, be contracting friendship with wits, and hang upon them as their dear friends, and lovers: yet the world is full of such simplicians, and many women will be extreamly ambitious in obliging a good wit to come and see them, as if they had some real business of high concernment with them; and if he do come, but prove not of an humour to flatter the Lady, she will study revenge, she will scandal him, she will hate all he loves. I could say much more upon this subject, but there are other friendships which must be discoursed upon. As I remember (said *Plotina*,) there was a friendship of interest mentioned: As for that (said *Amilcar*) all the world knows it; for there is an interest (of pleasure at the least) in all the friendships that are. For eight days together, I visited one of my friends every day, but did not receive the least sign of any friendship: the ninth day understanding accidentally, That a man who had power to do me much harm, did love me very well: Then her cheek was smiles, and nothing but love and favour flowed from her; she endeavoured all she could to captivate my heart if possible: so as what all my wit and endeavour was not able to do, this interest did it in a moment; for ever since I found her so sweet, so kind and affable, as I believe, if I had put her to the tryal, I should have found her but too kind.

Thus matter of interest, can make friends, I beseech you, (said *Plotina*) give me leave to speak of walking friendship; for I know many women in the world, who are good for nothing but to walk with their friends in Gardens, and gadding abroad only to shew their dress, or their fine Coach: their discourse is only of Clothes, Weddings, and Burials; and talk of any thing else they are most impertinently tedious. I know one whom I have never seen all winter long, but as soon as summer appeared, she would come and carry me to walk; and but for that, she would never have seen me; but I will speak no more of them, because I would hear *Amilcar* discourse upon friendship of Love: As to that (replied *Herminius*) there is not any well accomplished man in the world, but is able to speak something of it. And I suppose *Amilcar* intends to speak of those who having a passion in their souls, do endeavour to make friendship with all those women of their Mistresses acquaintance, whether they like them or no. You have hit so right upon my meaning, said *Amilcar*, that I desire to stand silent, and you to speak. *Amilcar*, replyed *Herminius*, the company will be losers by that; and besides, you are more [illegible]

...in such kinds of friendships than I am. Indeed (said *Amilcar*) should I reckon up all the simple friendships which Love has mov'd me to make, you would then say, I were a man of large experience in such matters: for should I number up the million of Mothers, Aunts, Cousins, Friends, Neighbours, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, and such like, to whom I have been complaisant, only because I was in love, I should never come to an end: Truth is, the knowledge I have gotten by these kind of friendships, has been much merry diversion unto me; for I have by them made many an odd discovery: whensoever I saw a man of ingenuity give a visit unto any simple woman, I presently enquired whether she had not some fine kinswoman, some fair Neighbour, or some gallant friend: And when I saw any witty woman frequent the society of my fooliſh fellow, I never questioned but he courted him for some other kind of conversation, so as in a short time I grew so cunning, as I knew all secrets without ever being told them: for I concluded this as a necessary consequence, that when any woman seems to love such a one whom it is impossible she should ever love, either for justice, or for any profitable interest; this feigned Love serves her only as an umbrage, under which she may see one whom she really loves, though she do not shew it. Appearances are so deceitful, (replyed *Clelia*) as it is often very unjust to make conclusions by circumstances so doubtful: for who, that sees the apparent stupidity of Publius *Brutus*, would think him a man of the highest soul, and that he should be *Romes* Deliverer? It is most certain (said *Herminius*) that it is very dangerous to judge of things by outwards, be they never so seeming: As for example (said he, and whispered with *Amilcar*) who would ever imagine that *Brutus*, who is all glory, and who has done the highest action that ever was, should not esteem himself very happy? and yet I am perswaded he is more miserable than ever he was. After this, two Ladies came unto *Clelia*'s house, and *Valeria* going away, *Herminius* went also within a quarter of an hour after, and went unto *Brutus* whom he found alone, and in melancholy as he thought to find him. Although *Herminius* knew *Brutus* had good cause for his sadness, yet he resolved to divert him from it as much as he could, and to oppose the love of his Country against the effects of that love which still he retained to the unfortunate *Lucretia*. For Sir, said he unto him, your sorrows are no other than such as a thousand Lovers have as well as you: but then, Sir, you have such a consolation, as no other Lover ever had besides your self, since never another Lover found the liberty of his Country by the death of his Mistress. Oh *Herminius*, (cryed he) That which you propound as consolation, makes me infinitely more sad: for is it not the height of cruelty, that the same which hath saved *Rome*, and which I have so much wished, should make me eternally miserable? Yes, yes, *Herminius*, added he, should I live a thousand ages, I should take delight in nothing but revenge, and should daily renew my grief for the death of incomparable *Lucretia*. But, Sir, answered *Herminius*, you know, that revenge is counted the highest of all delights, and therefore having carried out your revenge upon *Tarquin*, in the most noble way that ever was, you have great reason and just cause to comfort your self. Revenge is sweet, I confess, replyed *Brutus*, but it gives me no calm delight, nor ever will. Common injuries indeed, which may be repayed by revenge, may find a satisfaction and quietness of mind to the wronged party: But alas, mine is none of those, for all my revenge can never restore me *Lucretia*. I have driven *Tarquin* out of *Rome*; I forced proud *Tullia* to fly away: Infamous *Sextus* dares not shew his head, the virtue of his Brothers cannot secure him from the fury of the people: All Romans do enjoy their liberty, and reverence me as receiving it from my hand; but for all that, *Lucretia* is dead, and I am more grieved at her being in her Tomb, than I am joyed at the Tyrants being out of his Throne: And as an addition to my misery, *Collatine* shares in the soveraign Authority with me: yes, my dear *Herminius*, he is so insupportable to me, that without extream violence upon my self, I cannot endure him: for first, he is of *Tarquines* name, which is a horror to me; He was my Rival, he married *Lucretia*, his shallow merits made her miserable; he, and his indiscretion, was the cause of that horrid accident which happened, and consequently the cause of her death. I hate him, because he does not lament her death enough; for the Consulship which the silly people has conferred upon him, has almost made him forget the loss of that rare woman. You are so ingenious to torment your self, replyed *Herminius*, that the more one strives to comfort you, the more one afflicts you, and therefore 'tis better never to talk of your grief, but of your revenge. No, no, replyed *Brutus*, all's in vain; for where so ere I am, what so ere I say, or do, I have still *Lucretia* in my mind, and to my great torment do always see her striking a Poniard into her breast, and look upon me as if she bad me revenge her death. No, *Herminius*, her Ghost never leaves me, nor never will; and therefore, never fear renewing my griefs, since I my self renew it every minute; she is infinitely dear and precious unto me, and I were a most perfidious villain, if I could be any wayes comforted.

After this, *Herminius*, to turn the discourse handsomely, began to speak of *Aronces* and his misfortunes, and the advantage which *Tarquin* might have by keeping that Prince in his custody: For, said he, he will thereby oblige *Porsenna* to arm in his behalf: Common policy also invites that King to assist *Tarquin*; and when that league is made, honour will not suffer *Aronces* to be against his Father; so as if that happen, as most probably it will, I shall look upon him as one of the most miserable Princes upon earth: For he will be constrained to fight for his Rivals, in fighting for *Tarquin* and *Sextus*: He will be forced to take the unjust side, he will strike at his dearest friends, and which is hardest of all, against the Father of his Mistress. 'Tis true replyed *Brutus*, but this will be his consolation, that he will be against *Horatius*, and the Prince of *Numidia*. However it be, said *Herminius*, that great Prince will be exposed to abundance of misery; and therefore for the interest of *Rome*, for the interest of *Clelia*, for the interest of *Aronces*, for the revenge of *Lucretia*; it is good to hinder *Porsenna* from arming

on *Tarquins* ſide, ſince there is none but he whom we need to fear. Indeed (ſaid *Brutus*) all the neighbouring Eſtates have not power enough to protect him: nor is it ſo eaſie a matter to perſwade little Republicks to aſſiſt a King tumbled down from his Throne, as it is to inſpire that deſign into a great and Potent King, who by the conſequence of the thing, has indirectly intereſt in the re-eſtabliſhment of *Tarquin*. Not that he can ever have any Right to Protect a Tyrant; but, you know, Policy does change the names of things according to the ſeveral intereſts of thoſe that act in them: ſo, it may be, that *Tarquin* who is diſclaimed at *Rome* as a Tyrant, will be looked upon at *Cluſium*, as a legitimate and unfortunate King, driven out of his Kingdom by his Rebellious ſubjects. So as to prevent that, I conceive it expedient to negotiate with *Porſenna*; but the difficulty will be to know, how: Sir, replyed *Herminius*, I conceive it good to conſult with the Prince *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* about it: you know that the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, is ſiſter unto the firſt of them; that ſhe is with the Queen *Galerita*, the Mother of *Aronces*; and that ſhe has a great reputation and intereſt in that Court, ſo as it were a good expedient, if you could oblige *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* to go unknown unto *Cluſium*, and acquaint that Princeſs with the true intereſt and condition of *Aronces*, to the end ſhe may do him ſuch ſervice as he deſires. But, replyed *Brutus*, *Aronces* is in the hands of *Tarquin*, who certainly will never part with him, unleſs *Porſenna* promiſe to aſſiſt him. But, replied *Herminius*, if *Porſenna* will not aſſiſt him, he will be ſo far from being able to keep *Aronces*, that he will not know how to keep himſelf. There is ſome reaſon in what you ſay, anſwered *Brutus*, but you never conſider that *Porſenna*, who would not have *Aronces* to marry *Clelia*, will not treat with *Rome*, now *Clelius* is returned, but upon condition, that match ſhall never be; yet you know that *Aronces* will not conſent unto that treaty. I know it very well (replied *Herminius*) but I know withal that however it be, it is very requiſite to have one in the King of *Cluſium*'s Court, though only to know how things paſs there. I grant it (anſwerd *Brutus*) and accordingly *Herminius* took upon him to propound the buſineſs unto *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*.

Mean time, *Sulpitia* arrived the next morning, who was ſo highly joyed to ſee *Clelia* there, that it pleaſed her more than to ſee her ſelf in *Rome* and *Tarquin* out on't; or to ſee *Sivelia*, *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, *Collatina*, *Valeria*, *Ceſonia*, *Plotina*, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, and all the reſt of the illuſtrious Romans, who came in Troops to viſit her. On the other ſide, *Clelia*, whom *Sivelia* then reſtored unto *Sulpitia*, had a double joy in being again ſo near her virtuous Mother. For, beſides her affectionate tenderneſs towards her, ſhe looked upon her as one who loved *Aronces*, and did not love *Horatius*. She had alſo the ſatisfaction to ſee, that though *Clelius* had enjoyned her to forget what was paſt, and to receive that illuſtrious Roman very well; yet ſhe gave him but a very faint entertainment: but ſhe enquired very affectionately of the Numidian Prince, and of *Aronces* as a man whom ſhe moſt eſteemed. *Clelia* received alſo that day a moſt ſenſible joy; For, *Aronces* having ſuborned his Guard, procured one to go unto *Rome* with one letter unto *Herminius*, and another unto *Clelia*.

The meſſenger addreſſing himſelf unto *Herminius*, according to his directions, he preſented the two Letters unto him: And *Herminius* after he had read his own, went immediately to carry back unto *Clelia*, who, without making any ſecret of the matter, ſhewed them unto *Sulpitia*: The letter unto *Herminius* was thus writ.

Aronces *unto* Herminius.

FOr Gods ſake, dear Herminius, *pity my misfortune, and bid all our illuſtrious friends pity me alſo. But above all, oblige my Divine* Clelia *not to change her thoughts of a miſerable man, who, whether in fetters or on a Throne, will ſtill be the ſame to her; For, as it is not in the power of virtue it ſelf to make us happy, unleſs fortune conſent, ſo it is not in the power of Fortune to make me forſake Virtue, in forſaking* Clelia. *Negotiate therefore for me, as I would ſo you, if you were in my ſtead; And ſpeak unto that moſt admirable perſon whom I adore, as you would have me ſpeak unto* Valeria, *if your misfortune were equal unto mine. Tell* Brutus *that* Tarquin *hopes to be able for a war, and that I will do all I can to hinder the King my Father from embracing his intereſts.*

After *Clelia* had read this letter, ſhe opened her own, and found theſe words.

The unfortunate Aronces *to the moſt Divine* Clelia.

THough, Madam, my Rival had the advantage of carrying you back unto Rome; *yet I am* Tarquins *Priſoner for endeavouring to ſet you at liberty: when you conſider of the good turn which* Horace *has done you, conſider alſo that the unfortunate* Aronces *would gladly die to do you ſervice: But above all, never forget your promiſe, unleſs you would have me die deſperate.*

The reading of this Letter did exceedingly move *Sulpitia*, and her admirable daughter; who concluded with *Herminius*, that *Clelius* ſhould ſee it. Mean time, they informed themſelves from the meſſenger of *Aronces* and his wounds, who told them, that in all likelihood, they were not dangerous: They alſo underſtood by him, that *Aronces* was guarded very ſtrictly: They learned further, that the enterview of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* was with much bitterneſs, and yet their bad fortunes had united them: He told them alſo that they had ſent unto *Ceres*, which was cleer by them, to engage that Prince unto their ſide:

And

found that the report went, *Tarquin* intended to go unto *Veies* that great and potent City, whose neighbourhood might much incumber *Rome*, if it should declare for him. After they had satisfied their curiosities, as far as the messenger was able to inform them; *Herminius* carried him unto *Brutus*, that he also might know the state of things; and, to the end, he should not repent quitting the Tyrant, he gave him a round sum of money, and promised imployment, if any wars were.

After which, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, *Amilcar*, and *Celeres* coming in, *Herminius*, who according to his resolution, had spoken unto the two first, told *Brutus*, that they both of them offered to go unto *Clusium*, with a design not to be known unto any, but the Princess of the *Leontines*. So, as it was resolved, that they should depart within few dayes. As for *Celeres*, his affection unto *Aronces*, moved him unto a design of going unto *Tarquinia*, to hear news, and also the more easily to receive such orders as he would give, either for the Court of the King his Father, or for *Clelia*.

As for *Amilcar*, he resolved to see out the destinies of *Rome*, since it might be advantagious unto his Master, to *Aronces*, to *Clelia*, to *Brutus*, and to *Herminius*: and since it was pleasing unto *Plotius*, unto whom he was as officious as unto any whom he called Mistress. Mean time, *Hermilia* and *Celatina*, who suffered both under the same kind of affliction, they grew to love each other most tenderly through this equality of misfortune: for, if one grieved for the absence of the Prince of *Pontia*, the other did the like for the absence of *Tiridates*. So as often mixing their Tears and Complaints together; they therefore confined themselves to their Chambers, it not being permitted at that time, to appear sad in *Rome*: For indeed, if any was seen without joy and mirth in his eyes, he was presently censured for one of *Tarquins* friends; And according to the natural injustice and insolence of a people newly set at liberty, they would have a Law which should inflict most terrible tortures upon such as looked melancholy at such a time when *Rome* was enfranchiz'd: So as now, it was not permitted any to grieve for the death of any kindred or friend, unless they would run the danger of being taken for some of *Tarquins* Creatures, and be thrown down headlong from the Tarpeian Rock. *Brutus* did as much as he could to restrain the fury of the people: But, lest they should cool in their hatred of the Tyrant, out of policie he suffered their murmur. As for *Celatina*, though he had more cause to hate *Sextus*, than any other; yet in his heart, he did not wish the establishment of a Common-wealth. For, being of a Family whence two Kings issued, perhaps he had some squint hopes of being chosen.

Upon divers occasions, he was observed to act very faintly, especially in regulating matters of Religion: *Brutus* would have a King of the sacrifices created, being unwilling the Consuls should attribute this honour unto themselves, lest it should too much smell of Royalty, and rub up the memories of such as were well affected to that kind of Government. This business being a matter of great importance, and which *Brutus* thought fit to communicate unto the people as well as the Senate, it was taken into consideration; And (as a thing very observable) the same people who so universally had cryed up *Collatine* for a Consul, having observed him opposite to the opinion of *Brutus*, they were bitterly incensed against him; and cryed him down as loud as they had cryed him up.

The multitude made a mighty murmur against him, some said they were much to blame in thinking upon any for a Consul, that bore the name of *Tarquin*, since that only was cause sufficient to banish him *Rome*: others added, That he appeared more a *Tarquin* in heart than name, since he was contrary to the opinion of *Brutus*, who was the true deliverer of *Rome*: some said, he held intelligence with *Tarquin*: others, that his aim was to make himself King, and all generally concluded, that there was a necessity not only of a dismission from his authority, but of his packing out of *Rome*. At the first, he behaved himself as Consul, and commanded silence: but thinking to appease the multitude, he incensed them: Afterwards, seeing his power not obeyed, he begun to Cajole the people; but the more submis he was, the more insolent were they: some argued him culpable, because he would keep the Authority against the intentions of those who conferred it upon him. *Brutus* seeing so great a Tumult, and being unwilling to oppose *Collatin* directly, though the publick good required that *Valerius* should be in his place, and though his secret hatred against him wished it, yet he went another way to compass his end. For after he had excused *Collatin* in those accusations wherein he was charged, he said it was a thing impossible his heart should adhere to the interest of *Tarquin*, who had so much wronged him.

But for all that (said he most subtilly) were I so unfortunate as ever to be suspected by the people, I profess I would not keep the authority one quarter of an hour after, and I do now at this instant offer it up, if it be thought that the publick good requires it. *Brutus* had no sooner said so, but the people applauded him to the Skies, after which he seemed more animated against *Collatin*: so as *Lucretius* who had more resolution than his Son in law, who also knew that he was not fit for that place; who hated *Tarquin* more than *Collatin* did; who had the heart of a true Roman; who knew that *Lucretia* left no children, and who dearly loved *Brutus*; he turned towards his Son in Law, and spake thus unto him; Why, *Collatin*, will you not lay hold of a noble occasion, of doing a great action, in voluntary surrendring the Consulship, since it is not pleasing unto the people? Make it appear *Collatin*, by this free dismission, that you quit an authority which you have no mind to keep, since you do so easily part from it: if you would be rul'd by me, I would advise you to put your self in a capacity of being recalled unto *Rome*, by banishing your self freely to day. For my part, I protest unto you, that though you married my Daughter, yet I think my self more obliged to take *Romes* part than yours; so as seeing the people incensed against you, and ill perswaded of your good intentions concerning the liberty of your Country, I think my self obliged both in honour and reason to advise you as I do: Then (added he in a low voyce)

It is in vain to keep that Authority which will be taken from you. *Collatin* now found himself at a pitiful non-plus: but, in conclusion, seeing all the people against him, knowing *Brutus* no friend, and finding *Lucretius* also his opposite, he surrendred that power which was given him into the hands of *Valerius*, who by the contrivance of *Brutus* and *Herminius*, was chosen with one voyce; *Lucretius*, who pretended to it, not being offended at it, so cunningly was the business carried. Mean time, to shew *Collatin* how pleasing the generous counsel he had given *Collatin*, was unto the people; they permitted *Collatin* to transport all his estate out of *Rome*, with *Collatina*, whom he would not carry with him, because he knew more than the people did, to wit, the league 'twixt *Titus* and her. So as thinking that if he carryed her where he was, that Prince perhaps would come and see her, and this would render him suspected at *Rome*, to which he hoped ere long to be recalled: he left her with *Racilia*, for *Collatina's* Mother was dead long before. Thus this fair Lady, who hoped that the misfortune of her Brother would be advantageous to her, she found her self more miserable, though being with *Hermilia*, was a great consolation to her. Mean time, according to the course of all the world, which will have some sigh whilest others sing, whilst *Collatina* mourned with *Hermilia*, all true Romans rejoyced to see the illustrious *Brutus*, and sage *Valerius*, masters of the soveraign Authority, for both of them were able, both couragious, both professed enemies of the Tyrant, both reverenced by all Romans, and both friends. So as it was the general hopes of all to see the liberty of *Rome* solidly established, since two men of such noted virtue sat at the helm of affairs: Indeed this great City, reposing themselves upon the prudence of these two great Men, as men in a ship upon a skilful Pilot, all was calm, every one was quiet, and for a few days, not a word of any false news flew about, no politick disputes troubled the tranquillity of the Town; not but that it was well known there was a Cabal of young men, and of high quality, who wished well to the dominion of *Tarquin*, because they shared in the debaucheries of Prince *Sextus*: but yet they durst not speak out their thoughts: And *Rome* was all peace, when the guards at the Gates came to tell the Consuls in open Senate, that there were some Envoyes from *Tarquin*, who demanded entrance. At first, the opinions of *Brutus*, of *Valerius*, of the illustrious father of *Clelia*, *Lucretius*, and of many others, was, not to hearken unto them, or permit them entrance; but their opinions altered, when they heard that they whom *Tarquin* sent, were two of those Priests called *Fecialians*, of which there was twenty in *Rome*, whose office was to declare War and Peace, to be spectators of Combates, and executed the Function of Heralds, and sometimes of Envoyes, or Mediators. These men were held in such great veneration at *Rome* as the superstition had perswaded the people, that if they did not give respect unto the propositions they brought, they should pull down vengeance upon themselves: so although *Brutus* and *Valerius* did believe that such men as had quitted *Rome* to follow the Tyrant, and came from him, would never find protection from the Gods; yet knowing how the multitude stood affected, they thought it prudence to give them their satisfaction in observing their old customs. *Brutus* also added, that it was expedient to manifest unto all their Neighbour States, that they had all right reason to maintain that liberty which they had recovered by force, and that they should hearken unto these Envoyes from *Tarquin*, whose propositions would be so apparently unjust, that they would incense the people more when they heard them.

The opinions of *Brutus* and *Valerius* being followed, they sent a man of Authority to receive these Envoys, and bring them to the Senate, but not suffer them to speak unto any as they passed through the Town: mean time, these Envoyes, or Heralds fearing the violence of the people, they attired themselves in such a Garb as might best set out their qualities, and beget respect, for according to the custom on such occasions, they wore Crowns of Laurel upon their heads, two darts in their hands; the one, half burned, to shew them as their propositions were answered; for they used divers ceremonies when they declared War. Mean time they perceived by this encounter, how powerful Religion is in the minds of the people: for notwithstanding the inveterate hatred which the Romans had against *Tarquin*, these Envoyes passed through *Rome* without the least violence offered unto them; yet many were heard to murmur, which made it apparent, they were no welcome; but having several designs in hand, they were not out of hopes of well serving him that sent them. They were men of able parts, they were instructed by *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, they were Romans; they had many kindred in the Town, and they had divers Letters from *Tarquin*, to many young men of Quality: they had also some from *Sextus*, for his old friends, so as the main matter of their negotiation, was only to speak unto the Senate, as an umbrage to plot something in *Rome*, which might advantage the Tyrant. Yet they kept their design very close and were conducted to the Senate, unto whom, in few words, they delivered the cause of their coming. At first, the Consuls, and Senators expected that the Heralds would ask no less than the Soveraign Power for *Tarquin*, and that they would recal him: But in lieu of that, they only said, that *Tarquin* to shew, he had more moderation than those who drove him from *Rome*, demanded only a restitution of all that was his own proper estate, and that it might be transported unto the place where he was. This feigned moderation surprised the Senate, and puzled them more than if the Envoyes had demanded the Crown for the Tyrant, who sent them. However this being a business which could not be determined in their presence, they withdrew; and to further their close design, they desired leave, to go amongst those that were of their own Function, who stayed in *Rome*: which was granted, and they conducted thither. Yet *Brutus* and *Valerius*, commanded to observe them narrowly, and not to stir from them.

But after they were retired, and the matter put to the vote, the opinions of the Senators were strangely divided, and which way soever they considered the thing, they found it a peevish business:

Should

Should they deny *Tarquin*, what was his own, though he had never raigned in *Rome*, were such a piece of Injustice, as would give him a just pretence for a War: should they consent to his demand, they should enable him to make it. So as the thing being very Controverfial, and the Senate so newly established, as those of which it was composed were hardly acquainted with each other; it was impossible for *Brutus* and *Valerius* as able as they were, to determine the business that day, nor the next; no, nor the next following that: Mean time, they durst not take upon themselves the absolute Authority, lest the people should say, they expelled the Tyrant, only to become Tyrants themselves. So as they were forced to submit the matter unto Time, and stay till those that were of a contrary opinion, did yield unto theirs; or else so united all those that were of their judgment, as they might be able to oppose them that contradicted them: But whilst the Senate was debating the business, without coming to any result, *Tarquins* Envoys did unperceivedly and cunningly transact their business: For, seeing they had no answer the first day, they desired leave to send unto those that imployed them, which in Common Justice could not be denied.

True it is, they were always accompanied by one that observed them, but yet they made a shift to blind his eyes; for they being two, whilst the one of them was talking unto any one whom they thought fit to employ, the other entertained their spie with discourse: Now, such as were well affected either unto *Sextus*, or the Princes his Brother, they sought out for such occasions as might bring them to the speech with those men that were of their interests: of which number were the two young *Aquilians*, and two others of the illustrious Family of the *Vitellians*, who got to speech with one of these Envoys, and received Letters of him from *Tarquin*: The Envoy also gave him sealed Pacquet for the two Sons of *Brutus*, not telling them from whom they came: After which, it being agreed amongst themselves, that they should meet when it was dark in a Garden which belonged to the house, they parted. These four young Romans failed not to meet accordingly, and one of *Tarquins* Envoys began to perswade them unto a Restitution of *Tarquin* to the Throne, and to make a Confederacy in the Town, to let him in by night with such Troops as still remained with him; promising unto them Mountains of Recompences, if they could do him so great a service: Alas, (said the Envoy) what good can you expect from this Alteration of Government? You see, even now, that though the two Consuls be as able men as are in the whole world; yet they cannot get a result upon a business, which would be resolved in an hour, if the Authority were in one single person: Tell therefore, all the young Gallantry, your friends, that all their Glory and Advantage consists in the re-establishment of *Tarquin*, though he should be a Tyrant: For, the Court of a Prince has Grandeur and magnificence in it: Tell them that all pleasures and delights are for ever banished from *Rome*, if *Tarquin* be: Make them understand that Kings, be they as rigorous as they are, yet sometimes they pardon and recompence: But the Laws are inexorable, and punish severely without mercy: they are always more favourable to the poor, than to the rich; to the common people, than to men of Rank. Represent unto them, what a heart-burning it will be, when they shall see themselves subjected to a multitude, to Cringe and Court those whom naturally they ought to command.

Tell them, that Kings being elective at *Rome*, it were a gross baseness in the Nobility to sit still, and lose their hopes to a Crown: In short, tell them, whatsoever you shall think best to prompt them on unto so great a design. These young Romans unto whom this discourse was addressed, and who of themselves were apt to embrace what was desired of them, they promised *Tarquins* Envoy as much as could be required: and this discourse being in the night only by Moonshine, and in a Garden, they had as good an opportunity as could be, to argue upon the enterprise: For, the Envoy had gained the slave, who had the charge of shutting the doors of the house: He that was appointed to keep an eye over their Actions, fell asleep: And all *Rome* was in a profound calm, whilst a business was consulting which might captivate them all.

Mean while, *Tarquins* Envoy asking the young Romans, what they had done with the Pacquet, which he gave them for the two Sons of *Brutus*, they told him that as yet they had not met with them; but in the morning they would go unto them, and in the evening at the same place, they would give them an account of all things; After which they went away. In their way home, he who had the Pacquet directed to the two Sons of *Brutus*, asked the rest what they thought of that Pacquet: For my part, (said one of the three, whose name was *Aquilius*) I am much mistaken, if it be not letters from two fair Ladies, who were brought up under *Tullia*: the one of which is a Slave of a Noble extraction called *Teraminta*: And I am sure, that *Titus* and *Tiberius* (so were the two Sons of *Brutus* called) are deeply in love with them. This induceth me to think, that *Tullia* has a design, by this means to draw *Titus* and *Tiberius* unto their Party. But (replied one of those who had not yet spoken) I wonder these Loves should make no greater a noise in the World, and that I should never hear a word of it. The reason is (answered he) because the War of *Ardes* imployed every one so much, that they had no leisure to talk of amorous discourses as in idle times of peace. But (said the other) though *Titus* and *Tiberius* should be in love with *Octisia*, and the young *Teraminta*, do you think they would ever desert the interest of *Brutus*? Yes, yes, answer'd he, for Love is stronger than Nature: And I know, there is no great tenderness in the hearts of these young men towards their Father: For, *Brutus* affecting a strange kind of lumpish stupidity, the young men have been extreamly ashamed of being his Sons: 'Tis true, they were so (said one of them.) But now, since *Brutus* is known to be one of the most glorious persons in the world, and performed such high Actions, doubtless *Titus* and *Tiberius* are changed in their opinions of a Father. I grant (answered *Aquilius*) that now they esteem him whom within a few days before they sleighted: But for all that, if they be really in Love, they cannot love a Father, who in expelling a Prince which loved them, exiled also their Mistresses: besides, they

they being brought up in great Liberty and Freedom, they will much insist upon obedience to the commands of a Father: Well, well, (said *Aquilius*) to morrow will tell us more: And indeed, as soon as it was day, *Aquilius*, who had the Packet, went unto *Titus* and *Tiberius*: And the other three went every one severally to their particular friends, whom they thought most apt to adhere unto their opinions: Mean time, *Aquilius* was no sooner alone with *Titus* and *Tiberius*, but he gave them the Packet which was directed unto them: They had no sooner opened it, but they found two letters, the Characters of which they knew: For, that directed unto *Titus*, was from the fair *Ocrisia* whom he loved: and the other to *Tiberius*, was from the young slave *Teraminta*, whom he affected with a most violent passion. So as these two Lovers being infinitely impatient to see these Letters, they opened them, and read them in private, though they knew the secrets of each other, and though their friend was also acquainted with their Loves. But after they had read them to themselves, they read them aloud to *Aquilius*, who found that from *Ocrisia* to be thus indited.

Ocrisia *unto* Titus.

YOur destiny, Generous Titus, *is in your own disposé, and it is only long of your self if you be not happy: you have told me ten thousand times, that you would do any thing in the world, to win my love: which if you will make good, and if you will reign in my heart, do what you can to make* Tarquin *reign in* Rome: *For, if you do not, you shall be for ever banished from any heart of mine.*

After the young *Aquilius* had heard this Letter, *Tiberius* read his, which was in these terms,

Teraminta *unto* Tiberius.

IF the unfortunate Teraminta *be not out of your memory, as she is out of* Rome, *you will still remember how heavy the chains are which she wears. It is in your power to set me at Liberty: For, it is promised unto me, if you will take the Kings side. You know that in the condition wherein I am, I have nothing to dispose of but my affection. And that I do most faithfully promise unto you, if you will but do as I desire, and as you ought:* Brutus *was not so much obliged to deliver* Rome, *as you are to deliver me, since I do give you the means: Either unslave me, or resolve never to be mine.*

Well (said *Aquilius* unto these two Lovers) what answer you to these two Letters, and what do you resolve upon? For my part, (said *Titus*) I cannot tell what to do: For I do love *Ocrisia* as well as is possible for any to love, but withal, I love my honour also: and indeed, what can I do for *Tarquin*, against my Father, and all *Rome*? If you will but imploy your Courage, (replied *Aquilius*) you will shortly find it no such difficulty as you think, to put *Rome* again under the Power of a Prince, who is so near a-kin to you, as it is but just to put that Crown again upon his head, which *Brutus* pulled off.

Oh ye good Gods (cried out *Tiberius*) in what a confused Labyrinth am I brought? for truly, I must ingenuously confess, that I am an enemy unto all Republiques: I had much rather obey a Tyrant, than be a slave unto the rash people, and to see my Fortune depend upon the humour of the giddy multitude. I know my Father has done a most high Action, and it were against Nature and Reason so much as to question whether I being his Son, ought, or ought not to take his part. But then, ought I not to deliver Mistress when it is in my power? and must I deny her any thing unto whom I have promised all things? But, *Aquilius* (said he) suppose I should overcome my repugnancy unto the Law of Nature, and follow such motions as Love inspires me with, all would be in vain: For, my Father is Master of *Rome*: *Tarquin* is hated, and the same cruelty which made him reign so long, will doubtless debar him from ever reigning again in *Rome*: because all Romans knowing how revengeful he is, will never trust him: Therefore though the interest of a Father should not restrain me, the impossibility of the enterprise ought: For, it is a most gross folly to attempt a thing against all reason, when there is no manner of possibility to effect it. For my part, (said *Titus* then) I shall hardly think any thing impossible. For the people are so giddy and mutable, as one may expect, or one may fear any thing from them: How strangely violent they were in chusing *Collatine* a Consul, and with the same violence and breath, expell'd him *Rome*? Therefore if a confederacy were on foot, I should not despair of its success, and would be one amongst them, provided they would save the life of my Father; for I must confess, I cannot lose *Ocrisia* and live. Perhaps (replied *Tiberius*) I love *Teraminta* more than you *Ocrisia*; but being not so great a hater of this new Government as you are, and seeing no possibility to alter it, I am not so hasty as you. However (said *Aquilius*) I promised the Envoys of *Tarquin* to bring you unto them: and indeed, they had earnestly entreated *Aquilius* to contrive it so, that they might speak with them, if it might be with safety. *Aquilius* did not fear his friends would reveal a thing which would ruine him if it were known; and therefore he told them, that for his part, he was resolved to do all he could for *Tarquin*, although he did not love him; and that he would break off all friendship with them, if they would not go to morrow in the evening, into the Garden where they had already spoken with the Envoyes of the Prince. Thus the Sons of *Brutus* not well knowing what they would, or would not do, and not knowing whether Love should yield unto Nature and Honour, or whether Nature and Honour should surmount Love, they promised *Aquilius* to go whither he would.

But whilst *Brutus* and *Valerius* were striving to unite the opinions of the Senate; whilst the Envoys of *Tarquin* were sowing seeds of confederacy; whilst the young *Aquilians* and their friends were plotting a confederacy against the deliverers of *Rome*; and whilst all the people of *Rome* expected with much impatience the resolution of the Senate; *Horatius* casting all his cares of the publick good upon the wisdom of those who then had the Authority, he thought upon nothing but how to make advan-

advantage of the absence and misfortune of his Rival; *Herminius* and *Mutius*, upon nothing but to please the charming *Valeria*; *Artemidorus* and *Soranus*, upon nothing but their own and their friends business: The Prince of *Numidia*, nothing but complain he could not dye, since he was not beloved: *Herminia* and *Collatina*, in discoursing of their common misfortunes; *Clelia*, in grieving for the miseries of *Aronces*: and *Amilcar*, in diverting himself in all things, and in diverting *Plotina* in all manner of things that might afford her any delight. Mean while, *Sulpitia* being of the prime Quality, and a little disaccustomed at *Carthage*, and *Capua*, from the extream severity of *Rome*, converse and discourse at her house was very free: Also at every alteration of Government, the people are for a while excused from the exact deportments of their Country. So as almost all Men and Women of any excellency of parts and ingenuity, did Rendevouz every day at the house of *Sulpitia*. *Clelia*, doubtless did wish her self free to leave her misfortunes: but since she could not have her will, and being as wise as fair, she dissembled part of her grief, except when *Horatius* looked upon her; for then out of an obliging tenderness to *Aronces*, she found some sweetness in afflicting *Horatius* by shewing her melancholy, which she knew he would interpret as she desired he should; but though she was very serious and sad, yet was she both civil and sociable.

The same day that the Sons of *Brutus* received the two Letters, *Clelia* having observed in seeing *Mutius* and *Herminius* together, that they look'd very coldly upon each other; she asked *Valeria* what the matter was betwixt those two brave men: *Valeria*, she blusht at the question, so as *Clelia* never staying for an answer, told her in a low voice, that she would never ask her any thing again, for I am much mistaken, if I do not see the cause of their Quarrel in your eyes: Truly, replied *Valeria*, you need not seek for any other cause, than the injustice of *Mutius*, who thinks it a shame to change a resolution which he had fixed upon. I am so apt to judge favourably of *Herminius* (replied *Clelia*) that I doubt not but *Mutius* is in the wrong, and his Rival in the right: but for all that, it is not impossible that two Rivals should hate one another, yet not be unjust. Whilst these two Ladies were talking thus, *Herminius* and *Mutius*, who were no good friends since *Tarquinius* expelled *Rome*, they looked very roughly upon each other, and conversed not together unless when some other broke the Ice; for though they had agreed to defer their difference until the liberty of their Country was established, yet they could not constrain themselves, and one might easily perceive they sought for an occasion of being contrary in opinions. Yet *Mutius* was much perplexed, for *Amilcar* and *Plotina*, talking with them and *Cesonia*, began unawares to speak of *Aronces* and *Horatius*, and to say afterwards in general, that it was the most unjust thing in the world, for two Rivals to hate each other upon no other ground, but loving the same person: For truly (said *Plotina* very pleasantly) He who hates his Rival because he loves his Mistress, must also endeavour to be hated himself by the same reason. What you say, replyed *Herminius* then, is very witty: but yet I am perswaded, that there are not so many Rivals unjust as you imagine. For my part (said *Cesonia*) I never knew any that loved. Doubtless, replyed *Mutius*, there are some who esteem, but there can be none who do not hate: I never knew any, no more *Cesonia*, (said *Amilcar*) that loved their Rivals.

The reason why all Rivals are so (replyed *Herminius*) is because it is a thing impossible that two men should pretend unto one and the same thing, but they must look upon each other as men that would make each other miserable, so as commonly one of the two is always unjust. For my part, said *Plotina*, I must maintain that it is rather envie than love, that causeth hatred in the hearts of two Rivals: Oh, I beseech you (said *Herminius*) do not attribute so vile a quality unto all Lovers; Well, well, said she, and laughed; I am not so much in the wrong as you think: For the same thought that so often makes two ambitious men hate each other; that two fair ones should not esteem; that two brave men should so easily quarrel; that two good wits should lash each other; does make two Rivals not to endure one another. For my part, said *Herminius*, I cannot consent unto that, because I cannot believe that Love can beget envie: But most true it is, that two Rivals can hardly be without the one, giving some cause of complaint against the other: so as it being not natural to endure a Rival, one does easily look upon the other as an enemy That (said *Amilcar*) may very well be, but it is very odd, that though the love which causeth this hatred do cease, yet it often happens that the hatred does not cease; and though two Rivals do agree to cease loving their mistress, yet they will be always enemies: And yet (replied *Cesonia*) I have seen two Rivals very well reconciled: That never happens, replied *Mutius* coldly, unless they come to scorn the person whom they loved. Indeed, said *Herminius* then, scorn sometimes reunites what love divided: But when the person loved is such a one as must be for ever so, then doubtless it is hard for hatred to cease betwixt Rivals. *Mutius* would have answered, and answered sharply, when *Clelius* returned from the Senate, and put a period to this discourse. Mean time, *Amilcar* fearing left *Mutius* and *Herminius* should quarrel at their going out, he went with *Mutius*, as most apt for it, because most unfortunate: And being witty, stout, and pleasing withal; he began to speak freely unto him of his love to *Valeria*, and to tell him, that he was much to blame for agreeing no better with *Herminius*, were it for nothing but for his own interest. For, (said he) any woman of wisdom and virtue, cannot endure any quarrels should arise about her: but on the contrary, she loves a Lover that out of his respect to her, will put up petty injuries in her presence: You, *Amilcar*, replyed *Mutius*, have a reputation of loving so highly, as you are able to beg confident sometimes unto your Rival: But I who love unto such a height, that love often turns fury, I cannot do so; yet I must confess you speak reason, and I am resolved to endure the sight of *Herminius* for a while: After this, *Amilcar* sometimes humouring, and sometimes crossing his opinions, he became almost his confident, although he was the most particular friend of *Herminius*. On the other side, *Clelia* and *Valeria*, who were talking

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ing together whilst the discourse was general, they entertained themselves with a thousand obliging expressions; and Confidence being a most infallible sign of solid amity, they desired each other to relate their Adventures. Yours are so illustrious and extraordinary (said *Valeria* unto *Clelia*) as it is but a reasonable curiosity to desire the knowledge of them: But mine are so poor, as there is nothing in them that will divert you: for I cannot think it will be any pleasure unto you, to know that I was so unjust, as to hate you before I knew you: How? replied *Clelia*, did you ever hate me? Yes, Madam, replied she, I did; And though upon no other reason, but because I should too much blaze my injustice, I would not relate my adventures unto you. This Circumstance, replied *Clelia*, is enough to swell my curiosity, and invites me to conjure you unto it: but, by the way, added she; who obliged you to cease hating me? *Aronces*, replied *Valeria*. You speak such Riddles, replied *Clelia*, as I beseech you to unfold them. I beseech you, Madam (said *Valeria*) do not enjoyn me to tell my own story, but let *Herminius* do it, for he knows my life as well as his own; and so it was resolved, but not executed accordingly: for so it happened, that *Amilcar* after he parted from *Mutius*, he went unto *Herminius*, whom he obliged to tell all his adventures. So as when *Clelia* told *Herminius* the next morning, what was resolved betwixt *Valeria* and her, he put it off himself, and beseeched that *Amilcar* might relate her life: With all my heart, said he, I am most obedient (said this pleasant *African*) but upon condition that *Plotina* and *Cesonia* be present at the Relation, for I would not deprive those two excellent Ladies of a delight so great: *Amilcar* said this in such a frolique air, as *Herminius* consented unto it, upon condition *Valeria* would consent also: so as *Amilcar* taking it upon him, and the hour being appointed when *Cesonia* and *Plotina* should meet at *Clelias* Chamber; they all met accordingly, and *Amilcar* addressing himself unto *Clelia*, he began thus:

The History of *Herminius*, and of *Valeria*.

WEre I to speak of *Herminius* only unto you, Madam, I should tell you his Adventures, without mentioning the advantages of spirit: But since *Cesonia* and *Plotina* have but lately known him; and since *Herminius* is none of those who shew all their Riches at the first sight; give me leave to tell them in few words, that this illustrious man, who sometimes speaks very little, yet can speak most elegantly when he will; and that he can speak with as much power and authority when any occasion requires it, as he can pleasantly and amorously, at other times; His soul is Noble, Great, Tender and Generous; he is full of sincerity and goodness, he is naturally liberal and just, and to lap up all in this, *Herminius* has all the virtues without one vice. Some will sometimes upbraid him with wilfulness, and a little Choler; but for my particular, I never saw any obstinacy proceed from him, which might not in reason be termed Constancy and Resolution. So as it may be said, his obstinacy is a virtue, because he never is so, but when he is in the right: As for his Choler, the truth is, did he not a little bridle himself, it would appear sometimes a little too much. But as for his wit, it is unlimited; there is nothing which *Herminius* cannot do most admirably well: he writes both in Verse and Prose, both equally, incomparably: he is for works of Learning and height; he is also for Railery and Gallantry: in all which he observes a smooth, genuine, and facetious decorum: He is also for matters of Love, and expresses himself in such passionate Characters, as one may plainly perceive, he is sensible of that passion whereof he treats: and which is most admirable, he never treads the steps of another, but on the contrary, has a way by himself, and wanders not a jot from the matter, as most do, who are given to filch from others: and having both wit and judgment of his own, all his Fancies and inventions are equally gallant and judicious. He is capable of any thing: I have heard him in one day make Speeches, Letters of business, of Love and Gallantry, Songs, Heroick Verses, and Verses of Love; and all with such ease, that when the Fancy takes him, he does them *ex tempore*; he will write them in the midst of a great company: He does them as if he never thought upon them: And if I may commend myself in commending him, I will tell you, without a lie, how one day he and I answered one another, so long in Verse amongst a company of Ladies in *Capua*, as all that heard us were amazed, and thought it impossible to be done without inchantment. One shall meet with men sometimes of a high election of wit, Learning and Fancy; but they cannot hold it out: For after some facetious pass, they will fall off unto pitiful low and common conceits: their style is rough, and disgusts such palates as are any thing critical, or delicate. But *Herminius* is a man singular in Learning, Wit, Judgment, and Politeness: He is none of those who has knowledge and wit at will; yet want a smooth and pleasing humour: For, as wise, knowing, and serious as he seems, when occasion serves, he will be all mirth and diversion: Yet he is not much affected with all sorts of pleasures; for he delights not in hunting, Musick, Painting, Feasts, and such like: but in Complacency he will be one at them all; and will do all he can to make men think he loves them as well as any. He will sometimes be so much taken up with a trifle, as if he were ignorant in any high things, sometimes he will apply himself to men of mean capacities, as if he were able to reach no higher; he could comply with all sorts; and never left any merry company: yet this man, who is able to inspire mirth into any company when he pleaseth, can live in solitude with as much content as any man living upon Earth.

'Tis true, indeed, he loves his study so well, as if he affected the company of dead men better than living: And if the generous *Sivelia* did not sometimes divert him, he would bury himself in his study: I am confident, that should he lose *Valeria* and *Sivelia*, he would absolutely renounce all commerce with the World: And yet this earnest inclination he has to his studie, cannot make him neglect any matter of business: As insensible as he seems, he has a heart most sensible of Glory, of Amity, and of Love: but he has these two last qualities in a very particular manner: For, where he is only a Friend, he will seem as if he were a Lover: and where he is a Lover, one would think

think he were only a friend. Yet this proceeds not from the weakneſs of his affection but from the generoſity of his Soul, which makes him too little intereſted in his paſſion; As for example, had he a Miſtreſs whom a King would marry, he would ſacrifice his love, his joy, and his life, to ſee her upon the Throne: For loving the vertue more than the Miſtreſs, and thinking an intereſt of pleaſure in Love no better than a mercenary intereſt in Friendſhip, he thinks only of doing what generoſity requires: But whether he act the part of a Lover, or a Friend, he is always equally Liberal and Generous: and certainly, there is nothing but impoſſibilities which he would not do for ſuch as he loves: he takes a part in all their misfortunes: he is an enemy to their enemies: he will maintain their glories, before his own: more ſenſible of any affronts to them than to himſelf: And generoſity is ſo natural unto him, that it ſhines in all his actions: he will help his poor friends when he can, and when they would: he is in general, the moſt officious man living: he will often neglect his own buſineſs, to do anothers: and does ſhew his liberality in a thouſand trifles, which many Gallants more able than he would never think upon. I have known ſome of his friends that are extremely afraid, and careful to commend any thing he has, leſt he ſhould give it unto them; He knows how to give a thing handſomely, as well as any man living: and if Fortune had done for him as ſhe has for many others, there ſhould not be any well ſhaped man of his acquaintance, miſerable: Moreover, *Herminius* is a general Scholar, and a moſt kare Poet: *Heſiod*, *Homer*, and *Sappho* are his own, all the ſages of *Greece* are his familiars: 'Tis true, he never affected thoſe nice ſpeculations which *Thales* the Mileſian had upon the Stars, ſo much as he did that part of Philoſophy which regulated Manners: *Herminius* is a man that is able to do any thing that he takes in hand; and he never did any thing ill favouredly: He would ſometimes undertake to ſpeak upon a matter in publick, without any preparation for it: He has a moſt ſtrange and vaſt memory: after once reading of a large Copy of verſes, he would repeat them, and not miſs a ſyllable: alſo he would do the like in Proſe.

Thoſe who think that memory, wit and judgment cannot lodge together, are miſtaken: for he has both: Though he was owner of all the vertues, yet he cared not for ſhewing them, and will often ſtrive to conceal them from ſuch men with whom he is not familiar. And yet he affects glory: but he finds ſo few in the world, that are able to judge aright, that he cares not for the applauds of the multitude. Moreover, *Herminius* is ſo thankful and acknowledging, even for the leaſt good offices that he repays them all with uſury; and which is moſt rare; this man who is able for all things, who can make a Hiſtory of the World as eaſily as a ſong, and who knows no limits unto his parts; yet is he modeſt beyond all thought.

This excellent quality alſo he has, that he can keep a ſecret the beſt of any man alive; and which I highly eſteem him for, he is abſolutely incapable of any envy and ſlander: and is not ſevere unto any but himſelf. He ſutes with my humor principally in this, that he can uſe good fortune better than he can endure bad, becauſe he is much more ſenſible of ſorrows than of joys. As to the Ladies, he holds them in a high degree of reſpect: I could ſay much more of this illuſtrious Roman; but I had better make him known unto you by his ſtory, than by a deſcription which will come ſhort of his worth. As for *Valeria*, though *Ceſonia* and *Plotina* do not know her ſo well as *Herminius*, yet I will not make any long deſcription of her: As for you Madam, I obſerve you love her ſo well already, that I doubt not, but you do perfectly know her. But for my part, I muſt confeſs ingeniouſly unto you, that I never in all my life ſaw a more amiable perſon than *Valeria*. She is indeed but of a middle ſtature, yet ſo well made, as ſhe need not envie any that are taller than her ſelf: Her eys, are not ſuch as ſeem for bigneſs, as if they would look three or four ways at once: but hers are full of life and love, and able to conquer the hearts of ſuch as they ſhine upon; Her complexion is a little pale: yet ſuch a paleneſs as being mixt with a languiſhing and modeſt air does exceedingly well become her; And this *Valeria*, who has a million of charms more than I need mention, ſince you know them, has alſo a Soul ſo noble, a heart ſo tender, a wit ſo accurate, a ſpirit ſo gallant, and every way ſo rarely qualifi'd, that ſhe is worthy to be the Miſtreſs of *Herminius*.

Moreover Madam, never wonder, that this ſtory which I am to relate, ſhould be as full of Gallantry, as if ſhe had been at *Capua* or *Carthage*: For, thoſe amongſt whom ſhe has paſſed her time, are naturally ſo full of wit, as had they been born in deſarts they would have invented Gallantry.

Alſo *Publius Valerius*, the Father of *Valeria*, allowed ſuch honeſt freedom in his houſe unto all men of merit, as it muſt not be thought ſtrange if the Roman ſeverity be not exactly found in the things which I am to relate unto you.

I never need to tell you, that *Herminius* is of a Race illuſtrious, That his Father died an Exile: That the vertuous and generous *Sivelia* his mother is a moſt admirable woman: But let me tell you, that at her return to *Rome*, her principal care was that *Herminius* ſhould be acquainted with men of beſt quality there: So as the houſe of *Valerius* being the common Rendezvous of all the wits and men of Rank; ſhe entreated *Valerius* to admit *Herminius* amongſt them. *Valerius* was the friend of *Herminius* his Father, and did highly eſteem the vertue of his generous Mother; and therefore, he was very glad to ſee him oft at his houſe, and commanded *Domitia* his wife, and *Valeria*, to bid him kindly welcome: *Herminius* made ſuch uſe of this liberty, as he got the eſteem of all theſe illuſtrious Perſons; he being of a ſweet, civil, complaiſant, liberal, and ingenious temper, he made the greateſt divertiſement of this gallant Cabal, of which was *Collatina*, a Lady call'd *Flavia*, who had wit and beauty in perfection; and another Lady call'd *Salonina*, who was very fair, and had many amiable qualities, though ſhe harboured ſome unjuſt opinions. However, *Herminius* was officious, and always ready to do any thing they would have him, and was extremely civil and liberal to all the Ladies; he did not find in himſelf any other thoughts of *Valeria*, than ſuch as eſteem and admiration uſe to beget in the hearts of ſuch men who value merit. *Valeria* on her

side, she held *Herminius* in a rank of esteem and amity; not thinking he would ever be in love with her, since he was not at that time: so as there was betwixt them all the familiarity that vertue could permit. Things being upon these terms, and the great feast of the *Salians* approaching, which is highly celebrated at *Rome*, and whose Ceremonies are so magnificent, that all the world desires to see them, either out of curiosity or custome *Valeria*, *Collatina*, *Flavia*, and *Salonina*, would go see this feast: *Herminius* promis'd to provide them windows in the sacred street, through which the *Salians* were wont to pass, the first day of *Mars*, which is the day of that Ceremony, which though I am no Roman, I do know as well as you, though I cannot relate, because I never saw it.

Then said *Plotina*, and smiled, I am more knowing than you in matters belonging to the *Salian* Ceremony, for I was once at *Rome* upon that day. I beseech you Madam, reply'd *Amilcar*, let me hear the relation of it, and instruct an ignorant *African*, who had need have some leisure to think upon what he is to say. But if whilst I speak, you think upon what you are to say, reply'd *Plotina*, you will not mind what I say. Let not that hinder you from satisfying the curiosity of *Amilcar* (said *Clelia*) for he can sometimes think one thing and speak another: However, answer'd he, I require a relation of the *Salian* Ceremony from *Plotina*, otherwise, I will tell no more of *Herminius*. Your denial will cost us very dear (said *Cesonia* then unto her friend) and therefore I beseech you satisfie the curiosity of *Amilcar* quickly, that he may satisfie ours. Since it must be so, said *Plotina*, I must tell you that the *Salians* are twelve in number; that they must be of the Patrician Race; and that upon the first day of *Mars*, they Celebrate a feast unto all the Gods that govern Arms; so as all that is to be seen in this Ceremony, has some emblem of War in it: The *Salians* wear that day Coats of Arms embroidered with divers colours, with great Belts of gilded Leather studded, Murrians of polished Gold; they have also Swords hanging by their sides, Javelins in their right hand, and Bucklers on their left arms, like unto those which fell from heaven miraculously in the time of *Numa*.

The *Salians* being thus habited, they dance and skip through the Town to the sound of Instruments, and sing songs to the honour of *Mars*, whose feast they celebrate. But that in dancing they may emblem War; in some places they draw their Swords, and strike upon the Bucklers according to the cadency of tune, and keep time without any confused noise or clashing: Those that dance and strike thus, do make an Idea of a Combate in their dance: sometimes they are all in order and figure; otherwhile they seem to fight with one another: some assault, others retreat, and all in figure and time, according to the tune: But the rarest thing amongst these twelve *Salians* was, There were also twelve fair *Salian* Women, dress after the *Salian* mode, except without Swords and Bucklers: Before them marched soft Musick, suitable to the sweetness of their Sex. These also danced through the streets as the *Salians* did, seeming by their actions to incite the men to dance well, sing well, and fight well: Those who would give a reason why they bring women into this Ceremony, can find no other but this, That all Heroick Actions whatsoever, are principally inspired into men only by a desire of pleasing women. I shall not mention all the streets through which the *Salians* passed, nor their sacrifices, because I will let *Herminius* bring his friends into the Sacred street to see them. After this, *Amilcar* thanked *Plotina* for her relation, and returned to his own in this manner.

Herminius having promised to provide windows for all the Company, he failed not of his word: the young *Hermilia* joyn'd with this good Company. As for the men, besides *Collatin* and *Manlius*, there was one called *Volesus*, who certainly was a man of merit; and one *Spurius Largius*, who flowed in wit: the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, were there also.

Herminius, delighting handsomely to surprise those whom he desired to please, he carried all the Company to the sacred street, but told them not of any other entertainment, but seeing the *Salians* pass: yet he had so ordered things, that these Ladies entred into a Chamber most richly furnished, and the floor strewed with all delicate variety of flowers the spring could afford, the smell of which far surpassed that of Roses or Violets. The Ladies having never seen the like before, thought themselves in a Garden, and stooped to gather flowers for Nosegays: but *Herminius* saved them the labour, for he presented unto them baskets full of Posies, of all sorts of flowers, tied up with Ribbons of various colours, so as the Ladies not thinking themselves able to commend *Herminius* enough for his Gallantry, they thanked him a thousand times, after which, they found very rich Carpets laid in the windows for them to lean upon; *Herminius* thought it not enough, for all things to be handsome in the Chamber, but he had provided most rare Musick in a Closet adjoyning: and to compleat the entertainment, he gave them a most sumptuous banquet.

Now, that you may the better understand the sequel of this story, be pleased to know, that *Volesus*, who, as I told you already, was a man of merit, was in love with *Salonina*, who indeed was rarely handsome and fair, though she had some unjust opinions, and who was then one of the best friends of *Valeria*, who was not then in any great amity with *Lucretia*. So as *Volesus* being a Lover, and Lovers naturally are jealous, he imagined that *Herminius* was also in love, for making such treatments of Gallantry, but yet he was deceived, for *Herminius* did such things very oft, because they were Gallantries in themselves, not because he loved the persons whom he treated; yet *Volesus* measuring the minds of others by his own, he began to dispute with *Herminius*, hoping thereby to discover who the Lady was, to whom this Gallantry was intended, and wished with all his heart he might not have him for his Rival; so as seeing every one thank *Herminius*, for my part (said he and smiled) I will not thank him; for I assure that I am beholding unto some Lady in the company for this feast, and that nothing but Love could inspire *Herminius* with a design of so much Gallantry. Truly (said the Prince of *Pometia*) if one should judge by appearances, there is some reason to be of *Volesus* his opinion. For my particular (said *Titus*) I have long thought *Herminius*

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to be in Love with some Lady in this company, for he visits them every day, he cannot endure to be any where else, and grumbles if any desire him to go and see some others: on the contrary, he is pleasant and merry when he is in the company of the Ladies that are here: he can invent a hundred diversions, write elegant Letters, make songs, and as now you see, very gallant Feasts. Very good, said *Herminius*, and smiled, you will perswade me that I am in love with every one in the company: for indeed I have the same inclination to all the company in general, which they say a Lover has to a Mistress in particular. But perhaps (replyed *Spurius*) you do not love all the company in general, but only because you do love some one in particular.

Since *Herminius* is my very good friend, said *Valeria*, I hope to make him in love with me. Since he is but indifferent to me (said *Salonina*) I am out of that hope: for my part (said *Hermilia*) I know *Herminius* does not love me. And I am sure (said *Flevia*) that I shall never win his heart; no, nor *Collatina*. Well, well, said *Herminius*, I love you all in general, and never yet asked my self, whom in all the company I loved best. Since so, replied *Valeria*, and innocently smiled, I beseech you observe your self a while, and if you find that any one of these Ladies has captivated you, to tell me in secret as one of your best friends. But suppose (said *Volesus*) he should love you, will he tell you of it? I beseech you (said *Herminius*) do not question her upon that Article: for what know I, but I may love her more than I think? No, no, *Herminius*, replied *Valeria*, you subject I know, that you do not love me: but in case you be deceived, (answered *Collatina*) must *Herminius* tell me whom he loves? Ah *Collatina*, replied *Valeria*, should I be so unhappy as that *Herminius* should love me more than I would have him, I would not have him tell you; but since I can keep a secret better than any of my friends, I had rather *Herminius* should tell me, than you, or any else: So had I, replied *Herminius*, and I do solemnly promise, that as soon as ever I am in love, I will tell you, and discover the bottom of my heart unto you. But before I engage my self to hear you, answered *Valeria*, I will make my conditions with you. You need but name them, replied *Herminius*, and you shall be obeyed. I would then (answered she) that in case I be your Confident, you be a meer hearer, that must sit idle and do nothing to serve you, not so much as to give you counsel: but on the other side, I think nothing more horrible, than to be such a confident as will busie her self in a thousand things wherein she has no interest. But in case you be my Mistress, replied he, what should I do then? I would have you promise me, answered she, that you will never tell me any thing that shall anger me, and that if you do, never to see me again: I will engage my self, replied he, never to tell you any thing which ought to displease you, but not precisely that it shall not displease you, for all Ladies have their Capricious humours, wherein they will be angry without any cause.

As *Valeria* was going to answer, they heard a farr off, the musick which went before the *Salians*: And there being one place better for sight than any other, *Herminius* carried *Valeria* thither; which favour she received only as a simple testimony of his friendship: Afterwards every one beheld the Salians pass with great attention and delight, except *Herminius*, who fell into such a deep study, that all the Company observed him; and *Collatina* asked him what he thought upon. Truly (answered he) I am striving to know whom I love, for now I begin to think that I am in love with some body: Oh *Herminius*, (said the Prince of *Pometia*) if you be once in love, you will quickly know with whom it is: If so, replied *Herminius*, my Mistress should know it as soon as my self, for I was resolved to tell her as soon as I knew; nor is it reasonable to put a Mistress to so much pains, as to guess at that love which she her self caused. For my part, (said *Salonina*, and smiled) I should be gladder to guess at a thing of that nature, than to know it any other way: for when one guesses at it, one is not obliged to answer. Why do you busie your self, said *Valeria*, in such impertinent discourse, in lieu of looking at the Ceremony, since we all came hither to see it? For my part, said *Salonina*, and laughed, I have seen the Ceremony two or three times before, and I care not for seeing it again; and the truth is, these kind of shews are good for nothing but a pretence for the meeting of such good company as here is; but the worst is, one shall not every year find an *Hermippus*, and an *Herminius* in love. As for love, replied *Valeria*, the thing is yet doubtful: No, no, said *Spurius*, I will engage my self to be in love, if he be not; and if before a moneth be at an end, he be not much more miserable than he is now. For my part (said *Herminius*) I know not well what you say: but if it be so, one cannot be in love unless they be miserable, then I am not in Love; for I do find in my self a secret joy and satisfaction, without knowing any cause for it. Ah *Herminius*, replied the Prince of *Pometia*, most certainly you begin to be in love; for almost all beginnings of Love are pleasing: And most assuredly, when any man of soul is either merry or sad without a cause, he is in Love.

After this, the ceremony being ended, all the company did stay a while in the Chamber, and then parted. But in parting, *Herminius* promised *Valeria* to tell her very shortly, whether or no he was in love, and with whom it was: And indeed, ever since this time, he became his own spie, and observed all the secret motions of his heart: So as in a short time he found that he loved *Valeria* much more than he did all the Ladies in the company: For, when he went to *Domitia*'s house, and found not *Valeria* with her, he was vexed, though all the rest of the Ladies were there: And on the contrary, when he found her alone, he never missed any of the rest. So he found that he preferred *Valeria* before all the rest, but yet knew not whether this which he found in himself was Love: but on the contrary, would for a few days have perswaded himself that it was only Amity: For, because he had heard from all Lovers, that Love was a terrible Torment, and because he himself in his verses of Gallantry, expressed so many Fires and Fetters and Torments, and Sighs, and Tears, he could not believe he was in Love, because he was so far from being miserable, that he thought himself happy.

He thought also, that he desired nothing: and that tenderness which he found in himself towards *Valeria*, was only tenderness of Friendship, which being proportionable to her merit, must needs be greater than an ordinary Amity. So as though he did not believe himself in Love, yet he loved *Valeria*: And which was strange, he shunned putting the company in memory of the conditions which he had made with that charming person: because he thought himself not Gallant enough to tell her that he was only upon terms of Friendship with her: Indeed the opportunity did not offer it self very soon; For, *Valeria* being very sick for fifteen days, all the company were very sad, and *Herminius* more than any, for he could not find any rest any where: he went many times in a day to ask how she did: he visited those that looked unto her to be the better informed, and he met none but he told them how ill *Valeria* was; But at last, this fair one mending upon it, her intimate friends had the liberty to go and see her: so as their company diverting her, she recovered her health, her beauty, and her good humour very fast. *Salonina*, *Flavia*, *Hermilia*, *Spurius* and *Volesus* going one day to her house with *Herminius*, they fell into talk of the *Salian* Feast, and to remember him of his engagement to tell *Valeria* whom he loved. And talking merrily, they told *Valeria* that it was her part to press *Herminius* unto the performance of his promise. But the most strange passage in this encounter was, that *Herminius*, as I told you before, would not tell *Valeria* what he thought, because he thought it not handsome to tell a fair Lady that he did not love her: And *Valeria* on the other side, who observed how much he was troubled at her sickness, and received every day a thousand Testimonies of esteem and tenderness from him, she did not desire him to keep his word, lest he should say, that he was in love with her: For, esteeming him very much, she was loth to change her way of behaviour unto so good a friend. So as the one not offering to speak, and the other not willing to hear, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, *Hermilia*, *Spurius* and *Volesus*, began to chide them, and to say, that certainly they knew each others minds without speaking: and they were so pressing upon them, that *Valeria* to justifie her self, commanded *Herminius* to keep his word: He not daring to disobey, rose up, and carried *Valeria* to the other end of the Chamber, towards a Balcony which looked into a Garden.

But when he was there, and that fair one asking him whom he loved, he found himself at a strange perplex. For he felt such a Qualm rise upon his heart, that he could not answer; and he was the worse, because at that very instant, he began to think himself in love: The fair eyes of *Valeria* meeting his at that instant, he was so charmed, that he changed colour: *Valeria* fearing the truth she durst not press *Herminius* any further; who seeing she asked him no more, he ask'd her, how it came to pass, that her curiosity ceased? It comes to pass (said she) from a Maxim of equity: For, as I have no mind to tell that which I would not have known: so, I would not have you press me to tell me that which I see you have no mind to tell: And therefore to testifie unto you that I am discreet, I say no more: Yet offer, if it please you, to tell all the company, that you have told me, you are not in Love. Oh Madam (said he) I would not have you say so: Then I will say, that you are in Love, (replied *Valeria* and laughed) and after I have assured them that it is not with me, I will leave them to guess, whether it be *Salonina*, *Flavia*, *Celatia*, or *Hermilia* that you love.

No, no, Madam, replied he, Never say that I am, or I am not, until you know certainly what I am But how should I know that, (replied she) unless you tell me? You may know it Madam, (answered he) if you will but know the thoughts of my heart. Do you think, replied *Valeria*, that I am so much in love, as to discern whether you be or be not in Love? For, that is a thing which I know not how to give or to take. Though all you say, Madam, be true, answered *Herminius*, yet you may know whether or no I be in love: for if you know that the thoughts of my heart be of any other nature than Friendship, you may easily conclude that I am in love: know therefore (added he, and would not give her time to answer) that upon a strict examination of my heart, I have discovered that there is one in this company whom I do esteem and love above all the world, and who is so necessary unto my joy, as I have none if I be not with her. Well, well, (replied *Valeria*, and smiled) I will not keep you any longer with me, lest I weary you: And therefore without putting you to any further trouble in telling me your thoughts, I assure you that you are only my Friend.

Oh Madam, replied he, I beseech you, do not judge so hastily of my affection, and never fear I can be weary of being with you: And therefore give me leave to tell you, That my tenderness to the person of whom I speak, is so great, that all her miseries are mine. I look upon her with delight; I admire her with abundance of joy; all she says pleases me; her beauty charms me; her goodness ravisheth me: and her wit strikes me with such a respective astonishment, as is above common admiration. But after all this, I am not jealous, I desire nothing; and all my thoughts are so pure and free from any interest, as I cannot think any one's affection like unto mine. I have already told you, replied *Valeria* cunningly, That all your thoughts of me proceed only from Friendship, and I am very glad of it: for as they talk of Love, one is never very happy by it.

Since Madam you say, replied *Herminius*, that my thoughts of you are only Friendship, I hope there is no hurt if I tell you, that you are the same person whom I prefer before all the world, and whose company I love so well, that I cannot endure to be any where else: Also, I beseech you give me leave to hope, I shall find affection for affection from you: For the same vertue, which they say allows Ladies to be ungrateful unto their Lovers, requires they should be reciprocally kind to their friends. But Madam, (added he, and would not give her leisure to speak) I had almost forgot to tell you, That you are not only the person whom I love best of all the World, but also to speak sincerely, you are the only person whom I love. For, when I examine my self well, the affection which I bear unto others, is nothing in comparison of that I bear unto you. And when I said that I would desire nothing, truly I know

know not what may happen hereafter: For, at this very Instant, there comes upon my heart such a violent desire of being loved by you, that if you leave me hopeless, I perceive I shall be the most miserable man in the whole World. You deceive your self, in speaking as you do, replied *Valeria*, for Friendship never makes any miserable. But Madam, replyed he, perhaps you do not know what thoughts my Soul has of you. What ere they be (said she, and would have gone away) I will go and tell the company that you are only upon terms of Friendship. With all my heart, answered he: For, if perchance I should be in love with you, as there is great likelihood I shall, it is best that none but you in all the World do know it. Nay, replied *Valeria*, if that misfortune ever happen, I wish I may never know it: After this, *Valeria* left *Herminius*, and blushed, not well knowing what she should say unto the company: Come *Valeria*, (said *Salonina*, as soon as she came) is *Herminius* a friend or a Lover? Is it you, or *Flavia*, or I, that is adored? does he love all the company in general, or any one person in particular? I must ingenuously confess (answered *Valeria*) that *Herminius* is not in love, and therefore we are all of us equally obliged unto him for his assiduous visits unto us; Oh, Madam, replied *Herminius*, I did not think you would have said so: If I be mistaken, answered she, I cry you mercy, my memory is so bad that I may be excused; and if I did not say aright, yet I am sure I said as things ought to be.

After this, all the company fell upon *Herminius* and *Valeria*, and contested amongst themselves; some affirmed that he was in love, and others, that he was not; and all in general did divert themselves very pleasantly upon this matter all the rest of the day.

Mean while, great alterations grew in the minds of *Valeria* and *Herminius*: for *Valeria* made more doubt of *Herminius* his affection, than she did before he spake unto her: And *Herminius* on the contrary, did not doubt at all that he was in love, since the time *Valeria* told him his thoughts were only effects of friendship. When he came at home, he accused himself for speaking too faintly and coldly of his affection; he repented himself of his too much prudence; and he upbraided himself a thousand times with blockishness, in being so long before he knew that the thoughts of his soul were effects of love.

As for *Valeria*, though she was as vertuous a person as ever lived, and though at that time she could not imagine she could ere endure any should love her, yet she could not chuse but chide her self for harbouring some little belief that *Herminius* did love her, and could not chuse but think upon *Herminius* whether she would or no.

Things then being upon these terms, you must know that *Volesus* who loved *Salonina* unknown to any, and that *Salonina* did not hate him, they were full of joy: for *Spurius* falling deep in love with *Salonina*, *Volesus* had the satisfaction to see his Rival most horribly ill treated by that fair one his mistress: that *Spurius* was a man of many admirable qualities, and none ill, except that he was the most revengeful of any man living. *Valeria* and *Salonina* were then most particular friends, for *Lucretia* was not of their society: So as *Valeria* saw all the bitter affronts which *Salonina* put upon *Spurius*; yet it is not to be imagined, there was the same confidence between *Valeria* and *Salonina*, as there was since between *Valeria* and *Lucretia*: for they communicated such secrets only, as may be said, they made great mysteries of small trifles. But for all that, they loved, or at least thought so; and in their familiarity, *Valeria* would sometimes tell *Salonina*, that she treated *Spurius* too sharply: for truly (said that wise Lady) I conceive it fit to be severe with judgment: and when a man of good parts is in love with a well qualified woman, she ought to carry it so, as to let him know that his passion is displeasing unto her, without scorning or sleighting the man: for it is very dangerous to procure the hatred of those who love you, and certainly it is much better to be hated by one, who never loved you, than by a slighted and contemned lover. For my part (replied *Salonina*) I think nothing more glorious for a woman, than that she can sleight a very brave man, only because he is in love with her. *Valeria* replied upon *Salonina*, and *Salonina* answered her, but they did not alter one anothers opinions: So as *Spurius* was treated by *Salonina*, worse than ever any poor lover was; and yet she made many advantages unto her self by it: for thereby the love of *Volesus* augmented, and she got such a Reputation of severity in the world, as gave her precedency before all other Ladies of her age.

But whilst *Salonina* was favourable unto *Volesus* in despising *Spurius*, *Valeria* received from *Herminius* a thousand ingenious and innocent testimonies of his love: for not a day passed, but he gave some fresh delight by some pleasing surprize or other. He was assiduous, exact, officious, and full of respects towards her, and so very reserved in giving his testimonies of Love, that *Valeria* did often doubt of what nature his affection to her was. And yet she came insensibly to be out of all doubt, nay to fear that the same man whom she thought did not love her enough, would come to love her too much. Yet *Valeria* carried her self with that prudence, as she kept off *Herminius* a long time from telling her openly that he was in love with her. But I have often heard from *Flavia*, who was a particular friend unto *Herminius*, that she easily perceived he loved *Valeria*, and that *Valeria* was not sorry for it: for though she did not any thing to augment the love of *Herminius*, yet she did not all she might to extinguish his flames.

Mean while *Spurius* who had a great heart, and was naturally proud, he grew so sensible of *Salonina*'s scorn, as he resolved to drive her out of his heart; and accordingly he ceased from coming to see her, and went seldomer to *Valeria* and his other friends, lest he should meet her. But *Salonina* being gone into the Countrey, he visited all the company which she frequented; and to his misfortune, finding an inevitable charm in the sweet eyes of *Valeria*, he fell in love with her. And in lieu of opposing this growing passion, he himself blew the bellows that made it burn. For being of a proud temper, he fancied it a great pleasure to himself, if he could win the favour of a Lady whose merit was far above hers who had slighted him: so as he flattered his passion with hope,

hope, and the more because *Valeria* who in her heart would not be sharp to *Herminius*, and yet would not let it appear she had any extraordinary tenderness towards him; she was willing to entertain the courtship of *Spurius*, to the end that her kindness to *Herminius* might be attributed to sweetness of humour to all in general, and not any particular thoughts of any one. *Spurius* then seeing that his addresses were not repulsed, he became down-right in love with *Valeria*, to whom yet he durst not speak openly of it. So as when *Salonina* returned from the Countrey, she found that this Lover whom she had so badly used, and whom she thought still fettered in her chains, that he had broken them, and assumed those of *Valeria*, who as I told you, was the chief of her friends. Though she never loved *Spurius*, though she loved another, though she loved *Valeria* as much as she could love; yet she was vexed to the soul that she lost this Lover; and her heart burned with anger against *Valeria*, for captivating a heart which she would not accept. Yet *Salonina* concealed her thoughts: But as there is a jealousie of Pride, as well as a jealousie of Love, hers of *Valeria* was so great, that hide it as well as she could, it was quickly perceived, that as often as she came unto her, there was a certain Air of constraint in her face, and that sweet and affable smile which she used to have in her cheeks did not at all appear: Yet she saw her often; but she hardly knew what to say unto *Valeria* when they were alone together. She was always disposed to find some fault or other; for whereas all young and fair Ladies that love one another, use a hundred pretty questions about their beauties, or about their dresses, yet *Salonina* almost never saw *Valeria*, especially if *Spurius* was present, but still something was amiss about her: And yet she spit her malice as if it had been a simple effect of friendship: For she would still be asking her whether or no she was sick, and whether she slept the last night, meaning thereby, that she looked very ill. She would pick a thousand quarrels with her Dress, and nothing about her but was out of order. When she talked with any envious persons, of which there are a number in the world, and with whom one may speak freely in disparagement of all fair ones; she suffered them very gladly to speak all the ill against *Valeria*, that the malignity of their envy could invent: and she her self would come out with many petty faults, which made it evident she would have been glad if they had been greater. For she said, though untruly, That *Valeria* had not the lustre and charms of a great beauty; and that her beauty had been very mean, if her wit had not helped it to a Reputation. Fortune (said she) is all in all; and it is as requisite to get a reputation of wit or beauty, as it is to get riches: For, (said she unto her envious Cabal) *Valeria* speaks no better, nor no more, than others can: and yet she has the reputation of a superlative wit, above all others: she is so fortunate, that her vertue costs her less than many of her friends: For, she passes for vertue it self, and yet she is not so holy, but *Spurius* and *Herminius* do pay her a thousand services which others perhaps would scruple to receive.

Salonina would yet commend her, and say, that *Valeria* was her very good friend: and when she spoke any ill of her, it was with a zealous wish that she had all those faults which her jealousie made her believe she had. Mean time, *Valeria* could not imagine she should take it ill, that she should allow of the visits of *Spurius* as she did: for seeing her treat that Lover so harshly, she could not suspect she had any interest in him. Yet it was not long before she perceived the coldness of *Salonina*: So as *Valeria* being all sweetness, she asked her from whence this alteration in her humour proceeded. What have I done, what have I said, what have I thought (said this sweet Lady unto her, when they were alone together) that you do not smile upon me as you were wont to do? Believe (answered she very faintly) the alteration is in you, not in me: and you not seeing things as you were wont to see them, you accuse me of that change which is in your own mind.

No, no, *Salonina* (replied *Valeria*) I am the very same that I was, and if my company do not please you, it is because there is something in your own mind which makes me so wearisom unto you: But *Salonina* take heed (added she and smiled) for I assure you, I do not weary people long, without extremely wearying my self: And, therefore to preserve the amity that is betwixt us, if you have any thing to accuse me of, do it sincerely, that if I do clear my self, you may repent of your coldness, and if I do not justifie my self, that I may beg your pardon. *Salonina* seeing her self thus pressed by *Valeria*, she was vexed to the heart: and expounded all the goodness of this sweet Lady, unto a hidden interest which related unto *Spurius*. So as dissembling her real thoughts which she was ashamed to discover, she answered that she had nothing to accuse her of: but expressed feigned Caresses and protestations of Friendship; yet she did it in such a manner, as did not perswade *Valeria* that they were real: But it troubled this Charming Lady very much, that all the World should ask her what the matter was betwixt *Salonina* and her. *Salonina* on her side was put to it to pump for an answer unto those that asked her the same question: especially *Volesus*, whom she wished very well: for she was so free as to tell him, that she stomached *Valeria* because she entertained *Spurius*, and was angry that *Spurius* did not now love her, because he now loved *Valeria*: So, as she told *Volesus* such opposed causes of complaint against *Valeria*, as she thought good, enjoyning him, not to speak of it. But though she might easily deceive *Volesus*, who loved her very well, yet it was impossible for her to deceive *Flavia*, who as I told you, was the friend of *Herminius*, and upon good terms with *Salonina*: For this Lady had a most particular faculty in discovering the most close interests of all the female Cabal.

And indeed, she reason'd the matter upon just grounds: For (said she) when I see any young and fair ones quarrel and jar without any apparent cause, I certainly conclude, that it is either out of envy, or interest of Love, or jealousy. So without farther scrutiny into the profundity of right reason, I look after such fantastical motives as Love, Jealousie, and envy, may inspire, according to the quality of their fortune: and it happens very seldom, but I hit right upon such things as I am inquisitive of, when once I am a little acquainted with the Intrigues of a Cabal. *Flavia* being so cunning in such things, she had a light suspicion of the Truth.

So

So as walking one day with all the company in the Gardens of *Nemi*, which were very fine and pleasant, she saw *Salonina* look very attentively upon *Valeria*, who then stood betwixt *Herminius* and *Spurius*, and she looked upon her with a kind of sourenes and disdain, which she did not perceive in her self. So as *Flavia*, who had a subtle and penetrating wit, and would not be denied any thing, she took her aside, and carrying her from the rest of the company: I do not ask you as others do, said she unto her, what the matter is betwixt *Valeria* and you, for I know that she has cured *Spurius* of that Love which he bore unto you, and that you are not pleased with it. I think, replyed *Salonina* and blushed, that after I have treated *Spurius* so sharply as I have done, I shall not much care who shews him any favour: I confess it, answered *Flavia*, and that's it which makes me wonder: for, I am not such a novice in things of the world, but that I know you love *Valerius* well: that you never loved *Spurius*; That you loved *Valeria* before *Spurius* loved her; and that you never loved her since you thought he did. Moreover, Never tell me as you do others, that you ever loved *Valeria*; for you never see her but for formality and fashion sake: And did you but see your self, when any one commends her, or when out of policy, you commend her your self, you would plainly see that your eyes betray your heart, and that it is an easie matter to know, you have secret hatred and grudge against *Valeria*, which you would not discover. You are very plain, replied *Salonina*; and shall be plainer yet, replied she especially, when it is to reunite my friends, and make peace and quietness in the society wherein I am. Therefore, if you do not confess the truth unto me, and tell me the thoughts of your Soul, I will take the part of *Valeria* against you: I will condemn you every where: and may be I shall tell *Valerius* what I think. Perhaps, replied she, you will condemn me more when you know my true thoughts: not that they are such (added *Salonina* calmly) as you imagine. For indeed, since I must discover the bottom of my heart unto you, and that it is in vain to dissemble, and say, that I hate *Valerius*, I will confess unto you, I am very well pleased, and allow him to love me: and you may well think, I have no interest in *Spurius*, whom I have so sharply treated, as *Valeria* thinks I have been too severe: Nor, is it any interest I have in *Spurius*, which makes me take it ill from *Valeria* that he looks favourably upon him. But to tell you truly, she knowing what aversion I have to him, and thinks she should not endure him, nor in honour receive him so kindly whom I have so much scorned, nor so oft admit him into the Cabal, that I can hardly ever see her but see him also. Truly, replied *Flavia* and smiled, I did not think you so good a friend as you are: but that I may the better know your mind; Pray answer me directly to every Question I shall ask you. I will replyed she. Then tell me (said *Flavia*) why have you such extreme aversion to *Spurius*, who is a man of a most noble race? I cannot tell, answered *Salonina*, the right etymology of the word aversion: but I am sure that my exceptions against *Spurius* proceed not from any particular cause, nor can I tell why I cannot endure him. Since so, said *Flavia*, why should *Spurius* be more offensive to you now he addresses himself unto *Valeria*, than when he made his addresses unto you? Because, replied she, if *Valeria* did not favour him, I should not see him so oft, and should not be vexed to see that he does not displease her, as he did me. But further, said *Flavia*, whether had you rather that *Spurius* should be always troubling you with testimonies of his affection; or that you should be rid of him, and see him love *Valeria*? Truly, replied she, and blushed, I had much rather he should love me than *Valeria*: for then I should have the satisfaction of treating him ill: I should not have the vexation to see him so happy as he is; and I should have the advantage to see *Valerius* more diligent, more exact, and more amorous: For, certainly nothing more sharpens a Lover, than to have a gallant Rival; and it is the greatest favour that comforts the heart of a Lover, to treat his Rivals ill: Doubtless, replied *Flavia*, there is much wit in what you say; but without any more questions, which if you do not answer sincerely, I must tell you, that all this perplexity in your heart, is nothing else but a vain jealousie which makes you not endure *Valeria* should rob you of a Lover; and that you think your beautie receives an injury, because *Spurius* looks now upon you with eyes of indifferency. Well, well, said *Salonina* then, I do confess it: *Valeria* does vex me in receiving *Spurius* so kindly; and if the fancy take me, I will recall him by some sweetness towards him, since it was that way she gained him.

Valeria, replied *Flavia*, is not more sweet towards *Spurius* than towards *Herminius*, and all men of Rank that see her: But suppose she were a little complaisant towards him, what does that import you, that he displeaseth you, since you will not love him, and since you love *Valerius*? Since all my reasons cannot give any satisfaction (replied she in a fume) believe if you think good that I am unjust and fantastical: but since there are some fantastical humours which sometimes are delightful, I will give my self the diversion of taking *Spurius* from *Valeria*, as she has from me; for if I be not much mistaken, it will not cost me above half a dozen kind looks. *Salonina* spake this with such a forced smile, as made *Flavia* judge, she might do as she said. So as since *Flavia* was much the Friend of *Herminius*, she thought after some consideration, that it was a good office to take a Rival from him; for she plainly perceived that he loved *Valeria*: So as falling into Railery with *Salonina*, she told her, that she liked her humor very well, of reducing *Spurius*, though it were only to treat him ill; and that it would be a great glory unto her beauty, and the more innocent, because she did no harm unto her friend: Also the more extraordinary, because she would be fickle without being unfaithful. I see crafty *Flavia* (said *Salonina*) that you mock me for my fantastical humour: but if you keep secret, I will make you more sport than you imagine. *Flavia*, whose end was only to divert her self, did promise her all she desired, but did not perform all she promised: On the contrary, *Herminius* coming to see her the next morning, she made him her confident in all she had said unto *Salonina*, and was very merry with him at it, who thinking it fit *Valeria* should be acquainted with it, he went with *Flavia* to visit her, and to tell her what had passed betwixt *Flavia* and *Salonina*, to the

the end she might advise what was best to be done in the matter.

But upon good consideration, this wise Lady thought it not expedient to alter any thing in her behaviour; for since she permitted the addresses of *Spurius*, only to receive the services of *Herminius*, without being thought she esteemed him above another, she conceived she might well continue as she did before, and all the alteration that was, was that she did not esteem *Salonina* so much, nor would ever love her; yet she would not quite break off with her: However, since that time, there was a greater league of amity betwixt *Flavia* and *Valeria* than before; and *Herminius* grew a little more bold with *Valeria*, than he used; yet he durst not tell her down-right, that he was in love with her: he knew very well that she knew he was; and he saw it did not displease her: but she carried the matter so handsomely, that *Herminius* hating the word Amity, and not daring to use the word Love, he made use of the word tenderness to express his thoughts of her.

But at last, finding a fit opportunity which fortune unexpectedly presented unto him, whilst *Salonina*, *Flavia*, *Hermilia*, and some other Ladies were in one walk, and he with *Valeria* in another, he engaged to speak freely: And *Valeria* having heard *Herminius* say, That he had so many disgusts against life, as made him almost desire to be rid of it, or at least, not to look upon death as any great evil; and seeing him in a deep study, she smilingly ask'd him, if his desire of death was upon him. No, Madam, said he unto her, nor I assure you ever was, since I was in love with you. In love? replied *Valeria* and blusht. Yes, Madam, in Love, answered he.

But *Herminius*, replied she, you mean Amity: and you are in such a deep study, that you take one word for another: so as were I not disposed to interpret all that you say favourably, I should quarrel with you. Do then, Madam, replied he: for I assure you, I meant the word, Love; and there is no other in all our language, that can express those thoughts I have towards you. And since, Madam, (added he, and would not give her time to speak) I am fully perswaded that I tell you nothing that is new, but that all my actions have long told you, that I am most desperately in love with you; I cannot well tell whether you knew it before me; for I must confess, that the purity of my affection made me take it for amity: But to tell you truly, its fervency and ardour, makes me know what it is: Moreover, Madam, (continued he in a most humble posture) I have one favour to beg, which I beseech you not to deny me. If it be to forget your boldness, replied she, I will do it, provided you repent, and promise never to commit the like. No, Madam, replied he, But my humble suit is, That you will not too much follow the customs of the time: for I have not a heart like other Lovers: I know it is the fashion for all Ladies to be angry the first time they are told that they are loved: and that though they are resolved to entertain those that speak to them of love, yet they must fret and fume, and forbid any loving them, and put their Lovers to the necessity of blazing their passion, so as when they would entertain and hide it, they cannot. I beseech you therefore, Madam, to think seriously with your self, whether you would have me to love you, or have me to die, for there is no medium betwixt these two extremes: And I do declare unto you, Madam, That if you do forbid me to love you, you do command me to die. Also let me tell you in all possible sincerity, that the boldness which I assume in loving you, has no ingredient in it which can displease you: for though I have a most tender passion towards you, yet I protest unto you, I do not desire any thing from you in my advantage, but only that you will give me leave to adore you. Moreover, you are not ignorant, that those who have the dispose of you, have much esteem of me: And should I attempt it, perhaps I might oblige the generous *Valerius* unto a consent of rendring me happy. But Madam, I will not derive my happiness from the Authority of a Father: And I do declare, that I shall never be content, unless you give me your heart freely and spontaneously: Think therefore, Madam, what answer you will return me, and consider I conjure you, that you cannot forbid me loving you, but you must command me to die. To prevent me from forbidding you to love me replied she, you must never tell me that you do love me: but now, since you have already told me, I can do nothing for you without doing something against my self. Do not murmure if I take my own part rather than yours, and so I most seriously entreat you to regulate your thoughts and your words; had I not a very great esteem for you I should speak in a worse dialect to you; but valuing you at a very high rate of esteem, I would have you continue, if it be possible, within the limits of friendship, and that you will not force me to lose you; I promise you to do all I can for you; and to attribute all your services unto your tenderness of friendship, so long as your tongue does not oppose the advantageous opinion which I would have of you. Oh Madam (cried out *Herminius*) I beseech you do not forbid me to use the sweetest and most pleasing word in the world, to those that have that passion in their hearts that it expresseth. For the word Love hath such a secret charm in it, as joyeth the heart of that lover that pronounceth it, and moves the heart of that person who heareth it, if she have any tenderness of soul; The word Affection, is a word ambiguous, and suits with Amity as well as Love: The word Tenderness, as obliging as it is, may be applied to them both: But the word Love needs no interpretation, it alone expresseth all that can be imagined most obliging, and most agreeable. Deprive me not therefore of a consolation which will not cost you any thing: And to put my self in possession of this sweet word, be pleased to know, That I have towards you the most tender, and most respectful love, that ever any had: and what treatment soever I have from you, I shall retain the pure and holy Love, till death. To shew you my sincerity (replied *Valeria*) I will ingeniously confess, that if I could handsomely entertain any affection of this Nature, you are the only man I know upon earth, whom I would most desire should love me: For, you are transcendent in vertue, and of such a spirit, as must I love. But *Herminius*, it is not permitted unto any woman of vertue, either to love, or permit being loved: Upon this, all the rest of the

company met them; so as they parted without resolving upon any thing.

However, *Herminius* thought himself very happy, in daring to tell *Valeria* positively that he was in love: For, though she had not permitted him to love her, yet he flattered himself with some hope, her mind would bend: And yet he found more difficulty than he expected: For *Valeria*, who certainly was as virtuous a Lady as ever lived, did more strictly forbid him, than he thought she would, though she did it with much sweetness. But at last, *Herminius* was so full of obliging Courtship, that the heart of *Valeria* melted: For he prevented all her desires when he could guess at them: He contributed a thousand wayes to her delights: he rendred good offices to all that she loved: he had no pleasure in any place where she was not: he was the most respective man upon Earth: he writ to her a thousand pleasing letters which could not any way offend her: and he behaved himself so, that none spoke of him before *Valeria*, but they spoke highly in his commendations, so generally was he esteemed.

Thus *Valeria*, melting by little and little, she allow'd *Herminius* to love her: but in allowing him, she expresly charged him to give no publick testimonies of his passion, and would not of a long time permit him to use the word Love in his Letters: but *Herminius* found out an expedient for this: For, he Covenanted with *Valeria*, that the word Amity, should betwixt them signifie Love, both in speaking and writing to her. And accordingly, the thing being thus agreed upon; *Herminius* writ letters unto *Valeria*, which passed only for letters of friendship, though yet they were letters of Love. *Herminius* therefore, obeyed *Valeria* so well, that *Spurius* seemed to be much more in love with her than he: but hoping to hide his own Gallantry under the umbrage of *Spurius*, he went along with him in all he did; thus these two Rivals appeared to be very good friends. *Spurius* for his particular, was so perswaded, that *Herminius* was naturally Gallant, as he did not think him to have the least hidden design upon *Valeria*: So as he was well satisfied on that side, and thought upon nothing but how to please that fair one. *Herminius* went on with the more confidence, because [illegible] who was very glad of that universal civility [illegible] the particular esteem she had of him, she did not treat him ill, though she did not allow him to speak openly of his passion: Also *Spurius* seeing how vexed *Salonina* was at his loving *Valeria*, he loved her both out of inclination, and out of revenge. Mean while, *Salonina* to execute her design of drawing *Spurius* from *Valeria*, who without intention drew him from her, she told *Volesus* that the world talked very loud of their affection, and to stop their mouths, she would seem as if she had a will to recal *Spurius*. But Madam (said *Volesus* unto her) had you rather the world should say, you permit *Spurius* to love you, than me? Yes, answered she, for in such things, truths only displease: and indeed, she was in the Right. For, because *Valeria* and she did not love *Spurius*, they favored him many favours, which they did not *Herminius* and *Volesus*.

So as this became one of the most pleasant Passages that ere was heard of: For, *Salonina* did all she could to recal *Spurius*; *Valeria*, who quickly found out the design of *Salonina*, and took delight in returning one trick for another, she did all she could to retain him: So as *Spurius*, though loved by neither, yet was he most highly courted by two of the fairest Ladies in all *Rome*. He being in this condition, joying to be revenged of *Salonina* whom he loved not, and hoping to be loved by *Valeria* whom he did love, his spirit was swelled with such extraordinary jollitie, as he thought of nothing but diverting all the company, as well as *Herminius*, and to vex *Salonina*. Not but that he always spoke unto her with much civility: but he affected to come out with a hundred trivial expressions which might drive her into despair. It hapned one day that *Herminius* had made a Song which the *Salians* used in that ceremony which I mentioned before: *Spurius* not thinking that this Song was made upon *Valeria*, he told it unto all the Cabal, that it was the rarest song he ever heard: *Salonina* did ask it of him, but he answered, that it belonged unto him who made it, to give it. *Herminius* hearing what *Spurius* said, told her that the verses were not worth the giving, nor did deserve the glory to be sung by so sweet a mouth as *Salonina*'s. For my part, (said *Valeria* then) without enquiring whose they are, I ask them of *Herminius* as of one most ready, when he is pleas'd, to oblige me. Should I lay that command upon one whom I know (said *Salonina*, and blusht for anger) I am sure I should find him lazy enough. I have heard you heretofore, so much commend Laziness, (replied *Spurius* coldly, seeing it was addressed unto him) as I think, that those who would please you, may do well to be Lazie in obeying you: But as for *Valeria*, added he, she is not of that humour, since she likes those best that obey her soonest. *Salonina* being stung to the heart to see the difference which *Spurius* put betwixt *Valeria* and her; she entreated *Herminius* to repeat three or four lines of that song: *Herminius* being all civility, did so; and repeated those lines which afterwards you shall hear: But to the end you may understand them better, you must know, that *Herminius* did sometimes call his Mistress, *Clarice*, when he mentioned her in verses. And complaining one day, that she would shew him no favour, but barely to let him love her; he had said in an angry Love-fit (which seldom lasts above a quarter of an hour, and does but more augment the passion which caused it) That if she did not grow a little kinder unto him, he would leave her. The lines were these, which *Amilcar* sung,

Clarice, *I will leave thee now,*
Though none so fair as thee I know:
A little Love is charming sweet,
But too much Love is torment great:
What's this I say? I cannot find
An alteration in my mind.

Well (said *Amilcar* unto *Plotina*, after he had sung) have I revived the attention of the company by this Air, which suites so well to the witty words of *Herminius*? Yes, replied *Plotina*; but the interruption should be too long, and we lose the sequel of the story; we will not commend your verses, nor your song, though they deserve it: So *Amilcar* obeying *Plotina*, he assumed his discourse in these Terms.

Herminius having repeated these lines which I sung, *Valeria* told him, that she should see ere long, whether he had any design to please her: after which, she went away: As for *Salonina*, her mind was miserably incensed: For she found it not so easie a matter as she believed, to bring into her Fetters the Revengeful *Spurius*, who went out with *Herminius* presently after *Valeria* was gone. In going together, *Spurius* obliged *Herminius* to pass that evening away with him at his house; whither they were no sooner come, but I desired *Herminius* to promise him a thing which he would ask, adding that it should be of such a nature as it would not any way be prejudicial unto him. If so, said *Herminius*, why do you not freely tell me, what your desire is? You know (answered *Spurius*) that sometimes one shall have odd scruples and Fancies, of which no reason can be given: I will not therefore tell you what I desire, until you promise me satisfaction: *Herminius* at last consenting, *Spurius* earnestly desired, to let him send those Verses unto *Valeria* which she asked of him: and (said he) since you have the honour of making them, let me have the honour of sending them before you. Did I think you in love with *Valeria* (added he) I would not make this request unto you: but since you are not, and I am, methinks you should not deny me. *Herminius* at the first, looked shie upon the matter, and was in half a mind to break promise; but after he had studied a-while upon it, he told *Spurius* that he was willing he should send the verses that same night, and promised that he himself would not send to *Valeria* until the next morning: So as *Spurius* after a thousand thanks unto *Herminius*, he writ to *Valeria* in his presence, asking him pardon, if in writing unto that fair one, he mentioned something against him: after this, he shewed the Letter to *Herminius*, who found in it these words.

Spurius unto *Valeria*.

Madam,

I *Humbly send you the verses you desired, and I send them unknown unto* Herminius; *I beseech you, in comparing my diligence with his lazineſs, make such conclusions as may be advantageous to me: and it's to be presumed, that he who satisfies your curiosity with most celerity, loves you with most ardor. Therefore if you be just, you are as much beholding to me for sending you these verses, though you did not honour me with your commands, as unto him who made them, since he did not send them unto you the first. And yet I consent you should esteem him more than me, upon condition only you will believe I love you better than he.*

After *Herminius* had read this Letter, he had much ado to let *Spurius* send it; but at last he consented, and stayed until the slave who carried it, returned, purposely to see what answer *Valeria* sent, which upon the slaves return, he found to be this,

Valeria to *Spurius*.

YOu are, Sir, without doubt, most officious and diligent, and in recompence of your care to please me, I promise you to quarrel with your lazie friend, and to chide him as much as I thank you.

Spurius upon reading of this Letter was extreamly joyed: but as for *Herminius*, he seemed as if he were angry: After which he went home, still promising *Spurius* that he would not send his Verses until the next morning. And indeed, he kept his word, and to be perfectly punctual, he sent not to *Valeria*, till noon, and then he sent them with this Letter.

Herminius unto *Valeria*.

I *Doubt not, Madam, but you who are the most punctual, the most regular, and the most perfect person that ere I knew in points of friendship, will not think you have any great cause of complaint or accusation of lazineſs against me. For I can safely swear and truly, faireſt* Valeria, *that since there were any persons in the world which knew you, as much as say as, which honour you, admire you, and love you, there was never any over whom you had more sovereign power, than over me: but by a croſs and cruel adventure so it chances, that I have not sent you these Verses so soon as I desired. When next I have the honour to see you, I hope to make my innocence better appear; and then certainly I shall make you confeſs, that appearances are fallacious, and that if one will be actually just, one must never judge any thing upon uncertain conjectures, especially when* Herminius *is accuſed of negligence in obeying you.*

Herminius having writ this Letter, and included the Verses, as if he knew not that *Spurius* had sent them to *Valeria*, and then dispatched them to that charming Lady, who was yet a little vexed at his supposed lazineſs; so as after she had read his Letter, which she looked upon as a bare excuse, she resolved to punish her lazy Lover by a dry answer, and writ not above two lines.

It was this.

Valeria unto *Herminius*.

I *Received those Verses yesterday, which you sent me not till to day, so as to return you lazineſs for lazineſs, I will not thank you till to morrow*: Adieu.

Herminius having received this short Letter, he smiled at the anger of *Valeria* in lieu of troubling himself, and hoped to appease her very shortly: and indeed, as soon as the hour of visits came, he went unto *Domitia*'s house, the Mother of *Valeria*, but he found that *Spurius* was as diligent as he, and his hopes of receiving thanks from *Valeria*, had infused high joyes into his spirit. *Herminius* to augment it, shewed him the short Letter which he had received from *Valeria*, before they came to the house, for they met in the street: after which they went together unto that charming Lady,

Ladys with whom *Flavia* and *Salonina* already were. These two Rivals no sooner appeared, but *Valeria* gave *Spurius* a thousand obliging thanks for the care he had to please her: after which she taunted *Herminius* with a thousand ingenious reproaches for his lazineſs. But Madam, (ſaid the laſt of theſe) I writ a long Letter, beſeeching you not to condemn me before you heard me. I confeſs it, (ſaid ſhe) but it was one of thoſe voluminous Letters that contain much and ſignifie nothing: for when one hath a good excuſe, they need not write abundance of ambiguous ſtuff as you did.

But the truth is, after you had ſlept very ſoundly all night, without any memory of my requeſt which I made unto you, and after you had ſpent all the morning, never ſo much as thinking I was in the world; at laſt it came into your memory, that I deſired thoſe Verſes which you ſent me, who never imagined that *Spurius* would have been more diligent than you. Whilſt *Valeria* ſpake thus, *Herminius* ſeemed as if he were in the wrong, and that he had nothing to ſay in his Juſtification: ſo as *Valeria* continued on her chiding: But *Salonina* ſeeing all this advantageous unto *Spurius*, ſhe took the part of *Herminius*, affirming boldly, though ſhe knew not why, that certainly he was employed in ſome buſineſs of extraordinary concernment. *Flavia*, who knew nothing of this adventure, ſhe wondered that *Herminius*, who was the moſt punctual and careful man in the world, ſhould let *Spurius* be before him. Well, well, ſaid *Valeria*, were *Herminius* of a lazie nature, I ſhould not wonder at this: but he is of a quick and ſupliant diſpoſition, ſo as no woman in the world can ask any thing of him, but he is ready to obey her, though he have no eſteem or amity for the woman. *Spurius* then ſeeing that *Valeria* was ſo angry with *Herminius*, he thought himſelf much obliged unto him, for ſuffering him to ſend thoſe Verſes firſt: ſo as out of gratitude, he offered to excuſe him. *Valeria* ſeeing *Spurius* more careful to juſtifie *Herminius* than he himſelf, ſhe bluſhed for anger, and [illegible] with a diſcontented ſmile, that till [illegible] thought her ſelf worth the pains of [illegible] one cannot juſtifie himſelf to her [illegible] ſaid *Herminius* mildly unto her, if you will [illegible] pleaſe to juſtifie me, it is none of my fault; for if you pleaſe to read my Letter aright, you will find I am not very culpable, or if I be a little, it is not againſt you. For my part, ſaid *Valeria*, the more you talk, the leſs I underſtand you. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Flavia* then) ſhew us the Letter which *Herminius* writ unto you, that we may ſee if we can find any thing in it more than you, to juſtifie him. The better to juſtifie me, replied *Herminius*, you muſt read the Letter which *Spurius* writ unto *Valeria*, before you read mine. Very well, (replied *Valeria*) I think you are out of your wits; for what uſe can you make of the Letter I received from *Spurius*, to argue your juſtification? For *Spurius* ſaies, he ſent me thoſe Verſes which you did not know he ſent: It is by the very ſame words you ſpeak, anſwered *Herminius* in a low voice, that I can juſtifie my ſelf: For take but the pains to joyn the firſt Letters of every line in my Letter together, and you ſhall ſee I know that *Spurius* ſent you the Verſes which you required of me; and though I did permit him to ſend them, it was only with an intention innocently to deceive you. *Valeria* hearing this, ſhe took his Letter, and called out the firſt Letter of every line; afterwards putting them together, ſhe found theſe Words, *I know it charming Valeria*. Oh *Herminius*! (cryed ſhe out) I muſt confeſs you are not ſo much to blame as I imagined: yet you are not altogether innocent, for I do not love to be deluded, and I am reſolved upon revenge.

Salonina, who had a liquoriſh curioſitie to ſee what *Valeria* had found in the Letter, which juſtified *Herminius*, ſhe deſired it of *Valeria*, who gave it unto her, but ſhe underſtood it not; *Spurius* took it after her, and found not the myſtery; *Flavia* the like, and none could diſcover this ſubtilty of *Herminius*: For they could not imagine that he made uſe of the ſame invention which the Sybil did, who ſold her Books ſo dear unto *Tarquin*, which were all in Acroſtick Verſe. So as at firſt, none but *Valeria* knew of *Herminius* his juſtification and artifice; but every one was ſtrangely ſurprized to ſee he had made his peace in their preſence, and not know how: *Spurius*, *Salonina*, and *Flavia*, entreated *Valeria* to tell them by what enchantment ſhe ſaw that which they could not ſee. *Valeria* fearing leſt *Salonina* and *Spurius* ſhould unite and imagine the truth of the kindneſs that was betwixt her and *Herminius*, ſhe explained the Riddle to them: at firſt *Spurius* began to complain: but *Herminius* told him he had no reaſon, ſince he had kept the promiſe which he had made him, in letting him ſend thoſe Verſes to *Valeria* firſt; adding withal, that it were too much injuſtice unto himſelf, to be out of *Valeria*'s favour for his ſake: after this, *Spurius* was contented. But as for *Valeria*, though her anger was now only a gloſs, yet ſhe proteſted unto *Herminius*, that ſhe would be revenged upon him for this trick which he had put upon her: for as ingenious and as innocent as it is, (ſaid ſhe) it is a deceit, and one does not love to be deceived; prepare your ſelf therefore to pay dear for the pleaſure you have taken in jugling thus with me: I will prepare my ſelf (replied *Herminius*) for any thing you ſhall pleaſe.

Mean time, *Spurius* not dreaming that *Herminius* was his Rival, but thought as all the company did, that all his Courtſhip was Amity, and proceeded from his Humour, not Love, he made no reckoning of *Valeria*'s anger againſt him, but commended the invention of *Herminius*. However, *Valeria* ſtill reſolved to be revenged upon *Herminius*, and the better to deceive him, ſhe would take a little longer time for it: during which, *Salonina* and ſhe ſtood upon the ſame terms, which was, That they did not love one another, though viſits were frequent betwixt them; and both of them behaved themſelves towards *Spurius*, as before; the one ſtriving to recal him, and the other to keep him, though neither of them loved him; and though neither *Voleſus* or *Herminius* were jealous: for *Salonina* and *Valeria* told them ſuch things as kept them from it. As for *Spurius*, it was hard to ſay, whether he had more pleaſure in his hopes of being loved by *Valeria*, or in ſeeing himſelf revenged of *Salonina*: But at length, ſhe having ſome light ſuſpicion that *Herminius* was a little far in *Valeria*'s favour, ſhe had an itching deſire to ſee ſome of thoſe Letters which he writ unto her, ſo as to be better ſatisfied whether they were any Love-Letters

or no: she desired her one day to shew one of them, and asked her before all the company, and in presence of *Herminius* and *Spurius*, hoping that *Valeria* would not shew any, so as thereby she might make *Spurius* jealous. I beseech you, said she unto *Valeria*, let me obtain one favour from you: If I can, or may grant it (answered *Valeria* coldly) I will not deny you. I will not desire any thing unjust, or impossible, replied she: Be pleased to know, that ever since I saw the Acrostick letter, I have had a great desire to see some more of *Herminius* his letters unto you; for I am extreamly in love with letters of wit, especially his. Madam (said *Herminius*) your curiosity is mistaken: For, my letters unto *Valeria*, are not letters of wit. Such as they are, replied *Salonina*, I should be much obliged if she would please to shew me one of them: *Valeria*, who knew her fetch, and knew withal, that by reason of the Artifice which *Herminius* used in writing, she could never discover their intelligence, she gave him one of the letters from that illustrious Roman; which she read aloud, none apprehending it to be a letter of Love though it was, and that most tender. But since they knew not that the word Amity stood for the word Love betwixt them, they were all deceived: for *Salonina* knew very well, that when a man writes unto a woman, whom he dares not tell plainly that he loves her, and yet would have her understand his meaning, he useth to write certain words, which are applicative either unto Love or Amity: As affection, tenderness and such others. So as finding the word Amity so frequent in this Letter, *Salonina* repented of her Curiosity, and *Spurius* was confirmed in his opinion, that *Herminius* was not in love with *Valeria*: This letter being in my opinion very ingenious, I will repeat it unto you two ways: and methinks it to be the best metamorphosed, that ever I heard: The letter of Amity runs thus,

Herminius *unto* Valeria.

DId you know madam, how unexpressably I am joy'd, to find that my thoughts of you are effects of a most sincere Amity, you would say that I have such thoughts in my heart, as are transcendently extraordinary. For upon a strict examination of my self, I find my self so highly happy in loving you as I do, as I would not for a World love you after any other manner. Indeed Madam, when I consider of all those thoughts which my Amity does inspire me withal, I am so charmed, to know that they are worthy of you, as I infinitely rejoyce in my self, that I can love you as you deserve to be loved: But that my happiness may be compleat, Give me leave to hope, that when I have let you know how my apprehensions of you, are apprehensions of Amity, and of Amity the most pure and tender, that then you will retaliate unto me Amity for Amity; for if you do not, I shall be more miserable than you can imagine.

Is not this letter, a perfect letter of Amity, and Amity only, in which there is nothing that in reason can cause any suspicion of a Love letter? And yet change but one word, and you will find it to be a most perfect letter of Love: And thus it is turned,

Herminius *unto* Valeria.

DId you know, Madam, how unexpressably I am joyed to find that my thoughts of you, are effects of a most sincere Love, you would say that I have such thoughts in my heart, as are transcendently extraordinary. Upon a strict examination of my self, I find my self so highly happy in loving you as I do, as I would not for a world love you after any other manner. Indeed Madam, when I consider of all those thoughts which my Love does inspire me withal, I am so charmed to know, that they are worthy of you, as I do infinitely rejoyce in my self, that I am able to love you, as you deserve to be loved. But that my happiness may be compleat, Give me leave to hope, that when I have let you know, how my apprehensions of you are apprehensions of Love, that then you will retaliate unto me Love for Love; for if you do not so, I shall be more miserable than you can imagine.

After this, it is easie to imagine what pleasure it was unto *Herminius* and *Valeria*, to see so many persons deluded, especially *Valeria*, who always charged *Herminius* to keep his Passion secret: And he so observant to content her, that he lived in a constant constraint.

Mean while *Valeria*, still resolving upon revenge, she pretended to be very ill, and kept her Chamber two days, suffering none to see her: The third day she sent a letter unto *Herminius*, with order to him that carried it, that he should deliver it unto one of his servants, and come immediately away without staying for any answer.

This was the style of the letter,

Valeria *unto* Herminius.

IF I break off with you for ever, then accuse
None but your [illegible] that cruel violence which my
I do unto my [illegible] only to punish your
Perfidie. [illegible] that you should use any more
Unto a person [illegible] ready to do any goodness
for
You? I strictly forbid you ever seeing me after this
Unworthy proceeding: For, I know that you cannot
be innocent;
And will not trouble my self with any further [illegible]
of your Artifice.

As bitter as this letter was, it did not trouble *Herminius* at first: for upon the first reading his conceit was, that *Valeria* had returned him this for trick, and that he should certainly find it so. Therefore he began to observe the Letter very exactly: for he thought *Valeria* to have more wit, than barely to write such reproaches, only to perplex him. He looked therefore upon the first Letters of every line; he examined also the last letters: he turned them every way: and after he had tried all ways, he found nothing but bitterness against himself, and could not find any Artifice in the thing. Then he began to conceit, that either *Salonina* or *Spurius*, had done him some ill office: So being pitifully perplext, he went unto *Flavia*, to communicate his fears unto her: For, if *Valeria* was in good earnest, he concluded himself most miserable:

sensible: and if she only juggled with him, it vexed him to be deceived, and that he, who was reputed so ingenious, should not find it out. But *Valeria*, who had a good mind her design should take, and who thought that *Herminius* would shew the letter unto *Flavia*, she trusted her with the secret, and made her promise to be close and faithful, Imagining much delight in deceiving him, who had deceived her. So as *Flavia* straining courtesie upon such an occasion to be a little false unto *Herminius*, she set such a face upon the matter, as she seemed as much surprised as he was. Consider well with your self, (said she unto him) whether you have not acquainted some or other, with your passion to *Valeria*: For, if you have, you know how nice she is upon that. No, no, no, replied he, you only are the confident of my Passion. Then, (replied she) is it not some spark of jealousie? For, truly *Herminius*, you flow so with an universal Gallantry, as would make me desperate were I your Mistress: when ere you write to a woman, be she what she will, you always use more charming, and tender expressions than come from your heart: when you Compose any verses *ex tempore*, they are as amorous, as if they were dedicated unto *Valeria*. And you use a hundred Courtships unto all women whom you love not, which you should use only unto such as you love: believe it, you ought to be more circumspect and wary in such trifles; especially when you love one of a nice and delicate spirit, and a heart sensible. Ha, no, no, replied *Herminius*, if *Valeria* be angry, it is at something else; for I have told her a hundred times, that I never writ any thing but of her, and that she has many names in my Verses, as are attributed to *Diana*, only to delude such as read them. Upon this he was strangely perplext, and desired *Flavia* to go unto his angry Mistress, and ask her from him, what her pleasure was: Then, checking himself; but if it be only a fallacy, (said he) she will laugh at me the more. But no matter, said he again, I had rather she should laugh at me, than to live in this uncertainty. Then he looked upon *Valerias* Letter again, but finding no manner of mysterious matter in it, he resolved to imploy *Flavia* to discover what this charming Ladie meant. She feigned therefore to go and ask her what the matter was, though she went only to laugh with her at the inquietude of *Herminius*. So as *Flavia* thinking to delude her friend, she did him a very good office; for *Valeria* was more glad that *Herminius* was so much afflicted at her anger, than that her fallacy had so well taken.

But to be short, *Herminius* was three days in this cruel perplexity, and never saw *Valeria*; yet at last, this fair one, resolving to discover the truth unto him, she let him come into her Chamber, where none but *Flavia* and she was. When he entred, the picture of sorrow was in his eyes; he approached her with more reverence than ordinary, and beginning to speak; Oh Madam, (said he) what has unhappy *Herminius* done? He has deceived me (replied she, and smiled) and therefore he deserves all the inquietude I have caused in him, and something more: for having so sharp a wit as he has, and a wit able to deceive the most ingenious, he may be ashamed, not to find that in my Letter, which would undeceive him. Ah cruel woman (said he) your Letter contains nothing but injuries, and yet you mock me, and would make me believe there is some hidden mystery in your words: To shame you the more (said she unto him) give me my Letter, and if I do not make you blush, deceive me again if you can. Upon which he gave her the Letter, and she shewing him the last word of every line, putting them together, he found them to signifie,

Accuse only your deceit for this innocent Artifice:

Oh Madam (cryed he out) you know how to deceive better than I do, and you can deceive the deceiver: after which, he commended her invention, blaming her inhumanity in letting him continue so long in such tormenting inquietude: but at last, *Flavia* made peace betwixt them, who were so inclined thereunto, that there needed no Articles of Agreement to be drawn between them: but naturally promised never to deceive each other again: And to love eternally.

Their affections being very innocent, *Valeria* was the more free: and she who was most assured that she was never criminal, did more obligingly testifie her tenderness unto *Herminius*, as if she had not been so well assured as she was of her own virtue. Mean while *Salonina*, who was most horribly vexed both at *Valeria* and *Spurius*, she knew not what resolution to take; for she began to be ashamed of the way which she took with *Spurius* to reclaim him: and she could hardly endure *Valeria*. Her pride inspired her with a most fantastical opinion: for she who told *Volesus*, that she complied with *Spurius* only to hide her affection unto him, began now on the contrary to comply less with *Spurius* and more with *Volesus* in publick, in a thought that jealousie would draw *Spurius* unto her. And she did it with so much Art, that *Volesus* was pleased with it: for then he believed that the affection of this Ladie to him, was stronger than her reason; so he left *Salonina* at liberty, to follow her own Capricious humour, without thinking any more upon it. But *Spurius* being more subtil than *Volesus*, he knew, that whatsoever *Salonina* did, she had a desire to re-engage him; so as he enjoy'd, as I told you before, all the pleasures that hope and revenge could inspire him withal; and all the Cabal wherein he was, were all so gallant, so pleasant, and so full of spirit and wit, as it was impossible to live more pleasant lives, than all these illustrious persons lived. Not but that for all this, *Herminius* and *Valeria* had sometimes some petty quarrels; but since they sprung only from excess of tenderness, they quickly vanished, and their reconcilements were so sweet, as their quarrels might be called augmentations of Love and delight. Yet once there was a day whereon they had such a jarring, as put them both to much perplexity, the cause whereof was very particular.

You may remember I told you, that *Valeria* charged *Herminius* above all things to keep the passion which he had to her very close and secret; so as being very exact and prudent, and careful to content her, he constrained himself very admirably well in all encounters. It hapned one day, that he being with her, the Prince of *Pometia* came in, who having found *Herminius* the day before in a walk far distant from all company; he began to chide him, and to ask what was the cause

of

of his ſolitary humour. Truly Sir, (ſaid he unto him) I ſhould pump very hard, if I ſhould endeavour to tell you: For firſt, I am not in Love; and as for ſuch things as I ſometimes do in my foolery, I aſſure you, that I do them without invoking *Apollo*, or any of the Muſes: I do them either out of raviſhment of ſpirit, fancy, or humour, or out of a neceſſity to obey my friends: and yet it's none of all theſe that brought me yeſterday into that melancholy walk: but I walked alone only becauſe I had no other company. A man (ſaid the Prince and ſmiled) who tells he is not in Love, when he is not neceſſitated to tell it, does argue that he is: Truly Sir, replied *Herminius*, It does ſo ill become a man of my age, not to be in Love, that ſince I ſaid I was not, I diſhonoured my ſelf: but what I ſaid was true; and it is not the cuſtome to lie to ones own diſadvantage. Whilſt *Herminius* talked thus to the Prince of *Pometia*, *Valeria* ſeemed as if ſhe took no notice of what they ſaid, nor to think upon any thing but her Dreſs, though ſhe liſtned very attentively. She heard therefore, that the Prince of *Pometia* continuing diſcourſe, asked *Herminius*, who ſaid he was not in Love, how it was poſſible he could hit upon ſuch paſſionate expreſſions in his writing, if his heart were not amorouſly touched. Truly Sir, (ſaid *Herminius*) Love verſes are things very fallacious; for ſometimes one may come out with very melting verſes, yet never be in Love; for to do ſuch things, it ſufficeth if one be of a paſſionate temper, though he have no paſſion: I know a man of great merit, who compoſed a moſt rare Copy of verſes upon Abſence, even in the very preſence of his Miſtreſs; and complained moſt pitifully of her rigour, when he was highly in her favour. He whom you inſtance, replied the Prince of *Pometia*, was in Love, and, as I may ſay, did only tranſpoſe his Conceptions: but you, who ſay you are not in love, I cannot apprehend you. And yet it is ſo, (replied *Herminius*, ſtill thinking he had done well) after which, the Mother of *Valeria* coming in, the diſcourſe changed. Yet *Valeria* talked but a little all the day; and when any asked the cauſe, ſhe anſwerd, her head aked, which cauſed none to ſuſpect that ſhe had any thing in her mind which vexed her. The hour of retiring being come, the Prince of *Pometia* went away, and carried *Herminius* with him. The next morning betimes, this Lover failed not to ſend, and know how *Valeria* did, who ſent him word back, that ſhe was no better than ſhe was the night before: After dinner, *Valeria*, who naturally did not affect any gadding abroad, and went to *Tullia* as ſeldom as poſſible ſhe could, yet ſhe went thither with one of her Couſins; but though ſhe ſaw *Herminius* there, yet ſhe never ſpoke unto him, but ſhunned him, and looked with an air of much anger in it, which ſo much diſquieted *Herminius*, that he could not chuſe but go and make his complaints unto *Flavia*, whom he ſaw with the Queen, and who promiſed him to go out with *Valeria*, to ask her what the matter was. *Valeria* going out betimes, *Flavia* followed her, after ſhe had whiſpered *Herminius* in the ear, and bad him come an hour after unto *Valeria's* where ſhe would be, promiſing to tell him what crime he had committed. As ſoon as *Valeria* came home, ſhe went unto her Chamber, *Flavia* followed her; but deſiring to ſee whether *Valeria* would of her ſelf ſay any thing unto her, it was a quarter of an hour before ſhe ſeemed to take any notice of any perplexity in her mind, but talked of ſuch things as they ſaw at Court. But as *Flavia* ſpoke pleaſantly, *Valeria* anſwered her ſo ſolemnly, as it was eaſie to perceive her mind was troubled; ſo as *Flavia* not being able any longer to endure her perplexity without knowing the cauſe, ſhe asked her what the matter was, you are ſo melancholy to day (ſaid ſhe unto her) as I cannot chuſe but ask you the cauſe. In the humour I am, replied *Valeria*, you would do me a pleaſure if you would not ask it; for I can hardly tell you, and yet I do not love to refuſe you any any thing. Yet you muſt either refuſe me, replied *Flavia*, or elſe ſatisfie my curioſity: for you were not wont to be humorous: and yet I ſaw you to day look ſo coldly upon poor *Herminius* as you came from the Queen, that I think you have done him great injuſtice: at leaſt I can aſſure you, that he thinks himſelf very innocent, and cannot imagine what crime you impute unto him. If the ſenſe of his affection were tender and delicate, anſwered ſhe ſharply, he might eaſily imagine what it is that vexeth me: for to tell you ſincerely, all his tenderneſs and delicacy is in his wit and tongue, and not at all in his heart. But I beſeech you, (ſaid *Flavia*) of what do you accuſe him? Does he not love you well? is he unfaithful? is he not obſequious enough? is he indiſcreet? or does he diſobey you? On the contrary (replied ſhe, and bluſhed for anger) he is the moſt diſcreet and obedient Lover that ever was. You ſpeak this in ſuch a tone, replied *Flavia*, and ſmiled, as if obedience and diſcretion were crimes; and as if in way to juſtifie himſelf, he ought to disobey you in ſomething, and brag of ſome favour you have ſhewed him. Ah, anſwered ſhe, he was never culpable of that crime; for he is ſo much afraid of it, as one cannot ſuſpect him in love with me: and is ſo extreamly careful to hide his affection, as one would think he hid it from himſelf. Good Madam, replied *Flavia*, did you not command him not to ſpeak of his Love unto any but me, and to hide it from all the world beſide? I confeſs it, replied *Valeria*: but did he love me as well as I would have him, it were impoſſible he ſhould hide it ſo well as he does.

I am ſure he has friends who ſee him every day, and ſuch as know all his inclinations, yet none of them has the leaſt ſuſpicion of his being in Love; and he has Rivals alſo which cannot perceive it: ſo as upon ſerious thoughts, I muſt needs conclude, that ſuch an affection as one can ſo eaſily hide, cannot be great. But good *Valeria* (replied *Flavia*, and looked earneſtly upon her) do you ſpeak this in good and ſerious earneſt, or is it only ſome light whimſey? No, *Flavia*, replied ſhe, this thought which you may think to be ſome whimſy, is in my heart, and not without good Ground. But I beſeech you, replied *Flavia*, if *Herminius* by any of his ſpeeches or actions had given any cauſe to diſcover the affection that is betwixt you and him, would you not have grumbled at him, and have puniſhed him for it? I confeſs I ſhould, anſwered *Valeria*, but it ſhould have been only as an act of imprudence which

could have excused, because I should have attributed it unto an excess of Love: but this excessive discretion whereby *Herminius* deceives all his friends, his enemies and his Rivals, I cannot impute it unto any thing but faintness, and coldness in his affection. Then you would have the love betwixt you known, replied *Flavia*, and all your commands of discretion upon *Herminius*, to stand for Ciphers. No, replied *Valeria*, and when I forbad *Herminius* to confess he loved me, I expected obedience from him: but to tell you truly, I did not believe he could do it so easily as he does, nor that any one of his Loves should betray him. Yet he is such a perfect Master of himself, that he never so much as looks upon me if any be present: he makes nothing of talking with his Rivals; and no longer since than yesterday, he had the power to say insolently before my face, that he was not in Love: which certainly is the hardest thing in the world for one that has a sensible spirit, and tender heart.

As *Valeria* said so, *Herminius* entred, so as *Flavia*, who had a desire to give him an occasion of making his peace, she told him that he was very opportunely come to justifie himself: Oh *Flavia* (said this incensed Lady) if you love me, do not tell *Herminius* any thing I said unto you. Since you have intimated, that it is dangerous to obey you too much, replied *Flavia*, and smiled, I do not fear disobeying you in this: And indeed, *Flavia* asked *Herminius* (mauger all that *Valeria* said) why he told the Prince of *Pometia* before his Mistress, that he was not in Love. Alas, replied he, and sighed, I said it in obedience to unjust *Valeria*, who commanded me a thousand times to hide my passion; and I said it with such extream repugnancy, as she ought to be infinitely obliged unto me for it. No, no, *Herminius*, replied *Valeria*, and blusht, never deceive your self: that which you said in my presence, can never be pleasing unto me. I beseech you (said *Flavia*) how came this to pass? Imagine, replied *Valeria*, that the Prince of *Pometia* should come hither, and ask *Herminius* what he did the day before in a walk towards the wood, where the Nymph *Egeria* inspired the wise *Numa*; and that *Herminius* when he had no need, should answer him, that he knew not what he did, but that he was very sure he was not in love, and repeated this unnecessarily at least four times. Judge I pray, whether a man, who makes these terrible words to ring in the ears of her he loves, without ever being forced unto it, does not deserve to be suspected of a shallowness in Love: For indeed it was stretching his prudence too far: and I should sooner pardon *Herminius*, if out of a rapture of affection, and unawares, he had said before any one, that he loved *Valeria*, than I should, if he had said before me with so much tranquillity and aggravation, that he did not love me. Then Madam (said *Herminius* unto her) give me leave to tell all the world that I do adore you; and then you shall see whether or no I be too prudent a Lover, and whether I shall not make it my greatest glory to wear your Chains. Take heed of that (said she to him) for it is not my intention you should publickly own your love. Oh Madam, replied he, what then would you have me do? I would (answered she) that you should bridle your self so far, as not to say grosly before my face, that you do not love me. I assure you, Madam, replied *Herminius*, that if you had not been within hearing, I had not said so: but my hopes of doing a thing which I supposed would please you, did prompt me unto it.

But charming *Valeria*, I am so far from retorting any of these reproaches which you have given me, that I thank you for them, and most humbly beseech you to tell me, how a perfect and respectful Lover ought to behave himself, when his Mistress forbids him to say any thing of his affection. I would not have a Lover (said she) give any occasion to make it thought he is loved: if it be suspected that he is in love, I would not have him say at any time, or to any person, that he loves his Mistress: and yet I would not have it such a horrible torment unto him, to hide the passion that is in his heart, as that he should think it the most terrible of all punishments. But above all, I would never have him able positively to say before his Mistress, that he is not in love: especially when he is not forced unto it by any necessity; for if he have a tender and passionate heart, it is a thing which he cannot imagine, much less brook: But then, Madam, replied *Herminius*, what will become of all those absolute commands which you laid upon me, not to discover my affection? would you have me still use the word Amity in my Letters, to express my passion? I would, replied she; but I would not have you say before my face, that you do not love me; for if you did love me fervently, you would not be able to pronounce those cruel words. Yet he (added she, and looked upon *Flavia*) did never so much startle at the sound of them, or give the least sign that he was loth to utter them, but spoke resolutely, and loud, and in such a tone, as seemed to speak his heart: Ah cruel *Valeria* (said he unto her) I can no longer indure your injustice: I beseech you (said *Flavia* then unto her) what should *Herminius* do to appease you? Would you have him go presently unto the Prince of *Pometia*, and tell him that he is ready to die for the love of you? For my part, I know not how *Herminius* can give you satisfaction any other way, to repair the great injury he has done you. I see, replied *Valeria*, that you mock me: but I will maintain that one, who knows how to love aright, will not condemn me, but confess with me, that what I now say will seem a little too nice, and perhaps fantastical to those that are not in love, but such as are will allow of it: Well Madam, said *Herminius*, I will confess my self to blame: But I beseech you, are no errors in Love pardonable? Yes, said *Valeria*, very many: but let me tell you, that coolness in affection is seldom pardoned.

Oh I beseech you, replied he, do not give my supposed crime, a title so incongruent and unsutable: for the truth is, I am not culpable but of too punctual obedience, and of prudence too excessive: and my crime (if it be one) is an excess, no defect in Love: for had I lov'd you less, I had not been so careful to obey you, and conceal my Passion.

After this, *Flavia* having pressed *Valeria* to pardon *Herminius*, she was pleased to grant it. Yet

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it was two hours before the ſame ſweetneſs, and joy, and the ſame tranquillity which uſed to ſhine in the eyes of *Valeria*, returned unto them: but at laſt, all Clouds being diſſipated, *Valeria* appeared in her accuſtomed Luſtre, and humour. As for *Herminius*, he was ſtill a little troubled: For, he was afraid of ſhewing either too much, or too little Love: knowing very well, that *Valeria*, what ere ſhe ſaid, would find as much fault, if he diſcovered his paſſion, as if he concealed it over-much.

Mean time, *Salonina* ſeeing none of her deſigns to proſper, ſhe was in a ſtrange perplexitie: and the more, when ſhe found the humour of *Voleſus*, who being of ſuch a Nature as could not love, but where he found ſome difficulties, and ſeeing *Salonina* did more overtly ſhew her affection to him than ordinary, he grew glutted, and leſs reſpective and amorous than he uſed. So as after all her endeavours to recal *Spurius*, both by ſweetneſs and jealouſie, ſhe found her ſelf like to loſe the only Lover which ſhe had remaining, though ſhe was fair, and wittie. As for *Spurius*, he ſtill thought himſelf very happy, although he had no reaſon.

As for *Herminius* and *Valeria*, they were both well ſatisfied, and had good cauſe for it: But, as it is impoſſible to love long without ſome rub, a chance hapned that vexed them both, and which might very well do ſo. For you muſt know, that the jealouſie of *Voleſus* being augmented, and *Salonina* fearing to loſe him, ſhe reſolved to renounce her deſign of recalling *Spurius*. But in ſeeking to juſtifie her ſelf towards *Voleſus*, ſhe was not ſorry to do any miſchief unto *Spurius*, or unto *Valeria* alſo, whom ſhe loved not: So as endeavouring all ſhe could, to piece *Spurius* and *Voleſus* together; the occaſion preſently offered it ſelf. She met with't in *Domitia*'s Chamber: it chanced that *Salonina* was ſitting between *Voleſus* and *Spurius*: And it chanced alſo that the company was very great that day: And that the Ladies which ſate by *Spurius* and *Voleſus* being gone, *Salonina* and they were ſeparated a good ſpace from the reſt of the company.

As for *Herminius*, though he did not often apply himſelf unto *Valeria* before company; yet ſince the approach of hiding his Love over-much was laid to his charge, he Courted her this day more than ordinary. So as *Spurius* ſeeing his Rival with his Miſtreſs, and could not leave *Salonina* without two apparent incivility, he kept his place. *Salonina* making uſe of this unexpected occaſion, both to cure *Voleſus*, to vex *Spurius*, and ſpite *Valeria*; ſhe turned toward *Spurius*, and addreſſing her ſpeech to him with a diſdainful ſmile, Since I am naturally very pitiful (ſaid ſhe unto him) I think it an act of charity to comfort you for the ill ſucceſs you have in all your enterpriſes of Gallantry. For truly, as full of merit as *Herminius* is, I think *Valeria* ought to prefer you before him, though upon no other reaſon, but becauſe you love her more than he. All Ladies in general, (replied *Spurius* faintly) are ſo apt to be unjuſt, that if this misfortune do befall me, yet it is not the firſt time. *Salonina* underſtanding his meaning, was afraid leſt *Voleſus* ſhould hear, and underſtand; So as beginning to ſpeak again haſtily, without anſwering to what he had ſaid, ſhe told him, that he was more beholding to her than he was aware of. For *Voleſus* knows, that I being full of acknowledgment for all the ſervices which heretofore you have done me, I was very ſorry to ſee you engaged in the ſervice of a Lady, whoſe heart is not in her own power: and perhaps I have endeavoured, to diſengage you, without any other intention, but to break thoſe chains which unleſs you do undeceive your ſelf, will grow more heavy upon you every day. For truly, (continued this crafty Lady) *Voleſus* knows very well, that I had never endeavoured your Reengagement to me, but only to diſengage you from *Valeria*, as much my Friend, as ſhe is: For, I being better able to penetrate into her heart, than you, I was ſorry to ſee how ſhe made uſe of you, only as a Cloak to hide the inclination ſhe had unto *Herminius*. But ſince I perceive, you do ill interpret my meaning, I leave you to your own bad deſtinie, and declare, that I will never again endeavour to Reengage you to my ſervice, nor diſ-engage you from the ſervice of *Valeria*.

Whilſt *Salonina* was ſpeaking this, *Spurius* unluckily looked at *Valeria*, as ſhe was talking to *Herminius*, and had then in her eyes ſuch a paſſionate and ſweet obligingneſs, that he bluſht: So as it might be ſaid, that the looks of *Valeria* did more perſwade *Spurius* to believe what *Salonina* ſaid, than all the Language of that crafty Lady could. So as then, not rejecting what this envious friend ſaid, as he had upon other occaſions, and *Voleſus* making one in this Converſation, it grew at laſt a Converſation of real confidence on *Spurius* his ſide, and falſe confidence of the ſide of *Voleſus* and *Salonina*, whoſe aims yet were not alike: For *Voleſus* talked with *Spurius* only to make him underſtand, that *Salonina* had no deſign of Love upon him: And *Salonina* had no other intention, but to keep him from being in love with *Valeria*: For, as envie doth prepoſſeſs the mind as well as Love; *Salonina* did not think, that in making *Spurius* jealous, ſhe ſhould augment his Love to *Valeria*: And indeed, *Spurius* at that inſtant growing jealous, he did become much more in Love than before: And chance alſo would have it, that the converſation of the day did augment this growing jealouſie: For, be pleaſed to know, that *Valeria* after ſhe had done talking with *Herminius*, when *Spurius* had obſerved the ſweetneſs of her looks; ſhe began to chide *Salonina*, for ſeparating her ſelf from the company with two ſuch Gallants as *Spurius* and *Voleſus*. So as being all joyned together, and Prince *Titus* with *Collatina* being come, they fell inſenſibly to talk of Amity, and Love: Some ſaid, that Amity ought to be preferred before Love, becauſe the pleaſures of it are more tranquil: And others, that Love ought to be preferred before Amity, becauſe the ſweets of it are infinitely more ſenſible. I conceive (ſaid *Herminius*) it is not impoſſible to joyn theſe two kinds of Pleaſures together: and I affirm that to make a Love durable, it is requiſite, that a woman be both the Friend and the Miſtreſs of her Lover: I ſay further, that if Amity do precede Love in the heart of a Lover, his Paſſion will be ſtronger, more durable,

tender, more respectful, and also more ardent. *Spurius* hearing *Herminius* say so, he made an application of what he said, as unto himself: So as out of those sparks of jealousie which began to grow in him; He began to contradict him, and to maintain, that Love and Amity cannot be both, in the heart of one and the same person. For said he, these two are so little resemblant, as it cannot be conceived they should at one instant, be together, without so confounding each other as they cannot both be discerned. They do confound themselves indeed (replied *Herminius*) but it is so, as two Rivers which meet and mingle: yet in mixing, (said *Titus*) these two Rivers make but one.

I do confess it, (replied *Herminius*) yet the Waters of both the Rivers are there, though they cannot be separated; and that River which is the most famous, and alters the name of the other which it hath received, is the better, and more fit to bear great boats. If *Tiber*, which hath received forty and two Rivers into its Channel, had only the original water of its source, it would be but a petty brook. It is almost the very same in love: for to love sincerely, to cause love barely, there needs no high spirit, great merit, great beauty, great generosity, nor any taking charms in conversation: there needs no more than youth and occasions of seeing: The order that Nature hath established, is sufficient to beget this simple bare Love, as well as in Birds that sing in their seasons: But then as for great and high passions, it is requisite to have all the ingredients that are necessary unto great and perfect amity. I do very well understand what you say, replied *Spurius*; but yet I understand it with this difference, That a constant love ought to be grounded upon esteem, whereas you conceive it ought to be upon Amity.

Esteem and Amity are so oft together (replyed *Herminius*) as it is easie to take the one for the other: For one can hardly have a very great esteem of any without loving them also: not but that I know one may sometimes esteem enemies, but that is such an esteem as has limits; and it may be said, they esteem their good qualities, but not them: for as I conceive, it is high injustice to hate any whom they highly esteem. I think then, I was not much amiss, when I said, that amongst persons who converse much with other every day, great esteem and amity meet almost together; and therefore since you agree, that a constant Love ought to be grounded upon esteem, you will easily confess, that it may also be grounded upon Amity.

When one begins to have affection unto a person, with his reason free, and disengaged from all prejudice; he shall know all his good qualities: he will see them without illusion; and he will be assured that he can never see them otherwise: but on the contrary, when Love springs by the eyes in an instant, he does not see things as they are; so as upon the least disgust that happens, his prejudicate fancy diminishing, he sees his Mistress far otherwise than he saw her before: and seeing what he saw not before, his thoughts also change, and he thinks not what he thought before. But a Love that has amity mixed with it, there is almost nothing but death that can extinguish it. I do conceive indeed (said *Spurius*) that when a Mistress has all the necessary qualities requisite in a true and generous friend, Love is more strong, but I do not conceive how Amity can become Love: and though I should conceive it, yet I cannot agree that Love and Amity can subsist together, but think, that this affection does change into another Nature. I conceive (said *Herminius*) that a great esteem which begets a great and tender amity, may also easily become Love: But, replyed *Spurius*, why should it not become love at the first? For a thousand different reasons, answered *Herminius*: and for a thousand reasons which we our selves do not know, though they be hid in us: for the same natural reason and instinct which teacheth all Children to hold up their hands when they fall, lest they should hurt their heads, though they were never taught it; the same instinct, I say, makes a man who begins to look upon a woman of vertue, modesty, and wisdom, not to love her at the very first, because hope which often precedes this passion, or at least begins with it, does not stir any such motions in him as are apt to beget an ardent affection.

It may be also, that this man who begins to be a friend unto any amiable woman, has then some wandring thoughts another way, which hinders his heart from being so pregnant of Love. But when esteem begets Amity, when familiarity augments it, and when the heart of a generous man is free and capable of passion; if an amiable woman become kind and tender towards such a friend, he easily becomes a lover. For certainly, it is easier for a heart already warmed with an ardent amity, to fall into ardent love, than a heart that is indifferent: and I affirm further, that the amity which a woman bears unto a man may make him more in love with her, than he would have been, had she not been at all tender towards him. For my part (said *Valeria* then,) had I a Lover, and should discover such a temper in him, I should dislike it: I would indeed have him in amity before he be in Love: but I would have it to be the knowledge of merits that should change the nature of his affection, and not the signs and symptomes of my amity. Madam, replied *Herminius*, in consenting that his love should arise from the knowledge of your merits, you consent also that the symptomes of your amity do contribute something unto it: for Amity, as I conceive, is part of the merit of a generous person: and for my particular, I should be sooner melted by the tenderness of a generous heart, than by her beauty only. But for all that, this does not detract any thing from the glory of a Lady who is loved upon that ground; for all her tenderness would not move, if she had not many excellent qualities besides, which render her so precious. So as when Amity becomes love in the heart of a lover, or to say better, this love mixeth it self with Amity without extinguishing it, there is nothing so sweet as this kind of love; for as violent as it is, yet it is always more regulated than ordinary love; it is more durable, more tender, more respectful, and more ardent, yet not subject to so many tumultuous whimsies as that love is, which is without amity. But still you must confess with me (said *Spurius*) that this Amity becomes Love, and does absolutely change its Nature.

I have already told you upon this subject, (replyed *Herminius*) That Love and Amity do mix together like two Rivers, the Nobler whereof carries away the name of the other. But for all that, the water of the lesser is as well there as that of

the greater; so as though a friend which is become a Lover, does say always that he is in love, and not say that he is in Amity; yet certainly both of them are in his heart, though he can hardly discern them; And it is most constantly true, that a Love of this temper, is more perfect than the other: To shew that Amity and Love are all one, (said *Spurius*) in the heart of a friend that is become a Lover, I need only to instance, that commonly when a man in love, ceases to be in love, there remains nothing in his heart but hatred, or indifferency: so as it must consequently follow, that amity is quite turned into love, or at least goes along with it. This happens sometimes (replied *Herminius*) but it happens very often, that Love cools, and Amity still remains. For my particular (said *Valeria*) I had rather one should be indifferent towards me, nay hate me, than to be no more than in amity, after he once loved me: For if one should hate me, I might believe, that perhaps he loved me though unknown, and that his hatred was a disguised Love.

But as for Amity which remains after Love, I look upon it as a dead Love that has no heat in it, and good for nothing: I know very well (added she) that almost all the love of the best husbands becomes amity: But I know withal, that there are few good wives, but will confess that it were better to be the Mistresses of those they have married, than to be no more than the friends of their husbands: I mean, such friends to whom their husbands impart no more of their secrets, than domestick affairs, and with whom they never hold any sweet conversation. Yet there are some (said *Collatina*) who are both Lovers and Husbands all their lives, and live so kindly with their wives, that they do enjoy all the sweets both of love and friendship. I assure you, (said *Valeria*) it is a harder matter than you imagine, to be both at once a good husband, a respectful Lover, and a very well accomplished man; for to be a Lover is to be a slave; to be a Husband, is to be a Master; and to be a well accomplisht man, is to be neither a Tyrant nor a slave to his wife.

I affirm also, That it is the honour of such wives as have good Husbands to let them have such an authority as may appear to the world, though out of excess in love, or some other cause, they would not have it: And a good wife will never desire it should be said, that she is the Governor of her Husband; but only, that she has a good credit in his opinion, that he esteems her, believes her, and loves her; not that he obeys her, as if he were not able to govern himself. Nor do I allow, that a Husband should be continually shewing himself a husband; An imperious husband, who looks upon his wife only as the first servant in the House, who trusts her with nothing, who never considers her, and who treats her as if she had not the use of Reason, as if he were not obliged to love her, and as if it were his Prerogative to love a hundred others, and she not to say Mum. *Collatina* hearing *Valeria* speak thus, began to twit her, and to say, that doubtless she would make the best wife, and the best husband in the world, since she was able to discourse so well upon the Laws of Marriage. After which, it being very late, the company parted.

As for *Spurius*, he went home with a heart full of jealousie: As for *Salonina*, though she was glad to observe, that she was the cause of it; yet sometimes this jealousie which she saw encreased, did vex her, because she saw plainly that *Spurius* had no affection at all unto her: But for all that, her hopes to win him off *Valeria*, did flatter her.

As for *Herminius*, he went away well satisfied: But as for *Valeria*, she being of a most delicate and nice spirit, she took it much to heart that *Herminius* should so hotly affirm, that Amity and Love together was requisite. For from thence she argued, that the first thoughts which he had of her were no thoughts of Love: So as the first time she wrote unto him, she debated it with him: and for four or five days the subject of their Letters was upon nothing else.

Mean time, *Spurius* was very unhappy: For, a jealousie encreased every moment in his mind, his hope lessened, and Fears grew more strong. In a few days therefore, he was grown all melancholy, sullen, mistrustful, pettish, and easily angred: He imployed himself in nothing but observing all the actions of *Herminius* and *Valeria*: And the more he observed them, the more jealous he grew: Not that they lived any otherwise than they used together: But it is the Nature and Quality of jealousie, to prepossess, to change the objects, to seduce reason, and to force an interpretation of all things to the disadvantage of the Interpreter: It troubles the senses; and whereas the eyes do sometimes deceive the imagination, it happens very oft, that the Imagination of a jealous man deceives his eyes, and makes him believe he sees, what he sees not: So as *Spurius*, being possessed with a most violent jealousie, he imagined a thousand things that never were. And as a jealous man always finds more than he seeks for; and for *Spurius* sought continually how to afflict himself, in seeking for some comfort, he caused unto himself a fresh subject of inquietude by the way which I shall tell you. Imagine then, that to ease all his doubts, he thought no better way could do it, than to gain one of *Valeria*'s Slaves, who was witty, subtle, and naturally a lover of her self: For he had heard that *Valeria* scolded her of that fault: So as *Spurius* neglected no way to win her unto himself: when he met her, he saluted her very kindly; he commended her handsomness, and always offered to give her money. At first she refused, and said, that her Lady had charged her to take nothing of any person; and seeing he offered to give her, only to try if she would take, and then tell her Lady, she would not accept of any thing.

Spurius, hearing this woman speak thus, and knowing that she tickled to be taking what he offered, he told her she was mistaken, and that he would not have *Valeria* know of any thing he gave her: So as this young wench, after some slight refusal, did begin to accept of several things from *Spurius*: and after he had thus engaged her, he got her wholly unto him.

However, though she was very trusty, yet he would not tell him any thing, but that *Valeria* received letters very often from *Herminius*. But quite mode of letters was in this Gallant Cabal, this gave him no satisfaction. This slave also told him, that *Valeria* was not very careful of those letters which she

she received from *Herminius*: and that till she put a great number of them together into her Cabinet, she always either carried them in her pocket, or left them upon the Table, not caring who saw them. So as *Spurius* pressing her to get one of them, she promised to do it upon the first opportunity: and accordingly, about two days after, she took from her Lady one of *Herminius* his letters, and gave it unto *Spurius*, who to have the better opportunity of speech with this slave, he went unto *Valeria*'s, when he knew she was not at home, which hapned then very often: For since *Salonina* and *Valeria* were out of League, there grew much Amity betwixt *Valeria* and *Lucretia*, who seldom stirring abroad, except to the Temple; was more visited by her new friend, than she returned visits. *Spurius* then going to *Valeria*'s one day, when she was with *Lucretia*, he asked to speak with the slave, with whom he held intelligence under a pretence of delivering a message for her Lady. So as this wench gave him the letter which she had taken: but in giving it, she began to laugh, and told him, that she had given him as good as nothing. At first, *Spurius* thought, that though the wench was witty, yet perhaps she could not understand the letter, for he knew that *Herminius* could write but too well. When the wench saw that he made no reckoning of what she said, she laughed again, and said unto him, I perceive you think, I know not what I say, and that you think a poor slave cannot read; but for all that, I deserve a recompence from you: For, first I assure you, that it is no letter of Love: That perverse letter was fuller of Amity; and that if I can understand any thing there is no sence in the letter; *Spurius* being tickled with an itching curiosity, and knowing that *Valeria* would quickly return, he opened the letter and found these words,

Herminius *unto* Valeria.

I Confess Madam, that my Amity preceded my amity: And Amity and amity do sometimes resemble: but believe it Madam, when that happens, either the Amity must be very tender, or the amity not very great: And if you would have me speak without disguisement, your Amity is as far from resembling amity, as my amity is from resembling Amity.

After *Spurius* had read this letter, he was much surpris'd: for he knew that *Herminius* used not to write Nonsence or Tautologies, or to put the word Amity so often in one letter without any sence.

So as not knowing well what to think upon't he carried away the letter, not knowing well what to make of it: The wench would have had it again, but he was resolved to examine it better before he restored it: He carried it therefore home; and when he was in his chamber, he read it over a hundred times; but understood it no better at the last than the first time, for he could not imagine what to make of the word Amity. The worst for him was, he knew well that there was some hidden secret under it: For, had it been one of those Artificial ingenuities which *Herminius* used, he should have understood it.

On the other side, the little care that *Valeria* took in hiding these letters from *Herminius*, did give him some consolation: but for all that, this Gallimaufry of Amity puzled him so much, that not being able to unty this knotty Riddle himself, he resolved out of an excess of jealousie to shew it unto *Salonina*, hoping that her acute wit would help him to discover what he desired to know. He went therefore unto her, but did not acquaint her with his intelligence he had with *Valeria*'s slave, but told her, that a friend of his found the letter, and intreated him to decypher it. *Salonina* took the letter, and was as much puzled at the word Amity as *Spurius* was. She thought at the first that she had found out the trick, so as looking upon *Spurius*, she said unto him: you shall see that *Herminius* and *Valeria* are agreed to use the word Amity, in lieu of the word Love: if they had, replied *Spurius*, the Letter would be as much nonsence, for I will read it so, and you shall see it: and he read it thus.

I confess Madam, that my love preceded my love, and love and love does sometimes resemble: but believe it Madam, when that happens, either the love must be very tender, or the love not very great: And if you will have me speak without disguisement, your love is as far from resembling love, as my love is from resembling love.

Well, (replied *Spurius*, after he had read the Letter) Do you understand the word Love, better than you do the word Amity? No, replied she, but I am resolved I will. And indeed this Lady, whose heart was full of curiosity, of envy, of anger, of jealousie, of vanity, and who moreover wished heartily that *Spurius* might be jealous, she began to look very seriously upon this Letter of *Herminius*, so as having a sharp and penetrating wit, she observed that the word Amity was written several ways in the Letter, for it sometimes begun with a great letter, and sometimes with a little. So that as soon as she had observed this, she hoped to discover the trick on't: she judg'd also, that *Herminius* being so exact in his writing as he was, would not use sometimes great and sometimes little letters to no end: so as she thought that this different manner of writing the same word, might change the sence, and indeed she was not mistaken; for when they agreed that the word amity should signifie Love, *Valeria* asked *Herminius* how they should do when they used the word Amity to signifie barely Amity: *Herminius*, who was full of invention, he told her, that when the word amity was to signifie Love, it was to begin with a little a, and when it was to signifie amity only, it was to begin with a great A. So as *Salonina* having observed this difference in writing the same word, and imagining that it might change the sence, she began to try it after this rule, and then found that good sence followed: of which *Spurius* was as glad as she: *Salonina* also told *Spurius*, that certainly this Letter was a consequence of that discourse, wherein *Herminius* affirmed, that Amity ought to be mingled with Love. So as after *Spurius* had observed this rule which she directed him to follow he found these words.

I confess, Madam, that my Amity preceded my love, and love and Amity do sometimes resemble: But believe it, Madam, when that happens, either the Amity must be very tender, or the love

not very great: and if you will have me ſpeak without diſguiſement, your Amity is as far from reſembling love, as my love is from reſembling Amity.

Oh Madam, (cried out *Spurius*) you have but too much wit for my tranquillity: and the nonſence which I found in the Letter of *Herminius*, had been better for me, than the ſence which you have found out. For truly, ſince *Valeria* holds any intelligence of this nature with him, he does her wrong to ſay, that her Amity does not reſemble Love, for ſuch artifice is needleſs for an affection of another nature: However, Madam, (added he in a tranſport of ſorrow) I beſeech you diſpenſe with me, for not returning thanks unto you for the pains you have taken in unriddling this Letter: for truly I have not power to do it. And to tell you truly, I ſee you ſo glad at your diſcovery, and at a thing which infinitely afflicts me, that I was not more grieved when you were the moſt rigorous unto me. If you would have me ſpeak ſincerely (repliqd *Salonina*) I think it ſomething ſtrange you ſhould not bear me any good will for the pains I have taken in undeceiving you: for had you rather not know that *Valeria* loves *Herminius*? Doubtleſs I had, replyed he, ſo I were never to know it. For my part, replied ſhe, I am not ſo of your mind, but am very glad you find that I am not the only reaſonable perſon who does not render juſtice unto your merit, and who cannot afford you any more than my eſteem: for ſince the firſt time you loved me (added this crafty Lady) you thought me the only perſon in the world whom you loved, that would not love you again: but now you find by experience that it is not ſo. Ah cruel *Salonina* (cryed he out) Do not torment me with the rigour of another, after you have ſo much tormented me with your own: but if you ſpeak thus, becauſe you repent of your former cruelty, I ſhall think you excuſable. No, replied ſhe with a ſubtle ſmile: but on the contrary I ſpeak as I do, to juſtifie my cruelty. As *Salonina* ſaid ſo, *Collatina* and *Flavia* came into the Chamber, ſo as ſhe having the Letter of *Herminius* in her hands, it was not poſſible for *Spurius* to get it from her. Yet he asked it in a low voice, but ſhe would not reſtore it, but ſaid to him in Railery, that ſhe had more right to it than he, after all the pains ſhe had taken in expounding it: ſo as *Spurius* not being able to endure any longer in that place, he went out, and being extremely vext both at *Herminius* and at *Valeria* he was not very ſorry that this Letter remained in the hands of *Salonina*, imagining that ſhe would do ſome miſchief unto *Valeria* by it, againſt whom he was moſt horribly incenſed. And not being able to contain his grief, he went unto one of his friends, to whom he related the ſtate of his fortune. Did ever any find (ſaid he unto him) a more croſs and peeviſh fate than mine? for within this few days, I found my ſelf the happieſt man in the world, and now the moſt miſerable: when *Salonina* endeavoured to re-engage me, I had all the delights of a ſweet revenge; and when *Valeria* treated me kindly, I enjoyed all the pleaſures which hope can give in love. But now, I know that *Salonina* cares not for me, further than to take me off from *Valeria* whom ſhe loves not. *Valeria* cannot endure me, but only as a cloak to hide her affection unto *Herminius*: and whilſt both *Volcſius* and *Herminius* are happy, I am moſt miſerable. I muſt confeſs (ſaid his friend unto him) that your adventure is cruel, but you ought to take good heart; and were I in your caſe, I ſhould be glad to loſe a Miſtreſs that ſhould love any of my Rivals better than me. On the contrary, replied *Spurius*, I ought to be glad of the rigour of an inſenſible woman: for I look upon her as one incapable of affording any felicity unto any one no more than me: I look upon her, (I ſay) as an imperfect perſon, to whom the Gods have not given any ſenſibility or tenderneſs of heart, and one who is unworthy to be grieved for: But alas! when I think upon all the Charms of *Valeria*, when I conſider ſhe is fair, witty, vertuous, pleaſing in her humour, modeſt, and as I think, capable of tenderneſs, I am ſo afflicted at the happineſs of *Herminius*, that I do moſt horribly hate him: And in this angry mood, I know no other conſolation I can have, but to make him miſerable, and to trouble all the delights of *Valeria*, of *Herminius*, of *Volcſius*, and of *Salonina*. And indeed *Spurius* did nothing all that day, but plot how he might ruine theſe four perſons whom he moſt horridly hated. Yet he diſſembled with them, the more eaſily to harm them: But that he might the better prepare himſelf with a garb of conſtraint, he feigned himſelf ſick for a while: after which he appeared in the company as ordinary, though a little more melancholy, and a little more troubled for *Valeria*. Mean time, *Salonina*, who kept not the Letter of *Herminius* for nothing, he made a viſit unto *Valeria*, and drawing her aſide, told her, that to teſtifie how much ſhe was her friend, ſhe came to acquaint her how ſhe had loſt ſome of *Herminius* his Letters, becauſe ſhe heard one of her acquaintance ſay, that he had one of them in his hands.

Valeria not thinking that any of *Herminius* his Letters could be ill interpreted, and did not think ſhe had loſt that wherein the word Amity was ſo often uſed, which was the only one that could raiſe any ſuſpicion; ſhe told *Salonina* that ſhe was much obliged unto her for her good intention; but truly, (ſaid ſhe) If I have loſt any of them, I am not much troubled at it, neither in relation to my ſelf or *Herminius*: For all his Letters are ſo well penned, and ſo far from any ſuſpicion of love, as I do not remember the word Love is ſo much as once mentioned in all that ere he wrote unto me: Then, replied *Salonina*, thoſe who tell me they have one, are falſe Impoſtors: for here's the Copy of that which they ſay they have in keeping. Upon this, *Salonina* ſhewed unto *Valeria* the Copy of *Herminius* his letter, with the words of Love and Amity in their right places.

This fair and innocent Lady knowing the firſt line, ſhe could not chuſe but bluſh: yet preſently recollecting her ſelf, and ſeeming to call up her memory, ſhe told *Salonina* that this which may perhaps be thought ſome myſtery, was nothing but ſome ſuch trick as his Acroſtick was, or ſome ſuch fallacy, by which he had ſo often diverted the Cabal: And upon better memory, he did once write ſome ſuch invention in my chamber, but I apprehended ſo little danger in ſhewing it, that I left it looſe upon my table: ſo as certainly ſome or other has found it, and put an interpretation upon it. Since it is ſo, (replied *Salonina*, and ſeemed to believe her) I will never trouble my ſelf to get the

Original

the original out of their hands who have it: but I think it better to tell them the truth, and so let them shew it as the invention of *Herminius*. If all people were rational (replied *Valeria*) it were not amiss to do as you advise: but since there is an ill disposition in most people to interpret the best things in the worst sense, you would do me a pleasure in procuring me this letter, and undeceiving those that have made any ill construction of it. Madam, replied *Salonina*, since it was never my faculty to flatter my friends, I must needs tell you, that I think the course you would take, is not good, but better to acknowledge it as a real letter, and let it pass as a common and indifferent trifle which you value not. Were there a middle course between these two (replied prudent *Valeria*) it were the best, and therefore it will be enough if you only tell those that have this letter, how that I do not value it at all: And if ere I meet with an occasion wherein I may do you any service of the like nature, I shall entertain it with joy: Alas Madam (replied *Salonina*) since I have no friend so ingenious as *Herminius*, you are are never like to do me the like office. But, replied *Valeria*, since *Telesia* useth to write unto you sometimes, and since he loves you in another manner than *Herminius* loves me, It is not impossible but I may do more for you, than you shall do for me. However (said *Salonina*) I am glad that I can shew the letter which *Herminius* wrote unto you; assuring you, whatsoere you think of me, that I will act for you with the same thoughts that now I have. After this, *Salonina* went away: And this malicious woman so negotiated the matter, that within three dayes there were dispersed above a hundred Copies of the letter of *Herminius*: Yet *Salonina* had not all the pleasure which she expected from this malice: For *Herminius* was so often known to vent such pieces of wit as these, without any particular design; And *Valeria* had so great a Reputation of Prudence, that few or none believ'd it to be more than only a passage of wit, and no particular complicative aim of any Gallantry in it. *Herminius* found this advantage by it, which now I am going to relate unto you.

The perplexity that he saw in the spirit of *Valeria*, made him fear left she should take resolution of seeing him no more, only to prevent scandal. For, though *Valeria*'s heart was all innocency; yet she knew, that scandal seeks only a pretence to calumniate the most vertuous persons. So *Herminius*, who knew that *Valerius* and *Domitia* loved him, resolved upon two things; The first, to acquaint *Sivelia* with his Love, and oblige her to consent unto his design, and help him. The second: To ask *Valeria*'s leave to apply himself unto those who had the disposition of her, for their approbation of his affection. *Herminius* therefore, told his generous Mother of it, who commended his design, and assured him, that she would assist him in all that possibly she could: For she found in this alliance, all that she could wish for, especially Vertue, and Nobleness of bloud. But when *Herminius* pressed *Valeria* to let him speak unto her Father, he found greater resistance than he imagined: For after he had moved her unto it, with a thousand tender and passionate expressions and prayers, he saw she chang'd colour, and beginning to speak, she would not give him any precise answer: So as troubled in mind, Oh most Divine *Valeria* (said he unto her) do not put my passion unto any further tryal: you may know it, and to say more, do know it: And yet you speak unto me as faintly, as if you did not know I love you, and as if you had not permitted me to hope I should not be hated. Indeed, answered she, I do know that you love me sometimes: but how shall I be assured you will love me always? How Madam? (said *Herminius* and interrupted her) can you be so unjust as to say that I love you sometimes? I who have not a minutes rest in my passion: I, who love you more than ever any can; I (I say) who think upon none; nothing but you, who would not live but for you, who cannot live a minute without you. Though I should agree, that you do love me, replied she, yet I cannot, that you love me as I would be loved. But *Herminius*, do not deceive your self: but know, that if you did love me always equally, you could not do as I have seen you: There are some minutes, some hours, and some days wherein you can so well hide your affection, even when you are not constrained unto it, as I have cause to fear how I do inseparably conjoyn my Fortune with yours; Though you are the only man in the world, for whom I would without aversion obey my Father, if he should command me to marry. For, I do declare unto you, I had rather be the Wife of a man that hates me, and always has hated me, than of such a man as once zealously loved me, and afterwards does not. For, since the first of these ever hated me, I never loved him, and by consequence, his hatred never troubled me, as the indifference of him whom once I loved, would. But I beseech you Madam, replyed *Herminius*, why should you presuppose, that I should change my mind? Did you ever see me inconstant unto any of my friends? Oh *Herminius* replied she, some men may be constant in Amity, that are not so in Love: And there are some men, who never have but one friend, who yet have many Mistresses. Madam, replied he, I am none of those: For, on the contrary, I have many friends, but you are my only Mistress, and I can safely say, that I have no other but you: For, if I did ever think my self in Love with any, I now see I was much mistaken when I thought so: For I never had such heart-burnings for any as for you. Do not fear then I shall ever change, when I cannot hope to be better: Nor think, that though time should offer any injury unto your fair face, I should yet alter my mind: No, no, *Valeria*; I do not love you for your beauty only: There are other excellencies in your soul and mind, which I prefer before the charms of your eyes, and all outward Lustre: you have a thousand, and a thousand beauties, over which time and age has no power: You have a thousand and a thousand Treasures which are not in the power of Fortune, and worth much more, than all those she is able to give: Fear not then, that my Passion will ere diminish as long as it is built upon so sure a foundation, and Cause so solid; I am nothing of the humor of those men, whose Loves are damped as soon as a little sickness has paled the Complexion of their Mistres-

ses.

ſes. I moſt humbly beſeech you Madam, think better of *Herminius*, and deny him not that permiſſion, which he aſketh, unleſs you will have him think you never loved him, or that you never will love him, and that you would not have him love you any longer. Though I ſhould (replyed *Valeria*, with a demi-bluſh) you would not believe me: For indeed I do not refuſe to conſent unto what you deſire, but leſt in conſenting, you ſhould love me no longer, or love me leſs. After this, *Herminius* redoubled his prayers, and expreſſed his deſires ſo tenderly, and full of paſſion, as ſhe permitted him at laſt to ſpeak unto *Valerius* her Father. So as *Sivelia*, who knew the vertue of *Valeria*, and much approved of this alliance, ſhe moved it unto *Valerius*, who liked the propoſition as well as ſhe could deſire.

But though both ſides carried the matter very ſecret, that it might not be known untill all was conſummated; yet the joys of *Herminius* did betray this important ſecret, and made *Spurius* partly gueſs at the truth, and fully diſcovered it by the intelligence of that wench which gave him the Letter of *Herminius*: ſo as entring into a new deſpair, it cauſed ſuch a diſturbance in his heart, as did confirm the opinion of ſuch who ſay, That a violent paſſion is often ſtronger than vertue or reaſon. For *Spurius*, who till then, had done nothing for which he could blame himſelf, unleſs loving too long, after all hopes of being loved was gone, he took a courſe to hinder *Herminius* from being happy, which he would not have taken, if jealouſie had not altered the conſtitution of his ſoul.

The truth was, he was an enemy unto Tyranny; he hated *Tarquin*; and he heartily wiſhed the liberty of *Rome*: yet in tranſport of paſſion, which then was Miſtreſs of his heart, he thought it not impoſſible to hinder the marriage of *Valeria* with *Herminius*, by acquainting ſome that were of *Tarquins* intereſt, how that in policy he ought to prevent this Alliance. *Spurius* then being acquainted with one that was kinſman unto *Heſtius*, that was in favour with *Tarquin*, he went to ſee him; and ſeeming to talk of the marriage of *Herminius* and *Valeria*, as the news of the Town, he began to ſpeak of the good fortune of *Herminius*. For truly (ſaid he very ſubtilly) if he had not good fortune, the King would never permit this marriage, which unites two of the moſt potent Families that are his enemies, and out of whom there are more exiles ſince *Tarquin* reigned, than any others in *Rome*. *Spurius* ſeemed to ſay this, not as if he deſired him unto whom he ſpoke, to tell *Heſtius*, and that *Heſtius* ſhould tell *Tarquin*, but only as wondring at the good fortune of *Herminius*. For he knew very well, that he to whom he ſpoke, would tell *Heſtius* all he heard: And indeed, as ſoon as ever *Spurius* was gone, this man went to his Couſin, and told him all he knew. *Heſtius* conceiving indeed, that this alliance between two Families, enemies of *Tarquin*, was to be prevented, he went unto that Prince to acquaint him with the buſineſs, and the conſequences of it.

Tarquin, who, except *Horatius* and *Clelius*, hated *Valerius* and *Herminius*, more than all the reſt of his enemies, he reſolved to prevent this marriage by his abſolute authority: Thus when *Herminius* and *Valeria* thought to paſs all their lives together in a moſt happy condition, *Tarquin* ſent for *Valerius*, to tell him, that for ſome reaſons which related unto the good of his ſervice, he charged him not to marry his Daughter unto *Herminius*.

Valerius out of his great and noble ſoul told *Tarquin* all that his generoſity guided by prudence did dictate unto him, to oblige him not to conſtrain him in a thing which ought to be free. But *Tarquin* anſwered, That if *Herminius* married *Valeria*, he would baniſh them *Rome* the next day, and that they ſhould never enter the City again.

Valerius not being able to oppoſe force, he retir'd home, where he found *Herminius*, who impatiently expected his return; for as a Lover is always fuller of fears than any other, ſo he was more diſquieted than *Demitia*, that *Tarquin* had ſent for *Valerius*. But when he was returned, the ſorrows of *Demitia*, of *Valeria*, and of *Herminius*, were extreme. *Valerius* related unto them word for word, all that the Tyrant had ſaid unto him, and all that he anſwered: after which *Valerius* ſpake unto them with abundance of wiſdom: For after many other things worthy of his great heart and high ſpirit; To teſtifie unto you (ſaid he unto *Herminius*) how much I eſteem your vertue, and how happy I think my Daughter would be in being your wife, I do declare unto you, that were it not I have ſome ſecret hopes to be one day profitable unto the liberty of my Country, I would exile my ſelf, and I would adviſe you unto the ſame, that you might live with *Valeria* in ſome part of the world, where vice does not triumph over vertue, as it does at *Rome*. But generous *Herminius*, you having ſo much ſpirit, ſo much heart, and ſo much vertue as you have, you are a Debtor unto your Countrey as well as I am: Therefore I exhort you to ſtay here, and to overcome that innocent paſſion which you have in your ſoul.

But to teſtifie how much I value you, I do declare unto you, That if your vertue cannot overcome your love, and that you cannot live miſerably, I do conſent to give you my Daughter, to deprive my ſelf of her and you for ever, and to permit you to go and dwell in ſome other part of *Italy*, where the power of *Tarquin* is not acknowledged, provided *Valeria* conſent unto it. Oh Sir, replied this wiſe Lady, though I do eſteem *Herminius* far above all other men, yet I do declare, that I am not able to abandon you to follow him: and I think him ſo generous, as he will not deſire to take me from the beſt father in the world: but I hope he is ſo reaſonable, as to be contented with that aſſurance which by your permiſſion I ſhall give him of my affection, that though we cannot live together, yet I will with all the innocence, and all the tenderneſs of a ſiſter, preſerve it inviolably for him: Yes my Daughter (ſaid *Valerius*) I do permit you to love *Herminius* as the only man worthy to be your Husband: and I would have *Demitia* alſo to love him, as if he were her ſon.

Oh Sir, replied *Herminius*, you do ſet before me a moſt happy example of vertue for me to imitate; for I muſt ingennouſly confeſs, that if you and *Valeria* did not give me ſo great an example of generoſity,

yesterday, I cannot tell what answer I should have returned. But yet I see that I should be the most ungrateful, and most unjust man in the world, if I did not think my self happy in my misfortunes, though through the grandeur of my passion, and the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, I am the most unfortunate of men. As *Herminius* said this, one came to tell *Valerius*, that *Spurius* desired to speak with him: And indeed, that revengeful lover knowing that *Tarquin* had sent for *Valerius*, and being impatient to know whether his design prospered, he took a pretence of some business to speak with *Valerius*, purposely to see in what temper his spirit was. So that *Valerius* seeing tears in the eyes of *Valeria*, and despair painted in the face of *Herminius*, he went into another Chamber to receive the visit of *Spurius*. *Valerius* was no sooner gone, but word was brought *Domitia*, that some Ladies desired to speak with her; she seeing *Valeria* and *Herminius* in a condition unfit for visits, she put them into a Chamber within her own, and commanded the woman of *Valeria* to wait upon her Lady.

Valeria and *Herminius* were no sooner at liberty, but extremes of sorrow taking away their speech, they looked upon each other a while, and did not speak: Afterwards they went and sat down in the further part of the Chamber, where the servant durst not approach out of respect, though she had an itching desire unto it, that she might report unto *Spurius* what she heard.

But after this silence had lasted a while, *Herminius* was the first that broke it by a great and profound sigh, which was a preface unto the saddest words that ever afflicted lover pronounced. Alas, Madam, (said he unto her) *Herminius* now must not be happy in fair *Valeria*: it may be, I shall live a while after so sad a doom: But Madam, you that know how to love, do also know, that this word, Never, is a most fatal sound, if it be applied as I do. Yes Madam, to think that you shall never be mine, does cast such a gloomy mist upon my spirit, that my reason is confounded; and I repent of what I said unto the generous *Valerius* and you, when I commended both your vertues: Yes Madam, I am so overwhelmed with sorrow, that I have not the use of my reason, so as I think it not a folly to hope that I shall see Rome delivered from the Tyrant that oppresseth it; and by consequence, that it were an act of generosity to get out of a place where a Tyrant reigns so tyrannically: yet I know, that what *Valerius* has done, is great and Noble: but yet Madam, the love of a Father is nothing like the love of a Lover: And to speak things as they are, it is unjust to refuse being happy, out of reasons which have only appearances of glory: Truth is, there is not much probability, that *Tarquin* may be destroyed, and were it not more generous to flee out of his Tyranny, than to endure it, out of an ill grounded hope that one day he may be destroyed? Voluntary exile has some Generosity in it, when the cause is of such a Nature as this which calleth us; And since (my dearest *Valeria*, if a miserable man may call you so) it is so, it is not sufficient to live with the person whom one loves: Rome is a strange Country unto me, if we cannot live together in it: *Asia* or *Africa* shall be my Country, if I live there with you. But *Herminius*, replied *Valeria* and sighed, let us live still at *Rome*, and we shall always see each other as now we do.

Oh Madam, (said he and took her hand) you love but little, I know, you can be contented with the present condition of our Fortune: I know we shall be both in the same Town, That *Sivelia*'s house is not far from yours: that I shall see you every day, and that I shall sometimes speak with you when none understands us but our selves: But all this will not make us happy, if you do not love me as I love you. For when love is ardent, the Lovers would be out of all danger ever to lose each other: they would be made as sure as possibly may be: They cannot without sorrow but they must sit together, if they be in company: And much less endure to be separated by whole streets, and a thousand obstacles which hinder them from seeing one another every minute: nor can they enjoy a thousand pleasures which the society of the person loved can give them. For my part, I am not of your opinion: I can think any Lover is able to say that he is happy, but when he has nothing to fear, nor hope for: Into what a lamentable condition am I reduc'd, who am in perpetual fears of losing you, and sees none but weak hopes of having what my affection merits: If *Tarquins* Ruine be the ground of my felicity, I have no remedy but death, since it pleaseth the Gods for Reasons which are hid from us, that he should be happy, and continue still Master of *Rome*. Alas, was ever any misfortune equal unto mine? for I dare not say equal unto ours, not knowing whether you will share so far in my misery, as to make it properly spoken. Truly, *Herminius* (replied *Valeria*) it is impossible you should doubt of my mind, and not know that I am most sensible of our cruel destiny; And truly, there is nothing more insupportable than to consider the obstacles of our happiness: Nor any thing that makes it more apparent, that the secrets of the gods are impenetrable: For they do cross our happiness, as if it were a crime to be good, and because there are too many men of vertue in your Family, and mine. Were I daughter unto some of *Tarquins* vicious Favourites, we should be happy: But because your Parents and mine are true Romans, we must be miserable.

Oh Madam, replied *Herminius*, you shew your abundance in goodness by speaking thus, and in not suffering me to bear the heavy burthen of my misfortunes alone, but to share with me in calling them ours: But Madam, are all these misfortunes without any remedy? Can we not consummate a marriage secretly, and live happily in some corner of the World? is your love to me so small, that you can deny me in a thing that is innocent? Should I desire any thing from you that were criminal, I should be unjust. But Madam, I am none of those Lovers, who think the Grandeur of their Love can make unjust requests excusable: Your vertue does regulate my will, and keeps my desires within the limits of innocency: but for you I have some cause to think, that I have some right to obtain from you any thing that is no crime. Give me therefore leave to get the consent of *Valerius*, either that I may marry you secretly, or that we may live out of *Rome*. You heard him so generous as to offer it: and you will be the most cruel person in the world, if you oppose my

my happiness. Say rather the most reasonable, replyed *Valeria*: For indeed, *Herminius*, we should be the height of imprudence if we should think to hide a thing which in all likelihood will come to be known, and which would expose us unto the cruelty of *Tarquin*. Besides, such a secret would be contrary to my fancy and humour: And as for quitting of *Rome*, and my Father for ever, I am so sure that I ought not to do it, as I will never think upon it: Oh Madam, (replyed *Herminius*) you are too cruelly wise; what a sad Fate it is, I should be so deeply in love, and so miserable as to love one that will not do for me all that vertue permits her. Vertue, replyed this wise Lady, does doubtless allow all that reason does: But Reason sometimes allows more than vertue: Therefore, since it is equally laudable to be vertuous and to be reasonable, be for my sake both the one and the other: Submit your mind unto your Fortune; and to oblige you unto it, Consider, that in quitting *Rome*, you quit the Interests of your Country, you quit the vertuous *Sivelia*, you quit *Valerius*, you quit all your Friends; and more than all this, you will see me most sadly mourn for the absence of *Valerius*, and *Domitia*: Yet do not think (added she most obligingly) that my tenderness to you is the less: For it is to be thought, that one who has so much affection for a Father and a Mother, has a most ardent affection for a Lover, and would have for a husband. But of what use are Reason and Vertue, if they be not imployed upon such occasions as this? They will serve, Madam, replyed he, to make the Grandeur of my Love to be seen: But Madam, if I must yield unto you, what comforts shall I have in my misery, and what assurance against my Rivals, the number of which, I see, does every day increase? You may trust unto the promise which I shall make (replied she) That as long as you love me, I will love you: And, since the persons, who have the disposition of me, consent unto it, I will love you without any scruple. But Madam, replyed he, why do you say, that you will love me as long as I love you? Are you not able to say positively, that you will love me for ever, since you may be sure I shall love you as long as I live? When one does love, replied *Valeria*, he thinks that he shall Love always, and yet thousands of examples make it evident, that there are some Lovers, who cease to Love. Oh Madam, replied he, the heart of *Herminius* is not alike unto those Lovers that think so: Since so, replyed she, The Term that our affections shall last, shall be equivalent, since if you love me as long as you live, I will love you until I dye.

Herminius was so charmed to hear these obliging words from the mouth of *Valeria*, that he resolved to submit his spirit unto the reason of this wise Lady. He therefore commended her, he asked pardon for his importunity, and beseeched her to pity his imbecillity, and to comfort him in his misery, by her constant goodness.

So as *Valeria* being very glad to see that the power she had upon the heart of *Herminius* was so great, she spoke unto him so obligingly, that when *Domitia* and *Valerius* returned, they found his Soul in such a temper, as they desired it to be. Being therefore both of them charmed at his vertue, they assured him that they would love him as their own Son, as long as they lived. And indeed, ever since that day, they did love *Herminius* better than before. Yet for fear of incensing the Tyrant, they agreed, that for a time, he should not come so frequently unto them as he used, nor, that he should hide any of his sorrows, to the end, that unjust Prince might know by his spies, that they had obeyed him.

Things being thus, *Herminius* not acquainting *Valerius* nor *Valeria*, he went unto Prince *Tatius*, and to the Prince of *Pometia*, and imployed them to move *Tarquin* not to oppose his marriage. But though these Princes were very zealous in the service of *Herminius*; yet they could not do him any good: So as he grew so melancholy, that the Sabinitick *Spurius* was comforted in all his disgraces. He had also the pleasure to see, that *Salonina* did not marry *Volesus*: And some there was that suspected, he hindred the Parents of that Lover from consenting unto his marriage. So as though *Spurius* was not loved by neither *Salonina*, nor *Valeria*, yet he had the satisfaction to see they did not marry those whom they did love: and to break off the Society of so many excellent persons, who were always together. But *Herminius* yet found out an invention to establish another Cabal: for the Amity between *Valeria* and *Lucretia* being very great, these two Ladies became inseparable. So as when *Lucretius* the Father of *Lucretia* permitted his Daughter to go unto *Rucilia* in the Country, The Cabal grew as gallant as ever, *Lucretia*, *Herminia*, *Collatina*, and *Valeria*, being of it.

But the thing most particular in this adventure was, that *Spurius*, who now hated both *Valerius* and *Salonina*, and also *Volesus* and *Herminius*, especially the last of these, he took a fancy, that since he no other could, nor would be any longer his Rival, he would find him one that should. Endeavoring therefore how to bring such a fantastical design to pass, he bethought himself of *Mutius*, who till then never seem'd to have any amorous inclination, for, as perhaps you have observed him, *Mutius* is naturally proud and ambitious, and the love of Glory takes up so much of his heart, as I believe *Valeria* with all her charms would not be so pleasing to him, as some dangerous occasion would be, if he were sure to come off with honour. So as *Mutius* having a heart full of nothing but Heroick design, he never minded such trifles as are the delights of lovers: you should see him oftener with grave bearded Senators, discoursing upon the valour of *Romulus*, than with young Gallants. So as *Spurius* who was a friend unto an Uncle of *Mutius*, who had the Guardianship of him, he cast his eyes upon him for this fantastical design: And indeed he made no ill choice; for *Mutius* was handsom, he had wit and spirit; he was proud and haughty; and he was fit to court a Lady, and enrage a Rival. *Spurius* then finding *Mutius* as he was walking with one of the gravest Senators in the Capitol, he drew him aside upon pretence of some business with him. Sir (said he unto him) I beg your pardon for depriving you of a conversation which I know you preferred before all the young men of your own age, and before all the beauties in *Rome*: But, Sir, to speak sincerely, (added he, and smiled) I do aim at your honour in it.

For

For to be free with you, I love you very well, and you have often told me, that you would follow my advice in all things. *Mutius* was a little surprised at this, for he knew not why he should be reprehended for preferring wise men before such as were not: Though he did not love any reprehensions, yet since his Uncle had often commanded him to follow the advice of *Spurius*; and since he had often promised that he would, he asked him wherein he had failed, beseeching him to tell him, what he would do to get honour and glory. Since you would know, replied *Spurius*, I would, that you should not cross the order of nature: I would not have you wise before your time, but to think there is a kind of folly which well becomes all young men; and that to arrive at Glory the sooner, you must do many things which may seem a retreat from it: For in lieu of applying your self eternally unto these old, grave, and serious Sages, who are experienc'd in the conduct of affairs, and command of Armies, you should see all the Ladies in *Rome*, that have any beauty, wit, or handsomness: you should make your self some friends out of such as have spent five or six years in Gallantry, and are able by their example to teach you how to behave your self in the world. You should be in society with all such as have any reputation of excellency, but not hang upon them too much: Never go where you are not wished for: nor imprudently molest the pleasures of others, when you are not diverted your self; nor inconsiderately engage your self in such foolish company as meet with any business, and where none desires you. But you should cunningly and handsomely make your self desired: you should be sociable, you should love pleasures, you should court Ladies of merit: you should invent occasions to divert them: you should not be too merry nor too grave; but temperate with judgment: you must not be a Wit, nor Sword-man, nor a Gallant of profession. I beseech you (said *Mutius*) Tell me what one should do to get them: you must fall in love, replied *Spurius*. But, said *Mutius*, Can one fall in love when one will? I assure you (answered *Spurius*) when one is of your age, it is harder to keep out than to fall in love; but as long as you keep company with none but gray bearded Senators, your heart cannot be so easily engaged in love. But yet, replied *Mutius*, when I am in company with those men, I think my self very well; and they commend my wisdom and virtue: but on the contrary, when I go amongst Ladies, I am so far to seek what to say unto them, that I perceive they laugh at me. Oh *Mutius*, said *Spurius*, all compleat men must be expoled unto the Railery of women, before their wits can be refined; ask any of the Senators whom now you see so grave and wise, whether they were always so: if they be sincere, compleat, and ingenious men, they will tell you they were laughed at the first year they entred into the world; and that the second year they laughed at those who came after them: They will tell you that they loved amorous and gallant conversation and pleasures: That they had never been so compleat and polite, but by a desire to please; and that they had never found any such desire, but by being in love: They will tell you also, that love made them more zealously affect glory: made them more liberal, more valiant, and that they were much beholding unto this passion. But you know, replied *Mutius*, that all Lovers are not happy: Most true, replied *Spurius*, However (answered he and smiled) they have more consideration than you: For a man that knows the world a little better than you do, would never upbraid me that I was never in love. But *Mutius*, take all well that I say: for you may think that I have no other interest in the counsel which I give, but only to save me the sorrows to see, that you who are handsome, of a good birth, of spirit, of wit, do yet not employ them as you should.

Mutius hearing *Spurius* speak in such obliging language, did thank him, and assured him that he would follow his advice in all things; yet being of a proud temper, he did a little stomach this reprehension: but having a strong affectation and desire of glory, he resolved to hearken unto *Spurius*, and to ask him what he should do. You must so behave your self (said he) that it may be reported as news, you are in love with some person of merit: For though you be not so really, you ought out of prudence to behave your self as if you were; and therefore, if you will follow my advice, you shall accustom your self to see all the Ladies, who have highest reputation of beautie, wit and gallantry: Amongst the rest, *Lucretia*, *Collatina*, *Hermilia*, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, and *Valeria*: And to avoid that shame which your fear, of being reproached for not being loved, begin with one who is accustomed not to love those who court her, to the end you may not be the only man who shall be reproached, if your design do not take. And therefore apply your self unto the service of *Valeria*; and if you prosper better than I, doubtless it will be glorious unto you; and if not, you have the consolation that you are not without company.

But I beseech you, replied *Mutius*, is it not reported, that *Herminius* is much in her favour? Most true answered *Spurius*, and therefore it is that I advise you to undertake a design so brave: for an old Lover is sometimes easily driven out by a new Rival. Besides, you being young and brave, one that loves Glory and difficult enterprises, it will be a noble attempt to conquer a heart that is defended by a brave man, and much more glorious, than to assault one who will yield without resistance: The Mistress is fair, the Rival is owner of a thousand admirable qualities, and the enterprise is worthy of your self: To be free with you, I shall be very much obliged unto you, if you attempt the conquest. For I assure you, I shall be as much joyed if you can obtain the love of *Valeria*, as I should have been heretofore, if I my self had been loved. After this, *Spurius* used several other inducements: so as *Mutius*, out of a pure appetite of glory, undertook to serve *Valeria*. Submitting himself then to the Counsels of *Spurius*, he quickly gave him the opportunity of being received in this Noble societie; for *Mutius* was of quality to be received any where. *Mutius*, he had so deeply imprinted the love of *Valeria* in his fancy, that it became good earnest: so as after this he stood not in any need of counsel from *Spurius*, for his own passion advised him what to do: Not that he had so many Talents

of Gallantry as *Herminius* had, whose spirit was even Gallantry it self; But it being the quality of Love to tame the fierceness of Lions, and cruelty of Tigers, *Mutius*, who till then had none but Heroick designs in his soul, was now capable of lesser thoughts of submission and complacency: So as he quitted the company of his old Seigniors, and a great part of his wisdom, to see *Valeria* and all her friends. *Herminius*, he was so assured of *Valeria*'s heart, that at first, this new Rival never troubled him: but afterwards, it is so natural not to abide Rivals, and to fear lest they should make some progress in the heart of the person loved, that *Herminius* was disquieted at the passion of *Mutius*: so as upon divers occasions, they were very sharp upon one another, until fortune presented *Herminius* with a great occasion of glory in giving him an opportunity of saving the life of *Mutius*, when by the orders of *Tarquin* he was to be assassinated as he was going to the house of *Racilia* where *Valeria* was, and where *Brutus* and *Herminius* did that action which was so much spoken of at *Rome*, though *Brutus* was not known who he was. But as gratitude is often too weak to strive with hatred in the heart of a Lover; so, though *Mutius* was obliged unto *Herminius*, yet after that, he had many squables with him, wherein appeared much animositie: *Spurius* his Confident sided with him against *Herminius*: and being the most revengeful person on earth, you may be sure he never lost any occasion, great or little, that might make against *Herminius*: And indeed, I was told, that when the fair and unfortunate *Lucretia* lost that Letter which caused her marriage with *Collatine*, and made *Herminius* suspected of some confederacy which *Tarquin* could not discover, *Spurius* had a great hand in the banishment of *Herminius*. For knowing what suspicion was had of this illustrious Roman, he procured the Kinsman of *Hostius* to testifie many things which moved *Tarquin* to be so incensed, That *Herminius* was constrained to fly from *Rome* to save his life, and to leave his dear *Valeria*, unto whom he could not bid Adieu, but only by Letter, which she durst not answer, or hear any news of him, lest it should be discovered where he was, and so she contribute to the ruine of that man whom she loved above all the world. And yet, at the last, she wrote unto him: for the generous *Sivelia* hearing by a slave which *Herminius* sent secretly unto *Rome*, that he would not go at a farther distance, though he was not above a daies journey from thence, she went unto *Valerius*, beseeching him that he would desire his daughter to command *Herminius* to quit *Italy*, until the face of things changed: so as *Valeria*, both out of obedience and tenderness, commanded her dear *Herminius* by Letter, to seek a sanctuary in some other place farther off, where he needed not to fear the injustice of *Tarquin*, and lest he should send some of his ministers of cruelty to assassinate him.

And since *Herminius* was equally dear both unto *Sivelia*, *Valerius*, *Domitia* and *Valeria*, he received so many different Orders from all these persons, that he did resolve to go farther off: yet since there was an invisible Chain which tyed him to *Italy*, he contented himself with going to *Metapont*, where he thought to meet with more consolation than any where else, because he should there find the sage *Dama*, and all the rest of those friends which he had made when he was there: And indeed, *Herminius* was ravished with the society of these excellent persons. But *Sivelia* hearing where he was, she sent him orders to be gone from thence, because the place of his retreat being known, she could not think him in safety: And to induce him to leave that place, she sent him a Letter from *Valeria*, written after her intention: so as this unfortunate Lover was more exiled by his friends and lovers, than by his enemies, which made his heart exceeding melancholy: And also it was a double sadness of soul to see, that *Valeria*'s Letters were less obliging, than those he formerly received from her: For since they were to pass through the hands of *Sivelia*, this discreet Ladie would not include all the tenderness of her soul in them: But *Herminius*, who knew not that to be the reason, he was extreamly disquieted at it: however, he had received so many commands to get further off, that he resolved upon it. 'Tis true, he had for his companion in his travels, the Son of a generous Roman, who was born in exile, from whose Society he found much consolation. And indeed this Roman, whose name is *Emilius*, is a man of much soul and very handsome, of a sweet disposition, a sociable spirit, a passionate soul, and a couragious heart.

Herminius and he then travelled together into *Greece*; after which they came to *Capua*, though *Herminius* was sure that if *Sivelia* did know he was there, she would think him too near *Rome*. But since *Emilius* fell sick, as soon as he came there, and since he had some reasons which kept him from making himself known in that place, he shared not with *Herminius* in many things which this pleasant City afforded. Nor did you see this friend of *Herminius*; who not being in a condition to be abroad, he obliged his friends not to mention him. So as you knew only in general that *Herminius* came to *Capua* with a stranger, who was sick and lodged in the suburbs, not knowing precisely who he was.

Mean-time, although *Herminius* loved *Emilius* very tenderly, and though they mutually received from each other many generous testimonies of Amity, during their Travels; yet *Herminius* out of a resentment of Fidelity to *Valeria*, he never acquainted *Emilius* that he was in Love at *Rome*. For, since he never had been there, though he was the Son of an illustrious Roman, he could not know any there. But Madam, to come unto the share which you have in the adventure of *Herminius*, you may remember, that as soon as the illustrious Roman came to *Capua*, he got a great share in the Amity of *Clelius* and your self: and that he was very much at your house: you know that he used to write unto you very often, and that you were wont to answer him: Also that he saw none but you with delight: That it was for him you drew the Famous Map of *Tender*: and that those, who did not rightly know things, had some ground to think that *Herminius* was in love with you, though indeed, it was only pure Amity. In so much, as many at *Capua* did put *Herminius* in Rank with *Aronces*, or *Horatius*, and thought him to be your Lover. The thought was grown so publick, that a young Physician, who had *Emilius* in cure, and who was one of those Gallant Phy-

Physitians, who have much practice amongst Ladies, he brought a Copy of this Map unto *Emilius*, not knowing that he knew him for whom it was made: upon this *Emilius*, who saw *Herminius* seldomer of late than usual, he thought indeed Madam, that he was in love with you.

Amilcar, said *Clelia* and interrupted, Consider well what you say, and do not mix Fable with true History.

No Madam (replied *Amilcar*) but let me tell you, that your Fine wit had like to have had the life of poor *Herminius*: But to proceed, *Emilius* beginning to tax *Herminius* with the passion which he thought was in his soul, *Herminius* answered him in such a manner, as perswaded him he did not deny the thing, but only out of his discretion. *Herminius* yet did all he could to undeceive his friend, but all would not do, nay, rather confirmed him. And Madam, since you then used to write very often unto *Herminius*, he shewed *Emilius* your letters, he shewed him his own, and let him take Copies of them: thinking that this would better perswade him there was no mistery in this affection, and that there was no intimacy 'twixt him and you, but only a Gallant Amity without any tincture of Love. But since all these letters whereof he took Copies, were exceeding Gallant and sweet; and since *Herminius* had such a kind of passionate stile, as would deceive any that did not know him very well, *Emilius* took that for Love which was only Amity. He thought also that the Map of *Tender* was a Map of witness Love, and in short, made no doubt, but that he was deep in Love, and also, that he was not a little loved.

Howsoever the Air of *Capua* being thought bad for his health, he was constrained to leave it, and was carried unto a little Town whose scituation was more healthy. *Herminius* followed him, and had the joy to see him much mend in his health: But at the same time, he had the sorrow to lose his company: for *Emilius* understood that he might now dwell at *Rome*: so as these two friends parted, and *Herminius* returned to *Capua*. When *Emilius* was ready to depart, *Herminius* had a mind to trust him with the secret of his Love, and to give him a letter for *Valeria*: but knowing the humor of that wise Lady, he thought she would not take it well, that such a man as *Emilius* should be the Confident of his affection, she being so scrupulous, and so wise as she was.

Therefore he only desired him, not to speak at all of his opinion, that he loved *Clelia*, lest such a report should unhappily come unto *Valeria*'s ear: And for a colour, he told *Emilius* that the reason of this his desire was, lest *Tarquin* should have such a false report and hate him the more, for endeavouring to make any alliance with his most mortal enemy. But though this reason had great appearance of probability, yet *Emilius* did not give much credit to it: but thought that *Herminius* spoke it, only to perswade him that he was not in Love. Yet he promised he would not speak of it: and after many kind embraces, he left him, and took the way towards *Rome*: yet he came not there so soon as he supposed; For *Tarquin* having sent for him, he stayed a long while at *Lavinium*, until his business was compleated. During which time, *Herminius* was at *Capua*, and could not have Commerce with *Emilius*, nor durst he send to *Rome*, lest *Sivelia* and *Valeria* should command him into some Country further off.

Things then being upon these Terms, it so fell out that as *Emilius* was ready to depart from *Lavinium*, the same Physitian who knew him at *Capua*, and who was originally of *Clusium*, passed by the place where he was, and told him with much sorrow that *Herminius* was dead, and had been Assasinated.

But Madam, that you may know the ground of this report I must tell you, that *Clelius* being to be assasinated by the cruel order of *Tarquin*, and that *Herminius* interposing himself in this adventure, one of the Assasinates died of the wounds he had received, and the other died of Rage and despair. So as this sad accident being published with much confusion and incertainty: It was writ unto this Physitian by a wrong informed man, who told him positively, that *Herminius* was dead, adding many circumstances which might confirm belief of it: So as his heart being much moved at it, he could not chuse but tell unto *Emilius*, who grieved beyond measure, and so very much, that he went unto *Rome* without any delight; thinking the loss of his friend, greater than the loss of Liberty to live in his own Country. *Emilius* then, sighed as he entred into *Rome*, and appeared so melancholy unto all those that came to visit him, as every one asked him the Cause: for they saw that he was not melancholy by constitution, but by accident.

The next day after he came to *Rome*, he went to visit *Flavia*, who was his near Cousin, and with whom he had Commerce by letters, though he had never seen her. This Lady with whom *Valeria* was, when he entred, finding him more melancholy than she imagined he had reason for, she began to chide him, and to tell him she thought it strange he should have the pensiveness of an exile in his face, when he ought to be all joy in his heart. Did you but know the cause of my pensiveness, replied *Emilius*, I am confident you would excuse me, and since I have not yet had the honour to be known unto you, I think I ought to acquaint you with it, to justifie my sadness, to excuse my ill humour, and to oblige you to pity me. *Flavia* and I, are so naturally compassionate, replied *Valeria* then, That if compassion will comfort you, you shall not want it. Then Madam (said *Emilius* unto her) I beseech you pity me: For, I do not merit so great a misfortune as is fallen upon me: What is the misfortune? (said *Flavia*) The better to understand my bad, I must acquaint you with my good Fortune. During my Travels, I had got a friend, who had all the excellent qualities which a compleat man could have, and who had unto me abundance of most tender Amity and affection; and yet I loved him better than he loved me; for I trusted him with my whole heart; but he had a passion in his soul which he would never trust unto me. But for all that, I looked upon his reservedness, as part of his discretion to his mistress, and not as a defect in his Amity to me: *Herminius* was so dear unto me, as I would most willingly give half my life that I could revive him, and restore him unto *Clelia*, with whom he was deeply in love at *Capua*.

Upon these words, *Valeria* apprehended more than can be imagined, there being no sound so dismal, as to hear of the death and infidelity of a Lover. She had in her heart so great a Turbulency, as she could not retain her apprehensions, nor chuse but testifie her extream desire of knowing whether it was true, that *Herminius* was inconstant; and whether *Herminius* was dead; but anger and grief meeting in her mind both at the same time, she had not leisure to expel love, only asked *Emilius* very seriously, whether he knew of a certainty that *Herminius* was dead: *Emilius* to move more compassion in the heart of these two fair ones, and pity to himself, he told them that it was but too true, and told them more than indeed he was sure of.

After this, *Valeria* perceived that she could not be Mistress of her self, if she spoke any more; therefore she held her peace, with much ado to hold her tears. Anger was a help unto her in this encounter, for it kept her from lamenting the death of *Herminius* with despair. As for *Flavia*, she asked the same question *Valeria* did: but since she believed *Emilius* was much mistaken in saying, that *Herminius* loved a Lady in *Capua*, called *Clelia*, and desiring to justifie her friend, that his memory might be more dear unto *Valeria*, she told *Emilius* that most certainly he was much mistaken, in thinking *Herminius* was in love, it not being possible a man who had been in *Rome*, where he had seen so many fair and charming beauties, should love any else. Oh *Flavia* (answered *Emilius*) had you heard him make a description of *Clelia*, who is the daughter of *Clelius*, whom *Tarquin* so unjustly hates, you would not doubt of his being in love with her: for he spoke of her with so much admiration and tenderness, that he himself did not perceive how he commended her with extraordinary devotion: And had you seen the Copies which I have of their Letters, you would see I have good reason to pity the admirable *Clelia*, and much more the unfortunate *Herminius*.

Whilst *Emilius* talked thus, *Valeria* endured more torment than can be well expressed; Grief, Anger and Love, made such a disorder in her soul, that perceiving she was no longer mistress of her self, she arose up, and went out of *Flavia*'s Chamber, who did not offer to stay her, because she thought that she went away only to hide her despair. As for *Emilius*, he was so taken up with his own sorrows, as he minded not the grief which appeared in the eyes of *Valeria*, that at the first, this Lady appeared unto him very amiable. But *Valeria* was no sooner out of *Flavia*'s Chamber, but her face was swimming in tears, so not daring to walk the streets in that condition, nor return home until she had a little recollected her self, she pulled down her hood, and desired *Flavia*'s servant to open her Ladies Closet, where she would stay until *Emilius* was gone, because she had forgot something, which she desired to say unto her before she went.

The servant seeing *Valeria* very familiar with her Ladie, she did as she was desired, so as *Valeria* after she had shut the door, had liberty to pour out her tears. Now, her imagination representing unto her both at once, *Herminius* unfaithful, and *Herminius* dead, she was sensible of as much sorrow, as love was able to inflict: This Ladie having a most tender soul, and loving *Herminius* most tenderly, her grief was stronger than her anger at the first. But when *Emilius* was gone, and *Flavia* came unto her Closet, this afflicted Ladie changed her thoughts. For being one who had heard *Herminius* swear a thousand and a thousand times, that he would be eternally faithful, her anger grew stronger than her grief. Come *Flavia* (said *Valeria* unto her, with as many sighs as words) what say you now of perfidious *Herminius*? I cannot tell what to think of his perfidie (answered *Flavia*) because appearances are very uncertain and deceitful; but I am much afflicted at his death: and I must confess, I am much surprized to see you more moved at his inconstancy, than it.

Oh *Flavia* (said she) I know not well what moves me most; for I am so full of grief, so full of anger, so full of confusion at my own weakness, so full of tenderness for unfaithful *Herminius*, so full of hatred for inconstant *Herminius*, and so full of confused thoughts, as I know not what I think, what I would have, or what I say. How can I think *Herminius*, whose thoughts I believed so generous, should be perfidious? he who I have heard say a hundred times, that honesty and sincerity ought to be in love, as well as in all other things of the world; He, I say, who promised to love me until death, he who swore unto me, that the loss of youth and beautie should not extinguish his love; he who protested unto me, that absence would augment his passion. And he who imagined, that he should be continually melancholy, as long as I was out of his sight: And yet he forgot all his Oaths: he diverted himself at *Capua*, he became unfaithful, and which is most strange, he did not only forsake me, but betray me: for the last time he wrote unto me, was with all imaginable tenderness. Judge then *Flavia*, if I be not the most silly person in the world, to lament the death of this ungrateful person, for whose sake I have so ill treated *Mezo*, during his absence. And I must confess to my shame, that maugre his inconstancy, maugre my anger, and maugre my reason, I would fain make a doubt of his perfidie, and lament his death. But what do I say (reprehending her self, and not giving *Flavia* time to speak) No, no, I will not lament him, but rather look upon his death as just punishment of his perfidie: and I ought to take all the pleasure that a sweet revenge can give a wronged heart. For Gods sake (said *Flavia* unto her) resolve with your self upon one of these thoughts which persecute you: either love *Herminius*, or else hate him; either only grieve, or be only angry; and do not pass so suddenly from one thought to another, lest this violent agitation should impair your health. No, no, *Flavia* (replied this afflicted fair one) I cannot do as you advise, nor at the present can I love, or can I hate *Herminius*; for as soon as I would hate him, my imagination represents him unto me, as he was when I was pleased with him, and in a minute after does shew him unto me in his grave: so as seeing him in that condition, I know not what I should think, nor do know whether I should wish him living, and unfaithful. For if he lived, I might reclaim him from his infidelity; he might repent it, and I might hope to see him upon his knees asking pardon for his error, and swear new fidelity,

now

unto me. But alas, I cannot raise the dead, and lamentable destinie that has taken him from the earth, will never restore him neither unto *Clelia* nor me. But oh Heavens! (said she, and reprehended her self) can I pronounce the name of her whom the ungrateful *Herminius* preferred before me, and not hate him who is the cause of this injustice, and not rejoyce at his death? for though this person were the fairest woman in the world, though she had all the wit upon earth, and though she possessed all the vertues without exception; yet *Herminius* were worthy of my hatred, if he should forsake me for her. And yet my imagination never represents his death unto me, but I grieve extreamly for him, and wish I could raise him from death: But presently after, imagining, that if he were alive again, he would not wish to live, but to adore *Clelia*; then maugre all sorrows, I have not power to wish him alive again: but my only desire is, that I were dead as well as he.

After this, *Valeria* was silent, for the excess of her grief would not permit her to complain any longer. *Flavia* then said as much unto her as wit and friendship could invent upon such an encounter. For sometimes she accused *Herminius*, to see whether that would lessen the affliction of her friend: another while, she would justifie him, to make her grieve only without anger; but whatsoever she said, she cryed tears as well as she, and for a quarter of an hour, she did comfort her more by her Tears than her Reasons. But Love being a person full of odd devices, to torment those that are possessed with it, *Valeria* would sometimes accuse those very tears which did comfort her, and said it ill that *Flavia* should so much lament *Herminius*. Oh *Flavia* (said she) never lament the death of a man who perhaps was as perfidious a friend as a Lover: and let me have some share in those tears which you so prodigally shed. *Herminius* is culpable, but I am innocent and miserable, and more miserable than ever any was, since at one and the same instant, I suffer under two of the greatest pains that one can be sensible of: Yes, yes, my dear *Flavia* (added this fair afflicted one) I hate the Tyrant *Tarquin*, and all the Tyrants upon earth, to invent torments equal unto mine: For though *Herminius* were alive, yet the apprehension of his perfidie is enough to make me the most miserable person in the world: And though on the contrary, *Herminius* should not be perfidious, yet should I be the most unfortunate of my Sex in losing all that I loved, all that I ever can love. Judge then, if in having both these torments upon me at once, I am not excusable in giving my self over to despair, and in desiring an end unto my life, as the only remedie against all my miseries. I should never end, Madam, if I should repeat all the complaints of *Valeria*, who did nothing but complain until night constrained her to go home: but when she was ready to go, and was upon the stairs, pulling down her hood to hide her tears, a thought came into her mind, which made her go back into the Closet again, and beseech *Flavia* to grant her one favour. If what you desire, replied *Flavia*, be in my power, I shall not deny it. Then use a means, said *Valeria*, to get from your kinsman, all the Copies of Letters which are of *Clelia's*, and the unfaithful *Herminius*, and also the Map of Tender which he mentioned: for to lessen my grief, I would do all I could to augment my anger. But (said *Flavia* unto her) you do not know what you ask; and if I should do as you desire me, you would repent it. No matter, answered she, for as I am, I cannot do or say any thing which I shall not repent of within a minute after. *Flavia* seeing it was in vain to contest with her, did promise, that when she saw *Emilius* again, she would use her best endeavours to get all that he had, which belonged to *Herminius*: after which she went home, and was no sooner there, but feigning her self sick she went to bed, speaking not a word of the cruel news which she had heard. For though *Valerius* and *Domitia* had commanded her to look upon *Herminius*, as a man who was to be her Husband, yet she would not shew all the grandeur of that passion which was in her soul; so as she endured her misery to hide her tears. 'Tis true, she could not long hide and dissemble all her sorrow; for *Emilius*, who could not chuse but lament his loss before every one, he published the death of *Herminius*. He told it also unto *Valerius*, who was most extreamly troubled at it, and who made no question but the sickness of *Valeria* proceeded from the same news. As for *Sivelia*, when she heard of it, her grief was incredible; yet she comforted her self with a most Heroick courage, and had the consolation to see her illustrious Son lamented by all of any Rank in *Rome*, except the vindicative *Spurius* and *Metius*, though it was then very dangerous to grieve for any whom *Tarquin* loved not: He also was strangely incensed at all the lamentation which every one made, and at those testimonies of esteem which every one gave of this illustrious Roman, whom they believed to be dead, and who was his enemy; so as all his hatred of him reviving in his heart, he said aloud, that he was more sorry for the death of *Herminius*, than they that lamented him most, because he was deprived of his hopes, of having him in his power, that he might see him die before his face, by the rigor of a torment which he had invented for him.

This cruel expression of *Tarquins*, being horrid to all of any virtue, it was buzzed from one to another for some days, to make him hated; As for *Valeria*, none spoke unto her of *Herminius*, but *Valerius* and his wife, *Sivelia* and *Flavia*. But this sage Ladie having a great soul, she did not shew all her sorrow, and all her weakness, but unto the only person who knew the secrets of her heart.

Mean time, she had not forgot her request unto *Flavia*, but so pressed her to satisfie her curiosity, that this officious friend seeing the sorrow of *Valeria* to encrease, in lieu of diminishing, she thought it best to do any thing that would lessen her grief for *Herminius*. Therefore the first time *Emilius* came to visit her, she obliged him to lend her the Map of Tender, and all your Letters, Madam, also those of *Herminius*: After which, she went unto her friend, who knowing that she had brought them, caused the woman who waited upon her to with-draw: she shut the chamber door, and commanded that none should enter. She did not fear that *Valerius* would come and interrupt them, because *Sivelia* had entreated him to go unto her house. So as being safe on all sides, *Flavia* sat down by her, putting all that she had upon

a little Table, *Valeria* began to take one of the Letters; and having much a-do to save it from her tears, she began to read the Copy of a Letter which *Herminius* had writ unto you, Madam, whilst he was with *Emilius* at *Capua*; and which indeed was so tender, to be only a Letter of Amity, that *Valeria* may be pardoned if she took it for a Letter of Love; I would not read the Copy of it which I have, if none but you Madam, were to hear me. But Madam, since *Cesonia* and *Plotina* never saw it, give me leave to read these lines.

Herminius unto *Clelia.*

Madam,

DO you ever think upon me? Do you love me as much as you promised? have you endured my absence with any sorrow? And to ask you many things in few words, is your Amity worthy the tenderness of mine?

Valeria had no sooner read this Letter, but crying out most lamentably, and looking upon *Flavia* in such a manner, as would turn a heart of stone into pity; Is it possible (said she unto her) I should ever see a Letter from *Herminius* in a style so tender, and not writ unto me? And is it possible that I should not for ever grieve for his loss? or receive any comfort of this? But (said *Flavia* unto her, seeing her sorrow to encrease, in lieu of diminishing) though *Emilius* be a man of much honour, yet this is but a Copy, not the hand of *Herminius*, for *Emilius* writ it, and therefore methinks, you should not absolutely conclude *Herminius* guilty. Ah *Flavia*, (replied she) I cannot be deceived in the Letters of *Herminius*; This indeed has not so much wit in it, as some which he writes unto his friends, but it has the same tenderness which he used when he was in love: And I heartily wish this Letter were more witty, and less tender.

After this, she opened another; which Madam, proved to be your Answer, of which *Herminius* took a Copy to give unto his friend, hoping thereby to let him see that he was not in love with you. So as *Valeria* seeing this Letter, and seeing it written with the hand of *Herminius*, this circumstance troubled her more than all the tenderness she found in it.

Pray *Amilcar* (said *Clelia*, and interrupted) do not read my answer unto *Cesonia* and *Plotina*: For it is not pertinent to the matter in hand; Yes, Madam, answered he, it augmented the jealousie of *Valeria*, and therefore it is so pertinent, as I conceive it necessary to the story: And therefore since it is short, I will read it distinctly unto you.

Clelia *unto* Herminius.

PErhaps I think upon you, more than you do of me; I do love you more than ere I told you: your absence troubles me more than you think: and if my affection be not worthy of the Tenderness of yours, you will never find whose it is.

Well *Flavia* (said *Valeria* to her) what think you of this Letter? Truly (answered she) I do so much wonder at what I see, as I think it prudence, never to trust any again. You are in the right, (replied *Valeria*) For this *Herminius* whom you thought a Saint, has doubtless, all the Faults of other Men: You see his perfidie towards me, and you may see his indiscretion towards his new Mistress, in giving Copies of her Letters, and under his own hand. And alas, I doubt he never values my honour: For it is more ordinary for a Lover to give the Letters of his first Mistress unto his second, than for a man in Love to give Copies of his Mistresses letters unto a friend. Thus I have reason to think that he hath sacrificed me unto *Clelia*, and that whilst I am looking upon her letters with most horrid Anger, she is looking upon those I writ unto that unconstant Man as the most sensible marks of Love that ever were given.

After this, *Valeria* never staying for *Flavia*'s answer, began to look upon other Letters; and to afflict her self the more, she often saw the word Amitie in the letters of *Herminius* unto you Madam: And she saw it writ after the same manner he was wont to write it unto her when it was to signifie Love: For, *Herminius* by often use, had gotten such a habit of writing that word with a great Letter or a little, as it was to signifie, that he writ it very often unto his friends without any manner of design. So as imagining that he used the same invention unto you, Madam, as he did unto her, her sorrows encreased more, and she broke out into such lamentable expressions, as *Flavia* repented she had obeyed her. After she had read all the letters of this Gallant Amity, which unto miserable *Valeria* seemed Love, she opened the Map of *Tender*: But when she cast her eye upon that place, where at the departure from the new Amity, those that hold too much on the right hand, do go out of their way, and go unto Negligence, Inequality, Faintness, Levitie, Oblivion, and to the Lake of Indifferency: See, said she, all the ways by which he has passed unto me, and by which I cannot pass unto him: And I wish I could be unfaithful unto his memory, and not be constant unto one that is dead, and was inconstant.

Afterwards, looking upon the River of Inclination, by which one goes so swiftly unto *Tender*, she presently turned away her eyes, as if that object had upbraided the violent inclination which she had unto *Herminius*. Also finding some invention, and wit in this Map, maugre all her Grief and Anger, she had a spleen which augmented her jealousie, and consequently her despair: So as not being able to consider it any longer, she threw it away hastily, and turning to the other side, she seemed as if she would not any longer look upon the pretended marks of infidelity in *Herminius*. When *Flavia* would have taken the Map again, she would not suffer her; and not knowing her self whether she should restore it or no, or break it in pieces, she took it out of the hands of *Flavia*: and after she had confusedly surveyed it, she threw it again unto her friend, who folded it up, with intention to restore it unto him that lent it. After this, she harkned unto the complaints of *Valeria*, who did not find that Remedie which she looked for.

Alas!

Alas! said she, had I upon me but one of these two Torments, perhaps I should find out some kind of Consolation: For, if *Herminius* were not dead, but alive and unfaithful, then pity would not oppose it self against my hatred: I should have some kind of delight in hating him, or in being indifferent, if I could not hate him: I should do him some ill office to his Mistress, and be revenged some way or other. But what can I do unto a miserable Man, whom death only renders worthy of my Compassion? So as I can neither hate him, nor be revenged of his perfidie, since the Grave is an unavoidable sanctuary for all miserable people and Criminals. On the other side, had he not been inconstant, and I had nothing to lament but his death, there might be some consolation found in time, and one might hope to mourn more moderately. When the violence of Grief is grown a little more moderate by habitude, it is some kind of sweetness to talk of the person that is lost; one shall read his letters with a tenderness, which, as full of mourning memorandums as they are, yet there is some sweetness in it: one shall remember all the Testimonies of affection which ere they received; ere shall imagine that they had a share in the last thoughts of him that is lost; and one may perhaps have some far fetcht hopes of seeing him again, and that death will reunite that which it did separate. But alas! in the pitiful estate wherein I am, I can never think on *Herminius* without anger: the very sight of his letters incenses me: The past, the present, the future, all torment me and make me despere. I know, my dear *Flavia* that I trouble you with my tears, and do tell you no more than what I have told you a hundred times: But alas, I hope you will think it just to pardon me, since it proceeds from the object of my sorrows.

These Madam, were the thoughts of *Valeria* whilst *Valerius* was at *Sivelia*'s house, who had sent for him, to know whether he had received any Packet from her Son: and consequently, whether all these reports of her Son death were true: by which it appeared, that all was false, because his Packet was of a very late date. *Valerius* was infinitely joyed to hear it, and commanded the news to be presently sent unto *Domitia* and *Valeria*. Generous *Valerius*, replied *Sivelia*; Let us consider seriously what we do in making this news too publick: For, when the Tyrant heard of his pretended death, he broke into such cruel expressions against him, as I conceive it best to conceal his being alive from all the world, lest *Tarquin* should send some to Assassinate him: And to write unto *Herminius* that he go presently into *Africa*. This, replied *Valerius*, is a very good reason, but methinks not very just, to let *Valeria* lament him always. *Valeria*, replied *Sivelia*, is very dear unto me: But if you consider the unfortunate condition of my Son, you will find, that it is better for *Valeria* not to know that he is living: For, as long as *Tarquin* lives, there is no hopes of his return to *Rome*, and consequently of his marrying *Valeria*, is it not better then to let her remain in the error, wherein she is? For the greatest part of her grief is past, and Time will so well cure her of affliction, as she will be able to obey you, when you command her to marry some other: For, as I said before, it is not probable my Son can ever be her husband: and though you should not intend to marry her unto another, yet you ought not to tell her that *Herminius* is alive: for she that cannot hide her sorrows, cannot hide her joys, when she hears the truth. And though I know it will much grieve my Son when he hears of *Valeria*'s marriage: yet if he be just, he cannot blame her, since she thought him dead. You know also that absence, when it is Long, is a great remedy against Love: and therefore, since it concerns the life of my Son and the welfare of your Daughter, me-thinks we ought to lay hold of this occasion which fortune gives us for their advantage. This which you say (replied *Valerius*) is so generous, and so prudent, as I cannot chuse but admire your wisdom and virtue: For, 'tis true, I do not think *Herminius* can return to *Rome* as long as *Tarquin* lives. So as, it being not likely he will dy this twenty years, there is no thinking of a marriage betwixt *Valeria* and *Herminius*, and consequently, it were better to cure them of a Fruitless passion, since we have so good an occasion for it. But I desire one promise from you, that if *Herminius* do return sooner than we expect, you will tell him that it was you who made this proposition unto me. I promise it, replied *Sivelia*: and to the end this may be kept the more secret, I beseech you, do not tell it unto *Domitia*, lest she, to ease the sorrows of *Valeria*, should spoil our plot. After this, *Valerius* and *Sivelia* agreed unto *Herminius*, to make him not think it strange if he received no Letters from *Valeria*, and to oblige him to go speedily in *Africa*.

As for *Valerius*, he was very glad that *Sivelia* had given him liberty to provide a match for *Valeria*: For having none but her, he feared, that if he dyed she should then be left unto the disposition of *Tarquins* Tyranny, who would seize upon all her estate, and marry her unto some whom he would recompence for some crimes which he had caused him to commit: so as consenting unto *Sivelia*'s Proposition, he gave it out so that he was certain *Herminius* was dead: so as now none making any question of it, *Mutius* conceived new hopes, not to be denied if he asked *Valeria* in marriage. But *Valerius* thinking that *Tarquin* would as much dislike this match as with *Herminius*, he did not give *Mutius* so favourable an answer as he expected: nor did he like to bestow his daughter upon one that was enemy unto *Herminius*. Mean while, as great as *Valeria*'s grief was, she apprehended that the excess of her melancholy might blemish her reputation, she did so strive against it, as she forced her self to appear in the world as she was wont. Truth is, this constraint was very troublesome unto her, but yet in a little time she was able to hide her real thoughts, and to be in company. So as *Emilius* seeing her as others did, he fell most desperately in love with her; he being of a sweet and complaisant temper, he pleased the humour of *Valeria*, better than *Mutius*, who was a little too haughty for a Lover: so as *Valeria* in a little time had less aversion unto him, than unto any that came to see her: yet her soul was unsatisfied, and far from tranquillity: for grief and anger did always torment her in their turns, and oftentimes both together. Sometimes she would say, she had rather die, than engage her self again in any new affection: otherwhiles she wished heartily, she could love some body to be revenged upon *Herminius*. And she could hardly ever tell

what

what to have, unleſs to be able to revive *Herminius*, and revive him faithful.

But whilſt her ſoul was in this humor, whilſt *Mutius* continued courting her; whilſt *Emilius* was engaging himſelf, and whilſt *Flavia* was a friend unto *Emilius*, *Herminius* was in a moſt miſerable condition: For receiving no more Letters from *Valeria*, and underſtanding by *Sivelia*, that he was to go farther from her, and that *Tarquin* hated him more than ever, he ſuffered moſt incredible torment.

However, *Herminius* highly reſpecting *Sivelia*, and knowing her to be very prudent, he thought it his duty to obey her, and go into *Africa*. Yet not being able to reſolve upon it, before he heard from *Valeria*, he ſent a man expreſly unto *Rome*, with Orders to ſee none but *Flavia*, unto whom he directed a Letter for her friend. But *Herminius* did not receive ſo much ſatisfaction as he expected: For, be pleaſed to know, Madam, that he whom *Herminius* made choice of to go unto *Rome*, and who was a very able man, he fell ſick at his Mothers, who lived not above ſix miles from *Capua*, and whither ſhe was going to live in; he therefore reſolved to ſend one of his Brothers to *Rome*, who was not ſo able as himſelf; and to ſend him without ever acquainting *Herminius*, leſt he ſhould loſe the recompenſe which was promiſed unto him: for he thought *Herminius* would not truſt his Brother as he did him, in ſuch a buſineſs. However, hoping that his Brother would well acquit himſelf in the buſineſs, he thought that *Herminius* could never know, but that he was at *Rome*: for he reſolved to ſtay at his Mothers until his Brother returned. Then be pleas'd to know further, that the man who carried the Letter of *Herminius*, loſing his way, and night ſurpriſing him, he came to a houſe which belonged unto *Spurius*, within ſix miles of *Rome*, where he requeſted lodging for that night: for being a ſtranger in the Country, and the night dark, he was not able to go any further: As he was talking unto one of *Spurius* his ſervants, *Spurius* himſelf came and asked him what Country-man he was: But *Capua* was no ſooner named, but *Spurius* being very deſirous to hear all the particulars of *Herminius* his death, he asked him if he heard of a Roman called *Herminius*, that was lately kill'd at *Capua*. The man hearing *Spurius* ask this, was at a great non-plus: For, ſince *Herminius* did not know, that at *Rome* they thought him dead, he did not forbid the Meſſenger to ſay he was not living, in caſe any asked: and therefore he whom *Herminius* ſent, never forbad his Brother; ſo as he anſwered *Spurius*, that *Herminius* was never killed: true it was, there was another Roman called *Clelius*, who was thought ſo; but as for *Herminius*, he was very well, and that he ſaw him ſo the day before he came from *Capua*. *Spurius* being ſurprized at this, asked the fellow a thouſand queſtions, and yet the fellow being well inſtructed by his Brother, he would never confeſs what his buſineſs was at *Rome*. But *Spurius* imagining that *Herminius* had ſent this fellow, and that perhaps he was plotting ſomething in *Rome*, which moved *Sivelia* to ſay that her Son was dead, he therefore deviſed an expedient, to give himſelf better ſatisfaction: which was, to command his men to make very much of the man, and to promiſe him that in the morning, one of his men ſhould conduct him to *Rome*: But to arrive at his end, he commanded one of his men to make a compoſition of the juyce of Poppy, mixed in drink, and to give this fellow: *Spurius* being obeyed, the meſſenger of *Herminius* ſlept ſo ſoundly as if he would never wake; at leaſt ſlept till noon the next day. Mean while, *Spurius* cauſed him to be ſearched for Letters: and they found in his Pocket one to *Flavia*, and another to *Valeria*: The firſt of theſe contained nothing but a deſire to preſent the other unto *Valeria*, and to procure an anſwer: But the ſecond contained theſe words.

Herminius unto *Valeria*.

HOw comes it to paſs, Madam, that you do not anſwer me? Is it becauſe my paſſion is troubleſome unto you? Can you not love one that is abſent? Do ye think it a ſhame to love one that's miſerable? And muſt you hate me becauſe the Tyrant does? I beſeech you let me know my deſtiny; for I cannot go into Africa, though Sivelia *has commanded me, unleſs the fair* Valeria *command it alſo: Tell me therefore, I beſeech you, Madam, what you would have me to do, and what I muſt hope for: And in the midſt of my miſeries, let me have the conſolation to know, that I never need to fear the greateſt loſs of all, which is the loſs of you.*

After *Spurius* had read this Letter, he made no doubt but *Herminius* was living: ſo as being as ſorry for his life, as he was joyed at his pretended death, his old hatred revived in his heart, and he promiſed himſelf to do ſome miſchief with this Letter. He ſent therefore ſpeedily to *Mutius*, who was at a friends houſe not above two miles from thence: *Mutius* imagining that *Spurius* had ſome earneſt buſineſs with him, he went as haſtily unto him: they no ſooner met, but *Spurius* told him that *Herminius* was living: he told him what he had done, and ſhewed him the Letter of this unfortunate Lover, which much afflicted *Mutius*. Do not think (ſaid *Spurius* unto him) That I put you unto ſo much trouble in coming hither, to make you only lament. But, replied *Mutius*, what would you have me do? Any thing replied *Spurius*, that will ſet *Valeria* and *Herminius* at odds: and I am much miſtaken if I do not bring it to paſs, ſo you will follow my directions. Alas (anſwered *Mutius*) you may be certain I will do any thing that may hurt my Rival. Write then a Letter unto *Valeria*, replyed *Spurius*, which may move her to give you a crabbed anſwer, and which may anſwer unto the Letter which *Herminius* writ; and leave all the reſt unto me. Alas, *Spurius*, anſwered he, I conceive your invention to be very doubtful: for perhaps *Valeria* will not anſwer at all, and though ſhe ſhould, how ſhould I make her anſwer ſuit unto the Letter which *Herminius* writ? Doubtleſs her anſwer unto you, will anſwer his alſo (ſaid *Spurius*) if your letter be rightly writ: Do you then write it (ſaid *Mutius*) for I cannot; I will, anſwered *Spurius*, ſo you will write it afterwards in your own hand: After this, *Spurius* began to write unto *Valeria* as from *Mutius*; and theſe were the words of that crafty letter.

Madam,

Madam,

WIll you never answer my affection? but leave me still in a most cruel uncertainty? Oh Madam, let me know my Destiny; I have ever entertained some Flattering hopes that Tarquins *hatred would prefer me unto your favour: yet I was mistaken in my conjectures, and find my self so unfortunate, as I shall go into the utmost parts of the World if I lose all my hopes of happiness in you. And yet I will not go until you command me, for you only have the absolute power to make my destiny: Tell me therefore in two words, whether I shall stay where I am, or unto what part of the World shall I go to forget your cruelty: I give you the choice of* Asia, *or* Africa: *For if you be not resolved to make me happy, it is no matter what part of the World be the place of my exile and death.*

After *Spurius* had writ this letter, he observed unto *Mutius* that he mentioned, Exile, *Africa*, departure, and command, as well as *Herminius*, and therefore her answer unto him would in all probability be an answer also unto *Herminius*: But replied *Mutius*, how shall she receive this letter: for as soon as the man awakes, he will go to *Rome* and carry his letter unto *Valeria*? Leave that to me, answered *Spurius*: So *Mutius* writ over this letter, and also another unto *Flavia*, desiring her favour in procuring an answer from *Valeria*.

The Letter unto Flavia, *was in these terms.*

FOr God's sake, sweet Flavia, *have pity upon a miserable man, who at present desires no more but an answer from fair* Valeria, *which shall tell me whether I must depart from her, or die at her feet: Let me obtain this favour from you, I beseech you.*

After this, *Mutius* sent a servant with these two letters unto *Flavia*. Mean while, *Spurius* the better to stay the Messenger of *Herminius*, who kept so soundly; he commanded his men, when he awakened to seem very busie and careful about him, and to tell him, that he had been above six hours in a swound: and accordingly when the cold vapours of the Poppy began to dissipate, and that the man began to give some signs of waking, *Spurius* his men, who had brought several things, which might make him think he had taken strong medicines, they told him all confidently that he was very like to die; that he was still sick: that by no means he should rise: that it was to be feared he would relapse into the like fit again, and that *Spurius* had sent for a Physician. So as the Man, who was really a little dizzy in the head with sleeping so long, he believed all that was told him, chastised the men, kept his bed still, and took all the medicines which a pretended Physician prescribed unto him.

Mean while, *Spurius*, to arrive at his intended end, he did not put the Packet of letters into his Pocket again: But whilst this man was perswaded upon a disease he never had, the servant of *Mutius* went to *Rome*, where he acquitted himself so well of his Commission, as he brought answers from *Flavia* and *Valeria* the same night.

Valeria's *answer was in these words:*

IT concerns me so very little in what part of the World you live, that so you will write no more unto me, nor ever let me hear from you any expressions of your affection, I will give you the choice either of Asia *or* Africa, *for the place of your exile: Go therefore whither you will, so you will never trouble me again: for truly you will force me to hate you more than ever* Tarquin *did, if you will not let me alone in quietness.*

The letter from Flavia *was in these words.*

I Beseech you send me no more letters to Valeria: *For since you can never hope for any favourable answer from her, you will but augment your misery in writing to her: Try therefore if you can find more happiness in some other part of the world; For believe it, you can never be but most miserable here.*

You may imagine Madam, how welcome these two letters were unto those who expected them, especially *Spurius*, whose plot had so happily taken, and whose hatred unto *Herminius* was greater than that of *Mutius*, who naturally was not inclinable to hatred as he. After they had read these letters two or three times over, they read those from *Herminius*, and found them so punctually answered, as they doubted not but they would pass for currant. But for a better reception of them, it was requisite either to make the man that was to carry them unto *Herminius*, of the plot, or else to delude him. Hatred being sometimes as ingenious as Love. *Spurius* found out a way to bring that about: For, be pleased to know, that this Envoy from *Herminius*, thinking at last upon the Packet which he brought, he began to look for it in his pocket; where not finding it he seemed to be much troubled at it: But being commanded to keep it very secret, he durst not tell the cause of his trouble, but only asked the servants of *Spurius*, whether during his sickness they found a Packet which he had in his pocket. But they all answering no, he resolved to impart it unto *Spurius*, that he might command them to make restitution of it. He therefore desired of *Spurius*, leave to speak with him, and told him, he was sure that he had it when he came into his house, and beseeched him to take such order, that he might have it again; *Spurius* promised he would; but was not so good as his word: but on the contrary, told him, that all his men swore they had it not, and that certainly it was not lost in his house. The man then grieving excessively at it, he told him plainly, that he durst not return to *Capua* without it, but that he was a undone man. *Spurius* seeing him in such a sad condition, most began to comfort him, and ask him if the Packet was of any great importance: so as in hopes that perhaps *Spurius* would keep secret, he told him all the adventure, and how he had a brother whom *Herminius* made choice of to carry a Packet secretly unto *Rome* to a Lady called *Flavia*: That this brother fell

sick at his Mothers house, six miles from *Capua*, and that lest he should lose the Recompence which *Herminius* had promised unto him, he sent him in his room unknown to *Herminius*: adding further, that if he returned without any other answer but that he had lost it, his brother would never look upon him: his Mother would banish him her house, and *Herminius* would suspect he had betrayed him. *Spurius* then seemed to pity the fellow, and promised to make a more strict inquisition: And to be short, he tore the two letters of *Herminius* in pieces, and went with them to this afflicted fellow, and told him, that as he was walking in a Wood close by a Garden, he found those pieces of Paper under a bush, and that certainly some of his men had done it, but would not confess: the fellow was at first a little joyed, that they were the same pieces which he had lost; but presently after considering that he durst not carry them to *Flavia* as they were, he was as much afflicted as before; nay more, because the secret was known amongst the men. *Spurius* then seeing the man in such despair, and hoping to bring him unto his own desires, he bad him never trouble himself excessively: For, so he would promise never to tell *Herminius*, nor his brother of this accident, he would infallibly find a remedy against his disease. The man even ravished with joy to hear this, he promised any thing that *Spurius* desired. After this, *Spurius* told him, that he was intimately acquainted with *Flavia* and *Valeria*, and if any shift could be made, to read these torn pieces of the Letter, he would engage that they should never mention the accident unto *Herminius*; telling him also, that if he would rest himself at his house whilst he went to *Rome*, he would at his return get his business dispatched: The man finding so fair an opportunity, laid hold upon it; for the fellow not being so crafty as his Brother, he could not comprehend he had any further design, than only out of his goodness, to do him this good office: Therefore looking whether if the pieces of the Letters joyned together again, would make the meaning of them appear, and seeing they imported only matter of love, he easily believed, that *Spurius* spoke sincerely unto him. Yet the fellow had a desire to see *Flavia*; so as *Spurius* conceiving that he was not to render an account of his voyage unto *Herminius*, but only unto his brother, who knew not *Flavia*, he offered to bring him to the speech of her, with intention to let him speak unto a sister he had in lieu of her. But at last, the man referred the whole business unto him; and *Spurius* going next day to *Rome*, he returned the day following, and gave him two Letters which were really from *Flavia* and *Valeria*, for his brother, to give them unto *Herminius*: for there being ordinarily no superscription upon such Letters, those were as applicative unto *Herminius* as *Manius*, who though he was a Rival unto *Herminius*, yet had no mind to put this trick upon him: Not but that *Manius* did naturally love Artifice; yet upon this occasion he had some repugnancy against what his friend did: But being, as I may say, the Father of his love, he submitted unto him. *Spurius* then gave the two Letters to the fellow; he described *Flavia* unto him, to the end that if his brother asked any questions concerning her, he might be able to answer him: so as the man went away very well pleased with *Spurius*, and with the Letters which he thought would be very welcome unto them, unto whom he carried them; and the thing most particular in this cheat of *Spurius* was, that this fellow for his own interest, was obliged to conceal all that might hinder the effects of the fallacy. The fellow then returned to his Brother, who impatiently expected him, because he had stayed beyond his time.

But seeing him returned, and taking the Packet, he went to carry it unto *Herminius*, who was at *Capua*, after he had told him all that *Flavia* had said unto him. But I had forgot to tell you that *Spurius* being very subtil, told the fellow his brother, and bad him say that *Flavia* received him very faintly, and spoke but only three words unto him: adding further, that she was the most reserved woman that ever he met with, and spoke the least. Not, Madam, that she was so, but that *Spurius* proportioned her behaviour and language to the Letter which *Herminius* was to receive from her: and indeed his plot did take; for this fellow who never stirred from *Capua*, being well instructed by his Brother, he went unto *Herminius*, who received him with a strange expectation: for as he had not been to see *Valeria*, he asked him only how *Flavia* did, and whether she had written unto him. Sir, said he, here's a Packet which will give you an exact account that I have performed all your commands. *Herminius* then took the Packet and open'd it, finding therein two Letters, the one from *Flavia*, the other from *Valeria*, whose hands he knew very well; so as the sight of them being much joy unto him, he began to read them. You may imagine his sorrow, to see with what rigour *Valeria* writ unto him, and how kindly *Flavia* answered, and yet he knew the hand, and that both Letters answered punctually unto what he had written, so as he had not the least suspicion of any cheat in the business; yet he knew not what to think, but he conceived the silence of *Sivelia* proceeded from pity, because she would not acquaint him with the inconstancy of *Valeria*: yet all Lovers being naturally full of curiosity, he asked the fellow that brought these cruel Letters, what *Flavia* said unto him: but he answered that he found her so cold, and spoke so little unto him, as this confirmed his opinion, that he was the most unfortunate Lover in the world: indeed at that instant he was so, for the least thought of being hated by *Valeria*, made him suffer more torment than I am able to express. How! cruel *Valeria* (said this afflicted Lover, after he had satisfied and dismissed the fellow) does it not concern you, in what part of the world I live, so you be not troubled with me? Are the testimonies of my passion troublesome unto you? and do you threaten to hate me more than the Tyrant doth, if I continue loving you? Ah *Valeria*, if you can think so, you have neither any reason nor goodness, nor vertue, and you could not lose your affection to me, without renouncing them all: And you, *Flavia*, can you tell me I must never be happy at *Rome*, and advise me to get further from it? Have you as cruel a Friend, as *Valeria* is a Mistress, and banish me without telling me any cause of my misfortunes? However (pursued he) I must depart, since *Sivelia* commands it, since *Valeria* will

with me such things as are able to make me seek a death in the utmost parts of the world, and since *Flavia* adviseth me unto it. Yet, did I but know what makes me thus miserable, I should be somewhat less unfortunate; but since it pleaseth my cruel destinies that I should be ignorant of it, I must die desperate.

Herminius uttered a thousand such sad expressions, without being able to resolve upon any thing: But at last he resolved to write unto *Sivelia*, that he would go unto *Africa*, though his design was to go unknown unto *Rome*, and learn the true cause of his misfortune: And to make it the better believed, he embarqued for *Sicily*, saying that from thence he would embarque for *Agrigente*, or *Lilybeus*, and so continue his voyage. Indeed, he departed from *Capua* a little before *Arronces*. But when he was six leagues from *Capua*, the Commander of the Sip wherein he was, was a man who being resolved to make himself Master of all the merchandize in it, and which were none of his, he made sail toward the Ionian Sea; so as say what *Herminius* could, obey he must. My discourse would be too long, if I should relate the whole passage of this Sea voyage, though it would be glorious unto him, if you did know it: But I will only tell you, that *Herminius* being an enemy unto all injustice, and since the interest of his love called him another way, he wrought so dexterously, as he sprung a faction in the Ship, wherein he was only a passenger: and telling some that they were going to be Pirats without any profit, and that the Captain would enrich himself with the merchandize they helped him to steal, they all became of his opinion. So as flattering them with fair promises, and the glory of doing a great Action, they began to seek occasion of quarrelling with their Commander, who not knowing how to dissemble with them handsomely did begin to menace them. So as civil war beginning in the Ship, and *Herminius* seeing the discontents to be the stronger party, he placed himself in the head of them: some ranging themselves to one end of thd Ship, some to the other, they came to handy blows. In the beginning of the combate, *Herminius* having gained the Mast, he caused him to sail about; and he that was chief of the other party not being able to endure it, the combate began with more fury, because none could run away, but must fight it out, either out of valour or despair.

But at last, heaven assisting the juster side, *Herminius* vanquished, the chief of the other side was killed, the rest laid down their Arms, and all acknowledged *Herminius* for their Captain: who thinking upon nothing but *Valeria*, they all made towards *Capua*, to restore the Ship and the merchandize unto the owners. But *Herminius* being wounded in the fight, it happened that his wounds being dressed by an ignorant Chirurgion, they became very dangerous. Truth is, his melancholy made them worse, so as he fell into a violent Fever; mean while, those whom he had incited unto this generous resolution, they took up a fresh one: for thinking that *Herminius* would die, they feared that if they should return unto *Capua*, they should be punished for their theft: so as they resolved to continue Pirats, and to divide amongst them all in the Ship, when they came unto any Port where they could make sale thereof. They altered therefore their course, and made towards *Africa*, for they were then near the the Cape of *Lilybeus*, being driven thither by the wind, but meeting there with a Bark of *Sicilian* Fishers, they resolved to put *Herminius* in it, and remove an object which might make them change opinion: The Fishermen at first were unwilling to receive *Herminius*: but being given something, and told that the man would recompence them very bountifully if he recovered of his wounds, at last they took him into their Boat with one servant only. As for *Herminius*, he was not able to dispose of himself, or oppose them: for he was fallen into a Lethargy, and knew not what was done until after the Fishermen had brought him unto their house. I need not tell you, how he was astonished, when he returned to himself, and in lieu of being in a ship, to see himself in a Fishers Cabin, and to see, that he was on Land in lieu of Sea. But for all his melancholy he recovered, after a long sickness: Then he wrote into *Campania* for some relief. Yet since the thought of *Valeria* would not out of his mind, he designed himself for *Rome*, though time had made no alteration in his love. Accordingly he imbarqued, and came by Sea with *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and me, as perhaps you have heard in your passage to *Italy*. But, Madam, if you will be pleased to reflect your thoughts upon *Rome*, and remember the condition wherein I was when I left *Valeria*; you will also remember how sadly she took the news of the death and inconstancy of her Lover: you will also remember that *Emilius* was deep in love; that *Emilius* was amiable, sweet and complaisant: that *Valerius* and *Sivelia*, would have all the world believe *Herminius* was dead: and how the fair *Valeria* sometimes wished she could love some or other, only to be revenged of *Herminius*, and forget him. On the other side, *Spurius* and his friend seeing the report of *Herminius* his death continue, they knew not what to think upon the adventure, and were much joyed to observe, that *Valeria* when any occasion presented it self, did not mention him with the same tenderness she was wont. For in the time when she did love him most tenderly, and believed her self loved again, she took much delight in talking of him, and could not chuse but so highly applaud him, as made it eminently apparent, what pleasure she took in the mention of him. Yet *Mutius* was not a jot the more happy: for having seen him in the time of *Herminius*, she could not now look upon *Mutius*, but she remembred him, and was so unjust as to wish him ill; and sometimes thought her self a little obliged unto *Emilius*, for being so much mistaken in *Herminius*. However, *Emilius* being of very good quality, and being both amiable and rich; *Valerius*, who observed the inclination he had unto his Daughter, was very glad of it, and wished heartily she were married unto him, lest if he should dye she should be left to the disposition of the Tyrant *Tarquin*. So knowing no man but *Herminius*, upon whom he would more willingly bestow her, he bad him very kindly welcome to his house, and commanded *Valeria* to treat him very civilly: on the other side, the Parents of *Emilius*, who being desirous to keep him in *Rome*, and thinking to marry him, they bethought themselves of another very rich young Lady: but they altered that

design, by reason of his love to *Valeria*, who maugre all the supposed inconstancy of *Herminius*, did continually lament him: and though when she imagined him to be unfaithful, she was extremely angry against him, yet she heartily wished he would revive constant, or at least repent of his inconstancy. For though it is usual for death to efface or diminish injuries, yet it hapned otherwise with *Valeria*. Time did diminish her grief, but not her anger, and sometimes she thought, that since *Herminius* was inconstant, it was better for her that he was dead, than otherwise. At least (said she in talking of you Madam) my Rival has lost him as well as I; and I may well think that she is more afflicted than I am.

You may judge Madam, by what I have said, that *Valeria* still loved *Herminius*, when she thought she did not. But for all that, the sweetness of *Emilius* was not displeasing unto her. As for *Mutius*, that which most hurt him, was, she knew he followed the Counsels of *Spurius* whom she loved not, and that he often saw *Salonina*, whom in her heart, she could not endure. But as for *Emilius*, knowing nothing but vertue in him, finding him to be sweet, civil complaisant, full of spirit, amorous, and very assiduous and officious about her, if she did not love him, she wished she could: and did believe she either did, or should love him. Yet she did not live with him as she was wont with *Herminius*: There was no secret or mystery made of this affection, but she permitted him to tell her that he loved her, yet not before *Valerius* had told her his mind.

Mean while, *Emilius* was very well satisfied with her; she received him kindly, and hearkned unto him, she did not answer him sharply, nor ever forbad him to hope for her Love. But the strangest thing was, that *Emilius* never heard there was any particular affection between *Herminius* and *Valeria*. The reason of it doubtless was, that falling in love with her, as soon as he came to *Rome*; and never making any secret of his Passion, none would so far trouble themselves as to tell him a thing that was to no purpose. Also, he being a meer stranger in his own Countrey, he had not any particular friend, to give him an account of former passages. However *Valerius* fearing lest *Tarquin* should forbid him to marry his Daughter unto *Emilius*, as he had unto *Herminius*, he therefore told *Emilius*, that if he would marry his Daughter, he desired it might be done speedily, lest *Tarquin* should forbid the banes: So as *Emilius* without more consideration told him, that he wished nothing more earnestly than to have all concluded: and was the more earnest in it, because his Parents were desirous he should marry the Rich Inheritrix whom they had proposed unto him: but his Parents being neither a Father or Mother, or any such near alliance whom he was obliged to obey, he rejected their Counsel, and would follow his own inclination: So as having the consents of *Valerius* and his wife, it was resolved that *Emilius* should marry *Valeria* within eight days, and that they should be married in the Countrey, at a house which *Valeria* had, lest *Tarquin* should have intelligence of it.

Emilius was now as happy as a man could be, having no rubs in his Love, but the excess of his Passion. *Valeria* on her side, she was not much transported with any joy, nor was she very melancholy: and yet her converse with *Flavia* was very sad when she came unto the Country house where she was to marry *Emilius* the next day: For, beginning then to think upon the engagement unto which she was to enter, and calling to memory former passages, her heart was much disordered: they were both together alone in *Valeria*'s Chamber: *Emilius* was not to come until night: So as they had the liberty of speech together. Alas, *Flavia* (said *Valeria* unto her) If any had heretofore told me that I should marry any but *Herminius*, I should never have believed them: but then I thought he would never have left me for any other whomsoever. I must confess, that had not *Herminius* been dead, I should never have thought upon any marriage: for my hopes of his hearty repentance, would have defended my heart against the passion of *Emilius*.

But he being both inconstant and dead, I must confess to my shame, that I have some tenderness towards *Emilius*, and look upon him as a man in whom I may be happy, or at least not very miserable, if I can forget *Herminius*. Yet (added she and blusht) to be exactly vertuous, and also prudent, I ought before I marry him, to sacrifice unto my revenge all that remains of the perfidious *Herminius*. I never could do't till now: but now both vertue and reason command it, and notwithstanding all the elegantness of his letters, verses, and tenderness towards me, I must deprive my self of them for ever. Oh *Valeria* (said *Flavia*) do not offer to lose such excellent pieces, but rather send them unto my discretion. If I should (replyed *Valeria*) it should be upon condition, never to be reproached with them again: for to discover the bottom of my heart unto you, I shall merit your compassion: for upon examination of my self, I find, that when I would hate the memory of *Herminius*, I cannot; and when I would love *Emilius*, I cannot bring it to pass: Yet at some time I think that I do hate *Herminius*, and love *Emilius*: But for all that I never can find that tranquility in my heart which is the effect of true joy, though I find not any thing to desire, but what I have. For *Emilius* is handsom, he has high blood, he has courage and wit, and a violent passion for me: He prefers me before the richest match in *Rome*: he is of a sweet disposition; and I know not what I can wish more in him to make my self happy. After this falling into talk of *Herminius*, *Valeria* with Tears in her eyes, took a little Cabinet, where she kept all his letters, and offered to tear in pieces all the Letters of her former Lover. But *Flavia* was so earnest with her, that at last she consented that she should have them, upon condition never to shew them unto her. So as *Flavia* taking the Cabinet, and all in it, she carried it unto the Chamber which was allotted her. After which, these two Ladies went to walk by the side of a Rivulet, which was very pleasant, and from whence one might see all the way from *Rome* thither. And *Emilius* was to come that way.

As for *Valerius* and *Domitia*, they thought upon nothing but taking all necessary orders for the next day: For, though the company was not to be great, yet would they have all things in handsom order and decency at this private Feast.

Emilius

Emilius for his part, his heart was so full of joy, that all the care he took, was to go betimes unto the place where he was to be made happy: So referring unto his servants the care of all things necessary for the marriage day, he departed with only one servant, to go unto his dear *Valeria*. In his going thither, he entertained himself with every thing that might flatter his passion; and his spirit thinking upon nothing but delights, he fancied the satisfaction *Herminius* would have to see him so happy, if he were alive; and also the pleasure he himself should have in seeing his friend. When this thought came upon him, he was not above two hundred paces from the house of *Valerius*. So as *Valeria* and *Flavia*, who were walking by the River side, might easily see him: entertaining himself in this manner at a place where two ways crossed, he heard the noise of a horse on his right hand which made him look that way. But as soon as ever he had turned his head, he espied *Herminius*; yet he never thought him whom he saw to be his friend: For his imagination being prepossessed with an opinion of his death, and being also at a good distance, he thought him only some man that resembled him. But *Herminius*, who had nothing in his mind which made him not credit his eyes, no sooner espied *Emilius*, but he went immediately unto him. Oh my dear *Emilius* (said he unto him) how happy am I to meet with you! *Emilius* was much surprised at these words: for believing two of his senses, he began to think that *Herminius*, was risen from the dead, since both his eyes and his ears told him so; they meet therefore each other, and lighting from their horses, which they left with their men, they embraced one other with abundance of joy and tenderness, for they loved one another most dearly. Is it possible (said *Emilius* unto his friend) I should have the happiness to embrace you, after all hopes of you were lost? and at the very same instant when I was thinking of you, and desiring your company, you should come to partake of my joys: For, truly my dear *Herminius*, if you still retain the same thoughts of your friend, doubtless you will be very glad to see me happy: Never doubt on't, replied *Herminius*; And to defer the pleasure of it no longer from me, pray tell me what happiness it is. You shall know it, replied *Emilius*, when you have told me by what miracle you are raised from the dead.

Herminius, who knew not that all *Rome* thought him dead, did think *Emilius* meant the length of his exile: so as making no great matter of what he said, he only told him that the relation of his fortune would be too long for that place; and that all he would tell him was, that being come to the Court of *Italy* with an *African*, called *Amilcar*, and two of his friends, the one called *Artemidorus*, and the other *Zenocrates*; he left them upon a promise to meet again at the house of *Valerius*, where he was to go to hear how squares went at *Rome*, and where he had much other business of great importance. But after this (added he) pray tell me, whither are you going at present, and of what nature is the happiness which you are to enjoy, and in which I must share with you? The place whither I go (answered *Emilius*) is the very same to which you go, and not to conceal my good fortune any longer from you, know, my dear *Herminius*, that to morrow I am to marry the fair *Valeria*, with whom I fell desperately in love as soon as I came to *Rome*, after I left you at *Capua*. How *Emilius*? (replied *Herminius* very sternly) are you to marry *Valeria* to morrow; *Valeria* the daughter of *Valerius*, whom *Spurius* once loved, and afterwards *Mutius*, when I went from *Rome*? The very same (replied *Emilius*, much surprised to see the astonishment and sorrow of his friend) But what's the reason this news in lieu of rejoycing, does trouble you? Oh *Emilius* (said *Herminius*, and recoyled space) what News have you told me? I have told you the truth, replied he, and a truth which I thought would have been joy unto you: and yet I am so unhappy as to see it trouble you, but cannot imagine the cause. For I am sure you loved *Clelia* when we were at *Capua*, and I never saw any appearance of your loving *Valeria*, or of her loving you: What then is the cause of this great alteration I find in your face, and this trouble which I see in your heart? For if my good fortune does any ways afflict you, I do declare unto you, that I cannot be happy.

Ah *Emilius* (said *Herminius*) Is it possible you should never hear in *Rome* that I loved *Valeria*? and that you cannot love her unless you become my Rival, my enemy, and unless you betray that Amity which you promised? I knew not that you loved *Valeria*, replied *Emilius*: And though I had known it, yet believing you to be dead, as all the rest of your friends did, nay *Sivelia* her self, I think I did you no wrong in loving her whom you loved. I never knew of your love to *Valeria*, for since I had no thoughts of it at *Capua*, I could not have at *Rome*; so as finding in this sweet and fair Lady, all the sweetness and complaisance that vertue would permit her to shew, I had no reason to think she intended the happiness of any more than my self. Oh *Emilius* (replied *Herminius*, and sighed) *Valeria* is a perfidious woman, and may withdraw her affection from you, as well as from me: But since it is thus (added he) and that I am so unfortunate as to find a happy Rival in the person of a friend whom honour will not permit me to use as an enemy; and that I am also so miserable as to have a Mistress, who does not only cease loving me, but can love another; my journey is at an end, I need know no more, I came only for *Valeria*, and since *Valeria* is to be yours, I have nothing to do but to die. In saying so, *Herminius* with abundance of sorrow in his eyes, would have left *Emilius*, to go and take his horse. But *Emilius*, whose heart was divided between Amity and Love, between his Friend and his Mistress, and who perhaps had some sparks of jealousie which he knew not of, he was very desirous to know a little more; so as taking *Herminius* by the arm, and speaking unto him with much generosity and tenderness; I beseech you (said he unto him) do not offer to leave me thus cruelly, but consider, I conjure you, my innocency towards you. For you know, that during all the time of our travails together, you never acquainted me with your love to *Valeria*; you never so much as named her unto me: as I often told you, I thought you in love with *Clelia*: 'Tis true, you would never confess that unto me: yet I had good cause to think you were: And I had reason to think, that if you had had any Mistress in *Rome*, you would have

have imployed me with some Letter or service to her when I came thither, where I met with the Physician of *Capua*, who shewed me a Letter which imported your death: I published the news with incredible grief: It was confirmed by *Sivelia*, who also published the particulars of it to all the world: the Tyrant grieved you had escaped his cruelty; all your friends lamented you: I saw *Valeria*, I fell in love with her: I found her disposed to obey *Valerius*, who commanded her to entertain my affection: and I prepared my self to marry her by consent of all, even of your illustrious Mother who knew of it. What crime then have I committed? and wherein have I wronged you? In nothing, answered *Herminius*; but your innocence does only make me the more miserable: for indeed *Emilius*, if it had been any other but your self, either he or I should have died, rather than endured he should take *Valeria* from me, who as ungrateful and unfaithful as she is, yet is she so dear unto me, as without death, I cannot suffer another should enjoy her; Therefore, since I cannot with honour be your enemy, and since it does not please my capricious fortune I should have such a Rival whom I may ruine; I will even go and die in some place or other, where my passion shall not force me to any thing against my duty, For, let me tell you, that considering the humour I am in, I dare not answer for my self if I see you long. Go therefore, happy *Emilius*, and gather the recompence of all my services: and if you will, never tell the inconstant *Valeria* that I am living, since the term I have to live is so short, as I shall quickly confirm the news of my death.

Did I think the sight of me would afflict that ungrateful person, who is going to make you happy, and hath so long and so cruelly deluded me, I would go and upbraid her with inconstancy: But since now, she loves you better than ever she loved me, she will not startle at the sight of me, but rather triumph over my misfortune.

After this, he offered to disengage himself from *Emilius*, who held him by force, and gave him most obliging language, though his mind was much disquieted, for he loved *Herminius* most tenderly: he was infinitely obliged unto him: and he understood that *Valeria* had loved him, and he knew not what to think. Love on one side tormented him; friendship raised a thousand scruples in his heart: jealousie did mix it self amongst all these several sentiments, and he was no less miserable than *Herminius*, who could not conceive how *Sivelia* could come to so many particulars of his supposed death; nor why *Valeria* should write unto him as she did; nor how she could love *Emilius* so soon; nor how *Valerius*, who was a man of great honour, could break his word with him: for he could not fully perswade himself that he was thought to be dead, though his friend told him so, because looking then upon him as a Rival, he suspected all he said: but during this long contest, *Valeria* and *Flavia*, who were walking by the River side, they could not imagine who it should be that was talking with *Emilius* whom they knew, because they knew he was to come that way: But as for *Herminius*, they never dreamt of him, nor thought him living; and therefore knew him not; and besides, his back was turned towards them: they were a little troubled at their long discourse, which was with that earnestness, as made it evident they talked of something which did not please them; so as imagining it might be *Spurius* or *Mutius*, they feared some disasterous adventure. Then spying *Valerius*, who was walking to see whether a Fountain was rightly ordered, these two Ladies told him the cause of their inquietude: *Valerius* turning about, and seeing them, he went unto the place where those two men were in such earnest discourse: he was come very near unto them, before they perceived him: for they were so intent upon their discourse, that they minded nothing else. But *Valerius* no sooner saw *Herminius* than he knew him, and was not in any such amaze as *Emilius*, because he knew that he was not dead: he therefore stept nearer, and embraced *Herminius*, who was much surprised to see himself in the Arms of *Valerius*; but much more, when *Valerius* turned towards *Emilius*, and told him, that he must now revoke his word. For (said he) if my daughters heart be not changed towards *Herminius*, and if the heart of *Herminius* be not changed towards my daughter, she cannot be yours, since now he is returned. Oh Sir, replied *Emilius*, do not force me to grieve at the life of a friend who is so dear unto me: No, no, replied *Herminius* faintly, never fear the generosity of *Valerius*: the heart of *Valeria* is changed, and I am not so happy as to render you miserable. *Valerius* finding himself betwixt two men whom he loved so dearly, and who found it so difficult to please both, he thought upon nothing then, but how to carry them both to his house, lest they should be exasperated against each other. At first, their spirits did so boil, and they knew so little what to do, that they would not go with him: For *Herminius* said he had no mind to see *Valeria*, since she loved him not: *Emilius* on his side said, that since *Valerius* revoked his word, in all probability *Valeria* would revoke her heart: and *Valerius* not knowing well what to answer them, he heartily beseeched them to follow him.

Mean time, these two fair ones that were walking, seeing *Valerius* bring those he went out along with him, they went unto the door where *Valerius* was to enter, purposely to see who went with him: but in coming thither, they were strangely surprised to see *Herminius* whom they believed to be dead. Yet there was a great difference betwixt *Valeria* and *Flavia*: for the last of these went to him with abundance of joy, and *Valeria* in lieu of joy, went back, and was constrained to sit down upon a seat of grass which was near the door, for she was so troubled and astonished at the sight, that she fell almost into a swoond; yet she had so much prudence to dissemble as well as she could: but being very pale, and not able to speak, they feared she was very sick; so as *Herminius* for all his anger, was the first that went to hold her up: 'Tis true, *Emilius* went presently after him; but as these two Lovers were equally officious in helping her; but she having her knowledge perfect, though she could not speak, she pushed them both away, and holding out her hand to *Flavia*, she looked so, as it was easie to see the disorder of her soul.

Mean while, *Domitia* being advertised of it, she came and caused *Valeria* to be carried in a Chair to her

her Chamber, where *Flavia* who knew the secret of her heart, said, that it were convenient to leave her alone: so as *Herminius* and *Emilius*, as well as *Valerius*, they all retired and left her with *Domitia* and *Flavia*. *Domitia* also left her as soon as she was a little come to her self, and went to hear how it was possible *Herminius* should be alive. She was no sooner gone, but *Valeria* began to speak: Oh *Flavia*, (said she unto her) what think you of my odd fortune and imbecillity? Do you think I will love *Herminius* and not *Emilius*? No, no, For I am resolved never to pardon the infidelity of the first, and never to forget my obligations unto the second: But truly it must needs be confest, that I am very unfortunate. You have formerly wished so heartily, replied *Flavia*, only for one of those misfortunes which tormented you, in desiring that *Herminius* were not inconstant, or that he were dead, that methinks you have reason for what you say; for you said, in those days, that if *Herminius* were living, you should be glad of it, only to revenge your self upon him, and upbraid him with his crime; so as if you be in the same mind still, you should be glad to see him, since now you are able to be revenged of his inconstancy, by marrying *Emilius* to morrow, and you may upbraid him with infidelity, since he is now in the same house with you. Oh *Flavia* (replyed she) I was much in the wrong when I wished so: for certainly the sight of a perfidious Lover, is much more horrid than the sight of a dead one: or at least, it seems so unto me at present. Take heed what you say, replyed *Flavia*, for I never heard that anger made any swoond: and I believe there is something in your heart more than you know of, which perhaps is more favourable unto *Herminius* than you imagine: No, no, *Flavia*, replied she, I am more Generous than you think me: and you shall never see me prefer an Inconstant, before a faithful Lover: And though I do find in my heart many advantageous thoughts of this perfidious Lover, which is quite contrary to all Reason; yet notwithstanding, I wish heartily that death would equally take me both from *Herminius* and *Emilius*.

Valeria had a thousand other passionate expressions unto *Flavia*, who having not yet talked with *Herminius*, she knew not what to say of him: For though she observed by the manner of his going to help *Valeria*, that he did still passionately love her; yet considering upon what terms *Valeria* was with *Emilius*, she durst not offer any office for *Herminius*, until she better knew both their minds.

Valeria, for all her perplexities, yet thought she saw some signs of Love in the behaviour of *Herminius*; but yet she kept it secret from *Flavia*, and would fain have thought that he did not love her. Whilst she was in this turbulency of mind, *Valerius*, who dearly loved both *Herminius* and *Emilius*, discourse unto them both in presence of each other with abundance of generosity and kindness: He told *Herminius* in presence of *Emilius*, that it was he who published the news of his death: He told him afterwards how great was the grief of all his friends, of *Sivelia*, of *Emilius*, of his own: Confessing unto him, that *Valeria* was sooner overcome than he could have believed, and that she appeared more angry than sad. After this, he told him how *Sivelia* and he confirmed the report of his death, to beget the same opinion in *Valeria*, and lest he should be exposed unto the cruelty of *Tarquin*, who was most horridly incensed against him. Yet, addad he, Do not accuse me of voluntary breaking my word, since I did it only to save your life, and also by the advice of Generous *Sivelia*.

Mean while, since you and *Emilius* are friends, since you have not done any thing to upbraid each other, and since my daughter thinking you dead, did not commit any crime in obeying me; Let reason determine this great difference: and let him of you two, whom *Valeria* loves best, obtain her: For in my opinion, as things are, he that shall marry her will never be happy, unless he be so chosen. For my part, (replied *Herminius*, dejectedly) I know the heart of *Valeria* better than you do, and will prepare my self to die with grief without asking any other favour than once to have the liberty of speech with that unjust person, who has thrown me out of her heart.

Valerius hearing *Herminius* say so, he begun to excuse his Daughter, for he knew not of those bitter letters which *Herminius* had received by the Artifice of *Spurius*, which made him think he quarrelled with her without a cause, further than because she loved *Emilius*. But after a long discourse it was resolved that the next morning if *Valeria* was any thing better, *Herminius* should speak with her without any witnesses but *Flavia*. That *Emilius* afterwards, should have the same freedom. That after this, they should both together see her in the presence of *Valerius* and *Domitia*; and then to let her chuse according unto her own mind. So as after this, every one retir'd into their Chambers. As for *Valerius*, upon pretence of *Valeria*'s sickness, he sent to un-invite those persons who were to be at her wedding. Mean while, you may easily imagine how sad a night it was unto *Herminius*, unto *Emilius*, and unto *Valeria*. *Emilius*, when he was arrived at the very point of happiness, found himself ready to fall into a Gulf of misery, by reason of his friends misfortune, and out of fear that *Valeria* would not change her mind. *Herminius* on his side suffered most incredible torment, by reason of a thought that he was not loved; that he had such a Rival as he could not ruine him, nor charge him with any fault, and out of a most cruel thought that *Valeria* loved this Rival, that she would chuse him, and that *Valeria* would marry him.

As for that fair one, she was not a whit more happy than they: her heart and her mind was so full of love, anger, jealousie, and irresolution, that she could not sleep a jot all night, so as she spent it in talking with *Flavia*, who would by no means leave her in that condition. But morning being come, *Valerius* sent her a command to receive a visit from *Herminius*, and to hear all his reasons. At the first, she had a mind to disobey her Father; but presently after, desiring to chide and upbraid him for his supposed infidelity, she prepared her self to receive his visit.

But since it would require some time before her answer could be brought unto *Valerius*, who was walking in his Garden, and also some time before *Herminius* could be advertised of it, she thought him very long in coming, and imagined that he was ashamed to see her, and that he was studying

studying what to say. For my part (said *Flavia*) since *Herminius* does still desire to see you, I believe that either he is not unfaithful, or that he repents of his being so. Though either of those two should be so, replied *Valeria*, yet should I still be very miserable. How? replied *Flavia*, would you think your self miserable, if you should find that *Herminius* did always love you, and still doth? Yes, answered *Valeria*, for if *Herminius* should prove innocent, I shall appear criminal unto him, and he will upbraid me with a thousand things. Then, replied *Flavia*, it were better for you, if it shall appear he has been inconstant, and that he repents. No, replied she, for I perceive that if he repent, I shall be so simple as to suffer my heart to melt, and perhaps so unjust, as to prefer a Repentant Criminal, before one that is innocent, so as my reason disagreeing with my heart I shall be still miserable. What then should he have done, replied *Flavia*, to have rendred you happy? *Herminius*, replied she, ought ever to have been faithful unto me; I should never have suspected him for an inconstant man; that I had never thought him dead, that *Emilius* had never loved me, or that I had ever scorned him, so as since it is impossible these things should ever be, it is impossible I should ever be happy. As she said so, *Herminius* entred, and saluted her with most profound respect, yet with so much sadness in his countenance, that if the spirit of *Valeria* had not been prepossessed, her heart had melted. Mean time, she took his signs of sorrow for signs of shame, and both her grief and anger redoubled. All the Letters of *Herminius* to *Clelia*, which she had seen, and all those of *Clelia* to *Herminius*, came into her imagination to incense her. She fancied the Map of *Tender*, to be a Map of Love, rather than a Map of Amity: and *Herminius* appearing unfaithful unto her, he did not appear amiable. She received him therefore at the first, with a coldness mixed with disdain; and if *Flavia* had not made him sit down she would never have offered it. But in fine, *Herminius* beginning to speak, I see, Madam, said he unto her, that you look upon me as an unfortunate man, who unwelcomly is come to molest your pleasures: and that now you loving the too happy *Emilius*, you hate the unfortunate *Herminius*. I do confess it (replied she sharply) And why should I not hate an ungrateful man, who has forgotten all the favours he has received from me, as soon as he is out of my sight: who loved another as soon as ever he was out of *Rome*, and who is so audacious now, as being but with his new Mistress, to come and torment me with his presence, and feigned complaisance? For I know you intend to speak unto me as formerly you used, but know, that now things look with another face: you are now out of my heart, and I have received *Emilius* by my Fathers command. Oh, Madam, (said *Herminius*) you are most unjust, and most cruel in saying so. I beseech you do not seek for any pretences unto your inconstancy, nor accuse me to excuse your self. Confess ingenuously, that looking upon me as an unfortunate exile, who durst never return to *Rome*, you had no mind to share in my misery, but to avoid the rigours of absence, have banished me out of your heart. Confess, I say, that to be the more handsomly unfaithful, you have seemed to think me dead, and that *Emilius* seeming more handsome in your eye, you have loved him both by choice and weakness.

For my part, Madam, I can most safely swear, that since I was out of your sight, I never enjoyed one minute of real pleasure. Indeed, I did meet with an illustrious friend in my Travails: but all his friendship did never ease me of the least torment which my love to you made me endure: but I have been always the most miserable of men, whilst you thought your self most happy in loving, and in the love of *Emilius*. Oh most perfidious (cryed out *Valeria*, and interrupted him) Can you be so impudent, as to say you have not betrayed me, and that you have not been in love? But to make you the more ashamed of your crime, and to let you see I deserve not to be quitted for another; Do not interrupt me, but give me time to tell you what I think, and what you should never know, but to torment you. Know therefore ungrateful wretch, that I have loved you more tenderly than ever any lover: you know it well enough, unjust man that you are: and did I think you had forgotten all those testimonies of affections which I have given you, I should never have rubbed up your memory of them: for I am much ashamed that I ever loved a most perfidious man. But once more, I confess, that I loved you better than ever I did my life, and that I still loved you with equal tenderness, maugre your long silence, untill that unfortunate day wherein I heard both of your death and your infidelity. But, Madam, replied he, since you see the news of my death was false, why will you not think the report of my infidelity to be so also? Because (answered she) I have such convincing proofs of your infidelity, that I can never doubt of it. However, *Flavia* knows very well, that had I not believed you dead, *Emilius* had loved me in vain; and as perfidious as you are, I should have been contented to have hated and scorned you, without ever loving any other. But believing you to be both inconstant and also dead; I must confess, I did what I could to love *Emilius*, and at last, I am — Oh, Madam (cryed *Herminius*, and interrupted her) you never did love me, if you be able to pronounce so cruel a sentence. But before you try, give me leave to ask what testimonies you have of my inconstancy, and who the impostor is, that has told you so great a lye? *Valeria* was now at a stand: for all her suspicions were grounded only upon the report of *Emilius*, who had innocently shewed all the Letters which had caused so much affliction unto her. So as being unwilling to bring him to the test, she would not at first give any precise answer unto *Herminius*, nor instance any particulars. *Herminius* upon this, thinking she had no cause for her pretended suspicions, and that all that she said was only to find an excuse for her weakness, he began to be very angry, and twit her with a thousand reproaches. For, Madam, (said he unto her, after many other things) can you make me believe, you thought me dead as others did, and yet with your own hand write unto me the most cruel Letter that ere was writ; and which certainly you would never have writ, but in hopes it would kill me, and so disengage your self from all those promises which you

you have made unto me, or at least to pack me away unto places so remote, as I should never return to molest you. Neither can *Flavia* be ignorant of this truth, since she was as tart in her Letter almost as you. *Valeria* hearing *Herminius* say so, she looked upon *Flavia* with amazement: *Flavia* she looked upon *Herminius*, and told him that she never writ unto him, nor ever thought of writing, because since *Emilius* returned to *Rome*, she ever thought him to be dead. *Herminius* being out of all patience, shewed unto *Valeria* and *Flavia*, those two Letters which they had written unto *Mutius*, and which *Spurius* had sent unto *Herminius*, in answer to those which he had written unto *Valeria* and *Flavia*. *Valeria* no soooner looked upon them, but she knew them to be those which *Flavia* and she had writ unto *Mutius*. How was it possible (said they then unto him) that these Letters should come into your hands? For, ungrateful man that you are (said *Valeria* unto *Herminius*) these Letters were writ unto a man, whom for the love of you I ever scorned, and if you were just, you would think your self obliged unto me for the tartness of this Letter, since it was unto *Mutius* I sent it. I think Madam, replied *Herminius*, you would drive me out of my wits; For, as certain as I am living, the Man whom I sent from *Capua* into *Rome*, did bring me these two Letters in answer unto those two which I writ unto you and *Flavia*, and they do most punctually answer unto every thing contained in those two which I sent unto you: And it is also most certain, that this same answer is the true cause of my long silence, and of my exile: And yet Madam, the belief of your Inconstancy never moved me unto the least suspition of any Infidelity, and you have been always the only Saint whom I loved and adored: But I pray, who was he, said *Flavia*, that brought these two Letters unto you? he was a Gardner (answered he) unto one that is now my Servant.

For, it was very true, that he who was imployed in this voyage to *Rome*, was entred into the service of *Herminius*, when he came from *Capua*, and it was the same servant that was with him at the house of *Valerius*.

Mean time, *Herminius*, finding some sweetness in the thought that *Valeria* had no hand in writing those two letters; he desired still to justifie himself, and beseech her most earnestly to tell him, upon what cause she accused him: and she without once mentioning *Emilius*, did intimate, that it was, because he loved you Madam.

Oh Madam (said he unto her) you could never have had any such thought but only by my Rival, who is the only man in the World, from whom it could proceed, though he never so much as saw her, whom he accused me to love: and to speak sincerely, my punctual fidelity in keeping my passion secret, made him suspect me to love at *Capua*: He saw me very sad, and heard me sigh, and saw I received and writ Letters, wherein were some expressions of Amity, which appeared unto him, to be expressions of Love: and I make no doubt but that to ingratiate himself the more, he has shewed you all the Copies of those Letters which I wrote then unto that excellent Lady, and of which I made so little account, as I consented he should keep them: yet now he says, he knew not that I loved you, but I have reason to think, he said not truth. *Flavia* then beginning to speak, she told *Herminius*, that he had no reason to blame or accuse *Emilius*; And told him truly how he acquainted *Valeria*, with the news of his death, and Inconstancy: and lest this should move *Herminius* against *Emilius*, she told him, how sadly he took the news of his loss.

So as *Herminius*, now knowing whereof he was accused, he was very glad to see that, without all doubt he should one day make a clear Justification of himself. Oh Madam (said he then unto *Valeria*) thanks be to heaven I am most sure, that a little time will let you see my innocence. For that illustrious Daughter of generous *Clelius*, does love, and is loved by a Prince so great, that ere long this Love will be published over all *Italy*: *Horatius*, a Roman, and one you know, is Rival unto the Prince I speak of. And ten thousand Persons are able to testifie that *Clelia* is only my Friend, and never was my Mistress. When I first saw her, she was then engaged in the Love of *Aronces*, Son to the King of *Clusium*: I was and am still the Confident of this innocent Love: and if you could as easily justifie your self as I can, I should not be so unfortunate as I am: But alas unjust woman, though you had thought me dead and unfaithful; yet this was not enough to oblige you unto an engagement in a second affection. Indeed, had you been contented to hate me, and forget me, I should have been obliged unto you, for your hatred, and oblivion: but you have done worse in bestowing upon *Emilius* that same heart which you have sworn ten thousand times should never be any's but mine. One would think, as you have confessed you have used him, that you were most desirous to recompence him for acquainting you with my inconstancy and death: For to tell you truly, had you loved me, you could never have endured so much as the sight of a man, who brought you such cruel news: And yet you suffered him, you loved him, you do love him still, and perhaps you are so unjust, as to tell me that you will Love him always. Yet think upon't once more, too amiable *Valeria*, Remember what promises you have made me: bethink your self of what you have told me since I came hither, how that if you had not thought me inconstant and dead, you had not been unfaithful: And to be just unto your self refer it unto Time, to know the truth of what I say: I will engage my self that *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, whose vertue and merit is known unto *Valerius*, shall tell you, that I was never the Lover of their Daughter: I will engage my self that *Clelia* shall confess unto you, that she loves *Aronces*: And I promise you, that before it be long, all *Italy* shall talk of the love of *Aronces* and *Clelia*, whom I love as well as ever I did, though I know she does love her dear *Aronces*, as well as I deserve to be loved by you. But *Herminius*, replied *Valeria*, the Letters which I have seen are so tender, and the Map which was shewed unto me so gallant, as I know not whether or no I should believe you. Madam, replied he, you may remember, that you upbraided me a thousand times with writing too much flattery, and in such a style, as those unto whom I writ, might think that Love which was only Amity: And indeed my tenderness of Passion to you, had infused such a passionate character into all my

ſpirits, as made all my friends believe all the thoughts of my Soul to be love. And Madam, ſhould I have given Copies of Letters from the perſon I loved? or ſhould I only have ſhewed them? Alas, I was ſo far from any ſuch indiſcretion as I have carefully preſerved that cruel letter which I ſhewed unto you, although I cannot look upon it without anger and deſpair.

Be aſſured therefore Madam, that I am innocent, and you are culpable: For Madam, though I had been dead and inconſtant, yet ought you not to have engaged your ſelf in a ſecond affection; I ſhould have died of ſorrow; or if anger had kept me from dying, I ſhould have hated all women in lieu of loving any one, and perhaps as unfaithful as you was, in my belief, I ſhould have loved you in your Grave. However Madam, though you be criminal; though you have upon too ſhallow grounds believed me inconſtant, and though I have reaſon to think, that you do unjuſtly deny that cruel letter which I ſhewed you: Though I ſay you be unfaithful in loving *Emilius*, yet—Oh *Herminius* (ſaid ſhe and interrupted) I cannot endure you ſhould accuſe me of infidelity: For certainly, according to the common received opinion, the death and inconſtancy of the party loved does freely ſet the heart of the lover at liberty, and to be diſpoſed of as ſhe pleaſeth: and therefore thinking you to be inconſtant and dead, I ought not to be charged with inconſtancy. And yet I do conſent to be accuſed of infidelity, if thinking you faithful, I had committed any infidelity unto your memory: but as the Caſe is, I cannot endure any ſuch accuſation to be charged upon me: Then Madam, replied he, (and looked upon her with eyes full of Love) if you would not be ſo accuſed, you muſt reſtore unto me that heart which you took from me, ſince I am neither dead, nor inconſtant: For as unfaithful as that heart is, I am moſt willing to receive it upon my knees: I will begin a new obligation unto you; I will forget all my paſt miſeries: and I will love you as zealouſly and ardently as ever I did, ſo *Emilius* be driven out of that heart which is none of his, and unto which none has any right but my ſelf, ſince I am not dead, nor ever was unfaithful.

But if you cannot do ſo, then be ſo generous, I beſeech you, as not to deceive me: For, I ſhould be more unfortunate in having but half your heart, than if I had loſt it all.

Emilius is indeed my friend, and I do grant that he was innocent both towards you, and towards me until his return. But alas, am I Culpable towards any one? Am I any cauſe that *Emilius* believed I was dead, and that I was in love with *Clelia*? 'Tis very true, I did not make him the confident of my Love to you: but ought I to have done it? and would you have taken it well? Conſider therefore, I beſeech you, how innocent I am, and how unfortunate. But is it poſſible (replyed *Valeria*) that you ſhould be ſo innocent as you ſay you are? But is it poſſible, replyed *Herminius*, you ſhould make any doubt of what I ſay? for if I did not love you, what reaſon had I ſo earneſtly to court your affection? for you have furniſhed me with colour enough not to pretend unto it: *Emilius* loves you, you do not hate him: And were not my love unto you moſt violent, I had juſt reaſon never to ſee you again.

It is not ſufficient, replied ſhe, that you do love me now at preſent: but you ought to have loved me always. If I have not done ſo, replied he, may you never love me, but for ever love my Rival. But (added he, and ſighed) one may ſee a notable difference betwixt you and me: for had my heart been ſo weak as to receive the Image of any other into it, you would have rejected it; And yet, though you have ceaſed to love me, and though you have loved another, yet for all that, I am ready with all joy to receive that Treaſure which I had loſt.

Reſtore it then, moſt amiable *Valeria*, and to oblige you unto it, call to memory all the happy times we have paſſed together: your eyes have told me ten thouſand times, that you were concerned and troubled at my ſufferings: your mouth has told me, that I was not hated; and I was ſo happy, as to have reaſon to believe you made my felicity yours, and that you would eſteem your ſelf happy, if our condition were ſuch as we could never be ſeparated. Strive then to drive *Emilius* out of that heart unto which he has no right, ſince I told you I am neither dead nor unfaithful: for perhaps it concerns your happineſs, as well as the happineſs of unfortunate *Herminius*: And indeed, I am ſure that if you ſhould be ſo unjuſt, as not to reſtore that which belongs unto me, but ſhould beſtow your ſelf upon *Emilius*, you will be no ſooner his, but you will mourn for me: Yet, cruel *Valeria*, I ſhall defie all your cruelty, if you ſhall make me ſo miſerable, as I ſhall be if you do me that injuſtice. Think therefore both of your ſelf and me, and you will find all reaſon to be on one ſide.

Whilſt *Herminius* was talking thus, *Valeria* hearkned, ſometimes looking upon him, ſometimes upon *Flavia*, and ſometimes upon the ground. But at laſt, *Herminius* having done, ſhe began in her turn to ſpeak: Though all you ſay were true, replyed ſhe, and though you never did love *Clelia*, yet I cannot tell whether I ought to reſtore you my affection: you think you have reaſon to treat me as one inconſtant, and alſo have right to be inconſtant your ſelf upon the firſt occaſion: Yet I conceive that I cannot without injuſtice, be called unfaithful: for to diſcover the very bottom of my heart unto you, I had a mind to love *Emilius*, but never any inclination to love him as I loved you: Oh Madam (ſaid *Herminius*, and interrupted) I moſt earneſtly beſeech you to alter but one word, and in lieu of ſaying, As you did love me, ſay, As you do love, and then you will make me happy. Perhaps, replied ſhe, I could ſay ſo, for I perceive my heart is willing to believe you innocent, and I know but too well, that my tenderneſs towards *Emilius*, is not of that nature as it is unto you. But *Herminius*, I find my ſelf in a ſtrange Dilemma: For if you have not been inconſtant, I confeſs you have right to demand reſtitution of my heart: but I confeſs withal, that if you look upon me as a weak perſon, I ought not to reſtore it unto you, ſince moſt certainly I never did any thing which can be a reproach unto me: had I thought you dead, and not thought you inconſtant, I had then been to blame, if I had comforted my ſelf, and entertained the love of *Emilius*: I confeſs alſo, that if I had not thought you dead, but only thought you unfaithful, you might have

have reproached me for being too obedient unto my Father when he commanded me to entertain the love of *Emilius*: for I do believe, maugre all I have said, that if one do love well, they cannot chuse but wish, and hope for the repentance of the person loved, though he be culpable. But, *Herminius*, *Flavia* knows, that if I did suffer *Emilius*, it was only because I endeavoured to drive you out of my heart: yet since I am sincere, I will confess unto you, that I have such tenderness towards you, as makes me think I ought to make you happy: And all that I can do as I conceive, is to protest unto you, that I will never bestow my self upon *Emilius*, nor any other.

By this means, I shall not expose my self unto your reproaches: I shall not give *Emilius* any cause to complain against me, since I am none of yours, and you have no reason to accuse me, since I am none of his.

Herminius then broke out into a thousand moving expressions unto *Valeria*: *Flavia*, she joyn'd her reasons unto his, and offered to make *Emilius* understand reason: but, say all they could, *Valeria* would not then fix upon any other resolution. For though she was fully convinc'd, that *Herminius* had not been inconstant, but that he loved her as well as ere he did, yet she could not make her self absolutely believe it; she could not bring her self to tell *Emilius*, that her passion to *Herminius* made her take her heart out of his hands; and she was ashamed that this second affection had partly cool'd her tenderness to *Herminius*: Yet being desirous to know by what adventure those Letters which *Valeria* and *Flavia* had written unto *Martius*, came into the hands of *Herminius*; *Flavia* desired him to question his servant, and to find out how his Letter came unto them. After which, *Flavia* making *Herminius* to understand by signs, that when he was gone, she would speak for him (for though *Emilius* was her Cousin, yet she loved *Herminius* better) he went away without making any alteration in the resolution of *Valeria*.

He was no sooner gone out of the Chamber, but *Emilius* entred, who in lieu of finding any hope in the eyes of that fair one, he saw in them nothing but sadness and confusion: so as his fears falling upon his spirits, he approached unto her in a trembling manner. I perceive, Madam (said he unto her) that you are not very well disposed to give a favourable hearing unto my reasons, though I cannot but think them worthy of it. But to obtain a more plausible Audience, I will confess that *Herminius* is more worthy than I am to be your lover, and to enjoy your heart: I do confess also, that if he had not been inconstant, he has good right unto your affection: I confess further, that being a man of honour as I know him to be, I am perswaded, though I am his Rival, that since he now saith he is not in love with *Clelia*, I believe he is not: I say again, that being so much a friend unto *Herminius* as I am, I will consent he should marry you, if ye be both consenting. But Madam, you know how the Tyrant hates him; how the generous *Horatius* to save his life confirm'd the false reports of his death: He is then an exile from *Rome* for ever; surely you will not abandon *Valerius* and *Domitia* to follow him: And though you would, yet *Herminius*, if he love you, will not desire you should follow his fortune: This being so, Madam, why will you not permit me to be happy, since my friend cannot? We will both love him if you please, and never fear I shall upbraid you with your affection to him: I know his merit, and your vertue, and I will never desire you to banish him your heart; but only since *Herminius* cannot be happy, not to change your thoughts of me.

When he came, I was in your good esteem; you did obey the commands of *Valerius* without any repugnancy: and though you never gave me any testimonies of love, yet I was contented: And however, I never did any thing since the return of *Herminius* which could displease you; I have not withdrawn my Amity from him, nor ever will, unless you put me out of all hopes; which Madam, if you do, I dare not answer that my reason will be stronger than my resentments. Consider, I beseech you, that the unfortunate *Emilius* would not court you, but that *Herminius* cannot enjoy you in peace: And therefore, I beseech you, be mine, since fortune will not let you be his: I do love you Madam, better than he can, and shall love you ten thousand times above my own life, if you will but resolve to make me happy. You speak so very well, replied *Valeria*, as I must needs commend you. But for all that, *Emilius*, this which you ask is not just: for you know that it was you, who told me of the death and inconstancy of *Herminius*, and indeed you have been the cause of that injustice which I have done him. But Madam, replied he, I was the innocent cause of it: I confess it, answered she, and I do pardon all the harm which unknowingly you did me: And to testifie how much I esteem you, I will ingenuously confess unto you, that I can never make you happy: I have as good an opinion of you, as any reasonable person can have. I know your vertue, your love, and your innocency; I know also the amity you preserve for *Herminius*; I exhort you to continue it. And indeed, I do confess that you do merit my affection.

But since, *Emilius*, this affection can never be given unto you, therefore you ought not to ask it. If I would bestow my affection upon any one, I ought to prefer *Herminius* before any other: But if my Father did give me the liberty to dispose of my self, I will never dispose of my self unto any.

Oh Madam, replied *Emilius*, that is not reasonable; And though you think to comfort me by telling me you will be my Rivals no more than mine: yet I assure you, I am not a jot the more happy. You think to lessen my grief, and will not in an instant throw me from the height of happiness to the depth of despair: This is the reason why you tell me not, you can never be mine, without telling me that you never be my Rivals: But Madam, I care not for any such kind of compassion; it is but a false pity, which will make me the more miserable: I had better dye suddenly than languish long: Pronounce therefore a Definitive sentence. But first consider I beseech you, whether *Emilius* will not be more miserable than *Herminius*, if you reject him.

Herminius is already accustomed to think himself not loved: He can live, and not see you, and think himself not loved: And though you should tell him you can never love him, but would love me always, yet he will be no more miserable than he was within this two days. But I Madam, who till yesterday did hope you would be eternally mine, think I beseech you in what a sad condition I should be,

if you should assure me, I should never be yours. I have already told you my resolution, replied *Valeria*, and you cannot make me change it.

Upon this *Valerius*, *Domitia*, and *Herminius* entred.

Valeria blushed when she saw them, and was at a strange perplexity, especially when *Valerius* began to speak: Well Daughter, said he unto her, have you heard the reasons of *Herminius* and *Emilius*, and are you resolved upon their destinies? Sir, replied this sage Lady, you are so absolutely master of mine, that it better becomes me to advise with your will, than examine their Reasons. But if it be your pleasure I should tell you what I think, I would beseech you to let me live with you as long as I live, and not bestow my self either upon *Herminius* or *Emilius*.

Oh Sir, (said *Herminius*) I beseech you do not consent unto the request which *Valeria* makes: And I (said *Emilius*) do make the same Petition my Rival doth, though I am more exposed unto misery than he. Doubtless you are exposed unto more misery, replied *Herminius*, because my Right is better than yours: For the word of *Valerius*, and the word of *Valeria* had engaged me, before they ever knew you: And were it not that I know by my own experience, it is not possible to love *Valeria*, and preserve the use of Reason, I should accuse you of injustice in pretending still to marry her, after you know that I am living: Till then, I confess you were not to blame: But now you see me, and know what just pretensions I have unto *Valeria*, you ought to renounce all yours.

Oh most cruel friend, (replied *Emilius*) can one leave loving when they would: and could you let fall your design of regaining the heart of *Valeria*, if I had more right unto her than you?

I beseech you, said *Valerius* then, do not amuse us with any unprofitable contestations: I do esteem and love you both, and both of you ought to esteem and love me also; nor have you any reason to complain against one another: my Daughter has not given either of you any cause to wish her ill: Nor can I accuse her of any thing. The only thing to be done then is, to look at the future, and to compose this difference without doing any injustice. I conceive then (pursued he and spoke unto *Flavia*) that in all reason my Daughter and I should keep our first words unto *Herminius*, if he have not made himself unworthy by his inconstancy, and if the heart of my Daughter be not changed; Therefore my advice is, that both *Herminius* and *Emilius* shall keep at a distance untill it clearly appear that *Herminius* had never any engagement with *Clelia*: For if all be true, he says, the thing is out of doubt, unless as I said before, that *Valeria* has chang'd her mind. For in that case, I leave her to be mistress of her own destiny, not thinking it just to force the will in such things.

Speak then Daughter (said *Valerius* then unto her) and tell me sincerely, whether you retain the same thoughts still, which formerly you had of *Herminius*, and what thoughts you have of *Emilius*. Sir, replied she, if I had a mind to make choice of one, I should speak sincerely, but since I design to be no bodies but my own, I cannot say any thing unto you. *Valeria* blusht as she spoke these words, and could not chuse but look upon *Herminius*, who conceiving some hope from this favourable look, did speak so vigorously and tenderly both, that *Emilius* perceiving he was like to lose his cause, and fearing lest his destiny should be worse, he hastily said that he would accept of the motion which *Valerius* offered, which was to keep at a distance from *Valeria*, until *Herminius* had made his innocence appear. This fair one would then have opposed that, and desired to put both these Lovers out of all hopes: but she did it in such a manner, as made it evident unto *Emilius*, that *Herminius* was much more in her heart than he, and would ere long return into his first place, which did most sensibly affect him.

Things being thus, they had more cause to think that *Tarquin* had been advertis'd of *Herminius* his being alive, and that he was at the house of *Valerius*: for there came a Lieutenant of his Guard, accompanied with ten of his Souldiers, and asked to speak with *Valerius*: so as this conversation was interrupted in such a manner, as made it known unto *Valeria* her self, what rank *Herminius* had in her heart: For when it was told that the Lieutenant of *Tarquins* Guard was in the Court, and asked to speak with *Valerius*, she was most strangely troubled at it, and was the first that desired *Herminius* to hide himself; she also imagined a place very hard to be found out; And *Emilius* knew so well by this unexpected accident, that she loved *Herminius* very dearly, as it grieved him extremely.

'Tis true indeed, it was a generous grief: for after *Herminius* was gone into his close Cabinet, which was in a thick wall joyning to *Flavia*'s Chamber, and *Valerius* gone to the Lieutenant of *Tarquin*'s Guard, he summon'd up all his generosity, all his friendship to *Herminius*, all the justice in the pretensions of his friend, and small hopes he had that *Valeria* would break with him: so as at last coming to *Valeria*, who was in a melancholy study, leaning upon the window towards the Court where her Father was, he earnestly conjur'd her to open her heart unto him, assuring her, that if she would speak ingenuously unto him, he would never trouble her more, but leave her in peace. Tell me therefore sincerely (said he) whether you think I can ever hope to be happy. If you will promise me (said she) to wish no harm unto *Herminius*, I will with all possible sincerity tell you what you desire to know. Oh, Madam, replied he, I need not ask you any more, for you have answered me enough in not answering. After this he left her, and without speaking unto any, or staying to know what business the Lieutenant of *Tarquin*'s Guard had, he took horse and rid away none knows whither. Mean while *Tarquin* hearing by his Spies, that divers persons were to be at the house of *Valerius*, he sent to see what kind of assembly it was, and whether any thing was suspicious against his Authority. But since the marriage held not, no company came, and *Emilius* was gone out at a back door: so as having no further order, the Lieutenant returned, as soon as *Valerius* had shewed him that there was no assembly in his house.

But after he was gone, *Valerius* concluded that it was not safe for *Herminius* to stay long in his house: they brought him out of the place where he was hid; and when *Valerius* asked for *Emilius*, he was much surprised to hear by his men that he was gone. *Domitia* feared lest his amorous despair should

should move him to acquaint *Tarquin* that *Herminius* was there: But *Herminius* did not apprehend that danger, no more than *Valerius*, knowing *Emilius* had more generosity than to be capable of such a base action.

However, since his departure made it plainly appear, that he abandoned his pretensions unto *Valeria*, *Herminius* was extremely joyed; for he saw that *Valeria* had given him cause to despair in his good fortune. *Herminius* then asking leave of *Valerius* to stay at his house until to morrow at night, he made his peace so well with his dear *Valeria*, who protested that what e're she said, she had only thoughts of Amity for *Emilius*, that he esteemed himself most happy; yet he could not alter her from the proposition which *Valerius* had made: for as things were, it was not likely he should marry *Valeria*: *Valerius* also told him, that he would not send unto *Rome* to advertise *Sivelia*, lest some ill chance should happen which might discover him: and all he could do, was to get so much liberty as to spend one day with *Valeria*. 'Tis true, *Valerius* told him in private, that perhaps he would not be long an exile, because there were some secret plots against the Tyrant which would at last break out into a flame. However, *Herminius* told his Mistress so many particular passages concerning the love of *Aronces* and *Clelia*, that he did believe him innocent; but in restoring her heart wholly unto him, she conjured him to continue his amity towards *Emilius*. After this, *Herminius* being inquisitive into the matter, he made the servant confess how he came by those Letters which he brought unto him; so as *Valeria* understanding thereby, that *Spurius* and *Mutius* did know that *Herminius* was not dead, she apprehended the more danger unto him by being in her Fathers house, therefore *Flavia* and she did never let him rest until he was gone: He departed then as happy as before he came, he was afflicted; yet it grieved him to see, that *Valerius* should not make any positive promise unto him, and that *Emilius* had not renounced his pretensions before his face. But for all, seeing himself upon good terms with *Valeria*, it may well be said, that he went with abundance of satisfaction unto *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, who expected him as well as I. Since that, we met with *Aronces*, with whom we joyned society. So that, Madam, I have no more to say unto you: for you know all that hapned since unto *Herminius*, unless that *Emilius* not appearing, *Valerius* would not let *Herminius* marry his Daughter, until his friend consented thereunto; so as this invincible Rival did much more trouble *Herminius* than *Mutius* did as brave as he was.

After this, *Amilcar* holding his peace, *Clelia* gave him thanks: *Cesonia*, and *Plotina* did the same, and the company parted, referring it untill the next day, to talk of the pleasant adventure which had hapned unto them, because it was too late to begin a story which contained so many particulars, as it was likely to be a long and pleasant discourse.

The End of the First Book of the Third Part.

CLELIA:

The Third Part.

BOOK II.

WHile the Adventures of *Herminius* and *Valeria* took up the memories of so many excellent persons, and that *Clelia*, comparing them with her own, wanted not a little envy to *Valeria*, who at that time seem'd to be in far greater hopes to arrive at happiness with much more ease than she, and who had always the comfort of seeing him by whom she was best beloved, and hooour him with thousands of expressions of affection, *Titus* and *Tiberius* were considering of the resolution they were to take. But after a large consideration, Honour and Nature getting the upper hand of Love, they repaired that evening to the place appointed them by *Aquilius*, absolutely resolved not to engage in the conspiracy. On the other side, *Aquilius* and his friends had manag'd *Tarquin*'s interest so well, that they had cajoll'd into his party a great number of young Gentlemen of quality; so that they were with the first at the place where they were expected. There they found those envoys of *Tarquin*, to whom they gave an account of what they had done; adding that if they could but draw in *Brutus* his Sons, as such as had abundance of friends, they might be in a capacity to accomplish something more than ordinary. Nay, they came so far as to acquaint these Envoys that the main business was to engage *Tiberius*, it being then easie to bring in *Titus*, as one that rely'd very much on the others judgment, and was guided by him.

To this the Envoys reply'd, that they were sure of some of the Senate, though there were no such thing, so to enflame their hopes, and courage to the sudden undertaking of any thing they had a mind to put them upon; For, the posture of *Tarquin*'s affairs at that time consider'd, there was nothing to be done by consultation. Things being at this point, and the young Gentlemen contriving how to get *Tarquin*'s Troops into the City by night, *Titus* and *Tiberius* came into the place. But having no thoughts at all of engaging in the conspiracy, but coming hither meerly out of a fear that *Ocrisia* and *Teraminta* might take it ill, if they did nothing at all, the concernments of their loves put them into some trouble, and accordingly they were at first very cold as to the design. The moon shin'd very bright, so that it was not hard to discern very distinctly the air of the faces of some who were in a spacious walk which a high fence kept from the sight of such as out of the windows of the house of the *Vestals*, which stood on the other side of the Garden, might have looked into it. They were no sooner in sight, but the Envoys of *Tarquin* went to meet them, and *Aquilius* attended by ten or twelve of their common friends embracing them, asked whether they would not participate of the glory they were in hope to attain, telling them confusedly one after another, and sometimes all together, that they would be accountable to them for the life and fortunes of *Brutus*: adding withal, that in civil Wars, it was policy that families should be divided, that so where-ever the victory fell, it might be some way or other advantageous. To these and many other things, *Titus* and *Tiberius* made answer, that the power of *Brutus*, and the impossibility of the design proposed, were two invincible obstacles; and seconded it with all the reasons they could produce to excuse themselves from being engaged in that party. *Aquilius* seeing them so resolved, was so much the more importunate with them to change their minds, but to no purpose. So that being come to the end of the walk where they walk'd, and where there was a large Arbor, which had within it four lesser ones, one at each corner, he entreated *Titus* and *Tiberius* to withdraw from the Company, as having something particular to acquaint them with.

Brutus's Sons having followed him into the Arbour, he immediately broke forth thus: I desire once more to know, said he to them, whether you are unchangeable; and if it be not possible to draw you into the Kings party, which let men say what they will, is certainly the more just. It is not our business to examine whether he be a lawful King, or whether he be not; all we have to do, is only to keep off the people from becoming Masters of all the persons of quality. Nay, the safety of your Father, as well as that of a many more lies at the stake: for these very Romans who celebrate him to day, will discard him to morrow if the humour take them: endeavour then to prove a Protector to *Brutus*, by faithfully serving the Prince he hath so much exasperated. You ought,

and

and you may do it without hazarding any thing, or if you will not do it, do but tell me what I shall say to *Ocrisia* and *Teraminta*, from whom I sent you Letters by *Aquilius*. For in a word I am to tell you, that if you engage not in the Kings Party, *Tullia* will not be perswaded but that it is their fault: and that by some indirect way or other, they have given you notice not to give any credit to the Letters I brought you from them; so that you may easily judge, that *Ocrisia* will be never the more happy for your standing out, and the fetters of poor *Teraminta* will never be the lighter. The Gods are my witnesses, says *Titus*, how far I would venture my life for *Ocrisia*; but to deal freely with you, it is against my judgment to undertake a thing as unjust as impossible. For my part, added *Tiberius*, though I am satisfied that honour would advise me to leave *Teraminta* a captive, rather than return *Rome* into slavery; yet must I needs confess, that it is not without abundance of difficulty, that I resolve to leave her loaden with chains, and that the absolute impossibility of the design proposed to me, is little enough to keep up my vertue in this emergency, and to be convinc'd that it is the advice of reason, that I should suffer my Mistress to be a slave rather than my Countrey.

At these words, *Teraminta*, who by the appointment of *Tullia*, was come with the Envoys, disguised in mans clothes, started out of one of the little Arbours I spoke of, and fixing her eyes on *Tiberius*, Ah, my Lord, said she, if it be true, that *Reason* advises you to be willing your Mistress should be a slave rather than your Countrey: it is as true on the other side, that if you will be advis'd by *Love*, you will rather see *Rome* in slavery, and *Teraminta* free. *Tiberius* surpris'd at the sight and voice of that excellent person whom he had so extraordinary an affection for, started back a little to take the better notice of her; whereupon, presently after breaking forth into an exclamation; Ah more than amiable *Teraminta*, said he to her, what dangerous tryal do you put my vertue to? Ah! *Tiberius*, replyed she with a languishing voice, to what posture do you intend to reduce my fortune! *Titus* perceiving *Teraminta*, presently imagin'd that *Ocrisia* was to come out of one of the Arbours, and turned about hoping to see her; but *Tarquin*'s Envoy guessing at his imagination, told him, that she wanted the confidence to come along, though *Tullia* would have oblig'd her to do it. Whereupon giving *Teraminta* opportunity to prevail with *Tiberius*, as she had promised him, if she might but speak with him alone; he took *Titus* aside into one of the little Arbours, to repeat over to him all the inducements he made use of to perswade those he had any discourse with, to engage in *Tarquin*'s party. So that *Teraminta* seeing her self at liberty, and being no longer forc'd to smother her true real sentiments, with a low voice spoke thus.

Think not my Lord, says this fair and vertuous slave to *Tiberius*, that the Letter you have received as from me, is any effect of my will: I writ it by the appointment of the cruel *Tullia*, and it is by her absolute command that I am here at this present. Do not therefore I beseech you, suspect me guilty of so much baseness, as to prefer my liberty and life before your interests, and imagine not, though I have the liberty to speak with you without any body by, that I shall dispose of the power you have given me over your heart, to perswade you to do a thing that's unjust. No, my Lord; *Teraminta* hath a soul too generous to do it; not but that I am satisfied, that if you engage not in *Tarquin*'s party, I shall be the most unfortunate slave that ever was; for this cruel Princess told me as I took leave of her, That if I prevail'd with you I should be assured of liberty; but if I did not, I must expect a misery, in comparison whereof death were a mercy. However, my Lord, know, I ask nothing of you, either contrary to vertue, or your own concernments; and that I had rather a thousand times die crushed with the chains I carry about me, than to make an unjust propositon to you. Ah *Teraminta*, said *Tiberius*, you ask me all things when you ask me nothing; and you perswade me much the more, when you avoid perswading me, than if you imployed all your eloquence to draw me into the interests of *Tarquin*. Think not, I beseech you my Lord, replied that discreet Virgin, that what I say to you proceeds from any artifice; for I would have you confident, that though I am in a manner assured of death, if you do not what the cruel *Tullia* would have you, yet am I far from desiring you should. I am certainly born in such a condition, as makes slavery insupportable to me; but to be free with you, the Queens injustice hath wrought so much horrour in me for any thing that is unjust, that I would rather die innocently than live criminally. Give me then leave to entreat you, not to reflect on me at all in this adventure, and to do nothing but what your own reason shall advise you to, without consulting your Love. But *Teraminta*, replied *Tiberius*, you are now in *Rome*, is there no means to hinder your departure hence? The Senate hath not yet concluded the debate upon the proposition hath been made to it; so that these Envoys not leaving the City till to morrow, I may in the mean time endeavour to get you out of their hands. Ah my Lord, replyed *Teraminta*, offer it not, unless you have a mind to hasten my death; for he who is now in discourse with *Titus*, hath order to kill me, if any tumult should happen that might oblige him either to fly or stand upon his own defence. So that from the time I have been speaking, he hath about him the Poniard that's design'd to take away my life; and did he but know what I now tell you, I should not long survive. Ah! *Teraminta* (cryed he, with extreme precipitation) It is then in vain to deliberate.

This Envy hearing him speak so loud, came along with *Titus* to him, and asked him what resolution he had taken; but *Teraminta* preventing him, and desirous to enflame his generosity as much as might be, told him that *Tiberius* was resolved not to quit the Party he was in, and that she had no more to say to him. Pardon me there, replyed bluntly the Envoy, you have yet something to say to him, as much as a last farewell amounts to, for assure your self, the Queen is so far perswaded that you have an absolute power over *Tiberius*, that she will never believe you have done all that lay in your power: so that she being violent and mischievous, may be easily induc'd to make use against you, of that right whereby the life of a slave is at the mercy of the master. While the Envoy was speaking this,

thus, *Tiberius* looked on *Teraminta* whose inviting eyes seemed to beg life at his hands. Insomuch, that the danger wherein he saw her, filling his mind with all the fatal images which the death of a person beloved might raise in that of a Lover; he presently yielded, and thought it better to hazard all, than to lose *Teraminta*. He thereupon told the Envoy, that provided they would secure his Father's life, he would be of *Tarquin*'s party, and would do all that lay in his power to ruine the newly erected Common-wealth. *Teraminta* durst not for the present oppose *Tiberius*; besides that, notwithstanding her great generosity, she was not displeased to receive such an expression of affection from a Lover, she had so much tenderness for. In the mean time, *Titus*, who saw not *Ocrisa* as *Tiberius* did *Teraminta*, would not so easily comply with his Brother: but the other, who was wont ever to guide him by his judgment, spoke to him as a man that had taken a resolution which nothing should alter. So that *Titus* thinking it a dishonour to seem less tender of *Ocrisa*, than *Tiberius* was of *Teraminta*, submitted to him: Not but that *Tiberius* had a great struggling in his soul; but he was young, he was a lover, he saw his Mistress exposed to death, and he could not be perswaded, but that he who promised him his Fathers life, would be as good as his word. Besides, running over things confusedly; he thought, that if the design took, their Father should depend on him and *Titus*, whereas now they depended on their Father, whom they at first made some difficulty to obey. *Tarquin*'s Envoy seeing things thus onward to the design, put *Teraminta* into the hands of an ancient slave, who had waited on her, and looked after her ever since she came to *Rome*, and carried back these two young Lovers to their friends. *Tiberius* would needs be the last, because he would have said something to *Teraminta*, but the other not desirous to leave him behind, suffered him not to deliver himself of all he had to say, nor *Teraminta* to answer what she could have desired: so that the best interpreters of their several apprehensions were their eyes.

The Envoy having brought *Brutus*'s Sons among the Conspirators, they were received with inexpressible joy, they promised them what they would themselves, and thought those who were come from *Tarquin*, were resolved to begin the execution of their design, with the death of *Brutus* and *Valerius*, yet did they not discover their intention to all that were present: they told them, that the first thing to be done, was to secure the persons of the two Consuls; but as to the design of dispatching them, it was kept as a great secret: and the better to blind the Sons of *Brutus*, they said, that because *Tarquin* had been banished from *Rome* because he was charg'd with too much cruelty, care should be taken to avoid it where it were not necessary, so to perswade the people that he was now of another judgment. *Tiberius* and *Titus* being secure as to their Fathers life, soon digested that aversion which they had at first to engage in that party. Besides, that it being ordinary in young men unexperienced with affairs, to be glad of something to do, they did as the rest, and behaved themselves as young men whose hearts are full of their first love, and first apprehensions of ambition.

They therefore considered of all the courses they should take to execute their design, and for the space of three or four days, during which time the Senate were still debating the propositions put in by the Envoys, they met divers times in several places to give an account of what progress they had made. But the Senate having at last granted the Envoys the liberty to carry away whatever belonged to *Tarquin* and the Princes his Sons, they, to gain time, desir'd further the permission to give him notice that had sent them, and that they might send for Chariots and Mules sufficient to carry away such abundance of things as belong'd to a Prince, who had impoverished all the Families of *Rome* to enrich himself. So that this last favour being also granted, they imploy'd the time assigned them to accomplish their conspiracy. What was most remarkable, was, that there were a many of *Brutus*'s kindred in it; and that *Tiberius*, whom *Teraminta* could never have perswaded had she endeavour'd it, was one of the most earnest of the conspirators, merely because he would save the life, and secure the liberty of a person that had a Soul great enough to give him an advice so generous, and full of vertue. Now the Envoys thought that *Teraminta* had really prevail'd with *Tiberius*, and thereupon permitted a little discourse between them sometimes; but the more she urged the things she had said before, the more was he strengthen'd in the resolution he had taken to deliver her. *Tarquin*'s Envoys in the mean time prudently labouring the safety of that Prince, who was to come in the night, and with certain Troops, seize the City, as soon as they had secured the Consuls, and possessed themselves of one of the Gates, would needs oblige all the Conspirators to write to the Tyrant, to assure him of their fidelity. They at first made some difficulty at it, and the business came to so long and so loud a dispute, one night that they were at *Brutus*'s Brother-laws, who was also one of the conspiracy, that a slave named *Vindicius*, seeing them ready to come to blows, hearkned at the Hall door what pass'd between people that seem'd to be so exasperated one against another. Besides, that his Master having commanded all his slaves out of the Hall, which assoon as they were out, he had carefully lock'd, *Vindicius* was guilty of so much curiosity as amounted to a desire of knowing what was done. There being a cranny in the midst of the door, he could the better both see and hear those that spoke. He heard then that the business was to serve *Tarquin*, to subvert the new Government, and to oblige the Conspirators to write to the Tyrant to assure him of their fidelity, that so he might the more securely approach *Rome*. Nay, he saw that, yielding at last, some began to write, others to dispose themselves to do the like.

Things being in this posture, *Vindicius*, a person that understood himself well enough, wearied with slavery, ill treated by his Master, and startled to see persons so near *Brutus* conspiring against him, imagin'd it would be a certain way to recover his own liberty, if he hindred *Rome* from returning into slavery. He therefore resolv'd to go secretly and acquaint the Consuls with what was in hand; but as he went, he bethought him that he needed do no more than acquaint *Valerius* with the business; for the Sons, Brother-laws, and Nephews

of

of *Brutus* being engag'd in the Conspiracy, he was afraid he might proceed too slowly in it, should he have acquainted him with it at first. He went therefore to *Valerius*, whom he acquainted with all he knew, and being one that knew well enough how to deliver himself, he discovered the circumstances so particularly, that *Valerius* was satisfy'd of the truth of it. So that the business requiring expedition, in regard it might be fear'd lest the plotters might disperse themselves, and that the letters they had written might not be found for their conviction, he went streight to the place where they were, without acquainting *Brutus* therewith, taking with him such a number of people, that it was not possible for the conspirators to make their party good against him. In the first place, *Valerius* possessed himself of the main Gate of the house, which was open'd to him by *Vindicius*, as also that of the Hall where they were lock'd in. But because the windows of it were low, *Valerius* caus'd some of his people to pass on the other side, while others were breaking open the Gate; so that with little trouble, both the Envoys and Conspirators were secured; and what was most considerable, they met with all the letters had been written to *Tarquin*, nay, they found the order they were to observe in the execution of their grand design, which the Envoys were also to send to their Master. They had not shewn it to *Brutus*'s Sons, but had it about them, intending to joyn it to the Letters, which they were to have, so to send all together to *Tarquin*.

Having thus taken them, *Valerius*, as a prudent man, made a distinction between the Tyrant's Envoys and the Conspirators; for the latter were bound as Traytors, the others only put under a strong guard; and having taken all necessary order in the business, he acquainted *Brutus* with all that had passed, who was extremely troubled that his Sons should engage in so wicked a design. But as he had sometime sacrificed his own reason in hope to deliver *Rome*, so now he resolv'd, if need were, to sacrifice his own children for the safety of his Country. All the hope he had, was, that their crime might not haply be so great as was said, and that there were some way either to justifie or excuse them. However he prepar'd himself to endure whatever were most insupportable, and, to do it, summon'd all his constancy. For, having seen the death of *Lucretia*, he thought himself able to overcome any misfortune whatever. Having therefore hardned himself for whatsoever his mind should represent to him as most deplorable after so deplorable an accident, he joyn'd with *Valerius* in giving order for all things. A Senate was call'd as soon as day appear'd, all publick places were guarded, they chang'd the Guards of all the City Gates, for fear of some treachery; and that they might do nothing injurious to the Law of Nations, they sent out of *Rome* these Envoys of *Tarquin* without doing them the least violence. So that being forc'd away in some disorder, they thought not on either the unfortunate *Tarquinia*, or the old Slave that kept her, who remain'd in the house of the *Fecialis*; for they were conducted out of the City, not having the liberty to return to the place where they had lodg'd since their coming to *Rome*. But for *Tarquin*'s household-stuff, which they might have carried away, the Senate having well examined the business, thought it not so fit to confiscate them to the use of the Common-wealth, as that they should be bestow'd by way of plunder among the people, who after an action of that nature, would not be so easily induc'd to trust the Tyrant, if ever he should endeavour to lure them by false promises.

The business was no sooner said than executed, for in less than two hours space, there was hardly any popular house in *Rome* wherein there was not something that had belong'd to *Tarquin*. For the grounds between *Tiber* and the City, belonging to that Prince, they were by order of the Senate consecrated to the God *Mars*, to obtain his assistance in the War they were to undertake. So that it being not then lawful to take the wheat then ready to be put into the King's Storehouses, the people to express their indignation, cast into the *Tyber*, which at that time was very low, the whole harvest of that large tract of ground. So that that prodigious number of sheaves, crossing and knocking one against another, and so consequently being entangled, were stopp'd in one place where the Sand hindred their passage; and the first keeping back the second, they the third, and so fastning one in another, they made divers heaps, which also being joyn'd together, the Sun and the moisture did as it were cement, and so made a kind of an Island, which in progress of time became as firm and durable, as those Islands which had been from the beginning of the World.

But while the multitude thus expressed their hatred against *Tarquin*, the Senate thought fit to examine the conspiracy. To understand it the better, the Letters of the Conspirators were to be seen, which *Valerius* having deliver'd to him, who by his place was to read them in the Assembly, whereupon it was ordered they should be read. The first thing read was the order of the enterprise, which those agents of *Tarquin* were to send to him, without the knowledge of either of *Brutus*'s Sons. But as this illustrious Consul could not divine that it was so, so he was extremely surpris'd to hear the following Paper read.

It is resolved the execution of the enterprise shall begin with the deaths of Brutus *and* Valerius: *which done, we shall possess our selves of the Gate that leads to* Tarquinian, *so to make way for the troops which shall come on that side. We shall also do what may be to seize the* Cirque, *the* Capitol, *and the* Sublician *Bridge. An Act of Oblivion shall be promised the people, and we shall not trouble our selves to kill any but the most considerable persons of the Senate, so to deprive it of those which might prove the heads of Parties. Be you therefore ready, Sir, to send away the Troops that shall be expected from you, and to come your self in person, if you would be soon in a condition to re-ascend into the Throne. We send you the Letters of the chiefs of those who are of our party, that you may not doubt of what we say; as also that you may be more diligent in the execution of so considerable a design.*

The

The perſon imployed to read, had hardly given over reading what *Tarquin*'s Envoys had written, but a ſecret noiſe was heard in the aſſembly, proceeding from the horror they conceiv'd at ſo pernicious a deſign. *Brutus*, for his part, was aſtoniſh'd to ſee his Sons engaged in a conſpiracy which was to break out with his death. But it troubled him much more, when he who was to read, continuing his imployment, entertained him with the Letters of *Tiberius* and *Titus*, to *Tarquin*, which were in theſe words.

Tiberius to the King.

Sir,

THoſe whom you have entruſted your ſecret to, know with what earneſtneſs I engage my ſelf to whatever they ſhall think may contribute to and promote your ſervice: but ſince they would needs have me to give you this aſſurance my ſelf, I faithfully promiſe you not to ſpare either blood or life to reſeat you in your Throne.

Titus to the King.

Sir,

TO know my ſentiments, you need only be acquainted with thoſe of my Brother, ſince you may be aſſured I ſhall do whatever he hath reſolv'd to further your ſervice, and withal, that I ſhall look on all thoſe that are not for you as my enemies.

The reading of theſe two letters made more noiſe in the aſſembly, than what had been read at firſt; and there was not a Senator preſent, but did participate of the grief which *Brutus* muſt needs be in, to ſee his own Sons conſpiring his death: for theſe two letters being read immediately after what the Envoys writ to *Tarquin*, it muſt need be imagined that theſe unfortunate young men, whom only love had made criminal, knew ſomething of the deſign there was to diſpatch *Valerius* and *Brutus*.

In the mean time this great man, whoſe ſoul was undiſturbed in all accidents, being loth to condemn his Children, but in caſe it were out of his power to excuſe them, deſir'd the ſight of the letters, whereof he ſoon knew both the writing and the ſeals: ſo that being ſatisfi'd of their guilt, he was incredibly troubled at it. However, he maſtered his own Sentiments, and gave hearing to all the other Letters of the conſpirators. But at length all being legally proved againſt them, and they pleading guilty themſelves, *Valerius* asked *Brutus* what he thought fitteſt to be done, eſpecially as to what concerned *Tiberius* and *Titus*. As I am their Father, replied this illuſtrious Conſul, I pardon them the deſign they had to deſtroy me. But as I am a Roman Citizen, which I cannot but be, I cannot pardon them the crime they have committed againſt their Countrey, and am forc'd by the ſame vertue which obliges me to pity their misfortune, to leave them to the Laws of the Countrey, and not to deſire any favour for them. For ſince I have ever been ready to ſacrifice my own life for *Romes* ſafety, I may very well be engaged to offer up thoſe of my children, if the publick good require them.

Theſe words came from *Brutus*, not only with an accent of that deep melancholy he had not ſhaken off ſince *Lucretia*'s death, but alſo with a certain fierceneſs which very much diſcovered the agitation of his mind: And indeed ſomething it was he felt, which cannot well be expreſſed, for though he had a horror for the crimes of his Children, yet had he ſtill a tenderneſs for them: ſo that Nature and Glory debating the buſineſs in his heart, his diſturbances were incredible. He reflected on the generous anſwer he had made, and thought it might contribute more to the ſaving of their lives than any thing elſe: nay, he was of opinion, that if he took any other courſe, it would but haſten their death: So that being ſilent after he had ſpoken ſo generouſly, there roſe a great conteſtation in the Aſſembly: for what likelihood could there be in ſuch a conjuncture of time, that a crime of that nature ſhould be pardoned, and that when ſo many were engaged in it; and what means was there to make any diſtinction between the Traytors, when they were equally guilty and convicted of a Treaſon which the Roman ſeverity had made impardonable, eſpecially after the Oath which *Brutus* himſelf had forced from the people, to put all thoſe to death who ſhould but propoſe the recalling of *Tarquin*? They were almoſt all young men, they were in a manner all of the ſame quality; they were engaged in the ſame deſign, according to the Laws they all deſerved to die; and conſequently there was no way to ſave two, unleſs it were done by an unjuſt favour. For to ſay they were the Sons of a man to whom *Rome* ought all ſhe had, would not amount to much; ſince that, on the contrary, look'd on as his Sons, they deſerv'd a double puniſhment. Beſides, upon that account, they muſt have ſaved the greateſt part of the Traytors for his ſake, ſince that he had amongſt them Brother-in-laws, and Nephews, as well as Children. Add to that, the danger of giving an example of indulgence in ſuch an emergency, was ſo great, that the ſafety of *Rome* was concerned in it; and the buſineſs was of ſuch conſequence, that there was not any Roman who thought not himſelf loſt, and that *Rome* would be reduced into her former ſlavery, if all theſe Conſpirators were not moſt ſeverely puniſhed.

Brutus wanted not that prudence that led him to the ſight of all theſe things, as alſo to a knowledge of the moſt ſecret ſentiments of thoſe who ſpoke moſt favourably on the behalf of his Sons. But this conteſtation taking up much time, the people weary with pillaging, and caſting the wheat out of *Mars*'s field into the *Tyber*, came tumultuouſly to the place where the Senate was, and furiouſly demanded why thoſe were not puniſhed, who would have delivered *Rome* into the Tyrants hands. So that *Brutus* laying hold on that occaſion, ſaid it were but juſt the people ſhould be heard in that occurrence, hoping that when the multitude ſhould ſee the criminals, it would diſtinguiſh his Sons from the reſt, and would have ſaved their lives for his ſake. He had further the opportunity during this tumult, to ſpeak to *Herminius* and *Amilcar*, who made a ſhift to get near him; for while this confuſion laſted, no order could be obſerved. He therefore adviſed with them, to ſee if without doing ought againſt *Rome*, there were any means left to ſave the lives of his children.

But while he was speaking to them, a young man very fair and and handsome, but withal very sad, cast himself before *Brutus*, with the tears in his eyes, and directing his speech to him; My Lord, said he, I humbly beg a little discourse with you in private, for I have some things to tell you, which it very much concerns you to know, so to oblige you to some compassion on *Tiberius* and *Titus*, who are more innocent than you imagine. *Brutus* surprised at what he heard, looked earnestly on him that spoke to him; but though he was perswaded he had some acquaintance with that face, yet could he not discover it to be *Teraminta*, whom he had so often seen at *Tullia's*: for she being in mans clothes, he being extremely troubled, made no great reflexion thereupon, and only gave her the hearing; so that assuring her she might speak freely before those that were with him, he askt her what she would have. Alas! my Lord, replyed she, I would tell you that the unfortunate *Teraminta* who now speaks to you, is the innocent cause of *Tiberius's* crime. How, replied *Brutus*, are you *Teraminta*, *Tullia's* slave? I am, my Lord, said she, that *Teraminta* whom that cruel Princess hath sent hither to engage *Tiberius* unto her party, and who, though I have not had the least intention to do it, have nevertheless proved the cause that he is engaged therein, merely to save my life, and to break my chains: so that love is the occasion of his crime: But, my Lord, I protest to you, that when he engaged in that party, it was with provision made for your safety, and that you should not receive the least prejudice either as to life or fortune. And yet I did all that lay in my power to hinder him from being drawn into the interests of *Tarquin*; but I find, though too late, that my vertue hath surmounted his, and that his affection being inflamed by what I said to him, he would needs save the life of a person, whom he was told the merciless *Tullia* would put to death, if she prevailed not with him. But, my Lord, I protest to you once more, that he knew not in the least that there was any design against your life; and for *Titus*, the love he had for *Ocrisia*, and the friendship for *Tiberius*, drew him into the same party, and both being prepossessed by their passions were perswaded they did you service, even when they conspired against you, nay imagin'd they obliged their Countrey, in not suffering the Government thereof to be chang'd. Have therefore some compassion on your unfortunate Children, and do what you can to save their lives; for I swear to you once more, that they were very tender of yours: Not but that I know, continued this generous Captive, the people generally think otherwise, but knowing the whole truth, this sad report no sooner came to the place where I was, but I got away from the slave that kept me, to come and raise pity in your soul; and were it the pleasure of the Gods, O my Lord, that my death might purchase the lives of *Tiberius* and *Titus*: Not but that if the people knew me to be a slave of *Tullia's*, I should be immediately torn to pieces: But, my Lord, I can defie that danger; for I should dye satisfied, should your illustrious Sons but live.

These words fell from *Teraminta* with such a perswasive kind of grief, that there could no doubt be made of what she said; for there were in her eyes and face such visible marks of ingenuity, vertue, and despair, as might well have softned the hardest heart in the world. So that *Brutus* already yielding to that tenderness of soul he was much guilty of, felt his grief increasing upon him. He therefore spoke with much mildness to *Teraminta*, and told her he was resolved to do for his Sons, how guilty soever they be, whatever honour the interest of *Rome*, and the indeprecability of the people would permit. Whereupon, intreating *Herminius* to have a care of that fair and generous slave, who were she discovered would be in no small danger; he advis'd with *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*, about what was fit to be done. But after a long debate of the business, they concluded that *Brutus* must not by any means endeavour to deliver his Sons by any absolute authority, because it might haply hasten their death, and expose *Rome* to a sedition, and that the best course they could take, was to divide themselves among the people, so to endeavour to perswade them, that it were but justice to save the lives of *Brutus's* Sons, out of a consideration of their youth, and the vertue of their Father. But it being the main key of the work, that many should cry out the same thing, that so the people might seem to close with the multitude; *Amilcar* took it upon him to go and find out all their friends, to disperse them up and down among the multitude, and to come and give *Brutus* an account of the inclinations of the people, that so he might act as he thought most convenient. So that refraining to come near the assembly till he were satisfied what to do, he spoke to *Horatius* as he passed by, and had some discourse with him about the present face of affairs.

But while he had been talking with *Herminius*, *Teraminta*, *Amilcar*, *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*, and had some discourse with *Horatius*, the people sent in their demand to the Senate, that their Conspirators might be put to death, and that the Oath which *Brutus* had made all the Romans take, which was, that all those should dye without exceptions, who should but propose the recalling of the Tyrant, should be observed. *Valerius* at first would needs tell them, that they must not be so hasty, but this answer so far incensed those to whom it was made, that it was easily inferred thence, it could not but be dangerous to oppose that exasperated multitude. No, no, said some who were desirous those wretches might be immediately put to death, there's nothing to be debated in this case; these Conspirators must be severely punished, to keep the contagion from spreading to others, or we must set open the gates of *Rome* for *Tarquin* to come in, for it were better to entertain him willingly, than to stay till he become Master of *Rome*, through the treachery of some base Citizens. Hasten therefore the execution of those Traytors who would have cut your throats, and let the Sons of *Brutus* be put to a more cruel death than the rest, as being the most criminal.

In a word, added one of those people, if they have their lives given them, they would take away his from whom they have theirs, and would endanger the safety of *Rome* by destroying him. What more suitable than death for Traytors, who would be the executioners of their own Father, and enslave their Countrey to a Tyrants will?

This

This man having finished his Harangue, there was heard a strange noise of acclamations, and thousands of voyces crying out at the same time, *Let them dye, let them dye*, whereby *Valerius* and the whole Senate easily discovered that it was not in their power to pardon any one of the criminals. In the mean time *Amilcar*, and the rest of *Brutus*'s friends having throng'd in among the people, to say something for the Sons of that illustrious Roman, met with so few to joyn with them, that they perceived it was impossible to save *Tiberius*, and *Titus*. So that fearing *Brutus* might endeavor to rescue them by his Authority, and to ruine himself, *Amilcar* came and acquainted him how things stood. But while he was with him, the people without any order, went and brought all those criminals to the place where all the Senators then were, and not willing to take the pains to conduct them to the ordinary place for such executions; this incensed multitude demanded they should be immediately put to death, since that their crime being proved, Sentence was given against them by the Laws, and by the Oath which *Brutus* had made them take. *Valerius* seeing things reduced to this extremity, would not have *Brutus* called, it seeming to him a thing that spoke too much cruelty, to desire him to be a Spectator at the death of his own Sons. So that leaving these criminals to the rigor of the Laws, they began, according to the custom of *Rome*, to punish them for their crime by a kind of punishment rather ignominious than cruel, which was to precede their death. But *Amilcar* coming thereupon to *Brutus*, and giving him an account of the disposition wherein he found the people; this great man feeling within him all that a paternal tenderness might make him feel, would needs try whether his presence might not raise some sentiment of humanity in the minds of that people. Doing therefore a more than ordinary violence on his own inclinations: yet after he had submitted himself to the disposal of fate, and offered up the lives of his Children to the Protector Gods of *Rome*, if the publick liberty required him, he breaks through the people, followed by *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, and the unfortunate *Teraminta* who would not be gotten from him by any thing could be said to her, and with much ado comes up to *Valerius*. But alass! he was no sooner gotten to him, but he finds some of the Conspirators dead, and his two Sons so near death, that he had not the leisure to think of what he had either to do or say; for one minute resolved him that he had no other course to take, than resolutely to undergo so great an affliction, or to betray a fruitless weakness. So that mustering up all the forces of his Soul, he kept his ground, and smothering the disorder he felt within, he seemed with abundance of constancy to look on the most deplorable object in the world. And yet it is certain he saw not what he looked on, for the first sight of those dead bodies putting him in mind of all his misfortunes, the image of dead *Lucretia* presented it self to him, and joining with that of his expiring children, filled him with so much affliction, that it made him seem insensible, and in a manner cruel to those who are not acquainted with what was within him.

On the other side, the wretched *Teraminta* seeing her dear *Tiberius* in so sad a condition, and so near parting with his life, would needs go up to him not knowing what she did. But he, notwithstanding the terrors of death, knowing who it was, made signs to her to go back, and so gave her occasion to imagine that he was more troubled for her than himself; though he were ready to receive Death's last blow. *Teraminta* went forward nevertheless, but offering to come yet nearer and nearer, those who were employed in this sad execution, gave her an unmannerly repulse, and finishing the last act of their office, took away the life of the unfortunate *Tiberius*. *Teraminta* had no sooner seen his head severed from his body; but she fell down, crying out aloud, yet so as nothing could be heard, but the name of *Tiberius* confusedly pronounced. *Herminius* and *Amilcar*, who saw her falling, went to raise her up and to cherish her, for they knew the cause of her affliction, but they found her expiring, and that the same blow which took off *Tiberius*'s his life, made her acquainted with death. So that having a certain compassion on the sad fate of that beauty, they took a care to keep the people from coming to the knowledge of what she was, least they might tear her body in pieces, and so caused some of their Slaves to carry her to the generous *Sivelia*'s, who was so charitable as to defray the charges of her enterment.

The Sons of *Brutus* in the mean time, having breathed out their last, and their Illustrious Father given that great example of constancy, which hath made him to be charged with an excess of severity by such as were not acquainted with the transactions within him, the Tumult was appeased, the people was astonished at the sacrifice *Brutus* had made to his Countrey, his Authority became thereby the greater, and that constancy raising terror in the minds of all the *Romans*, there was not any one that durst so much as think of *Tarquin*'s re-admission. But what reputation soever *Brutus* might gain thereby, it brought him not the least satisfaction; on the contrary, he never had been so much afflicted. He was no sooner come to his own house, but all his friends came to him, yet knew not what to say to him, as not presuming either to commend or bemoan him. There hapned one thing that renewed his grief; for one of those under whose custody *Tiberius* and *Titus* had been, was come to tell him, that those unfortunate Lovers had charged him to assure their Father of their innocence, as to what concerned him, and that it was *Tiberius*'s desire he should be acquainted with the generosity of *Teraminta*, that he might accordingly provide for so virtuous a Lady; giving him a punctual account of all she had said to him in the Garden of the *Faciales*, all which added very much to *Brutus*'s affliction. However he seemed not to be much troubled while there were any with him; but when all were dismissed, and that there was only *Herminius* left with him, I was almost perswaded, said he to him, with a deep sigh, when the unfortunate *Lucretia* died, that I should never have known any other grief, but fortune hath been pleased to find out other torments for me. For my part, I am at a loss what to think, and it must be acknowledged, though to the confusion of humane reason, that the secret Counsels of the Gods are unsearchable, and that it is a thing very hard for men to arrive at such a con-

dition as to be assured they do nothing that may displease them. And in a word, will it not be said that Fortune makes sport with all the designs that Prudence laies, and that all her business is to bring about unexpected events, without ever considering whether the things be just or not?

And yet it must needs be granted, that there is a Reason above ours which guides us with discretion, though we apprehend it not, and which by unknown ways makes the same causes produce effects of a different nature. 'Tis true indeed, replied *Herminius*, that all that hath happened to you is altogether extraordinary; But when all is done, since it contributes to the glory of the Gods, and the instruction of men, that there should be great examples of virtue; there must also be misfortunes, and unfortunate persons. I grant it, replied *Brutus*, but to speak freely, it is a sad thing for a man to be the model of constancy, and not to live, but only to suffer. For in a word, my dear *Herminius*, would you but take the pains to reflect on what ever hath happened to me, you will find nothing but a long series of misfortunes. The first of all, was to be born in the time, and under the government of the lewdest Tyrant in the World, and withall to be of his blood. The consequence of this you know was, that I was brought up in exile, that *Tarquin*'s cruelty robb'd me of a Father and a Brother, that I was forc'd to conceal my reason to secure my life, and to wait the opportunity to deliver *Rome*. How have I been in love, yet durst not discover it; that afterwards I was not beloved again, but that I might be the more miserable? How have I been forced by a strange unhappiness, to see *Lucretia* in the embraces of my Rival; and what is yet more terrible, how have I seen her in those of Death? This once endured, I thought there was not any thing afterwards to be feared, and that to lessen my affliction, it might haply be the pleasure of the Gods, that her death and my love should prove serviceable to the Liberty of my Countrey. And yet it happens that the same passion that makes me undertake any thing for *Rome*, makes my children undertake all things against both *Rome* and me. So that by a sentiment, which I cannot but discover, I excuse them while I accuse them, and I am very much more sensible of their unhappiness than I should have been, had they been guided by any other motive. Not but that it grieves me to the heart to think that I have had Children that should endeavor to put *Rome* into her chains again, but when I reflect on their being in Love, I pity and bemoan them. *Lucretia* appears to me with all her inviting attractions to plead for them, and I suffer at this instant, all that a paternal indulgence, all that the tender resentments of Love can make me endure, and all that Nature and Reason, when they are contrary one to another, can make a man feel that is most harsh and insupportable.

You are so ingenious, and your complaints so just, replyed *Herminius*, that a man cannot well find what to say to you. But all considered, if you are the most unfortunate, you are withall the most illustrious of that Predicament, for your misfortunes contribute to your glory, and are beneficial to your Countrey, *Lucretia*'s death caused *Tarquin*'s removal, and that of your Sons will stifle all conspiracies, and settle *Rome*'s liberty. It is my wish it may be so, replyed *Brutus*, but to be free with you, I am at a loss what to think of it, for who could ever imagine that *Brutus*'s Son should conspire against *Rome*, and against him? and yet you have seen it, and consequently there is not any thing which we may not, nothing which we ought not to be distrustful of, even to our virtue, nothing that can for any long time secure any mans happiness. Nay, I am so far unhappy, that I am not happy in my friends. *Aronces* is where he would not be; *Clelia* is among the Rivals of that only person whom she loves; nor are you yet in such a safe posture as to fear nothing. But when all is done, the Liberty of my Countrey engages me to live, and struggle with calamities; and the revenge due to *Lucretia*'s death, calls upon me to destroy those whom yet I have only driven hence. But that you may live, replyed *Herminius*, you must make a truce with your grief: on the contrary, replyed this afflicted, yet illustrious person, I must give it way till I have made it habitual, and for a man to suffer long, he must suffer without any intermission.

Whilst these two friends exchanged these sad discourses, the general talk of all was about what had happened. Some discoursed of the Conspiracy, others of the death of the Conspirators, and all of the constancy and great virtue of *Brutus*. The Prince of *Numidia*, sick and weak as he was, would needs have the story of this unhappy adventure exactly told him over and over, by *Amilcar* who came to visit him, and who to lessen the grief he might take at it, gave him a short account of the History of *Brutus*. So that this generous *Numidian* having heard *Amilcar*'s relation, was for a while silent; then breaking forth on a sudden, Ah, *Amilcar* how far am I short of the virtue of your illustrious friend, how weak am I, or how much in Love! for he hath met with thousands of misfortunes, and he bears them, and I groan under no other than that of not being loved, and it is insupportable to me. I am indeed ashamed to be so little master of my self, and were it only that I might in some sort deserve *Brutus*'s friendship, I will do what lies in my power to overcome the passion now predominant in my Soul. Till now was I never guilty of so much as any design to oppose it, so that it speaks not a little courage, that I am resolved to do what I can to conquer it. I have indeed sometimes said that I would do it, but must acknowledge I never have, and even in the very instant that I say I will do it: I am not very certain whether I shall continue in the same sentiments wherein I think my self to be. *Amilcar*, who thought it no hard matter to cure him of such a disease, assured him of his recovery, when he pleased himself, and so having comforted him, as he was wont, he went to *Lucilia*'s, where were the more virtuous persons of *Rome* met to do their civilities to *Hermilia*, upon the accident that had happened to her Brothers Sept. For though she was very young, yet were *Tiberius* and *Titus* her Nephews. *Clelia*, *Plotina*, *Cosmia*, *Flavia*, *Salomina*, *Valeria*, and *Collatina*, as also *Martius*, *Horatius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Herminius*, were in *Hermilia*'s Chamber, when *Amilcar* came thither. But of all these, *Hermilia* and *Collatina* were the most troubled at that unhappy accident; for among the Conspirators that had suffered

fered death there, were two of near kin to *Collatina*. What made them yet more sad was, that the interest of the two Princes, by whom they were courted, had engaged more into the Conspiracy, than any other motive, and consequently they might look on them as the innocent cause of that unfortunate adventure. Besides they were then in so little hope ever to see the Prince of *Pometia*, or Prince *Titus*, that they were sometimes glad of any occasion to weep which they might discover, so to mask the tears of love with those of friendship. They were therefore extreamly sad that day, and all that were present, complying with their humor, were no less. For *Clelia*, she had so much cause to be sad, that she never appeared otherwise. *Horatius* for his part, finding her ever cold and indifferent towards him, had no reason to be over joyful, though things were in such a posture as that he might entertain some hope.

Artemidorus had his fancy ever full of *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*. *Zenocrates* wanted not reflections, though more favorable than those of the rest. *Herminius*, by reason of the greatness of his affection, and the odd posture of his amorous fortune was also melancholly enough. *Mutius* was troubled that his Rival was so happy as to be loved, and the whole company excepting *Plotina* and *Amilcar* was not the least inclined to engage in any thing that were divertive, though it consisted of the noblest Souls in the World. And yet though their discourse were sad, sutable to the subject of it, Death; yet *Plotina* and *Amilcar* brought it at last to something that were pleasant.

In the first place, according to the custom upon such occasions, they spoke of the just occasion of grief which she had whom they came to condole with; that brought in some discourse upon the accidents, some were silent, others whispered, and all grew weary of it. But falling insensibly into other discourse and speaking lowder, they began to play upon *Flavia*, for that the very thought of death disturbed her reason, and troubled her almost as much as if she had been to dye a minute after her self. For though *Flavia* were a person of excellent endowments, yet had she that weakness of not commanding her own sentiments, so that she was subject to thousands of causeless fears. For my part, says *Plotina*, I have such an aversion for death, that for fear it should come too soon, I am resolved not to fear it at all; for certainly there is nothing worse for ones health, than to fear it too much. Nay, then says *Herminius*, I am happier than you; for I neither hates nor fear it. But for my part, says *Plotina*, I hate it most abominably, and I think I have reason to do so. For it is a rash inconsiderate thing, that ever comes before it is looked for, ever comes unseasonably, troubles all the enjoyments of life, separates friends and lovers, hath no respect of any thing, destroys beauty, laughs at youth, and is inflexible. All this is true replies *Herminius*, but it hath withall this advantage, that it makes all men equal, cures all diseases, puts a period to all misfortunes, and puts those it hastens on into such a condition. as not to suffer any thing afterward. In a word, it satisfies the ambitious, determines love and hatred, appeases all passions, and this evil that is so great and terrible, is the evil but of an instant, and such as for its infallibility ought not to be called an evil. On the contrary, replied *Flavia*, 'tis for that reason that death is the more terrible to me; for if it were uncertain, hope might take away some part of the fear I am in of it. But when I consider that one may dye every minute, and that thousands of several ways, I feel a certain cold at the heart, and I am almost at a loss of all reason. You are then very happy, replyed *Plotina*: Nay, she is such, beyond what you can imagine, says *Collatina*, for having a lively imagination, she sees dangers where there were never any. I am really of opinion, answers *Plotina*, that there is more prudence than is conceived, in being a little dull of apprehension; for when people search so much into the bottom of things, they many times get more hurt than good But you are not certainly always in fear, continued she, speaking to *Flavia*, for when one is well, is neither on a River, nor at Sea, nor yet in a Chariot, but in ones Chamber, in good company, and good health, methinks there's no such occasion of fear. Ah! *Plotina*, replyed *Flavia*, you know not what the fear of dying means, if you measure it only by the present dangers that wait on us. I remember says *Horatius*, that I saw *Flavia* much troubled at the death of a man that had lived almost an age. For my part says *Mutius*, I have known her lose her share of an excellent Collation, because it thundred. And to my knowledge says *Salonina*, I have seen her one day refuse an excellent walk, only because we were to cross the *Tiber*. For heavens sake, replyed she very pleasantly, take not so much pains to pump your memories for my fears, for I know them better than you do: and since you will needs have *Clelia*, and all present that know me not, to be acquainted with my weakness, I will tell my self all that I fear. I fear then all diseases in general great and small; I fear Thunder, I fear the Sea, and all Rivers, I fear fire and water, heat and cold, fair weather and foul, and I am afraid the earth should take occasion to shake at *Rome* as it does in *Sicily*. Besides, to my own misfortune, I know all that the *Tuscans* have said of presages, and I know it contributes to my torment, and to say all in few words, I fear what ever may directly or indirectly cause death. But cannot you imagine in your self, replyed *Amilcar*, that the fear of death causes deformity, sickness, and may occasion death it self, that you may be rid of so many fears. May it not come into your thoughts, added *Clelia*, that all these frights amount to nothing, that if the earth must shake, it will shake whether you will or no; that if a Thunder-bolt must fall, it will fall haply rather on that place where you take refuge, than on that you quit; and in a word, can you not submit your self to the disposal of the Gods? But can you not conceive your self, replyed *Flavia*, that if I could do otherwise I would do it? Do you think me destitute of reason, and that I do not many times perceive I am too blame? And yet after all, even at the same time that my reason condemns me, my imagination commands my heart, and makes it feel what she pleases. What I think most to be admired, says *Herminius* is, that all people find out some handsome pretence for the fear they have of death, for they confidently affirm that they are not subject to so much weakness, as to fear the pain that is suffered in dying, but they are afraid they

have not lived well enough; and what is remarkable, is, that without growing better, so to take away the fear they say they are in, their thoughts are wholly taken up in the preservation of their health, and avoiding what ever may prejudice it. Ah! Of that kind of people, says *Amilcar*, the world is full, and you meet every where such as fear the punishments of the other life without any amendment, and whose actions are contrary to their professions, and easily discover that they simply fear death, since they make provision only against that. For my part says *Flavia*, I am no very bad liver, and trust much in the goodness of the Gods, and therefore do not so much fear what shall happen to me after death as before, for I fear pain very much, besides the darkness of a Tomb startles me. But when all is done, says *Clelia*, all your fears are fruitless, you will dye as well as those that fear nothing, and the surest way is to lead the most virtuous life that one can, to expect death without wishing it or fearing it, and to entertain it as a thing we have waited for all our life, and which cannot be avoided. For my part, added *Racilia*, I find it requires a greater constancy to support a long old age, attended by those inconveniences which it commonly brings along with it, than to receive death chearfully. It is indeed, says *Plotina*, very pleasantly, a very cruel thing to become old, sick and deformed, when one hath been accustomed to be young, handsome, and healthy; and I know not whether I hate death so far, as that I had not rather see it than my self in that condition. But for what concerns me, says *Flavia*, though I were handsomer than *Lucretia* ever was, should any one offer to raise me up again, were I in her place, so as that I must come into the world, ugly, old, sick, and troublesome, I should take him at his word, and I would rather live, though abominably deformed, than be dead. You consider not what you say, says *Platina* smiling, and you fear death something less then you imagine; for I thought you would not for any thing have been raised to life again, for fear of dying once more, and you affirm the contrary. It is a thing so ordinary to abuse my weakness, replyed *Flavia*, that I am never angry how satyrical soever people may be at it. But the misery of it is, replyed *Herminius*, that you are not cured of it, nor indeed curable; for do what you can you will find, that as a gallant man cannot prove cowardly and base, so a fearful person can never become valiant. Since fear does make some sleight the danger, says *Horatius*, I know not why reason may do as much. Those who sleight danger, out of an excess of fear whereby they become valiant, replyed *Herminius*, can never give a greater expression of their fearfulness, than by doing a thing so much contrary to their disposition, so that they may be said to be a sort of Hectors, yet are still arrant cowards, and have lost nothing of their natural inclination. The case is otherwise with those who imploy their reason to force away fear from their hearts, since it cannot do it but by working a change in the persons, and making them act contrary to their inclinations. *Herminius* is certainly very much in the right, says *Flavia*; but to comply a little with my imperfections, I would all the Ladies now present, were obliged to give precisely their thoughts of death. For my part says *Herminia*, take me in the humor I am in, I could without great intreaty wish it. I go beyond you says *Collatina*, and there are certain intervals wherein I should not be much troubled if I had never been. Assure your self, says *Plotina*, I am not of your opinion, for there are things pleasant enough in this place; and I know no other remedy to cure the pensiveness of death, than that of never thinking on it. But when it hapens, against my will, that I hear of the death of any one, I ever sift out some cause of that death, such as cannot be appliable to my self. For instance, if it be of an aged person, I simply say, he hath been a long time in the World, and secretly think my self as yet very far from that age. If it were of a young body, I say, he or she was of a weak and sickly constitution, sometimes that they took no care of themselves, sometimes, that they had done something that occasioned that misfortune; and whatsoever I may say, I still flatter my self with a hope of living as long as any one can live.

I have a Catalogue of all those who have lived an age, and so discarding those pensive reflections assoon as possibly I can, and I fix my imagination on whatever speaks any joy, and so find my self incomparably better than *Flavia*, who fixes hers on fear. For my part says *Clelia*, I am of another humor, for I think on death when there is occasion, but without any frightning; for since I must infallibly see him one day, methinks it is but fit he should not be absolutely a stranger to me.

No more for Heaven's sake, says *Flavia*, of this discourse concerning death, unless you would have me dye, besides the poor comfort you afford the afflicted when you entertain them with nothing but what is sad. Those who speak of things that require much wit and mirth replyed, *Artemidora*, are more importunate on the other side, and yet this is ordinary in the World. What you say is true, answered *Zenocrates*, and therefore am I an enemy to these mourning-visits, for I cannot endure to be sad when I am not troubled; and it is certainly a very unhandsome thing to go and laugh with those that weep. There are so many things disorderly done in the Word, replies *Amilcar*, that we must accustom our selves to them, and were there no other inconveniencies in humane life than what we suffer through the extravagancies of others, we should not be much unfortunate, for look on mens humors generally, they rather make sport, then are troubled at them.

While they were thus engaged, was news brought that *Tarquin*, understanding by the return of his Envoys, that those who had declared for him were taken, had sent word by a Herald who was at the City-gate, that if they were put to death he declared open war against *Rome*. So that they being alraedy dispatched, the war was as good as declared. To this news was added that *Brutus* and *Valerius*, to shew how little they valued that bravado, had answered they would accept the challenge, and that on the morrow they would cause *Janus*'s Temple to be opened, which they had not shut since the departure of *Tarquin*, but to recreate the people with such a representation of peace as they had not seen during the Tyrants reign: For that Temple had not been shut since the time of *Numa*, during which there were 43 years of peace. This intelligence surprised not the enemy much, only *Clelia* was troubled at it, as imagining

imagining it must needs be hard, if, the War continuing, the King of *Clusium* should not engage therein; and that *Aronces* should not be drawn into a party opposite to that of *Rome*. Yet did she not discover her resentment, nay, was forced to permit *Horatius* to entertain her for some time, after which the company dissolved it self.

The next morning the two Consuls went, and, according to the Ceremony, opened all the Gates of *Janus*'s Temple, which was presently thronged with people to assist at the sacrifices offered on the twelve Altars, which were consecrated to the twelve months of the year, to the end, that when ever the *Romans* made war, they might get the better. *Brutus* made a publick Prayer for the people of *Rome*, which in few words, acquainted those that heard it, with the justice of their cause, and the respect they owed the Gods. Which done, and the presages proving all fortunate, and that that day was not any one of those that are thought fatal to the Romans, the people was generally in hope that the war might have a happy issue.

In the mean time, order was taken to put in execution who had been resolved on some dales before. *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, went disguised from *Rome* to *Clusium*, there, with the assistance of the Princess of *Leontum*, to hinder *Porsenna* from engaging in the War, that *Tarquin* was going to make; but this was, after conference had with *Brutus*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar*, and after leave taken by *Sulpicia*, and her incomparable Daughter. On the other side, *Celeres* having sufficiently disguised himself, was not discovered at *Tarquinia*, but was witness of the fury *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were in, when the enterprize of their Envoys failed at *Rome*. However, they took a certain wicked comfort to hear that *Brutus* had the affliction to see the death of his own children. *Cileres* saw also the despair of the beautiful *Ocrisia*, who would needs die when she understood the death of her servant.

In the mean time, though *Tarquin* were implacably incensed against *Aronces*, because he was loved by *Clelia*, the Tyrant's ambition being then predominant over his love, yet durst he not treat him harshly. On the contrary, he was so careful of him, that he soon recovered of his wounds, but was nevertheless very narrowly looked to. The greatest enjoyment *Aronces* had, was, that the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, both virtuous persons were permitted to visit him. So that from them he understood the transactions at *Rome*. *Celeres* therefore having observed that these Princes often visited *Aronces*, and not finding any other way to speak to him, but by their assistance, resolved to trust himself to the Prince of *Pometia*, a person of noble and virtuous inclinations. He therefore made acquaintance with him, and begged of him the favour to see *Aronces*, to bring him tidings from *Clelia*, assuring him he would not meddle with any thing but what directly related to the Loves of *Aronces*, without the least reflection on the concernments of *Rome*. In so much that the Prince of *Pometia*, sensible of Lovers misfortunes, promised *Celeres* to do what he desired, besides that, being infinitely in love with *Hermilia*, he in like manner would trust *Celeres*, and intreated him, that by the same way as he gave *Aronces* an account of *Clelia*, he would send tidings of him to the amiable Sister of *Brutus*. He made the Prince his Brother acquainted with this business, that *Celeres* might send from him to *Collatina*, whom he so dearly loved; for as things stood then, it would have been hard for them to send often to *Rome*, without being discovered. But by the means of *Celeres*, they doubted not the safe carriage of their Letters, so that having promised him not to write any thing but what related to their Love, and he on the other side engaged himself to them, not to meddle with any thing but what concerned that of his friend; those two Princes carried their business with so much prudence, that the officers that guarded *Aronces*, suffered some of their retinue to go in along with them, when ever they went to visit that prisoner. By this means *Celeres*, disguised like one of those Slaves, who wait on Princes in their Chambers, attended them when they went to see *Aronces*. The first time he came, that illustrious Prisoner was almost out of himself for joy, and the entertainment that happened between the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus* and him, was the noblest and most generous in the World. So that from that time *Celeres* became the Confident of these three Princes, and went divers times to *Rome* to bring their Letters to *Clelia*, *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, whose answers he faithfully returned to these three Lovers, who found some ease in discoursing of their joynt misfortunes, For, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* being great Lovers of Virtue, they had a horror for the wicked actions of those to whom they owed their lives; and if the same virtue that oblig'd them to abhorr their crimes, had not also engag'd them in their interests, they had been their enemies, for as to the Crown they had no pretence to it, *Sextus* being only look'd upon by *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, as fit to succeed them.

What was most remarkable, was, that this Prince, who, by the violence he did *Lucretia*, caused the ruine of his House, the insurrection of *Rome*, and all the miseries of the King his Father, the Queen his Mother, the Princes his Brethren, and himself, groaned under, did nevertheless mind his enjoyments in the little Town where he was retir'd, and whence he durst not stirr, because *Tarquin* could not in policy have been near his person. So that never reflecting on the death of that amiable person, or regarding the misfortunes which in all likelihood he must foresee; he led as voluptuous a life, as if he had been in *Rome* in absolute peace.

It was not so with *Tarquin* and *Tulia*, for they omitted nothing which they thought might contribute any thing to their re-establishment. Having thereforesent to *Rome*, and the Consuls having accepted the War they had declared, *Tarquin* went one morning to *Aronces*, to get him to write to *Porsenna*, to assure him of his noble entertainment, that so the person whom he intended to send to him, might the better be received. What I desire of you, saies *Tarquin* to him, contains nothing that is unjust, and savors not of the Tyranny which my enemies reproach me with. For having taken you in Arms against me, I might treat you as an enemy, and yet not be charged with any injustice. But since there is a very strict alliance between the King of *Clusium* and my self, I shall proceed with moderation. I am not to learn, My Lord, replies *Aronces*, without the least disturbance, that there hath been an alliance between *Rome* and *Clusium*, but

but know not whether there will be any hereafter between *Tarquin* and *Porſenna*.

How it ever may happen, added he, all I can tell you, is, that you have taken me in Arms, and that accordingly, I expect no other favor than to be treated as a Priſoner of War. Look not therefore on me in this conjuncture, as ſon to the King of *Cluſium*, but as a friend to *Clelius*, *Brutus*, *Valerius*, and *Herminius*, and a ſervant to *Clelia*. Look upon me, I ſay, as an enemy, and expect not I ſhould write any thing to the King my Father, to enſnare him into your intereſts. He underſtands his own better, replyed *Tarquin*, than to refuſe his protection to a Prince, forced away by his rebellious Subjects, and conſequently not to joyn with me. If he do it, replies generouſly *Aronces*, I ſhall be the moſt unfortunate of men, as being reduced to ſuch an extremity, as that I cannot bear Arms againſt you; and if he do it not, I ſhall infallibly make one among your enemies. *Tarquin* obſerving with what conſtancy *Aronces* ſpoke, and attributing it to the ſtrongeſt paſſion he had for *Clelia*, was ſo much the more exaſperated againſt him, inſomuch, that though he ought in point of policy to humour that illuſtrious captive, yet could he not forbear to give him a bitter anſwer, telling him, that if he were treated any better than he ſhould, it was not for his own ſake.

However, he ſends to *Porſenna*, to acquaint him, that he had taken his Son in Arms, yet that he did not detain him as an enemy, but only to keep him from getting into *Rome*, where he might marry *Clelia*, who was then at liberty; That knowing it was not his intention it ſhould be ſo, he ſent him notice of it, intreating and exhorting him to take his part; that he would remember the alliance there was between them; and to conſider his cauſe, as ſuch as might be that of all Kings.

This done, *Tarquin* went in perſon from City to City, to beg aſſiſtance of his neighbors, taking along with him the Princes Son's, to raiſe the more compaſſion in the people. But *Tarquin* being rather feared than loved, he was not received favourably any where but among the *Veientes*, for which reaſon he took the more pains to win them into his party, than any other; beſides that *Veie* was one of the moſt conſiderable Cities of all *Tuſcany*. It was as big as *Athens*, extreamly populous, and very rich, the inhabitants were ſtout men, and the Countrey belonging thereunto, reached from the *Janiculus* to *Tarquinia*, and from thence to the Mountain *Soracte*, towards the County of the *Faliſci*, being ſeated high in a fertile Country, about fourteen miles from *Rome*, and conſequently, very fit for the commodious entertainment of an Army, and withal, ſtrangely to incommodate the *Romans*. Beſides which, *Tarquin* being confident that the people of *Tarquinia*, which was alſo a very ſtrong City, would be for him, thought that if he could but joyn the *Veientes* and the *Tarquinians* together, they would be ſtrong enough to reduce *Rome*. He therefore was extreamly deſirous to engage them into his intereſts, and being loath to truſt any one to perſwade thoſe whom he would gain, he provided to ſpeak himſelf. The Council whereby that conſiderable City was governed, met together, *Tarquin* being followed only by the two Princes his Sons, with a ſmall train, to raiſe the greater pity in thoſe whom he would make partners in his diſgraces,

And as men are generally moved at extraordinary accidents, ſo, how tyrannical ſoever *Tarquin* might have been, thoſe he ſpoke to being not his ſubjects, but his neighbors and allies, they heard him with reſpect, and had a great compaſſion for him. *Tarquin* was not certainly any of the handſomeſt men, yet had he, I know not what, that was great amidſt his fierceneſs, which was not unſuitable to his birth. Add to that, his being followed by the Princes his Sons, who were very handſom men, did as it were, ſoften the hearts of thoſe who ſaw Princes of ſuch high birth, become unfortunate in ſo ſmall a time. *Tarquin* therefore being placed where he was to ſpeak, doing his humour a certain violence, began now to intreat, who had never before but commanded

You ſee generous Veientes, *ſaid he to them, what haply others never did, that is, an unfortunate King, that hath loſt a Crown in a moment, while he expoſed his life at the Siege of* Ardæa, *for the glory of thoſe who forced him away. I make no Apology for all the pretended violences which my enemies reproach me with, for the juſt limits of lawful authority, and tyrannical power, are not ſo preciſely deſigned by reaſon, but that men may ſometimes call that tyrannie, which is no more than an expreſſion of his vigor who governs: Without any examination therefore whether my Politicks have been guilty of too much rigor or not; I ſhall only ſay, that ſhould I have been unjuſt, yet are my ſubjects nevertheleſs criminal, and that my neighbors are obliged to aſſiſt me, You will haply tell me, That Monarchical States are more concerned in my protection than you are; but I may anſwer you, that it is no leſs your concernment than theirs, and that the conſequences of it may prove as dangerous in relation to your government, as to any other of a different nature. For in fine, to ſpeak properly, the King is not the object of the peoples hatred, but the power that keeps them in ſubjection. For he that would ſearch into the hearts of all Nations in the world, would find very often that thoſe who live in Republiques, would gladly live under Kings; and that thoſe that live under Kings, would fain live under a Common-wealth. So that it concerns you to puniſh the rebellion of my ſubjects, unleſs you would give an ill example to thoſe who at the preſent obey you, as being ſuch as haply are perſwaded that they cannot, but with expectation of puniſhment diſobey you. You know moreover, generous* Veientes, *that there is a natural antipathy between the* Romans *and you, which ſhould oblige you to embrace any juſt occaſion, to revenge your ſelves for the antient injuries they have done you. Embrace it then generouſly, and forſake not an unfortunate King, forced away not only by his ſubjects, but by his nearer kindred, who have ſnatched the Crown from him with their own hands, and who yet are forced to divide his power, becauſe there was not any one among them, that deſerved the ſole poſſeſſion of it to himſelf. Be not afraid to have to do with a ſort of men, who ſince they have proved rebellious to their King, will certainly prove traitors one to another. We ſhall triumph without trouble, if you will but aſſiſt me. But above all things, that which is of greateſt concernment, is expedition, ſo that my enemies may not have time to fortifie themſelves, by a conjunction of parties. Aſſiſt me then, generous* Veientes, *revenge your Troops heretofore defeated by the Roman Legions, and aſſume to your-*

ſelves

[illegible] the glory of having re-inflated a King in his Throne, who shall not otherwise employ the power he shall by your means recover, than to revenge you on your enemies, if there happen to be any that shall presume to molest you, when we shall be joyned together. The Tarquinians *will be on our side, and if you will take my advice, you will not stay till all other Nations concern themselves in my disgrace, you will envy your enemies the advantage of having revenged the affront I have received, and in a word, you will behave your selves like generous neighbors, faithful Allies and able Statesmen.*

Tarquin having given over speaking, withdrew, to leave them to the liberty of their suffrages. At first sight, he seemed to have moved the hearts of those that heard him, that all the voices were for him. But some of the Assembly having considered the business more narrowly, said, that the point to be debated was, whether they were Allies to *Rome*, or to *Tarquin*. For in fine, said one of those that were of that opinion, the union of two people, is that which occasions the conveniences of Commerce, and not the alliance of a dispossessed King, who is not to be considered otherwise by us, than as a private person. But if *Tarquin* get into the Throne again without our assistance, replyed another, what condition should we be in? would he not be our most implacable enemy, and this union of Nations, whence are derived all the conveniences of Commerce, could it subsist when we had forsaken him? It does not concern us to examine whether he hath been forced away justly or not; but it is our business to lay hold on an occasion, to make a War against our ancient enemies, since it proves advantageous to us. It is ever good to afford protection to fortunate Princes, and it were dangerous to refuse it: for in that, if we refuse to be of *Tarquin*'s party, we must side with *Rome*, for whom we have been already resolved to declare: So that *Rome* being the place that is to be set upon, it will be in our Countrey, and at our charge, that the enemies Army will subsist, without discipline, and consequently with all the violences which attend the first eruptions of Wars of this nature. On the contrary, if we are of their side, who must set upon *Rome*, it will be easier for us to rescue our Countrey from all military hostilities.

This *Velemin* having spoken with much earnestness, hindred the other that opposed him to carry away the greatest number of voices, though he also debated the business with much obstinacy. So that it was resolved that they would assist *Tarquin* with all the force they could make.

This Prince returning thereupon to *Tarquinia*, the Inhabitants of the City chearfully prepared to take the field with as many Troops as could be raised, as thinking it a thing making much for their glory, that a family of their City should reign at *Rome*. On the other side, *Brutus* and *Valerius* left nothing unmoved, in order to a preparation for the War, and, causing all to be listed that were able to bear Arms, and that were not listed before, they were to think at the same time of mustering their Legions, modelling an Army, exercising the new raised Soldiers, fortifying their City, and transporting the War as far as they could from their own Walls. So that in *Rome*, *Veia*, and *Tarquinia*, all were in Arms, all ready to fight. However, *Celeres* passed to and fro between *Rome* and *Tarquinia*, to carry news from *Aronces* to *Clelia*, and from *Clelia* to *Aronces*. But when ever he went, he wanted not a Pacquet to *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, who were more than infinitely troubled, when they understood that the Armies were soon to take the field. For when *Hermilia* did but imagine that she saw her Brother and her servant fighting one against another, she strugled with a grief that was too hard for her reason to deal with, and not knowing what to wish, she wished nothing at all, and so remained in the most afflictive uncertainty in the world. *Collatina* was also extreamly troubled, and *Clelia* so far, that her grief admitted no comparison. What added to her affliction, was, that she had understood by *Celeres*, that *Aronces* was at certain times guilty of a strange jealousie, out of a fear that *Horatius* might undermine him in her esteem. Insomuch that she knew not what to desire, as things stood; for if she wished that *Tarquin* would deliver him up to *Porsenna*, she thought he might be clapped up at *Clusium* as he was at *Tarquinia*, unless he should promise the King his Father, never to think of her more, which would have proved the greatest misfortune that ever could have happened to her. On the other side, if he made an escape, and came to *Rome*, she saw him between two Rivals, and withal, exposed to all the hazards of a War.

In the mean time, *Mutius* left nothing undone that might please *Valeria*, and *Herminius* was still importunate with *Valerius*, who would start from his resolution; besides that, not thinking it fit to marry his Daughter in that troublesome conjuncture of time, *Herminius* was forced to give over pressing him any further. So that there were only *Amilcar* and *Plotina*, who were subject to no present misfortune; on the contrary, having abundance of good inclinations one for the other, they accounted themselves happy enough, and not foreseeing that their fortune was such as would not give them leave to imagine they should continue long together, the present enjoyment swallowed up the fear of what was to come, and was enough to satisfie them. So that amidst so many unfortunate persons, and a City where there was no discourse but that of War, all theirs was of *Love*, as not being troubled at any thing but the misfortunes of their friends.

Porsander, on the other side being resolved to serve *Rome* while the War should last, besides that, the waies were not safe, *Cesonia* took a house, and *Plotina* lived with her. 'Tis true, they so often visited *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia*, that it might be said they seldom were asunder. For *Horatius* he left not a stone unmoved to curry favour with *Clelius*, who had a very particular affection for him, upon the account of his Mother, whom he had been a Suitor to before he married *Sulpicia*. But for *Clelia*, he observed such a respectful distance towards her, that she had not the least occasion to complain of him, though she had been ever so desirous of it. When ever he said any thing to her of *Aronces*, he did it with abundance of reservedness, insomuch that the manner of his carriage put her into a greater disturbance, than if he had spoken in any other way.

I easily

I easily perceive Madam (said he to her one day, that being come to wait on her, she was somewhat pensive) that your mind is not where your body is, and that you are more taken up with *Aroncet* than with *Horatius*. Nay, 'tis certain, Madam, that your heart is in prison with my Rival, and even at the very instant that I speak to you, you do not so much as give me the hearing. And yet would you but seriously reflect on the state of affairs, you would find it were not the pleasure of Fortune that *Aroncet* should be happy. His own birth is an unavoidable hindrance to his felicity, since that the King his Father would never permit him to marry you, and that in all probability *Porsenna* being likely to become an Enemy to *Rome*, *Clelius* himself will oblige you to give over all thoughts of *Aroncet*, besides that being *Tarquin*'s Prisoner, his destiny, as to what may become of him, is yet more doubtful.

As I am not guilty of so great a presumption as that of prying into the secrets of the Gods, replied *Clelia*, so I leave what is to come to their disposal: but when all is done, *Horatius*, though I should never be *Aroncet*'s, I will never be yours, and to satisfie you that I do not say so out of humor, I shall assure you that it ever hath been my faith, that it is for any one lawful to love once in his life, provided that Love be innocent, and that one love with an irretractable resolution of never entertaining any second passion, whatever may happen; for without that I look on the woman as fit to be slighted, and indeed unworthy to live. So that as I must needs acknowledge, that my heart is full of *Aroncet*, and that he hath the absolute possession thereof; so though thousands of hindrances retard the happy progress of our affection, you should be never the nearer happiness for it. But Madam, replyed *Horatius*, since it is certain that *Aroncet* cannot be satisfied, why are you not willing I should? because, replyed she, I am confident you never can. For, in a word, take it from me, as told you with all possible sincerity, I shall never admit a second affection: nay, though *Aroncet* were dead, or what were more insupportable, were he unconstant, and that I should love him no longer, I should not love any thing after him, and that out of a pure sentiment of glory, and I should die a thousand times rather than be engaged to affect any thing again. But things are not come to that pass, for *Aroncet* lives, and will not be unfaithful, and *Clelius* is so rational, that I am not in the least fear he will ever force my inclinations, even though his mind were changed.

As *Clelia* spoke these words, the Prince of *Numidia* came (this being his first visit) to *Sulpicia*'s, who thought him extreamly altered; his wounds and his melancholy having brought him so very low tha he was hardly known. He was grown so pale, that he seemed not to be an *African*, besides that, by the change of Climate, he was so fallen away, that he could not well be distinguished from a *Roman*. *Sulpicia*, who knew his quality, whom he had spoken to with so much generosity when *Clelius* and she met him near *Ameriola*, and was not ignorant how gallantly he had exposed his life to rescue her incomparable daughter, entertained him very kindly. Even *Clelia* her self, who had seen him fight with incredible valor for her Liberty, must needs have a civility for him, and withal remember, that when she saw him hazarding his life for her in *Tarquin*'s Palace, she took him for *Aroncet*. But the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horatius* having not seen one another since they had fought on the Lake of *Toragmenes*, they looked on the other with a little indignation, insomuch, that if *Clelius* had not come in, these two Lovers, who could not ruine *Aroncet* in the esteem of *Clelia*; nor be revenged on him, as being both obliged to him, would haply have made some quarrels. But such was the prudence of *Clelius*, that having heard the Prince of *Numidia* and *Horatius* were in his wifes Chamber, he came in purposely to send away *Horatius* upon pretence of publick affairs, giving *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* order so to deal with *Adherbal*, as he should do with his Rival. *Clelia* accordingly, willing to obey her Father, and submit to reason, spoke to the Prince of *Numidia*, with abundance of kindness, while *Sulpicia* entertained the virtuous *Sivelia*, who was come to give her a visit. She gave him thanks for the hazards he had exposed himself to for her sake; she commended in him the generous resolution he had taken to do what he could to conquer his passion, and entreated him not to entertain any longer the aversion he had for *Horatius*. You know, said she to him, that I speak not this out of any affection I have for him, but only to hinder two persons of extraordinary merit from engaging in any quarrel, at a time when *Rome* stands so much in need of gallant men, such as should think of nothing but how to defend her. Ah! Madam, replyes *Adherbal*, is it not enough that you take *Aroncet*, whom you love, into your protection; but you must also plead for *Horatius*, whom you love not? But since I love him not, replyes she, why should you hate him? Alas! Madam, replyed, he hastily, I hate him because he loves you, and that it is impossible but that a man should hate a Rival. However it be said she, I beg it as a boon of you, that you would not make it your business to quarrel with him. I assure you, replyed he, that all I desire is to dye, nay, I am so unhappy, as not to find what so many others meet with without ever looking after it. But Madam, till such time as I do die, deny me not one favor I am now to beg of you. All Lovers replyed she, are unreasonable, and therefore they must not be promised any thing; before it be known what is asked, and so you must tell me what you would desire before I answer you. My desire, Madam, said he, is, that you would favor me so far as to tell me, that I am not the most hated of all those that love you; I shall *Aroncet* the glory of being the best beloved, he deserves it and I am unworthy of it, and there are a many reasons I should undergo that misfortune: But give me leave to think my self much more in your favor than *Horatius*. I know he brought you back to *Rome*, but he it was also Madam, that carried you away at *Capua*, and all that can be said of him, as to his bringing of you hither, is, that he made a shift to resist the temptation of carrying you away a second time: but for my part Madam, I came to *Rome* purposely to deliver you, though I had not the least confidence of your love. Think your self therefore so far obliged to me, as not to deny me the favor I beg of you. I grant you more then you desire, replyed *Clelia*, for you shall not only not be hated, but I shall have abundance of friendship for you, if you will but be pleased to forbear all love to me. Ah! Madam, cryes he, you will never love me while you live, if you cannot love me till such time as I shall love you no longer.

Adherbal being at those words, *Valeria* and *Plotina* came in, followed not long after by *Herminius*, who was but in the room e're came in *Cælonia* and *Plotina*, and after them, their constant attendant *Amilcar*, e're the company was set down. But he being at that time not in so lively an humor as he used to be, *Clelia* asked him the reason of it. Though I cannot easily refuse any request made by a person of your worth, replyed he, yet I have no inclination to answer you; for if I tell you what it is, you will laugh at me. You so seldome run that hazard, replyes *Plotina*, that were it only out of curiosity, I would advise you to do it for once. I shall not certainly be believed, says *Amilcar*, if I tell you what troubles me. It will not be the first time that you were not believed, answers *Plotina* smiling, you should not so much fear our incredulity. Know then says he, I never was so tyred out with a man in my life; as I was this day for three hours space, during which, I entertained him with a hundred several things. It must be some man of no great understanding, replyes the Prince of *Numidia*. Not so, My Lord, replyes *Amilcar*; it is not his stupidity that I quarrel at: it must be then one of those who dispute all things, says *Herminius*, such as with whom a man must contest very much, because they ever contradict those that are present. On the contrary, replyes *Amilcar*; 'tis a man that never disputes any thing, who gives a man what he would have, says all you would have him, knows no opinion but what you put into his head, that never says *No* of any thing, but *Yes* of all, contradicts himself as much as you please, and by a base unworthy, and importunate complyance, murthers conversation every minute, puts a man to a loss what to say to him, and keeps one from making any sport, unless it be with him. You aggravate this so pleasantly, says *Clelia*, that I should be glad to know that man, who by being excessively compliant, turns a good quality into an imperfection. 'Tis a man, replyed he, of a pale countenance, of a mild disposition, in point of action careless, as to gate, very slow, and one that is given extreamly to say, *'Tis true.*

As I word having unhappily engaged into his company, our first discourse was of War, but having presently discovered him to be one that said all a man would have him, I made him change his opinion above a hundred times. I made him commend both *Brutus* and *Tarquin*, say that *Rome* should conquer, and be conquered; that *Sextus* was a fool, and that the same *Sextus* was a wise man; that without virtue a man could not be happy; that with virtue a man is ever miserable: To be short, I made him contradict himself as I pleased. Upon this, I made the motion to him, to go to twenty several places, where I am confident he had not any thing to do: and yet he would needs tell me he had some business where-ever I proposed he should go, insomuch, that I was forced at last to tell him, I could very well be without him, and desire him there and come hither, where the greatest pleasure I can have, is to be contradicted; for I am so weary of compliance, that at the present, I look on the pleasure of disputing, as the greatest diversion in the World.

It is a thing so easie to afford you that pleasure, says *Plotina* laughing, that I undertake to maintain that compliance is the best, the most acceptable, the most convenient, and the most necessary quality that a man can have. For do but compare the man that never says *No*, with another of my acquaintance that never says *Yes*, that disputes perpetually, opposes all the world, who ceases to be of an opinion assoon as another man is of it, who quits his own sentiments, assoon as he hath perswaded any other into them, for fear of being of the same judgment with another; and who in a word, banishes out of all company where he comes, the quiet and enjoyments thereof, by his obstinacy in disputing with all he meets; and you will find whether your complaint man that wearied you so much, be not to be preferred before him that I speak of. Nor indeed can it be denyed, that Compliance is a good quality. No question but it is, replyed *Herminius*, but it must certainly be confined within its limits, and be guided by judgment: for it is of such a nature, that sometimes it is as serviceable to Vice as to Virtue. I could never have believed, says *Clelia*, that the two most compliant men in the world should speak so much against compliance. For my part said *Herminius*, I am not against it, when it is rational; on the contrary, I maintain, that it is necessary to all societies of men, that it contributes something to all enjoyments, that it is the cement of love and friendship, and that without compliance we should be always in discord and sullenness. But I must withall hold, that as sincerity is the principal virtue of all in relation to persons of quality; compliance is that of all the virtues which is most commonly abused by men of base and byassed inclinations, cheats and sycophants. In a word, I think it so dangerous, that I compare it to those subtil poysons that are put into flowers, and kill men unavoidably. On the other side, says *Cælonia*, when you would commend a woman, you say, she is of a compliant sweet disposition. 'Tis very true, replyes *Amilcar*, and I must confess, 'tis fit a woman should be so; but the difficulty is to know how far she ought to be so; and how far the true limits of compliance extend. For as liberality, that Heroick virtue, that makes men the most like Gods, becomes prodigality, when it is excessive and not limited by judgment; so compliance, which is a quiet virtue, acceptable and requisite to society, and very much to be esteemed, degenerates into a vice, when it hath no limits. And to speak truly, the case is not the same with this vice as with others, for there is but one kind of justice, one kind of generosity and wisdom, but there are a hundred kinds of compliances, whereof the greatest part are vicious. If you say a hundred, replyes *Plotina*, you say too much. On the contrary, replyed *Herminius*, were it my humor to say a thousand, I should not say amiss. I think you would very much oblige the company says *Clelia*, would you afford it your instruction in a business of such consequence. I very readily shall, says he, on condition that all the illustrious persons present will before hand acacknowledge, that they have all met with some compliant persons whom they have sleighted. For my part, says *Adherbal*, I have known some in *Numidia*, whom I have denyed whatever they have desired of me, without any other reason for it, than that they were guilty of a certain interessed compliance, which I could not endure. You were very much in the right, my Lord, replies *Herminius*,

minius, for there is not any thing more insupportable, than a sort of people that affect compliance, whose wills are consonant to yours, meerly to oblige you to comply with theirs. And yet the world is full of this kind of people, in all conditions, and of all sexes; but there are withall such a vast number of compliances that I think it almost impossible to name them all. For there are compliances of interest, compliances of disposition, compliances of love, compliances of esteem, compliances of friendship, compliances of ambition, unworthy, base compliances, compliances derived from dissimulation, Court-compliances, City-compliances, serious compliances, merry compliances, eloquent compliances, mute compliances, true and false compliances, and thousands more. 'Tis true, there are of all those kinds that you have named, says *Plotina*; but in fine, what I would fain learn is, the true use of compliance, whether it be with our Superiours or inferiours, whether between persons of the same condition, whether between men and their female acquaintances, or between persons that are in love. I think says *Herminius*, it were an easier matter to say what ought not to be done, than what ought: But I shall briefly tell you, all I shall think fit, without any compliance. To speak then of compliance in general, I would not have it to be such as shall flatter vice, betray virtue, disguise truth, derogate from Religion. I would not have people to be less sincere, just, and faithful, that they may be the more compliant: I would have those that are related to great ones to respect them, but would have them study such a compliance, as regards only their quality, and not their own interest, and such as obliges them to commend that which they abhor in their hearts. Compliance does indeed very well in things indifferent, but it must ever be avoided in those that may be prejudicial either to him with whom a man complies, or any other.

You'll pardon me, that I interrupt you says *Plotina*, but I am so with child to know what you meant when you spoke of a mute compliance, that I cannot forbear entreating you to inform me. By a mute compliance, replyes *Herminius*, I mean those people, that for fear of saying any thing that might displease their friends, suffer them to run into indiscreet and extravagant actions, without giving them the least notice thereof, and know not, that the greatest expression of friendship, is to give faithful advice. I am of your mind, replyed *Clelia*, but with this proviso, that it is but fit, that those who give advice, should do it with mildness and prudence, for there are few love those that acquaint them with their imperfections. But to return to compliance, added she, I would fain know when people ought to have any, when not. It does always well, replyed *Amilcar*, when it is not unpleasant to those for whom it is had, nor to him that hath it. That's too generally said, replyes *Herminius*, for though it ought to be had for all indifferent things, yet were it not amiss to introduce into a society, a generous freedom, such whereby men may not be obliged to captivate themselves eternally, and never say any thing but *as you please*, *for*, *at your service*; to those who propose any thing of divertisement to them: for as to matter of I am confident business, there needs no great compliance, and that it is the part of reason to regulate it. *Herminius* does indeed speak very pertinently, says *Amilcar* smiling; for to speak properly, it might be said, that compliance is the Queen of Trifles, and that it is of main concernment, when there is a dispute, whether it be better walking in one place than another, to dance or not to dance, to sing or not to sing. But however saies *Plotina*, I hope you will confess there cannot be in love, any excess of compliance; and that the more compliant a Lover is, the more amiable he is. I grant it, replies *Amilcar*, but I question whether he will be as much beloved as he is amiable, if he continue to be excessively compliant; and whether it be not a kind of policy in Love, and consequently very fit, that a man carry himself so as to be a little courted into compliance. For my part says *Herminius*, I am not of your opinion, for I think it is not so true, that jealousie is the inseparable attendant of love, as that there cannot be true love without compliance, since it is out of all question, that there are some Lovers so confident of the fidelity of the persons they love, that they admit not the least jealousie, and that there never were any that wanted compliance. While a Lover is not loved, replies *Plotina*, I shall easily grant he may be compliant, but in my judgment, assoon as he is once confident of his Mistresses affection, he is sometimes as much inclined to do his own will, as that of the person he loves. How ere it be says *Herminius*, if he be not compliant, he ought to be so, nay I dare maintain he cannot forbear being such if he love truly. But if compliance in Love ought to be implicite, it must not be such in friendship, for there it must ever be attended with prudence and sincerity. Compliance is certainly the cement of civil society: but as I have already said, it should never either betray or flatter. Things absolutely indifferent, fall under its jurisdiction; in all other, it lies subject to circumvention, artifice, baseness or interest. Not but that a man may sometimes have a compliance even in things of consequence, though as it hath been said, it ought not ordinarily to be so. Yet is it allowable, when the person who hath the compliance is only concerned in the business they have in hand, and that generosity on that occasion supplies the place of reason, and guides it as the other would. But one of the most dangerous compliances of any, is that which applauds detraction, meerly to comply with the detractor, and is so far from vindicating innocence, that it suffers it to be oppressed basely and unjustly.

'Tis very true, says *Clelia*, that this happens daily, for the person traduced being absent, and the detractor present, such as make it their profession to be compliant, flatter those they see, and neglect those they see not. But says *Cæsonia*, I am yet farther to learn what you mean by *Court-Compliances*, *City-Compliances*, *Serious-Compliances*, and *merry-Compliances*: For as to the rest, the very names you give them discover what they are. For Court-compliances, says *Amilcar*, it is easily perceived that *Herminius* speaks of those who are ever telling you they will do any thing you will have them, and yet do nothing but what they will themselves. And for the City-compliance, I understand it not so well, I can only guess at what it is. What I call by that name, says *Herminius*, is properly a certain forced compliance, misconstrued, stuffed with

complements, ceremony, and unſeaſonable commendation, and ſuch as is not a little offenſive to thoſe to whom it is directed. For ſerious compliance, it points at people of a cold diſpoſition, ſuch as are reſerved and diſcreet, ſuch as force their inclinations not without ſome violence to their nature, and ſo give their friends away with ſuch gravity and coldneſs, as if they denied what they grant them. For what I call the merry, it is the particular humour of *Amilcar*, and is ſo apparent in him, that there needs no more to diſcover it than to ſee him; for he ſeems to be ſo cheerful and glad to do what is deſired of him, that it might be ſaid he obeys his own inclinations, though he ſaies he only obeys thoſe of his friends. So that I dare confidently ſay, that he is never more compliant towards others than when he hath moſt compliance for himſelf. But, ſays *Plotina*, what muſt be done, and what muſt be omitted? You muſt do, replied *Herminius*, whatever reaſon adviſes, that is, you muſt expreſs a certain mildneſs, civility, and compliance; but it muſt be ſuch a compliance as is not incompatible with Liberty; that gives way without weakneſs, commends without flattery, accommodates it ſelf with judgement and innocence to times, places, and perſons; and ſuch as without affectation and lowneſs makes ſociety pleaſant, and heightens the conveniences and diverſions of life. It ſhould alſo qualifie a man to bear with the humorouſneſs of friends; ſo as not to be too ſenſible of thoſe ſharp familiarities that happen, ſo they be not over frequent, but to ſubmit ſometimes to the pleaſures of others, and to do a thouſand other little offices that may be done without injury to reaſon, or violence to juſtice, and conſequently ſuch as do effectually make men better. In a word, compliance is ſometimes able to diſarm wrath, and to bring a calm into an exaſperated mind. But all the skill is in knowing what it is good for, ſo it may not be abuſed, as certain remedies are, which men apply indifferently to all manner of diſtempers. For it is certain, that ſottiſh compliance is flat and wearifome, and diſtaſtful even to thoſe to whom it is directed. You muſt therefore, if poſſible, endeavour to get that which I mean, and that it may be ſeen I ſpeak not of a thing that is not in being, you need go no further to find it, than to the Ladies that are preſent, who are certainly furniſhed with all that honourable compliance that pleaſes, that offends no body, refines the judgement, ſweetens the diſpoſition, angments friendſhip, multiplies love, and cloſing with juſtice and geneoſity, becomes the ſecret charm of ſociety.

Herminius putting this period to his diſcourſe, the Ladies he had commended, looked very earneſtly upon one another, as if they would have ſaid one to another, it was fit they ſhould make ſome anſwer to *Herminius* civility. But at laſt *Clelia* perceiving that none of the reſt concerned themſelves ſo much in the praiſes given them by *Herminius*, as to return him any, anſwered him with abundance of wit and no leſs modeſty.

This put a period to that conference, for *Mutius* and *Spurius* being come into the room, brought news that the enemies horſe would be ſuddenly in the field, and that for certain, *Tarquin* would have a very conſiderable Army. So that diſcourſes of this nature being not ſo acceptable as what had paſſed before, the company was ſoon after diſſolved. *Valeria*, who had a particular diſ-affection for *Spurius*, and deſired nothing ſo much as to oblige *Herminius*, went along with *Flavia*; as ſoon as *Mutius* had told this news; *Amilcar* waited on *Cærſonia* and *Plotina*; *Mutius* and *Spurius* made but a ſhort viſit, and the Prince of *Numidia* perceiving it to be late, took his leave with the reſt. But e're he went, he ſaid to *Clelia*, whatever a conjunction of *Love* and *Reſpect*, might furniſh an unfortunate Lover with ſuch a one as would needs love while he lives, even with an aſſurance of being ever miſerable. He therefore went his way loaden with a melancholly, that found his ſpirits ſuch employment, that he ſaw not what he ſeemed to look on, ſo ſtrangely were his thoughts taken up with the deplorable condition he was in. For in fine, ſaid he to himſelf, What advantage is it to me to be a Kings Son, if I cannot avoid being *Clelia*'s ſlave? What am I the better for my Reaſon, if it muſt ever be ſubject to my Love? What avails it me, that I am generouſly born, if I cannot forbear being ungrateful to *Aronces*; And what happineſs is it to me that I was born in *Numidia*, ſince I am not capable of the inconſtancy attributed to thoſe of my Countrey? 'Tis ſad I ſhould not have thoſe imperfections that were ſome way advantageous to me, and that I have thoſe virtues I am never the better for, ſince I cannot overcome my paſſion.

Adherbal, amidſt theſe reflections, was got to the place where he lodged, without taking any notice of an old man, a ſtranger, that had obſerved him very wiſh'dly, and had followed him. But being come to the Gate, this man, whoſe name was *Donilcar*, paſſing before the ſlaves that belonged to the Prince (for *Brutus* had ordered him to have ſome about him) preſented himſelf to him with a very ſad deportment, and ſpeaking to him, I know not, my Lord, ſaid he, whether you can remember the unfortunate *Donilcar*, who hath had the happineſs to bring you up; but this I know, that I had much ado to call you to mind, you are ſo ſad, and ſo much altered. *Adherbal* at theſe words, remembring him who had been the guide of his youth, and whom he had truſted with his life, embraced him with much affection, and leading him into his Chamber, Is it the King my Father that hath ſent you to look after me, ſaid he to him? Alas! my Lord, replied *Donilcar* ſighing, I know not whether I may preſume to tell you what hath brought me hither, and that I ſhall run the hazard of loſing your friendſhip, if I acquaint you with one of the ſtrangeſt things in the world. The poſture my ſoul is in at the preſent conſidered, replies the Prince very dolefully, I cannot apprehend there ſhould happen ſuch misfortunes to me in *Numidia*, as I might have more than an ordinary reſentment, for, if ſo be the King my Father be well. The King of *Numidia*, replies *Donilcar*, is in very good health, but my Lord, that abates nothing of your miſery. I prethee, ſays *Adherbal*, never fear to tell me what you know, for, as I have already ſaid, according to the poſture I am in, there can no misfortune fall to me, but what happens at *Rome*. Promiſe me then, replies *Donilcar*, that you will not be diſpleaſed with me when I have told you. I am ſo highly obliged to you, replies *Adherbal*, that I think it impoſſible I ſhould be an-

gry with you, even though you should disoblige me: speak then boldly, and deliver me out of the uncertainty I am in. And yet, if I may guess at what you have to tell me, it is this; That it is upon my account that the *Carthaginians* have broken with the King my Father, and consequently, that the Subjects I should one day have had, are dissatisfied, and are haply, risen up against me. Alas! My Lord, you cannot guess at your unhappiness, and therefore since you must one day know it, 'twere best you had it from me. Know then, that there now stands before you, that unhappy man, who was desirous to bestow on you a Crown which my wife hath, upon her death, taken away from you whether I would or no. What you tell me, is to my apprehension so obscure, and so impossible, replied *Adherbal*, that you must express your self more clearly, if you would have me to understand you. Alas, My Lord, what I have to tell you, is, that you are not Son to the King of *Numidia*. How, replies *Adherbal*, am I not what I ever thought my self? No, My Lord, replied he, and if you will needs be acquainted with your fortune, it shall cost you but the patience to hear me. Make an end once, make an end, O fortune, says the unfortunate *Adherbal*, leave me not any thing, not so much as a noble birth; but when thou hast done thy worst, how great soever thy power and injustice may be, thou shalt never take away from me a Kings heart, though I should be so unfortunate as to have been born a Shepherd. Whereupon *Adherbal* recovering himself, look'd on *Denilcar* with an extream sadness, and intreated him to relate the truth, without the least palliation.

Since it is your pleasure, my Lord, replied he, you are to know, that the King of *Numidia*, whose Son you thought your self, being yet young enough, had very violent inclinations for a young Lady of the Court, a person of great quality; but the disproportion there was between them, being very great, the King his Father (then alive) told him one day, that he was not to do any thing as to that Gentlewoman, but what proceeded only out of Gallantry, and forbad him to entertain any thoughts of ever marrying her. But as it ordinarily happens, that the prohibition of things we are taken with, augments the desires we have of them; this young Prince fell so deeply in love, that he secretly married the person he so much affected, and had a Son by her: insomuch that the noise this secret marriage made, and the alarm it put the whole Court into, was so great, that the excellent Lady having but newly given life to a Son, dyed, out of meer grief. Whereupon my wife, having been chosen by the Prince of *Numidia*, to nurse up the Child secretly, he intreated us to repair into *Sicily*, till such time as the Kings favour were re-obtained. Thither we crossed, and took up our abode near *Lilybæum*, where having no acquaintance, we led a very solitary life. Being gone one day a walking into a small Wood, where the umbrage afforded much refreshment and delight; my wife sate down at the foot of a tree, and set the Child she had in her arms upon a Grass-plot, where she thought she might sleep more quietly than in her arms. But, as ill fortune would have it, she fell asleep her self, while I was walking alone in the Wood, whereof the umbrage was so delightful to me: So that a great Serpent coming, questionless out of the Thickets, roll'd it self about the Child; for as all Serpents love the smell of milk, it found there something that drew it thither. It was not long e're the Child waked, crying, whereupon my Wife waking also on a sudden, was astonished to see him incircled with a Serpent, whereof the dreadful folds were terible to behold. She had no sooner ey'd that sad object, but she starts up furiously, not knowing what she should do her self: but treading as she got up upon the Serpent, it stung the unhappy Child, and without staying for any punishment for the mischief it had done, it got into the Thicket from whence it came; so that my wife crying out aloud, I heard her, came to her, understood the accident had happend to her, and participated of the affliction it was to her, to see that young Prince expiring three days after. We in the mean time stood extreamly in fear of the Prince's anger, who had committed a Child to our trust, which, by reason of the affection he had for the Mother, must needs be very dear to him. However, we thought it would be our best course to return to acquaint him our selves with the death of his Son, yet so as to conceal from him the unhappy adventure whereby he had miscarried. We took shipping, being none but my Wife and my self in a Merchant-man, that stood ready to set sail from *Lilybæum* to pass into *Africk*. We were no sooner at Sea, but a Tempest overtakes us: yet were we much more fortunate than other ships, for we saw some sinking near enough to us, indeed so near, that the wind ceasing of a sudden, we could save some part of the wrack of one that had been cast away, and wherewith the Sea was covered. But what was a very strange thing, was, to see a great Plank floating on the water, with a Pack of Merchandise tyed to it, whereof the Cords that tyed it being half loose, had accidentally fastned on a Cradle, wherein was a little Child, much about the age of that we had lost. This object working much upon my wives heart, gave her occasion to intreat the Master of the Ship, to give order that it might be saved, and bestowed on us. Now the Child being fastned to the pack of Merchandise, assigned as it were for a reward for him that should save it, her desire was easily granted. Thus, My Lord was your life easily saved, for to tell you truly how things past, it was you that my Wife and I found in that sad condition.

Ah *Denilcar*, cries out *Adherbal*, if what you say be true, what an ill office did you do me when you saved my life, and what cruelty was there in your pity. Alas! my Lord, replyed *Denilcar*, it was far from our intention to do you any such; it was our desire, not only to make you live, but to make you live happily, nay, to bestow a Crown on you. 'Tis true, my Lord, it was not so much out of affection to you, as to avoid the indignation of the Prince, and to spare him an extraordinary affliction, that we put you into the place of the young Prince that we had lost. We were not as yet got far from *Sicily*, so that our Vessel was forced to return thither, as having suffered a little by the tempest: but when we were gotten ashore, my wife pretended such a fear of the Sea, that no intreaties could get her aboard again. We therefore returned to our old habitation, where we continued not six months, for news being come that the King of *Numidia* was dead, we returned into *Africk*.

and told the Prince, who then did, and now does raign, that you were his Son. This we told him, not only to divert his anger from our selves, and to prevent his grief, but also out of some thought, it might prove a means to raise our fortunes. We thought our crime so far the more innocent, in that we injured no body; for he, who should have succeeded the Prince, in case he had dyed without issue, is, as you know, one of the wickedst men alive. Upon these considerations, did we tell the new King that you were his Son, and he was the rather induc'd to believe it, for that the Princess your Mother, being of a complexion different from that of an *African*, he imagined you were like her. He accordingly entertained you with joy, he made much of you, and caused you to be publiquely acknowledged his successor; in a word, he hath brought you up as such, and you have ever since thought your self his Son, as he believed himself your Father. I shall not tell you what affliction your love to *Clelia* hath cost him, nor what displeasure he takes at your absence, and at your departure, disguised, to follow the object of your affection; but must needs tell you, that after your departure, having sent me to discover what way you had taken; my wife fell sick in my absence, but the disease proved so violent, that it soon deprived her of her reason. And whereas you were very much in her affection, she could not speak of any thing in her fits but of you. Sometimes she said, that God punished her for thrusting you into the place of the true Prince of *Numidia*; sometimes, that she was not sorry for it, that you was better than he that is dead would have been, and a hundred such things, amongst a many more that had no dependance on these. At first, those that heard her, made no reflexion thereon, but she often repeated the same thing, that at last a certain woman who visited her often, and was Mistriss, to his Secretary that should have raigned after you, took some particular notice of it, and acquainted her beloved therewith. This man told his Master, who seeing it a business that concerned a Crown, thought it not to be neglected. This woman thereupon received order to put several interrogatories to the poor sick party, and that before such people, as should testifie what he had said. The business was thus carried, and my wife told all she knew; nay, she did more than all this, for having the command of her reason some six hours before she died, and her conscience being strangely troubled at that subordination; she in her perfect senses and memory declared the truth, after a promise made her, that I should not be punished. You may imagine, My Lord, (for I shall still call you so) what grief this was to the King of *Numidia*, and what good news to the Prince that should succeed him. In the mean time, hearing all this upon the way, from persons that knew me not, and understanding that search was made after her Husband, who had revealed a secret of that consequence, I thought it no good course to expose my selfe to the indignation of two Princes that I have offended, and that I should rather find you out to see what course you would take; For, my Lord, it were an obligation put upon my Countrey, to hinder it from coming under the Government of a wicked man: 'twere to oblige the King of *Numidia*, not to deprive him of a virtuous Prince, that he loves as his Son, and it were to do you but justice to continue you in the condition into which I had put you. And therefore, my Lord, if it be your pleasure, I will expose my self to all torments imaginable, to maintain, that my wife had not recovered her senses when she spoke as she did; for we lived in a very solitary place near *Lilybæum*, and it would be in all probability, a very had matter, either to find any people that knew me in *Sicily*, or to meet with the merchants who saved your life at my wives intreaty; it being so long since, that this truth will not easily be discovered, besides, that King having an aversion for him that should succeed him, will gladly be over-reach'd, and so, my Lord, I am ready to hazard my life to make you King.

It should have been done without my privity, replied *Adherbal* very smartly, had you made it your business to get me into the Throne, and you must have deceived me first, before you had deceived others. But now that I know my self not to be what I ever thought I was, the Gods preserve me from purchasing a Kingdom by a cheat. Nor indeed do I take so much pleasure in life, that I should be over-sensible of the loss of a Crown which were not haply enough to make me happy. But alas! how am I afraid that my fortune is yet much worse than you imagine. Tell me then, added he, but in what place you found me when you saved my life? It was so near the Cape of *Lilybæum*, replied *Donilcar*, that we expected to have been cast away in it. But further, added *Adherbal*, In what year, what moneth, what day did this wrack happen? *Donilcar* having satisfied *Adherbal* very particularly, his colour changed; for having before understood all the circumstances of the Adventures of *Aronces*, he found that the very day on which *Donilcar* told him he had been found on the Sea, was the same with that whereon *Clelius* found *Aronces*, and had lost his own Son. He found it to be the same place, so that there was no question to be made, but that he was Son to *Clelius*. Insomuch that this very consideration raised more disturbance in his thoughts, than had done that of the loss of a Crown. But I pray, said he to *Donilcar*, could you not guess by the swathing-bands that were about me, what Nation I might be of, and of what birth? For your birth, replied *Donilcar*, it must in all likelihood be noble, for your swathing-bands were very rich; and for your Countrey, I think you were a *Romane*; for it was reported at that time at *Lilybæum*, that *Tarquin* was so cruel, that all the virtuous people was forced to leave *Rome*. Besides, I found a Ring tyed in a Ribband, such as they said the Roman Knights used to wear, which haply might have been your Fathers, and which, for what reason I know not, should have been hidden in the swathing-band you had about you. And have you this Ring still (replies *Adherbal*, infinitely desirous to find something that should confirm him.) I have, My Lord, replied *Donilcar*, and for what reason I know not, I took it the very day I came away to find you out, but now I find it was the good pleasure of the gods. As he said so, *Donilcar* shewed him the Ring, which *Adherbal* had no sooner looked on, but he knew it to be like that which *Clelius* had worn since his return to *Rome*: so that being in a manner fully satisfied that *Clelia* was his Sister, he

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felt such a distraction in his soul, that not able to master his own sentiments, he bid *Donilcar* stay with him, and locking his Chamber door, he walked a while without saying any thing, and indeed without being able to fasten his thoughts on any one object. But at last, reflecting on the sad condition he was in, he thought himself the most unfortunate man in the World, Love and Ambition strugling so with his Reason and Virtue, that they raised in his heart, the greatest irresolution that ever the heart of an amorous and miserable man was acquainted with. What shall I do, said he to himself, which side shall I take? Shall I follow the advice of *Donilcar* or not? One way I may still be a Lover of *Clelia*, and Son to the King, and another, I shall be Son to an illustrious *Roman*, and brother to my Mistress, and consequently must not entertain a thought, that I ever can be in love with her. All my Rivals will be glad of this change of my condition; 'twill be welcome news to *Clelia*; *Clelius* will be joyful at it, and I only shall be miserable, and that after so dreadful a manner as never any was before me. But yet I have this comfort, that my innocence will smother one great part of my disgraces, and *Clelia*, the cruel *Clelia*, will be obliged, even by *Nature*, to own some light resentment of compassion, since *Love* could never raise any in her. She will bemoan me, nay, will be forced to mourn for my death. But alas, continued he, doth it not signifie a vast decay of reason, to go and seek such weak and imaginary consolations beyond death it self? See we then, whether I shall be more happy on the other side: I may haply come to be King, 'tis granted; but alas, if I may not reign in *Clelia*'s heart, a Tomb is fitter for me than a Throne. It shall be still lawful for me, to call my self *Clelia*'s servant, and prejudice my Rivals what I can. But alas, to be a Lover and to be slighted, is a sad adventure. Besides, if to preserve the quality of Lover, as well as that of King, I shall commit divers enormous crimes, I cannot rationally ever be perswaded, I shall be any other than an unfortunate and uncar'd for Lover: so that if I take that unjust resolution, I shall add to my misfortunes, because the conscience I shall have of my crimes, will ever put me in mind, that I deserve my miseries. But can there be any thing more cruel, than for a man to go and tell his Mistriss himself, that he is her Brother? Let the ignorance *Clelius* is in, be eternal; for since grief will shortly take me hence, 'twere a kind of cruelty to let him know he hath a Son, whose death he must within a few daies bewail.

Let us then take a third course, let us generously write to the King of *Numidia*, that we pretend no Title to his Crown, and passing for an unknown wretch, let us conceal from *Clelia* what relation there is between us; that so we may have some light shadow of felicity, out of that only consideration, that she will ever look upon me as her servant. For as things stand now, if I do my self so much violence as not to entertain her any longer with my love, she will think her self obliged to me, and I shall be somewhat less miserable than I should be, if she knew me to be her Brother. But if I am look'd on as a meer stranger, added he, she will slight me the more, so that I shall not know how to dispose of my self. For this last consideration, it is certainly very weak, for what care should a wretch, resolv'd to dye, take? and for the other, *Clelia* is so generous, that I have reason to hope that my condition, as to fortune, will rather raise compassion in her, than contempt: So that without doing any thing against virtue, I shall have the comfort to dye in the quality of *Clelia*'s Lover; and accordingly, after a distraction that lasted all night, he resolv'd only to say that he was no Kings Son, without discovering any thing of that adventure, or acknowledging himself to be the Son of *Clelius*, though he had withal made a resolution, not to mention any thing of his love to *Clelia*, and to do all that lay in his power to disburthen his heart thereof. In so much that *Amilcar* coming to see him the next morning, and giving him the respect he was wont, he told him that he ought him no more than he would do him as his friend, and in few words told him, that he was but an unfortunate and unknown person. *Amilcar* at first would hardly believe him, and asked who had brought him that strange news; to which he made answer, that he had it from one that had been related to him from his infancy, and whose faith he could not question in the least.

Upon this, *Amilcar* acquainting *Brutus*, *Clelius*, and *Herminius*, with this unexpected news, it was generally known the very same day, insomuch that *Adherbal* was visited thereupon by all of greatest quality in the City. *Brutus* told him in particular, that it was his desire he would adopt *Rome* for his Countrey, since he knew not which was his own, and assured him he should want for nothing. *Herminius* did the like, and *Clelius* generously offered him all his Estate. *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* sent to visit him, and the change of his fortune begat him more honor than he had received since his coming to *Rome*. Even *Horatius* himself spoke very discreetly of it, and *Adherbal* had reason to be glad he was no *Numidian*, and to know he was a *Roman*, were it only out of a reflection on the virtue of so many illustrious *Romans*.

In the mean time, being a person of a great and generous soul, he would not by any means permit the honors they were wont to do him, and went to acknowledge their civilities who had visited him, as a private person. But coming once to *Sulpicia*'s, he felt such a heavy grief upon him, that if he had not done himself a great violence, he would have return'd when he was got to the very door. For, it coming into his thoughts, that if he were sad, *Clelia* would have the less esteem for him, out of a conceit that his soul was not strong enough to support that change of condition, he overcame himself, and went into the house with such a constancy, as put all that were there into admiration, and obliged *Clelia* to treat him with much more kindness than ordinary, not only, because she thought him more worthy esteem; but also out of a belief that he had given over all pretences to her, and was content to make one among her friends. But he had hardly been with her a quarter of an hour, e'r he let fall the Ring *Donilcar* had given him, and which he thought he had not had about him: so that *Sulpicia* seeing it, and not able to conceive how a *Numidian* should come by the Ring of a *Roman* Knight; she took it up, but she no sooner had it in her hands, e'r she knew it to be *Clelius*'s, and the same that she had bid

her Sons swadling-band, lost her Husband should be discovred as he fled from *Rome*: So that crying out for heavens sake, generous *Adherbal*, said she, tell me by what miraculous adventure you came by this Ring; for who ever gave you this, must needs have found at least, the body of my unfortunate Child, which I lost near *Lilybæum*, when *Clelius* and I were like to be cast away, and at the same time we found *Aronces*. At these words *Adherbal* changed colour, and not able to say that which was false, to a person he knew to be his Mother, he made her so punctual an answer, that it added to the curiosity of *Sulpicia*. She looked on him very earnestly, and was so importunate with him to tell the truth, that nature working on his heart, and his reason assuming at that time, part of her lawful authority, he resolv'd to discover himself, and so changing his design of a sudden, he told himself what but a quarter of an hour before, he had made a resolution to conceal. For *Sulpicia* being earnest with him to satisfie her: Alas, Madam, said he, you know not what you desire when you speak after this rate; for were it not much more satisfaction to you to believe you had lost a Son in the Cradle, than to know you have one living that is unfortunate; and such as you will happily think so far unworthy to be yours, that you will disclaim him. Ah *Adherbal*, replied *Sulpicia* looking on him, are you my Son, or may I be so happy as to have one like you. Do me but the favour to let me look on your left arm, for if you are mine, you should have a little above your wrist, a fine mark which a careless slave gave you some few days after you were born. Whereupon *Adherbal* being fully satisfied that he was *Sulpicia*'s Son, was not able to conceal himself any longer; so that having shewn her what might perswade her he was her Son, he briefly related all that *Donilcar* had told to him: insomuch that *Sulpicia* being infinitely overjoyed, that she had so gallant and so virtuous person to her Son, embraced him with much affection, *Clelia* was also not a little glad to lose a Lover, to purchase a Brother: But *Adherbal* could not take well the loss of a Mistriss, though he got thereby a most generous Father, a most virtuous Mother, and the most amiable Sister in the World. Yet he still put on much gravity, and though he very civilly entertained the caresses of *Sulpicia*, and the kindnesses of *Clelia*; yet was it easie to see he was extreamly troubled.

Upon this, *Clelius* comes in, to whom *Sulpicia* had no sooner shewn the Ring, but he knew it. She also shew'd him the mark upon *Adherbals* arm, who having sent for *Donilcar*, absolutely satisfied *Clelius* that he was his Son, for he had been acquainted with *Donilcar* at *Carthage*. Besides that, the Ring, the mark on *Adherbals* arm, the particular day the wrack happened, and the place where, were such circumstances, as put the business out of all controversie. So that being infinitely satisfied in the recovery of a Son, and to find him withal, one of the most accomplish'd men in the World, he spoke to him with the greatest civility in the world. Take comfort *Adherbal*, said he to him, and be not troubled at the change of your condition; for to speak truly, it is better to be a Citizen of *Rome*, than Son to a King of *Numidia*: and it is better to be *Clelia*'s Brother, than her Servant, since you cannot now be loved by her in the manner you desire. I grant what you say is true, replied *Adherbal*; but since it is impssible there should happen a change of sentiments to a man in an instant, without some violence done to himself; I beg your pardon, if I expres not all the joy I should, that I am Son to one of the most virtuous men upon earth. However, I hope, my Lord, the earnestnes I feel in me, to deserve that honor, will help me to overcome those remainders of weakness that hang about me, and that within a few days there shall not be any thing to be objected against me. Whereupon *Clelius* embracing his Son with extraordinary affection, spoke to him with all the generosity and obligation that could be, which stirring up in his heart those sentiments of Nature which lay there buried by the ignorance of his true condition, made him receive the caresses of his Father, with much more kindness than he thought he could have done.

This accident being strange and extraordinary, was in the space of two hours generally known, insomuch that the whole City came to *Clelius* to congratulate him, and *Adherbal*, whose condition was much beyond what it was the day before, when it was known whose Son he was, after he had thought himself a King's. The Ladies came upon the same account to visit *Sulpicia* and *Clelia*. *Horatius* for this part, was glad to see that he had one Rival the less, so that he came in all haste to *Clelius*'s, whom he complemented as also *Sulpicia*; which done, coming to *Adherbal*, give me leave, said he to him, to express the satisfaction it is to me, that I am no longer your enemy, and to beg the favour to be numbred among your friends. Certain it is, I can be no longer your Rival, answered he, but that *Horatius* implies no obligation, I should be your friend, for looking on the concernments of my friends as my own, if I cease being a servant to *Clelia*, I must be the Protector of *Aronces*, who is my antient friend: and therefore expect no more from me, than you would from a man who can do nothing against his honour, and consequently not against him, whom of all the world he is most obliged to. This put a little fire into *Horatius*, for had he obeyed his own inclination, he would have made *Adherbal* some bitter reply; but looking on him now as *Clelius*'s Son, and *Clelia*'s Brother, he mastered his violence, and onely made him this answer. I am not to learn, generous *Adherbal*, that you and *Aronces* are antient friends; but I also know you to be Son to *Clelius*, by whom I am not hated, though he be more inclin'd to *Aronces*; and therefore I shall not dispair of your friendship. *Adherbal* would have answered *Horatius*, but *Amilcar* being come in interrupted them, for he made very pleasant reflexions on this adventure, detecting them to *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, *Clelia*, and *Adherbal*, not forgetting *Horatius*. *Plotina* being also in the room, added to the mirth of the company; for she told *Adherbal*, that to make him absolutely happy, she would undertake to raise love in him, though it were only, says she; to raise a jealousie in *Amilcar*. Jealousie, replies he, is a thing that is not given when one pleases, and it is taken sometimes whether one will or no; but for my part, continued he smiling, I assure you, I give a great deal more than I take. You are much more happier than I have been, replyes *Adherbal*, for I have ever taken and never given any. Kings Sons, replyes

Amilcar

Amilcar, cannot ordinarily cause either love or jealousie, for their condition is much more considered than their persons. But now that you are an illustrious private man, you may cause any thing that it lies in your power to cause, and you will raise in me a jealousie, if *Plotina* be as kind to you to morrow, as she is to day.

At these words came in *Brutus* and *Valerius*, with whose advice it was resolved, that *Adherbal* should take another name, and re-assume that which was given him at his Birth. He was therefore called *Octavius*; that changing his name and fortune, it might also cause a change in him as to sentiments. However, it was resolved he should write to the King of *Numidia*, to acquaint him truly how things stood, and to intercede for *Donilcar*, who in the mean time was to remain at *Clelius*'s, as a friend to whom he ought the life and education of his Son.

This done, and all being departed, *Clelius* assigns lodgings for *Octavius*, where he no sooner was at liberty to hearken to his own thoughts, but he felt what ever may fall on a Lover, when hope takes her last leave of him, and that his reason and his will combining against him, he, not without violence endeavors to subdue the passion that persecutes him. For *Octavius* being a great lover of virtue, innocence, and glory, and knowing it to be unlawful for him to pretend any longer love to *Clelia*, made a gallant resolution to subdue the passion he felt in his Soul, and to dye a thousand times, rather than to do or say any thing that should raise the least suspition that there were left any the least spark of that fire whereby he had been almost consumed. But as he made it, what did he not feel, and how did he bemoan the cruelty of his destiny, which exposed him to so insupportable an adventure? Had not the affairs of *Rome* stood as they did, he might have looked on banishment, as a remedy to cure his misfortune; but the War just breaking out, there was no just pretence to leave *Rome*, so that there was a necessity he should resolve to give a great and difficult tryal of his virtue. But to do it with greater ease, he bethought him to fill his heart with the love of his Countrey, instead of that of *Clelia*. This gave him occasion often to visit those who sat at the helm of affairs, and the melancholly of *Brutus* takinghim at that time, more than the merry humorsof the rest, he saw him as often as possibly he could. So that *Brutus* and *Herminius* being but the same thing, he made a third with those illustrious *Romans*, whose virtue strengthened his, and whose conversation smother'd part of that secret affliction which his reason was not absolutely able to master.

Among other times, *Octavius* coming one morning to *Brutus*, found him ready to get on Horseback, with intention to ride without the City, near the *Sublician* bridge, where he thought there needed something of Fortification. *Herminius* and *Amilcar* hapned to be then with him, so that makeing a fourth man, and *Brutus* furnishing him with a Horse, they went altogether to see what was fit to be done to fortifie that place. And indeed *Octavius* and *Amilcar* were not unserviceable to *Brutus*, for reflecting on the Fortifications of *Carthage*, which was then the strongest place in *Africk*, they gave him such good directions, that they were put in execution. But while they were discoursing upon this occasion, and while *Amilcar* was telling them as much as they could have expected from the ablest Engineer upon the like occasion, four Soldiers that had left *Tarquin*'s Army, coming up to *Brutus* told him, that being unwilling to fight against *Rome*, they were come to defend it. *Brutus* commending them for their good intentions, yet not trusting them too far, ask'd them what condition *Tarquins* Army was in. No question very strong, My Lord, replyes the oldest of the Soldiers, and within a short time you may find it so from your walls, for assoon as the Horse are all joyned they will march hither. We do not intend, replyes *Brutus* coldly, to expect the enemies of *Rome* within *Rome*, we shall spare them the trouble of coming to find us at our gates. You must make hast then, replyes one of the Souldiers, for had it not been for an unhappy accident that hapned, that hath caused the Prince of *Clusium* to be kept close Prisoner, I think *Tarquin* would have been ere this time in the field: And what was that, says *Amilcar*? They say, replyes the Souldier, that there is discovered a certain friend of *Aronces*'s disguised, that brought intelligence to *Rome* that he was there upon taken; and that it being suspected that the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus* were privy thereto, a great stir is made about it. Yet is there no great fear that this will do *Aronces* any prejudice, because *Tarquin* stands too much in need of the King of *Clusium*, to treat the Prince his Son unhandsomly.

Brutus perceived he could get no more out of the Soldiers, caused them to be conducted by one of his own to *Lucretius*, with order that they should be listed in several Companies for more security. *Amilcar* and *Herminius* were much troubled at the unhappy accident had befallen *Celeres*, as well for his own sake, as for *Aronces*'s and *Clelia*'s. They also had pittied *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, whose concernment in the business they well knew. But at last taking their way towards *Rome*, they were no sooner come to the end of the bridge but they saw a very handsome man coming towards the place where they were, who seemed to be Master to four others that accompanyed him, and friend to another that was in discourse with him. Things at *Rome* were in such a posture at that time, that nothing happened which gave not some occasion of fear and suspicion, so that *Brutus* and his friends stayed at the Bridge-foot, to see the stranger come up, and to ask him what he was. But being come a little nearer, *Amilcar* knew him, as having seen him at *Syracuse*, when *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and he were there. So that being one he had a great esteem and affection for, he turn'd to *Brutus*, I beseech you give me leave to acquaint this illustrious stranger who you are, for he is a man of as great worth as any in the world. Whereupon *Amilcar* went and met him, whom he had spoken of to *Brutus*, who had no sooner known him, but coming up close to him, they embraced each other, as such as between whom there was much friendship and affection. What happy fate favors me, says *Amilcar* to *Themistus* (for so was he named) that I have the happiness to see you at *Rome*? It had been more pertinently spoken, replyes *Themistus* if you had ask'd by what misfortune it came to pass, that I am not at *Syracuse*; but how e're

...ld be, I am not a little glad to see you. Where-...Themistus presented one of his friends to ...Amilcar, whose name was *Meleagenes*; but *Amil-...* knowing that *Brutus*, *Octavius*, and *Herminius*, were staying at the Bridge-foot, he told *Themistus* who they were that he saw there: so that intreating him to present himself to *Brutus*, as a person whom his misfortunes forced to *Rome* for refuge, *Amilcar* gave him that advice in that obliging way he used, when he had a mind to do a good office. He therefore presented *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* to *Brutus*, who received them with much civility, he having before acquainted him that they were persons of quality, and withall of extraordinary merit. He also made them salute *Octavius* and *Herminius*, and got them to lodge where he did. And though the dignity of Consul required that all this company should have waited on *Brutus* home; yet would he not suffer it, for the house where *Amilcar* then lodged, being in a street called Iron-street, and in the way to that wherein *Brutus* lived: this generous Roman left the strangers there, after he had proffered them any civility that lay in his power. *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* were very loath to obey him, but having told him that he went not directly home, they stayed with *Amilcar* and *Octavius*, and *Herminius* followed *Brutus*.

But having brought him to the place where he was to go, they returned to *Amilcar*'s to give these strangers a visit, whose complexion and deportment had rais'd in them a great opinion of them. *Amilcar*, having discovered by the complement, that *Themistus* had made to *Brutus*, that he lay under some cloud of misfortune, they were glad of the occasion to offer them any service that lay in their power. Thither they come, and find *Amilcar*, according to his manner offering them whatever he thought worthy their acceptance. I beseech you, says he to *Themistus*, tell me freely what you would have me to do for you; for certainly there are but few things which I cannot do here. In the first place, I have such generous friends at Rome, and among the rest, *Herminius*, that I dare offer you what is theirs, as if it were my own. Next if you are sad, and desire to be comforted, I shall not only offer you all the merry humors I am Master of, but there shall be at your service that of the merriest lass in the world; nay, what is more than all this, all the pleasures that *Rome* can afford. If you would drive away one affection with another, I will bring you to Ladies whom never any lov'd, but they carried love away with them; for if you are not enflamed when you see them, you will be when you leave them. If on the contrary you desire sollitude, I will bring you into the enchanted Grove, where the Nymph *Ægeria* inspir'd the wise *Numa*: nay, I will bring you to the foot of that tree where *Remus* and *Romulus* were found, and where your sollitude will be so great that you shall hear no noise but that of your own sighs, if so be you are in an humor to sigh. In a word, added he smiling, whatever may be your humor, I offer you friends that shall comply therewith, for there are a sort of gallant people here, some fortunate, some unfortunate. There are those that love, and those that do not; there are Lovers that are well treated, and others that are slighted; Lovers in mourning, and Lovers in mirth; and to tell you all in few words, what cannot be had in *Rome*, cannot be had any where.

You offer me so many things at the same time, replyes *Themistus*, that I know not what answer to make, you; and all I can say, is, that what I desire at the present, is your friendship, and the esteem of your Friends. I have friends of the other sex whom you must also see, replyes *Amilcar*, for if you desire only the esteem of such as are my friends, 'twere but fit I visited not so often some persons I am taken with, and whom you will be, when you are acquainted with them. Not but I very well remember, that when I knew you at *Syracuse*, you were called the *indifferent and insensible Lover*. Alass, replyed *Themistus* sighing, those names were not fit for me, though it be true they were given me, and if you were to go now through *Syracuse*, you would hear such things of me, whence you would soon infer that I deserved them not. 'Tis true, added *Meleagenes*, you had the art of concealing your passion, and so you might with more justice have been called the *Secret-lover*, or the *close-lover*, than the insensible or indifferent. How replyed *Amilcar*, were you in Love when I was at *Syracuse*, I was so, replyes *Themistus*, and I am at this present no more than I was then, though I am the most amorous of all mankind. Were it not unhandsome to raise matter of dispute with an illustrious stranger, replyed *Herminius* smiling, you would find here such as should pretend to be as amorous as your self. But it is in this case as it is in point of common sense, whereof every one thinks he hath as much as another. *Octavius* hearing *Herminius* speak after that rate, sighed out of the very thought that he could bear no part in this discourse, it being not lawful for him to speak of the flame had set him on fire, and whereof there were haply some embers left in the bottom of his heart, though he ever and anon did all that lay in his power to quench it.

As the conference that hapned between these four illustrious men proved very long, so had they thereby the time to know one the other sufficiently to ground an esteem; nay, there was such a sympathy between *Themistus* and *Herminius*, that they entred into a strict friendship that very day. They had some discourse of *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, who were their common friends, and they spoke to one another with abundance of confidence ere they parted. The next day *Amilcar* and *Herminius* brought *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* to *Brutus*, to *Valerius*, to *Sulpicia*, to *Valeria* and *Gaselonia*; but by the way, *Amilcar* acquainted them who were in love, and who were not, that so they might the better disengage themselves from those several companies. *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* gained the esteem of all that saw them. And yet *Themistus* seemed to groan under a little Melancholy, which yet was guided by his reason; but all hindred not but that he was looked on as a very lovely person. For *Themistus* wanted not any thing that might recommend him to the Ladies; as being of an excellent good complexion, and having a certain gallantry and freedome of air in the face. He spoke as it were by weight, and he was naturally very inclinable to civility and compliance, and yet expressed with all his countenance somwhat that was great, nay, indeed something of fierceness. For these qualities were all the Ladies

that saw him, much taken with him; so far, that they were infinitely desirous to understand the adventures of a person so excellently handsom. His language was not very pure, as having I know not what accent of half-*Greek*, half-*African*, which was not unpleasant. For *Meleagenes* though he were a very proper and very ingenious person; yet was not there so much curiosity of having any account of him, because his discourses discovered he was acquainted with no other misfortunes than those of his friends. *Ottavius* was for his part infinitely desirous to know the misfortunes of such as were in love, only to see whether there were any as unhappy as himself; for he thought all that time, that a man whom death had deprived of his Mistress, were less miserable than himself, that was become Brother to the person he loved. So that *Amilcar* was prosecuted by his friends of both sexes, for an account of the adventures of *Themistus*. For my part says *Plotina* one day, (there being in place only *Valeria*, *Themistus*, *Meleagenes*, *Herminius*, and he) if you do not order things, so that I may know what hath brought so amiable a Stranger to *Rome*, you shall never precisely know what I esteem I have for you. Nay then, I beseech you, says *Amilcar* to *Themistus*, be pleased to satisfie the curiosity of the excellent *Plotina*, and expose me not to a perpetual ignorance of what it so much concerns me to know. If *Plotina* could but guess at some part of my misfortunes, she would not desire the full relation of them, replyed *Themistus*, for being of a mirthful disposition, she will find no great diversion in my sadnesses. Anothers melancholly, replyes she smiling, signifies commonly so little to those that know it, that you need not fear I shall be too much cast down at yours. 'Tis not Madam, replyed *Themistus*, so much out of any fear of troubling you, but out of that of not diverting you; and to do this latter, I cannot imagine the relation of my life can contribute much. Ah! *Themistus*, cryed she, I see well you never had the pleasure to do your own will, since you are not sensible of the great satisfaction it were to me to be informed of a thing I am infinitely desirous to know. 'Tis indeed a great pleasure for a man to do what he pleases, replyes *Themistus*, but I wish your satisfaction were so limited, as that you would content your self with an account of *Syracuse*, and that you would oblige *Amilcar*, *Meleagenes*, and my self, no farther than to give you a discription thereof, without requiring any relation of my life. Not that it is at this day any secret in *Sicily*, but that I finding my self far from any inclination to do it. So you but give your consent, replyes *Meleagenes*, the fair *Plotina* may easily be satisfied; for you know I am acquainted with your life as well as your self. If it be so, says *Valeria* to *Themistus*, methinks you should not deny *Amilcar* a thing whereby he might come to learn what place he hath in *Plotina*'s heart. And that so much the rather, added *Herminius*, for that your adventures are generally known in the place where it concerned you, more they should not then it does here. If I must comply with the desires of *Plotina* and *Valeria*, replyes *Themistus*, I shall beg it as a boon, that *Amilcar* may describe the most eminent persons of our Court, and particularly the Ladies: for since he knows not which I am in love with, as being of an opinion I was insensible of any when he was at *Syracuse*, I shall be extreamly pleased with the Character of the person that hath subdued my heart, and thence to convince you, that I am not prepossessed by my passion, it being impossible he should not describe her; that is, commend her proportionably to her deserts.

If you love a woman, replyes *Amilcar*, but without any hope of ever being regarded or acknowledged, it must certainly be the admirable *Amalthea*, who is the most attractive, the most amiable, the most virtuous, and the most accomplished woman in all *Sicily*, for I dare not say in the world, before two that now hear me. But if you love a widow, you must infallibly affect the Princess of *Himera*, who may justly pretend to whatever is excellent, whatever is inviting, whatever is gallant in this world. For *Amalthea*, replyed *Themistus*, he that would love her, must run the hazard of dying in despair; for though she own whatever can make a woman admirable, yet hath she not that whence a man can take the least encouragement to venture his affection upon her, esteem, respect, and friendship, being the infallible and ordinary effects of her desert. But in fine, without discovering my self, or telling you whom I love, do you describe the Ladies of the first magnitude, that shine in the Court of *Syracuse*, to see if those that are here present, will be able to guess which of them I am in love with, and so give me the satisfaction to hear the praises of the person I adore, without any suspicion of preoccupation. I shall obey you, replyes *Amilcar*, conditionally you give your consent that *Meleagenes* may relate your History. He must needs grant that, says *Plotina*; but first, be pleased to let us know what kind of creature this *Amalthea* is, whom he makes so amiable, and yet such as a man may not presume to love. For my part, I cannot see how a woman can have all those charms which you make her Mistress of, and that it should be impossible a man should have the confidence to adore her. If she be humorsome, severe, and melancholly, she is not to be so much commended; and if her virtue be civiliz'd, and that she really own all you attribute to her, she may be loved whether she will or no, for the inclinations of the heart are not to be diverted. If you would have a draught of her, says *Amilcar*, you must tell me whether you would have it for the Pocket, or the Parlour, that is great or small. If a small one will satisfie you, I should soon have done, but you shall not see her perfectly, but if large, you shall be as well acquainted with her as if you had seen her. For though I stayed but four months at *Syracuse*, I am as well read in that Court, as if I had spent my whole life there. For my part says *Valeria*, I am not for small pictures; nor I neither, says *Plotina*, and I wish, were my own to be done, it should be so exact, as not to want a certain little mark you see upon my cheek, and which I think adds not a little to my beauty. Begin then, says *Herminius* to *Amilcar*, for if you run through the whole Court of *Syracuse*, we must not this day expect the life of *Themistus*. Since it is not fit I should be an auditor, of my own History, repayed he, you shall stay for it till to morrow, when *Meleagenes* shall be at the trouble to give it you. Since it must be so, says *Plotina*, *Amilcar* must prepare himself to draw us as many Pictures as may

serve

serve to furnish a Gallery. And I expect farther, that he should chequer it with those of men as well as Ladies; for it is my persuasion, that as there is greater pleasure in company when there is a mixture, so Pictures, when there are many, raise greater delight, if there are men and women, than if there were only the Pictures of women without any men. You are very much in the right, excellent *Plotina*, replyes *Amilcar*, but I am to tell you, that my humor is such, that I am as extravagant in painting as in love, and that you are not to wonder, if being about the picture of a Lady, I will give you a draught of the situation of her house, if the humor takes me, or the description of her Garden. For that, says *Plotina*, I shall easily pardon you, for such kinds of descriptions do only fill the imagination with things that are pleasant and divertive: but what I should think unpardonable in you, were to be too punctual in giving us an account of their predecessors, whose Pictures you give us; for there is no great pleasure in opening all those ancient Monuments, to make a resurrection for a sort of people we have nothing to say to, and are good for nought. Fear not, fairest *Plotina*, replyes *Amilcar*, I shall trouble you with fruitless Genealogies; yet it is but fit you knew the quality of those that are spoken of. Very right, replied she, but you must not do as those who to acquaint you with the loves of some beauty, would keep you an hour with stories of the Heroick acts of her Predecessors. I have already told you, that I shall not be guilty of any such importunity, answered *Amilcar*, and for that reason I shall not raise up those prodigious Giants who were the first inhabitants of *Sicily*. Not but that, to deal freely with you, a man that makes a relation, is many times glad to take occasion to discover his knowledge in History and Geography; but indeed, all considered, you deserve a man should be reserved.

I am then to tell you, that the Court of *Syracuse*, is one of the noblest in the world, as well in regard it is the most chequer'd with several Nations, as that it is the most inclined to gallantry. But since *Amalthea* makes not one of those Ladies, among whom *Themistus* would have us to find him a Mistress, I think it but fit to describe her first, as a person that indeed admits no parallel. *Amalthea* then is a person of extraordinary perfections, and so meridian a virtue, that there cannot rationally be found any thing comparable to her: Her birth is certainly very noble; but she is so much to be celebrated upon her own account, that we need not run into any discourse of the Princes from whom she is descended, to look for any thing whence she might derive any advantage. So that for what concerns her, I shall easily follow the advice of the amiable *Plotina*. But the very memory of her being infinitely delightful to me, I cannot but celebrate her for some things, for which she defies all commendations, though she very much deserves it. For as her sentiments are extreamly above the ordinary sentiments of those of her Sex, so it is a part of her knowledge, that the mind is to be preferred before all beauty, but she also knows as well that the heart is above the mind. Were she to hear me her self, I durst not tell you she were excellently handsome, and infinitely amiable; nay I have such a reverence for her, that I durst hardly assure you that she is fair, and hath a good complexion. And therefore judge of it your selves, when I have in few words described her to you. *Amalthea* is tall, of an obliging countenance, at the first cast of your eye she hath a gallant presence, noble and courteous; yet a little reserved when she entertains persons that are indifferent in her esteem. But when she pleases her self, she is guilty of a certain mirth, insinuation, sweetness, complyance, nay gallantry, in her entertainment of persons that she is taken with. Not that she ever degenerates into that lowness, as to flatter any one: but there are certain charms in her gestures, such as so well express what she would have you to think, that you are sometimes absolutely satisfied with her, though she be not at the least pains to make you understand what she would have of you. But to return to her person; her Hair is of a light chestnut colour, the fairest in the World; her eyes grey, large, full of spirit, and that such as scatters abundance of sweetness. Nay upon some occasions, were it not that the high virtue whereof she makes profession, had not accustomed her eyes not to discover all those pleasant things with whatever is delightful in this world, gives her occasion to think on, they would haply betray the mildest and most ingenious malice that could be. For the compass of her face, it is in a manner Oval, a delicate skin, a smile infinitely inviting, and as I have said she hath the best countenance in the world, and the best grace that can possibly be. 'Tis true, I speak improperly there, for whoever hath a good countenance, hath infallibly a good grace, it being impossible but they should be together. And yet the excellencies of her person is not all I have to commend in *Amalthea*, for her great understanding, her great heart, and her great virtue, distinguish her much more from all other of her Sex. For the first, there is one thing in her, that is an infallible argument of the greatness of it, that is an universal curiosity for whatever she thinks good or excellent, from the least things to the greatest, whether they be such as it is allowable for Ladies to know, or such as concern the noblest Arts, Works, Architecture, Painting, Gardening, particular secrets, and thousands of other rarities, which it were too long to insist on. But what is best of all, is, that she will not pretend to the knowledge of any thing she understands not. On the contrary, she avoids the affectation of knowledge and wit; nay she makes a secret of her curiosity, and you find not in her chamber but such works as are ordinary with persons of her Sex. But what she hath been most earnest to learn, is, whatever might make her more virtuous; she was certainly born to a certain freedome of spirit, though her temperament seem to have a little ingredient of Melancholly, but it is a mild melancholly, that disturbs not the calmness of her disposition, and hinders her not from delighting in those ingenious things she either hears from her friends, or speaking abundance her self, when she will put her self to the trouble, and that she is among a few that she hath a greater esteem for then others.

Amalthea hath farther the happiness of having made early discoveries, that the greatest part of the pleasures that young people take, are but vain trifles, so far that she cannot be over-commended, as

to that point; for without turning savage, or being severe towards others, she hath discarded magnificence in point of clothes, at a time when that passion is wont to be most predominant in the Sex. She hath given over going to Balls, she admits not fruitless and dangerous visits, how pleasant soever they may seem to those who have not their spirits ballanced as hers; and she professeth such a purity of virtue, and a generosity so Heroick, that she makes it her greatest pleasure to find out occasions to relieve the unfortunate. I know a Gentlewoman at *Syracuse*, who was no sooner known to this admirable woman, but she did her extraordinary favors, without any other reason than that of her unhappiness, and that she had haply goodness enough to deserve a better fortune. *Amalthea*'s greatest pleasures consist in the regulation of her passions, in giving good example to those that see her, in doing all the good she can, in living with *Anaxander*, as the chastest wife in the World can do with a Husband, whose quality is that of the greatest, one that carries about him a thousand excellent endowments, and among the rest, generosity, goodness, magnificence, integrity, and an infinite affection for her. But to conclude, the pleasures of *Amalthea*, she orders her House with abundance of discretion, she looks her self to the education of her Children, and serves the Gods with admirable exactness. In a word, I do not think that the first Vestals that were established at *Rome*, were more careful to preserve the sacred fire; than *Amalthea* is to observe whatever Religion requires of her. Would you go from her business to her recreations; she is much given to reading, she is excellent good at all manner of Works; she designs, she paints Dishes to adorn her Closet, she makes mixtures of flowers in order to Perfumes, nay she diverts her self in putting innocent tricks upon her friends, but it is to surprise them into delight, and to oblige them. And though she is a greater lover of solitude than of company, yet is she not guilty of the least harshness towards those of her Sex that are her friends. Her company is infinitely pleasant, and the great liberality she exercises on so many unfortunate people, hinders not, but that she lives to the height of her condition, so to comply with custom. Hence is it that her house affords whatever magnificence guided by virtue, can pretend to that, is most stately. and the Palace of *Anaxander*, which lies upon the Port of *Syracuse*, is one of the most sumptuous things in the World. The apartment thereof which *Amalthea* hath for her lodgings, is so pleasant, that nothing can be more; for besides many rare things that are level with the ground, there are artificial Rocks, and Grots represented, as also magnificent Cabinets, and a Belcony, whence may be seen the Port, the Ships that ride in it, and the greatest part of the City: and yet *Anaxander* and *Amalthea* have a house about twenty miles from *Syracuse*, which blasts, as I may so say, the beauty of that, and is the most delightful and most incomparable thing in the world For to speak rationally, a man cannot well say, whether this House be in a valley, upon a plain, or upon a hill: for it hath about it Rivers large and magnificent, Moats full of running water, Currents, Meadows, Wood, and a vast extent of ground. On the one side it seems to be in a plain; on the other it seems to be on a hill, and yet it may most truely be said to be almost in the midst of a pleasant valley, drenched by a great and a small River, whereof the sight is very admirable. I shall not give you any large description of this house, for I should never have done, should I speak of the outer parts of this inchanted Palace; that is, should I represent to you the spacious walks leading to the great River: should I give you an exact account of the length and breadth of the Avenues; the largeness and beauty of the Orchards, the coolness and umbrage of the Wood, which lies within the compass of its walls, the magnificence of that first Court which is octangular, and hath two stately Gates, and the beauty of three sumptuous sides of the building, which are seen as you come into the Court. Nor shall I trouble you with a description of the Entry, nor the Stair-case, nor particularise the great number of noble and large Apartments that a man sees there, and which are so neatly disposed and contrived, that they are as remarkable for their convenience as their beauty. Nor shall I say ought of the largeness of the Hall in particular, of the magnificence of the Gallery, the handsomness of the Belconies, and a thousand other things worthy to be taken notice of, and which very much discover the neatness, the magnificence, and the conduct of those that are Masters thereof. But I shall only tell you, that this House, which as I said, is in a Valley, is nevertheless upon a little ascent, in regard of the prospect that lies on the Garden side, where there is a bridge to pass over the large and magnificent Moats I told you of. So that when a man stands in the Belcony, that is in the middle of this proud building, he sees beneath him those large Moats, full of excellent water, beyond which lies a pleasant green bank, out of which he comes into a spacious place, of a vast extent, enclosed by two great Currents, the one born up by Arch-work, the other running on the flat, beyond which, as well as beyond the spacious place, passes a small River, which having played the serpent among the Meadows fringed with Willow, seems to make another channel passing before the Garden, and those other Currents, for in that place it is as strait as an Arrow. And what's most remarkable, is, that assoon as it is passed that place it becomes a River again, if I may so express it, that is uneven in its course, till it disembogues it self into the great River which passes on the left hand, and makes a kind of an Island of the Valley, so that there being no Wall to the Garden on that side, as being enclosed only by the River, a man may with the same sight, see the Moats, the Banks, the Currents, the falls of waters beyond the Garden, falling into green Meadows; and beyond all this the little Rivers, Meadows, Hills, Cottages, Country-houses, Villages, and Mountains, which insensibly rising above one another, seemed to reach up to Heaven, such a confusedness doth distance cause in objects. But as the piety of *Amalthea* and her illustrious husband shines in all they do, so was it the founder of a Temple in their house, which is the noblest and most admirable part thereof. 'Tis indeed a Master-piece of Architecture, the charge was certainly great, but the Workmanship is so miracalous, that a man cannot say it hath been excessive. 'Tis true, that a punctillio of honor added much

much to the perfection of this Temple, for the excellent Architect that did it, took his model from that of *Epheſus*, out of an expectation to be employed to re-build that magnificent Temple of *Venus*, that isat *Ericium*. But the late Prince of that place having preferred another Architect before him, and *Anaxander* having employed him, he engaged his reputation to do that in a ſmall compaſſe, which he ſhould have done in a great: So that I look on this Temple as the moſt miraculous thing I have ſeen in all my travel. For though it be but little, yet hath it all the advantages of the beſt architecture, and that without confuſion, but in order.

But to return to *Amalthea*, I am to tell you, that for thoſe Ladies that come to her houſe, ſhe gives them all the innocent freedom that may be, inſomuch, that they can hardly be perſwaded, but that they are at their own houſe. 'Tis true, thoſe whom ſhe gives this liberty to, are perſons choſen out, who are all ingenious, all virtuous, and of more than ordinary deſert. Among others, there is a Neece of *Amalthea*'s that lives with her, who, as young as ſhe is, makes this pleaſant deſart, yet more inviting; for ſhe hath the freſhneſs of *Aurora* in her complexion, the innocency of the Graces in her Phyſiognomy, and I know not what of *Diana* in her eies; and what does very well with Youth and beauty, ſhe hath Wit, Diſcretion, and Goodneſs. *Amalthea* does alſo very often entertain ſome men of her friends, ſuch as deſerve that glorious quality, and whom I ſhall one day give you an account of: but ſince it is not among them, that we are to find *Themiſtus*'s Miſtreſs, I ſhall not meddle with them at the preſent, and ſhall only ask you by the way, how you like *Amalthea*. She ſeems ſo lovely to me, replies *Plotina*, that I would go purpoſely to *Syracuſe* to ſee her.

And for my part, ſaies *Valeria*, I cannot but a little envy thoſe, who have the happineſs of her friendſhip. And for mine, added *Hermiſius*, I think there's no Prince in the world that may not repine at the happineſs of *Anaxander*, were it not that he highly deſerves it; for certainly there is no pleaſure like that of having ſuch a Wife. Were you acquainted with her your ſelf, replies *Themiſtus*, you would be more taken with her than you are. But it is *Amilcar*'s buſineſs to deſcribe to you the other Ladies of our Court, for I am impatient till you have her deſcription that I love. But if I ſhould forget her, replies *Amilcar*, you were finely ſerved; I defie you as to that, replies *Themiſtus*, for I think it impoſſible a man ſhould ſee her once, and not remember her eternally.

Since it happens ſometimes, that a man falls in love with Queens, it is not impoſſible, but that you may have loved the Prince of *Syracuſa*'s Wife, though you were his favourite; for Love, where he comes, is a little humourſome god, who laughs at all mortality, policy, and prudence; and ſuch as makes a man love in ſpight of his reaſon, and contrary to his own concernments. I ſhall therefore at a venture tell *Plotina* and *Valeria*, that *Demarata* is a fierce Beauty, yet hath withal a certain mixture of mildneſs, ſpirit, and diſdain in her eyes. Her hair is perfectly black, ſhe is ſomewhat of a duskiſh complexion, having Lips incarnated, very white Teeth, a very handſome Breaſt, a very neat Hand, and a noble Preſence. She is infinitely ingenious; but her Wit is not always of the ſame weight, and is a little inclining to ambition. She hath a Soul that is very paſſionate, whatever ſhe deſires, ſhe deſires violently, and ſhe knows as well how to diſguiſe her Sentiments, as any one whatſoever; for when ſhe will undertake to do it, a man will think ſhe loves thoſe ſhe hates, and hates thoſe ſhe loves: but, all this notwithſtanding, ſhe is very likely to raiſe love in any one. Yet do I not believe that *Themiſtus* hath received any from her, but ſhould rather think that a certain young Lady of my acquaintance at *Syracuſe*, called *Beliſa*, may have ſmitten his heart, for ſhe hath all the charms fit to engage a man into affection. She comes of a very noble houſe, though ill treated by fortune, and the changes introduced by the Wars, even into the nobleſt Families. She is flaxen-hair'd, fair as to complexion, and excellently well made; and though the lineaments of her face do not at all expreſs any extraordinary beauty, yet are they all pleaſant; and from the conflux of all thoſe lines, there iſſues a certain inexpreſſible air, which hath more charms in it, than the greateſt beauties have. For ſhe hath a thouſand pretty geſtures taught her by nature frome her infancy, which become her admirably well, and whence there is derived a certain ſprightlineſs to her whole body. Her eies are full of it, her ſmiles betray it, and it is viſible in all her actions. Nay, there is a certain gallantry, in whatſoever ſhe does or ſays, and by a certain conjunction of whatever is handſome and virtuous, there is made up a complacency that cannot well be expreſſed. For, whether ſhe ſpeak, or whether ſhe hearken, ſhe is ever infinitely pleaſant, and there is ſomething that is ſo delicate in what ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow her thoughts on, and what ſhe ſaies, and ſhe hath ſuch ſubtle apprehenſions of what others ſay, that ſhe is as it were a charm to all thoſe that are near her. Inſomuch, that though ſhe ſpeak againſt Love, ſhe is ever attended by thouſands of Lovers, who make all ſlaves about her. And yet ſhe ſeems to be unwilling they ſhould be ſuch, and deſirous to knock off their chains; for ſhe makes a particular profeſſion to be extreamly tender of her reputation; but while ſhe endeavours to knock them off, ſhe makes them faſter; Some ſay, it happens when ſhe never thinks on it; others, that ſometimes ſhe takes a certain pleaſure in making theſe miſerable wretches; how e're it be, it is but too true that ſhe makes a many unfortunate men; nay, at this hour all the world complains of her cruelty.

And yet it is the moſt lovely cruelty in the world, for there's nothing in it that is frightful, ſavage, or uncivil; Nay, ſometimes there needs no more in her, than but a ſcornful ſmile, to make a man more wretched than another ſhould, with menaces, injuries, and incivility. Beſides, that which puts all that love her into deſpair, is, that ſhe hath a certain friendſhip for thoſe Ladies that are of her acquaintance, not much unlike Love it ſelf, eſpecially for one called *Meliſera*, a perſon of extraordinary merit, ſuch indeed that I dare not give you a repreſentation of her. For in a word, ſhe hath all the wit in the world within her ſelf, if I may uſe that expreſſion, but I mean that illuminated wit, that is capable of all things, that merry wit that would be pleaſantly malicious, were it not bridled by reaſon; that diſcreet wit, which makes one never to ſay, but what one would, nor to do but what

what one ought. Judge then, how a person of so much worth may be esteemed, who yet, besides what I have said, is of a noble birth, is a great beauty, hath abundance of virtue, and no less generosity.

For my part, saies *Plotina*, I think her as worthy to be *Themistus*'s Mistress, as *Amalthea* to be his Friend. She is indeed a very admirable person, replied *Meleagenes*, but the conquest of such a woman, were a very hard business; but *Amilcar* hath not yet said all he hath to say. If *Themistus* could fall in love with a pretty coy Lady, that loves abundance of talk, replies *Amilcar*, I know one at *Syracuse*, that must infallibly be his Mistriss, for she is extreamly fair, hugely amiable, full of sweetness, and invitation. She hath a wit made suitable to her inclination; it is not guilty of too much solidity, for it is not ordinary for great talkers to have any of that kind; but it ever sparkles, it pleases, its full of mirth and insinuation, and this very persons who flatters flowers where ever she comes, and takes in hearts where ever she meets them, makes such pleasant sport with them, that a man never leaves her unsatisfied, though it be troublesome to him to be so long fool'd with a fruitless hope in so much company. You give us the draught of a very strange prattle-box, replies *Plotina*, but for change sake, let us have the picture of a gallant man of *Syracuse*, were it only to see whether I can guess at the Rivals of *Themistus*, as well as I pretend to have done at his Mistress.

You shall be obeyed, saies *Amilcar*, and that so much the rather, because it being unlikely you shall ever see him I am going to represent, I shall not need fear he will be my Rival. You are very cautious, replies *Herminius*. Believe me, saies *Amilcar*, a man cannot be too cautious in Love; and it is better be so too much than too little, even in point of Gallantry. But to return to him I am to speak of; Know there is a person of quality in the Court of *Syracuse*, called *Meriander*, a man that deserves so particular a character, as being master of an extraordinary virtue, that it were certainly much injurious to him, should a man simply say of him that he is nobly born, an understanding man, and an honest man. For certain it is, that he hath thousands of excellencies which may well distinguish him from, and set him above the most considerable in the Court of *Syracuse*. *Meriander* is a proper person, of a fair stature, and a good countenance; he is flaxen hair'd, hath a grey eye, mild, yet full of spirit. His Face is somewhat long, his Physiognomy sweet and noble, in a word, he wants not any thing requisite in a person of his condition. He hath not only a clear understanding, but also full of gallantry, civility, and compliance. All his inclinations are so noble and generous, that it is hard to find a person of more honour, more fidelity, more sincerity, more discretion, and more true virtue.

Besides, he is as it were, born Master of all the nobler Arts and Sciences. Yet would he perswade his semal friends, that he hath had no Tutor but the Court and Nature: But howe're it be, he knows all that others learn, and knows it equally with those that have studied it most. In a word, *Meriander* is acquainted with all those things that require wit, subtilty, gallantry, and civility. In the first place he is versed in that which they call the knowledge of the world, more than any other can be; and that decency wherein the civility of the Court consists, he is so well read in, that no man can be more. Were there an Art that should teach men the infallible way to joyn civility, wit, noble liberty, mirth, innocence, pleasure, virtue and gallantry, no man could undertake it but he; so true is it that *Meriander* is well instructed, in whatever may make up a noble Courtier. He is not like those persons of quality, who love those things that are handsom, though they neither know them nor can do them; no, he is versed in all, he writes a very excellent style in Prose, and that very natural; and he makes verses so good and handsome, that they cannot be over-commended: For he fancies things very neatly, and his expression is so gallant, that it is easily seen that there are few in the world could do what he does. All which hinders not, but that *Meriander* is serious enough, nay, he makes a great profession of wisdom, though that be no Court virtue: but his wisdom admits a mirth so full of spirit, that it might be said, he is made for no other end than to entertain, and be entertained by his female acquaintances. He knows *Musick* after *Orpheus*'s his way, though nature hath not afforded him any good voice; and yet he makes such good Airs, and excellent Sonnets, that it may be said he hath in his head, whatever is most sweet and passionate in Harmony, and whatever is gallant and delicate in Poesie. He dances admirably well, he designes rarely, he hath studied Painting and Architecture, and he hath made the design of a Building, which hath all the beauties of others, and yet are they nothing like it. Among other things, he hath designed in it, a certain place arch'd *coupelo*-wise, which he hath made purposely for the Ladies. The Sun never shines into it, and being enlightned only by false lights, falling from the Apartments that encompass it, it hath a gentle light fit for beauties and private meetings. And it is so much the more convenient for the Summer, in that it is extreamly cool, having divers Hollows wherein the cool and the shade very much favour those that are desirous to meditate. To be short, *Meriander* is admirable in all things, for he loves Gardens, and understands them so well, as if he affected nothing but solitude, and yet when he is at *Syracuse*, it might be said he could not live one day in the Countrey without weariness. He sees whatever is polite, sprightful, rare, and gallant. There is no news, either of more or less consequence, but he knows it; all the excellent and virtuous of both Sexes are of his friendship, so that in all entertainments he makes one; nay, he is a particular friend, even to those women, who out of considerations of virtue, live as it were out of the world; he visits others that love nothing so much as tumult; and, not having the baseness to dissemble upon any mans account, he yet complies with persons of quite contrary dispositions. Add to this, that *Meriander* loves to deal freely, and acquaint those that he looks on as his true friends, truly with what he thinks; and yet there never was so great a hater of detraction, or more discreet, more obliging, more sweet-natur'd or more officious man towards all persons of worth, nor more unlikely to offend any one, and consequently, it were no easie matter to meet with a man more accomplish'd. This *Meriander*, says *Valeria*, would certainly be a very

dangerous

dangerous Bird. He is certainly a person of very much worth, added *Plotina*, but in point of gallantry, a little mischief does a great deal of good; and it is my opinion at least, that there are in love many cheats, that are as fortunate as these persons of worth and virtue. If it be so, I know one at *Syracuse*, replies *Amilcar*, that may pretend much to happiness, for he equally deceives those he loves, and those he does not. He abuses all he commends, and commends all he contemns. He puts truth into the Catalogue of imperfections, and thinks a man cannot be witty without lying; when he is at a loss for a story, he invents one; he fathers those he knows, on such as do not so much as think on them. He thinks none his true friends, but such as he stands in need of; he prejudices all that cannot hurt him, and serves only those that can serve him again. With all these good qualities, he sings well, dances well, is witty, importunate, and whether you will or no, must be one of your friends, i'th' humour I am now in, replies *Valeria*, he should never be any of mine. I assure you, saies *Plotina*, it would not trouble me much, if he were my neighbor: for such people make better sport than those, that are much more virtuous; but let us return to *Themistus*'s Mistress. For my part, methinks she is long a coming, saies *Valeria*; and I am in some fear, added *Herminius*, that *Themistus* hath made an ill choice, if she be not one of those that *Amilcar* hath described. And yet I am satisfied she is not, for I have not observed in *Themistus* upon that emotion, which a man hath when he knows his Mistriss nam'd.

Then be sure now to look well on *Themistus*'s eyes, saies *Amilcar* to *Plotina*, for I am going to represent unto you the Mother of all Loves, when I give you the draught of the Princess of *Himera*, who is the Prince of *Syracuse*. *Lindamira* is certainly a person fit to conquer, even those hearts that being hard to be taken, stand upon their defence, and when they are, it is done with twice as much difficulty as others. At these words, *Plotina*, *Valeria*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar*, looking on *Themistus*, perceived his colour to change, that his eyes betrayed that pleasant emotion *Amilcar* had spoken of. Insomuch that *Plotina* cries out, Hah! *Themistus*, said she to him, you love the Princess *Lindamira*. Whether I do or no, saies *Themistus*, recovering himself a little, I am not to acknowledge, till *Amilcar* have said all he hath to say; for I would not have the praises, he shall give the person hath conquered me, be thought chargeable with the least flattery. For my part, saies *Amilcar*, I must needs tell you, I am weary of painting, and that I will conclude with the Picture of *Lindamira*. When you have finished that, replies *Herminius*, *Themistus* I believe, will desire no more of you. I will do it then with abundance of care, answered *Amilcar*, and yet assure your selves it shall be no flatter'd piece. It were no easie matter to flatter *Lindamira*, reply'd *Themistus*, and if you were not so admirable a Painter as you are, it would go very hard, but you would take away something from her. Howe're it fall out, saies *Amilcar*, this is the Picture of the Princess of *Himera*. Know then, that *Lindamira* is a Princess of much beauty, and such attractions, that the Goddess that is ador'd in the famous Temple of *Eryx*, was never more lovely than she. Loves and Graces are her constant attendants; nay, the gods have endued this admirable Woman with so many things fit to kindle Adoration, that if one were to be cured of insensibility, there needed no more than one minutes sight of her, to make him sensible for all the rest of his life. You speak of *Lindamira* with such a transport of passion, saies *Plotina*, that I fear me you are a little in love with her. Thanks to your attractions, and my disposition, replies *Amilcar*, I am not, but indeed I have been. And yet I dare assure you, without any pre-occupation, that the world affords not a person more likely to raise Love, even to the hazard of Reason. Tell us then briefly how she is made, replies *Plotina*, to see whether there may not be one amongst us may please, though it were meerly out of some slender resemblance to her. I make no answer to what you say, replies *Amilcar*, for you know whom I am taken with; but to know *Lindamira* well, imagine that you see a person of an admirable Presence, such as at first sight captivates all eyes and all hearts; so beautiful does she seem to be. For before you have the time to examine all I am to tell you, there are so many different charms present themselves to the sight, that your admiration prevents your knowledge of her. 'Tis true, Reason comes immediately, and acts its part; for the more one sees the Princess of *Himera*, the more amiable he thinks her. In a word, besides the presence which she hath, very excellent and very noble, her hair is of a flaxen ashy colour, the fairest that ever I beheld; nay, it betrays such a particular beauty, that to give it its due, a man cannot positively say it is of a flaxen chesnut, or ashy colour, but confidently affirm there never was any thing so handsome. *Lindamira*'s face is almost round, but the compass is so pleasant, that there cannot any thing be more. She is of a very fair complexion, hath an excellent mouth, the eye-brows somewhat fleshy and brown, her cheeks fair, the teeth white, and a smile the most sprightly in the World. Her eyes are black, sending forth their inevitable attractions: and it may be said without flattery, that there never was any, whose eyes and looks were more fit to command victories. For they discover mildness, understanding, goodness, subtilty, modesty, mirth, and languishingness; and what is yet more remarkable in the Princess of *Himera*, is, That she hath the noblest, the neatest, and the most fortunate Physiognomy in the world. Besides, she betrays such an excess of youth, that there may be seen on her face a certain flower of innocence, which adds infinitely to her charms; but what augments her beauty, is, that sometimes she is guilty of a lovely negligence, that becomes her so well, that nothing can stand out against it. For what is observable, is, that let her do what she pleases, it comes with a gallant grace, and a chearful countenance, and that the most negligent action she may do, contributes something to make her appear more beautiful. In a word, if she bow down her head a little, she does it in such a way, as would make a man wish to have her so drawn. If she turn it towards you, you find in your self a readiness to give her thanks for that favour, though she look not on you; and if she be in a melancholy posture, there is I know not what in the air of her countenance, which forces a man to wish himself the occasion thereof. But if she speak, she ravishes

raviſhes you; for beſides that, though all ſhe ſaies be full of wit, and comes off handſomely well; yet there is ſomething in her voice, which moves the heart as ſoon as it ſmites the ear. There is in it a certain ſweetneſs and harmony, and I know not what kind of careleſsneſs, ſuch as I cannot expreſs, ſo that I take a greater pleaſure to hear her but ſpeak, than to hear the beſt ſinging in the world. For matter of Breſt, *Lindamira* is there alſo excellently well made; in a word, ſhe is all over ſo gallant and lovely, that a man cannot forbear loving her.

And yet, all this granted, it cannot be ſaid that ſhe knows her ſelf to be handſome; ſo indifferent is ſhe for all ſtrange faſhions, which thoſe of her age are infinitely taken with; her Dreſs is commonly without any great curioſity, as needing no other ornament than that of her own beauty. The mere Graces of her perſon, are enough to prefer her above thoſe, who make it moſt their buſineſs to be gorgeouſly attired. Not but that when ſhe will be dreſs'd, it becomes her admirably, and knows the art of doing it in the beſt manner; but for the moſt part ſhe ſo far truſts her charms, that ſhe will not be obliged to Art. For matter of underſtanding, it is not enough to ſay, that ſhe is infinitely well furniſh'd; for 'tis no ſuch wonder to meet with women extreamly witty, but there are in her diſpoſition, in her ſoul, and in her converſation, the ſame charms as there are in her face. Further, *Lindamira* is fit for all ſorts of perſons, as having in her, as well mirth as melancholly, mildneſs, civility, an innocent malice, ſincerity, generoſity, virtue, fearfulneſs, modeſty, gallantry, and compliance, not only for thoſe that are ſo happy, as to ſerve or to pleaſe her, but even for ſuch as are ſo confident as to importune her. For out of a certain principle of goodneſs and juſtice, when ſhe thinks her ſelf obliged by any one, ſhe cannot poſſibly entertain any roughneſs for him, if he ſhould afterward prove troubleſome to her; and ſhe would rather bear with thoſe that ſhe does not affect, than to do that which might give her occaſion to reproach her ſelf, with having done any one an incivility. Not but that ſhe can well diſtinguiſh between thoſe ſhe ſees, but ſhe diſcreetly ſmothers the diſcontent ſhe takes at thoſe whom ſhe cannot affect. Yet it is eaſie for thoſe that know her well, to ſee whether her civilities are abſolutely ſincere or not, for there are certain accents in her voice, that weaken or add to the obliging ſenſe of her words, ſutably to the perſons to whom ſhe ſpeaks. She hath ſuch an Art in writing Letters, that thoſe that receive them, are more ſatisfied therewith, than they ſhould be, if they could ſift out the meaning of her that writ them. For friendſhip, ſhe pretends to be the moſt tender of it, of any in the world; hers is at leaſt moſt pleaſant and moſt convenient.

I have an hundred other remarks to make on *Lindamira*'s Picture, were it not, as I told you, for wearineſs, and that it is time you ſhould gueſs at *Themiſtus*'s Miſtreſs. I think, ſaies *Plotina*, we are to judge of it by *Themiſtus*'s eyes; when the firſt mention was made of *Lindamira:* I am of the ſame opinion, ſaies *Valeria*, For my part, ſaies *Herminius*, I make no doubt of it, and now that I ſpeak of her, I ſee by *Themiſtus*'s face, that you are not miſtaken. I muſt confeſs it, replied he; but do you alſo acknowledge that I am not blameable for loving ſo excellent a Princeſs. Why ſhould I not acknowledge what you would have me, when I maintain that no mans love is to be cenſured for a man loves not to pleaſe others, but himſelf; and the choice of a Miſtriſs ought to be as free as the choice of Colors. So that, as no body thinks it ſtrange, that a man ſhould prefer Sky color before Green, and White before Red; ſo is it no more to be wondered, that ſome love Beauty, others Wit, others a good Nature, others greatneſs of Birth, ſince at laſt it comes to this, that every one loves what he is pleaſed with. There is nothing at the preſent, ſaies *Plotina*, can pleaſe me ſo much, as the relation of the Hiſtory of *Themiſtus*. You are never the nearer having it to day, replied he, for I am not in an humor, either to go hence, to hear my adventures, or to relate them. Be it then put off till to morrow, replies *Valeria*: Be it ſo, if *Meleagenes* pleaſe, ſaies *Themiſtus*, for without him you are not like to know any thing that concerns me. If that be all, replied *Meleagenes*, the curioſity of theſe Ladies ſhall infallibly be ſatisfied: and yet can I not but be troubled, that ſo excellent an Hiſtory muſt paſs through my mouth; but I ſhall be a faithful Hiſtorian, and if I may be charged with want of Art, I will not be chargeable with any thing that is falſe.

Hereupon this little company ſeparated, promiſing to meet again the next day; but *Valeria* bearing a great affection to *Clelia*, and knowing ſhe wanted diverſion, brought her in, ſaying, ſhe ſhould take *Themiſtus*'s place, who would not be there. And ſo *Valeria* having thus ordered things, *Clelia*, *Plotina*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, and *Meleagenes*, came the next day to her Chamber (*Themiſtus* ſtaying away) where as ſoon as they had paſſed their firſt complements, and every one taken his place, *Meleagenes* began his relation, directing his ſpeech to *Clelia*, becauſe *Valeria*, and *Plotina* would have it ſo.

The Hiſtory of THEMISTUS, *and the Princeſs* LINDAMIRA.

SInce my diſcourſe is directed to perſons that underſtand themſelves infinitely well, and have been already acquainted with the qualities and diſpoſitions of thoſe whom I am to give them an account of, as alſo with the manner and cuſtoms of my Countrey; I ſhall not trouble you with things not worth the relation. But whereas *Themiſtus* is not abſolutely known to you, I ſhall in few words, tell you, that he is come out of a very noble and very great Houſe, which yet fortune had in proceſs of time, deprived of the Eſtate belonging thereto; ſo that having a ſoul full of ambition from his infancy, he could not ſit down with his preſent fortunes, but reſolved to travel into ſtrange Countreys, where having ſhewn himſelf a gallant man, he might return into his own, to ſee if he could reſtore his Houſe to its former luſtre. He went at ſixteen years of age, but e're he went

gone, had he made an innocent conqueſt, though he had not the leaſt thought he had done ſuch a thing. For *Demarata*, wife to the Prince of *Syracuſe*, being then but ten years of age, had ſo violent an inclination for him, that all the women that were employed about her took notice of it. Having look'd on her from the Cradle, as ſhe that ſhould marry the Prince of *Syracuſe*, and that ſhe was both Fatherleſs and Motherleſs: there was choice made of a woman of the higheſt quality, who proved to be Aunt to *Themiſtus*, to take care of her education: So that *Themiſtus* coming often to his Aunt, eſpecially when ſhe was in the Country, the young *Demarata* had ſeen him a thouſand times, and had received from him a many little ſervices. Thoſe he yet did meerly out of an officious nature, beſide that, looking on her as a young Gentlewoman, that was to be one day his ſovereign, a ſentiment of ambition made him eſteem her the more. But for *Demarata*, the love ſhe bore *Themiſtus*, proceeded from a natural inclination, whence it came, ſhe was more taken with him than any other; inſomuch, that when he went to travel, ſhe wept for him, though ſhe were then but ten years of age, and for ſome time before his departure, ſpoke always with him in private. What is alſo very conſiderable, is, That *Demarata* had as much averſion for the Prince of *Syracuſe*, whom ſhe was to marry, as ſhe had inclination for *Themiſtus*; ſo that ſhe was ſeventeen years of age e're ſhe could be prevail'd with to marry him. This averſion was kept ſo ſecret, that the Prince never had the leaſt ſuſpicion thereof. But at laſt *Themiſtus*'s Aunt perſwaded *Demarata*, that perſons of her quality were not married by choice, and that there was no ſovereign Prince in our Iſland, whom it were more advantageons for her to marry, than *Perianthus*. So that this young Lady, who was apprehenſive enough, fierce, and ambitious, ſuddainly reſolving to marry the Prince of *Syracuſe*, reſolv'd at the ſame time to gain his affection; not out of any pleaſure ſhe took in being loved by him, but only to gain credit with him, and conſequently in his Court. She therefore diſſembled, and carried her buſineſs ſo cunningly, that ſhe fired the Prince with the greateſt Love that could be, and by that means came effectually to gain what power and intereſt ſhe deſired. During that time *Lindamira*, though ſhe were a year younger than *Demarata*, was married to the Prince of *Himera*.

But have I not heard, ſaies *Clelia*, interrupting him, that *Himera* is a River that divides all *Sicily*? 'Tis very right, replied *Meleagenes*, and 'tis from the ſource of that pleaſant River, that a proud Caſtle takes its name, belonging to the Prince whom *Lindamira* had married, meerly forced to it by her Brother, ſhe having not the leaſt love or averſion for him. Nay, the Prince of *Himera* was ſo young when he married her, that, as handſome as ſhe was then, it may be ſaid She was a Wife before ſhe was a Miſtriſs. So that being married before ſhe had been much in love, and the familiarity of marriage having hindred the growth of affection, he lived well enough with *Lindamira*, and ſhe with him, only becauſe reaſon would have it ſo.

In the mean time this excellent Princeſs, placed her greateſt pleaſures in the friendſhip of a Siſter of mine called *Mericia*. She often viſited *Demarata*, but as there was not a ſympathy in their diſpoſitions, ſo was not the friendſhip between them ſound and ſincere, though from all circumſtances it might be thought they loved one another. For *Lindamira*, out of the reſpect ſhe bore the Prince her Brother, was infinitely civil to *Demarata*; and *Demarata*, well vers'd in diſſimulation, and withal, deſirous to gain all ſhe could upon the Prince, was no leſs to *Lindamira*.

Things being in this poſture, the Prince's wedding-day was ſet, and all prepared themſelves at *Syracuſe*, for that great ſolemnity, whereof the magnificence was to laſt eight days. So that all related to the Court, were taken up about ſome pleaſant inventions, every one being, out of emulation, deſirous to honour the Prince and Princeſs, by taking the honour of being at the charge of ſome particular magnificence. About four daies before *Demarata*'s marriage, the Prince of *Himera* getting upon an excellent horſe, which he thought to make uſe of in a Race, that was to be ſoon after, the horſe roſe up before of a ſudden, and fell down backward ſo violently that, being mortally hurt, he was the next day deſperate of any recovery, and died the day that the Prince of *Syracuſe* was to be married. It being but fit the Solemnity ſhould be put off for ſome time upon this accident, it was ſo; but the Prince's love being at the height of violence, it was only put off for eight daies, ſo that only the Princeſs of *Himera* was deprived of all enjoyments at that time. For, though ſhe had for her Husband, but an affection meerly grounded on Reaſon and Will; yet was ſhe troubled at his death, out of reſentments of humanity and decorum, and accordingly ſhe ſtaied at home, without any other comfort than what ſhe had from my Siſter, who pretended her ſelf not well, becauſe ſhe would not leave her, during the eight daies of the Solemnity. Yet was it ordered that the Court ſhould goe into Mourning for the Prince of *Himera*, as ſoon as thoſe eight daies were over.

I ſhall not trouble you with the magnificence of the Prince's marriage, which was ſolemnized in ſight of all the people, in the ſpacious place of *Aeradina*, at the foot of the Altar of *Concord*, which ſtands in the midſt of it, where the Articles of Peace are ſigned, when any War ceaſes. Not but that this Ceremony were well worth the relation and your hearing; but I have ſo many other things to entertain you with, that I ſhall not trouble you with this. I ſhall alſo go ſlightly over the greateſt part of *Demarata*'s Wedding; but muſt, for your better acquaintance with this Princeſs, tell you, that the night immediately before the Solemnity, ſhe locked her ſelf in a room with a woman ſhe loved very dearly, called *Amerintha*, and that ſhe diſcovered her thoughts to her. It hath been known ſince that ſhe wept two hours, and confeſſed to her, that if ſhe could have but reſolved to die, ſhe ſhould have thought her ſelf happy, ſo great was the averſion ſhe had for Prince *Perianthus*. 'Twas indeed a groundleſs averſion; for he is a perſon, that, beſides his underſtanding and magnificence, hath thouſands of excellent endowments. But to be ſhort, ſhe could not o'recome that natural averſion, and ſo, as I have told you, ſhe wept two hours the night before her Wedding. However, ſhe forced her ſelf ſo admirably the next

day, that the Prince thought she shar'd with him in all his pleasures, and that she was as well satisfied as he, so that there was nothing but continual rejoycing. The fourth day there was a Horse-race, the noblest in the World, but as they were ready to begin it, and that the Princess of *Demarata*, then called Princess of *Syracuse*, was upon a Scaffold attended by all the Ladies, who, according to the custom, were chosen to advise her when she should give the prize, there appeared a man of an admirable handsome Presence, mounted on an Isabella-colour'd horse with a black mane, attended by six Africans with Colors of Silver, who, staying without the Lists, sent to the Princess to desire leave to run, and to pretend to the prize as well as others: for the Prince being among those that ran, and the solemnity being intended for *Demarata*, all the honours thereof were directed to her. He that desired the permission, had red, white, and green Feathers; his cloathing was magnificent and gallant, and, it being then the custom to carry shields, for that after the Race there was a little skirmish to be, among those who pretended any interest in the prize, he had painted upon his, *A Heart in the field*, *Or*; with these words in the *African* Language,

I am his that shall take me.

In the mean time, a Gentleman that belonged to this lovely unknown person, came very submissively before the Scaffold, where *Demarata* was, which was covered with a magnificent pavilion, to desire in his Master's name the permission he was a suitor for: When you have given me his name that sends you, replied she, and his Countrey, I shall see what answer it will be fit to give you. Madam, replied the Gentleman, my Master hath the honour to be your Subject, and if you have not forgotten the name of *Themistus*, you know his. How, replied she, her colour changing, is he I now see, the same *Themistus* that left *Sicily* about seven years ago, and hath not been heard of since? The very same, Madam, replied he, 'tis he that desires your leave to participate of the glory of this day. Tell him, replied she, very resolutely, that I not only give him leave to pretend to the prize I am to give, but also wish that if the Prince ran not himself, that he might carry it.

Upon this, the Gentleman retires to acquaint his Master with what the Princess had said. So that *Themistus* thanking her very submissively, by bending to the very pommel of the Saddle, he came in among those that were preparing to run. I shall not Madam, trouble you with the particulars of this Race, but assure you, that *Themistus* carried away all the honour of it, and that he was the most able, and the most fortunate of all that ran. Nay, he carried himself with such judgement that he was never in competition with the Prince of *Syracuse*, who observed it, and thought himself obliged to him. So that at last, the race and the skirmish ended, *Periantbus* having discovered who it was, took him and presented him to *Demarata*, to demand the prize she was to bestow.

In the mean time, you are to know that this Princess had no sooner heard *Themistus* named, but that antient inclination she had for him in her infancy, began to take fresh root in her heart, notwithstanding all the oppoition she used. So that feeling an accustomed joy, she received *Themistus* from the Prince in the most obliging manner that could be. And without asking the advice of the Ladies that were about her, according to the custom she gave him the prize, saying, they had given him their consent, by their former commendations of him when he ran. *Themistus* on the other side, glad of the advantage he had over the young Courtiers, took on a more noble confidence, put on a certain majesty, and spoke more resolutely; in a word, he so carried himself, that he was thought worthy his birth, and a better fortune than he then had. *Themistus* was the subject of all the discourse that day; and there wanted not beauties, who made it their design to conquer his heart; he rais'd fear and jealousie in all that had Mistresses, and he had certainly all the reason in the world to be satisfied with what he had done that day.

He came that night to the *Ball*, where he expressed no less experience and ability, than at the Race, his company was infinitely pleasant to all that enjoy'd it, and *Demarata* her advantage of the antient familiarity, wherein they had lived from their infancy, made him relate some of the adventures of his Travels. But for my part, I shall not acquaint you with them, for it is sufficient I tell you, that he had been in *Africk*, *Greece*, and *Asia*; that he had by that means, learned abundance of excellent things; that he had done extraordinary things in the War; and that having gotten enough to put himself into a magnificent equipage, and to subsist on for one year, with a retinue proportionable to his high birth; his resolution was to see whether he could restore his House, through the favour of the Prince; and that if he could not do it, to return, and wander up and down the world, with a design never to return again into *Sicily*.

Now having understood at his coming into it, that the Prince was to be married, he ordered things so as not to appear at Court, till the day of the Race, then to do that piece of gallantry, which hath proved so fortunate to him: For *Periantbus* finding in *Themistus* what he could not in any of the young Courtiers, began to affect him from that day, and to assure him he would have a care of his misfortune. But for *Demarata*, when she was alone, she was in some sort troubled at the return of *Themistus*. Was it not enough (said she to her self, as she hath repeated it since) for me to be so unhappy as to club fortunes with a Prince, for whom I have an invincible aversion; but I must see again a man, for whom I have such inclinations, as seven years absence hath not been able to destroy? And yet these must I struggle with for my reputation sake; nay, for my quiet must overcome. *Demarata* therefore took this generous resolution, and omitted nothing in order to the execution thereof.

On the other side, *Themistus* minding on his fortune, and forgetting in a manner, the inclination, *Demarata* had had for him in her infancy, did her a thousand devoirs, meerly out of a consideration, that she had a great influence over the Prince, and his ambition advising him not to neglect any thing, he visited all the most considerable persons of the Court. Among the rest, he visited the Princess

Princeſs of *Himera*, whither he was brought by *Meriander*, with whom he had made friendſhip the very day of his arrival For my part, I was accidentally at *Lindamira*'s when he came in, by which means I became a witneſs of their firſt enterview. It being not many days ſince that Princeſs became a Widow, and the firſt mourning being full of ceremony at *Syracuſe*, her Chamber was hang'd with black, all the windows were ſhut; it was enlightned by fifty Chryſtal Lamps, and in one corner of the Chamber, there was a Bed covered with a large Pavillion; ty'd up at the four corners with black Taſſels, upon which, the fair *Lindamira* negligently leant on Cuſhions, but in ſuch ſort, that without any affectation, one might ſee her hands, which were the faireſt in the world. So that *Themiſtus* perceiving amidſt ſo much black, a perſon that was young, beautiful, flaxen-hair'd, very fair, graceful, of a modeſt, ſad, and civil deportment, it is not ſtrange if he were taken with her, or that ſhe offer'd his heart ſome violence. *Lindamira* ſpoke very little that day; but all ſhe ſaid was pertinent: nay, ſhe ſigh'd ſo languiſhingly two or three times, that ſhe ſeemed the more lovely for it: and I muſt confeſs, though ſhe be extreamly inviting in what poſture ſoever a man ſees her, yet have I never ſeen her more fit to take a heart in an inſtant than that day. Nor indeed did ſhe fail of *Themiſtus*'s, who being come to her Palace, only out of motives of ambition, left it with abundance of love. However, he kept this new born paſſion very ſecret, for the poſture his fortunes were in, gave him not leave to diſcover what he felt. Beſides that, though he doubted not but that the emotion of his heart was the effect of a growing love, yet was he in hope to be ſtill maſter of his liberty. For my part, I obſerved, that *Lindamira* had ſmitten the heart of *Themiſtus* from that very day, for he looked after none but her, he hearked only to what ſhe ſaid, he entertained himſelf with her ſight, and did a many things without conſidering what he did, whence I inferr'd, he was infinitely taken with *Lindamira*, and that he was a little at a loſs to find her ſo beautiful and ſo inviting.

Thus Madam, have you ſeen two originals of Love very different; *Demarata* was taken with *Themiſtus*, upon a day of publick rejoycing, and in a magnificent equipage; and *Themiſtus* falls in love with *Lindamira* on a day of ſadneſs and in mourning. This new Lover being deſirous to ſmother this growing flame, ſpent all his time in viſits, as well to men as to women. I brought him to the virtuous *Amilthea*, to the lovely *Meliſera*, to the amiable *Beliſa*, and a many more. He viſited alſo moſt men of quality, and made the beſt intereſt he could with the Prince: He was very much with *Demarata*, not thinking that the civilities he had then for her, enflamed in the heart of that Princeſs, an affection that ſhould prove all the unhappineſs of her life. During this time, he was ſeveral times deſirous to return to *Lindamira*; and ordinary, his reaſon prevailing with him, he did not. On the other ſide *Lindamira*, who had my Siſter ſtill with her, and had not, as I told you, had time to raiſe any extraordinary ſtructure of affection for the Husband ſhe had loſt, was in a ſhort time comforted: Inſomuch, that when there were not many about her, ſhe permitted any one to relate what had happened at the magnificent ſolemnity of *Demarata*'s Marriage. And whereas, what was moſt remarkable in it, was, the arrival of *Themiſtus*, all the Ladies that gave her any account of what had paſt, entertained her with divers things of *Themiſtus*, celebrating him to the heavens, every one commending him according either to her inclination, or her capacity. For ſome commended the gracefulneſs of his perſon, others his activity; ſome his magnificence, others his dancing; and the moſt witty, his wit, his company, and his gallantry. *Lindamira* ſumming up all that others ſaid of him, and adding what ſhe knew of him her ſelf, entertained a good opinion of *Themiſtus*, and was very ready to afford him her eſteem. But he not having been to viſit her, ever ſince the firſt time, ſhe took notice of it, and asked my ſiſter one day, ſmiling, whom he was fallen in love with? Why do you ſuppoſe he ſhould be with any, replyed ſhe? Becauſe, anſwered *Lindamira*, that being a perſon of ſo much honour as he is, he ſhould have given me a ſecond viſit, if he be not extreamly taken up; ſo that I conclude, that he is either fallen in love with ſome Beauty of our Court, or that he hates me. That he ſhould hate you, ſaies *Mericia*, it is impoſſible, and it might be more probably ſaid, that he may ſtand in fear of you.

You ſee, Madam, how *Lindamira* ſtood affected towards *Themiſtus*, who abſolutely wedded to his ambition, thought he had daſhed out that light impreſſion which the charms of *Lindamira* had made in his heart. And indeed, the Prince of *Syracuſe* treating him with extraordinary civilities, and all others looking on him as a new Favourite, he felt a certain joy that made him reflect on Love as a paſſion that ſhould truckle under ambition, and ſuch as could not in him ſubſiſt with it, as what would not be croſſed by it, ſo that for ſome daies he knew not the leaſt diſturbance. But at laſt, about a month after his return into *Sicily*, the time of *Lindamira*'s private mourning being expired, and ſhe at liberty to go abroad, ſhe, according to the cuſtom of *Syracuſe*, made her firſt viſit to *Demarata*, as wife to the Prince her Brother, being attended by a great number of fair Ladies, all in mourning. But to ſay truth, they were all eclipſed, in compariſon to her that day, ſuch charms did there appear in her perſon. For though her cloaths were but ſimple and negligent, and ſhe had only a large veile hanging carelefly down to the ground, whereof ſhe held one corner pleaſantly twining about the left arm, ſhe was a thouſand times more lovely, than any other could have been, with all the dreſſing imaginable. It being *Themiſtus*'s fortune to be at *Demarata*'s, when ſhe came thither, he perceived ſhe was as handſome in the broad day, as he had thought her in that night of mourning, when he had ſeen her before. So that he was more ſmitten than at the firſt time; and it happened ſo much the more fatally, in that *Lindamira*, having met his eies, made a little ſign with the head, obliging enough, as much as if it had been to ſay to him, *I know you again, though I never ſaw you but once.* Whereupon *Themiſtus* breaking the reſolution he had taken, ſought what he had reſolved to avoid, and the next day made a viſit to *Lindamira*. He came ſo betimes, that he found her alone, but he came thither with ſuch agitations, as

his heart could not master. However, at his coming in, he carried himself so as nothing could be discovered, and saluted *Lindamira* very respectfully, but it was she that first spoke, for she had no sooner seen him, but breaking forth, I thought, said she to him, you had fallen out with me for that I was the occasion of your going into mourning, and that accordingly you would see me no more. Alas! Madam, replyed he, you have not only put me into a mourning, but you have also given me cause to mourn; for it is impossible a man can have the honor to be known to you; but he must be withall extreamly troubled that he cannot rationally merit your esteem.

I assure you, replyed she very kindly, that if you meet with no other trouble, you will be the happiest man in the World; for I do not conceive my self so lost to discretion, as that I can be the only person in the Court that does not esteem you. What you say, Madam, hath so much insinuation, and withall so much gallantry in it, replyed *Themistus*, that I fear me it is your design to make me forfeit my reason and something besides. This came from *Themistus*, with such a freedom, that *Lindamira* could not take any offence thereat; nor indeed did she answer it otherwise than as a gallantry expressed without design, and which she had deserved by the kindness she had expressed to *Themistus*, who thereupon staied three hours with her, but with such entertainment as he had never known before. For whereas *Lindamira* hath a certain goodness shining in her face, which discovers the inevitable charms of her mind, he was amazed to hear her speak; and that particularly when the fair *Melisera*, whose Picture *Amilcar* gave you yesterday, being come to see her, began ingenuously to reproach her for so easily admitting all sorts of people to visit her. Heaven be praised, said she to her, as she came into the room, for so great a happiness as that of finding but one honest man with you, when you were wont to have a hundred persons about you, such as you neither care for, nor any body else, and yet you endure them without giving any good reason why. When *Themistus* is in a manner but a stranger in his own Country, replyes *Lindamira* smiling, you will put him into a strange opinion of me, for he must needs believe that I make no distinction of people, and will think himself nothing obliged to me for all the kindnesses I have said to him before you came. Could I have guessed you had been so kind to him, replyed *Melisera*, laughing with her, I should have been far from saying what I have. But to do you right, added she pleasantly, I must acknowledge before him, that you of all the World, are a person of most clear apprehensions, and most delicate in the discernment of things, and than whom none ever did better understand vertuous persons. But what I am nevertheless startled at, is, to see you take so much pleasure with those that pretend to the excellencies of the mind, and yet are withall so little troubled at certain persons that are not known, because one will not know them, and who are so importunate, that I think they are such to none but you, so carefully are they avoided by all those that have ever so little tenderness to their own satisfaction, and love not to be troubled. Whoever, says *Themistus* owns great perfections, and withall a great goodness, is more than any exposed to the importunity of troublesome persons. For the great perfections, replyed *Lindamira*, I pretend not to them, but my quality is such, that it is not easie for me to avoid those that come to me. 'Tis very true, replies *Melisera*, but you may many times take such order as that you may not be found. For my part replyes *Lindamira*, I must needs acknowledge, I am far from that inhumanity of being rough to those that come to see me; for is it not misery enough, that they can neither raise love, nor receive any; and that they are shaken off every where, but I must also persecute them? and methinks I do better to let them alone out of pity, than if I should take the pains to send them to some other place where they would be more troublesome than they are to me. For when I have any such about me, I think on something else, as if they were not near me; I reflect no more on them, than if I saw them not; and unless it be that I find them Chamber-room, give them leave to speak when they can, and answer them when I please; that I do not beat them, or laugh at them I neither oblige them, nor disoblige them. But you consider not, says *Melisera*, that it is your inviting complexion that draws them about you, and which deceives them; that a single smile is entertainment enough for two hours; and that you are obliged much more than any other, to be a little scornful, because there are a thousand things in your carriage, which without any design in you, make people swarm about you. But if I should remedy all those things, replyed she, the effect of it would haply be, that I should scare away as well those that I am pleased with, as those I am not, so that I had much rather satisfie those I love, than displease those I do not. Besides, how would you have those miserable Souls disposed of, that are born to no merit, and cannot change their nature? They are ignorant of their having any, and you would have me by coyness and incivility, make them know so much: not but that I love as much as any one, to be private with two or three friends of my own sex; but say what you will, I have not the cruelty to force away even those that are importunate in their visits; nay, I am perswaded, it is an effect of goodness and justice. I must indeed acknowledge says *Themistus*, that what you say may proceed from some goodness, but I question whether it be always just that one should be always good to his own prejudice.

On the contrary replied *Melisera*, to speak truely, there is nothing so opposite to true goodness and true justice, than what this Princess does. For if she suffer any inconvenience, she derives it to all she loves, who must needs think it the greatest affliction that may be, to see her pestred with people that they care not for. Nay, she is the occasion that even these people take the less pleasure: for if all those that have any worth, would civilly disengage them out of their company, they would find out others that were more consonant to their humor, and to whom their conversation were more supportable. Would you but teach me the art of disingaging these people civilly, replyed *Lindamira*, it may be I should endeavor to do it, but I must confess I am absolutely ignorant in it. For my part, says *Melisera*, I think it no hard matter and conceive it a thing easier to be done, than to be

her perſecuted by a ſort of troubleſome people. But how is it to be done, replies *Lindamira*? For all thoſe you eſteem not, replies *Meliſera*, you are to have only a cold civility, which as it hath in it nothing that's inhumane, ſo hath it not any thing that is divertive. You are not voluntarily to contribute ought to their enjoyments, and for virtues ſake you muſt forbear cenſuring them publickly. But when there is very particular company, ſays *Lindamira*, the leaſt can be ſaid of you, is, that you are very nice, that you are a little humerſome, or that you break forth into too much gallantry. This laſt reproach, replyes *Meliſera*, ſuits well with thoſe who are guilty of a certain tickliſh wit, yet live not as if they had any ſuch; for thoſe who make it their buſineſs to miſconſtrue things, imagine and affirm that one ſees an hundred people if he hath ſeen but one, and never ſuſpect they do any ſuch thing. And therefore ſince it is impoſſible, one ſhould not corrupt things that are moſt innocent when he is ſet upon it, the beſt courſe were to adviſe the ſide that is moſt convenient. Seriouſly replyed the Princeſs *Lindamira*, you would do me the greateſt courteſie in the world, could you but furniſh me with a little harſhneſs for three or four women of my acquaintance, that ſo I may be abſolutely what you would have me. If you were not ſo, replyed *Themiſtus*, the fair *Meliſera* would not be ſo much troubled at what you do. You are in the right, replyes that excellent Lady, but the Princeſs were leſs amiable than ſhe is, ſhe might be perſecuted by the multitude without my ladies quarrelling at it. You are yet a ſtranger, and the Princeſs in mourning, and therefore you know not what torment it is to ſee her, ſo as not to be able to ſpeak a word with her in private; but ſix months be paſt, you'll tell me more. Take ſhorter time, replyed he, for without knowing whether the perſons I hear in the outer room, are troubleſome or not, I ſit upon thorns till the company be broke up. Ah, *Themiſtus*, what affection do I owe you for being ſo much of my humor, replies *Meliſera*, and how ſhall I think my ſelf obliged, if you afford me your aſſiſtance to cure the diſeaſe of an exceſs of goodneſs and complyance.

Hereupon came into the room five women, though they came not at the ſame time into the Palace, and who ſeemed not to make that days viſit to *Lindamira*, to any other end than to ſatisfie *Themiſtus*, that *Meliſera* was not miſtaken. For there was no conſonancy between any of them, either among themſelves, or in relation to *Lindamira*. There was one that lived almoſt an age, and conſequently was very grave, auſtere, diſcourſing of nothing but the diſguſt people ſhould have of the things of this world, found nothing good of all that it afforded and could not endure thoſe of the new Court, and wore cloaths that were in faſhion in the time of *Nabuzar*, Tyrant of *Agrigentum*. On the other ſide, there was another that was young, thought her ſelf very pretty, looked very ſimperingly, and ſtudied nothing but how to keep on the redneſs of her lips, during a conference ſhe was extreamly weary of. There was a third that pretended much to news and intelligence, and conſequently had a privilege to be ever talking. For the other two, of whom I ſay nothing, they are ſuch a ſort of women as a man knows not what to ſay of, as ſuch as are neither handſome nor ugly; neither fools, nor yet very wiſe; and whereof the mediocrity keeps them from being aſſign'd any rank; for when there are none handſomer than themſelves in company, they are ſtrangely weary of it, and when they are with perſons that are pleaſant and ingenious; they are ſuffered, becauſe it is not perceived they are preſent. So that *Meliſera* whiſpering ſomething to *Themiſtus*, and looking on *Lindamira*, put her into a great diſtraction what to do; yet could ſhe not abſolutely reſiſt her inclination; for ſhe rayled at the World, with the antient Lady that quarrelled ſo much at the new Court; ſhe commended her Dreſſes, who underſtood not any thing but what was of that nature: ſhe ask'd news of her who loved nothing ſo much as to tell it; and ſhe had ſomething I know not what, to ſay to the two mean-witted perſons I told you of. So that when they were gone, it occaſioned one of the pleaſanteſt diſcourſes that ever was.

Themiſtus therefore finding no fewer charms in *Lindamira*'s mind, than he did in her face, fell ſo much the more in love with her, inſomuch, that within a few days, not being able to reſiſt the violence of his paſſion, he delivered himſelf up a Priſoner thereto. Yet could he not avoid a violent agitation of mind; for reflecting on the deſign he had to be a favorite to his Prince, he thought it concerned him very much to conceal his love; and he knew, but too much for his own quiet, that the buſineſs he undertook was very difficult. Should he diſcover his affection, he muſt run the hazard of being baniſhed the Court by his Maſter, and ſhould he ſtill ſmoother it, he muſt run that of not gaining his Miſtreſſes love. Nay, he well knew, that *Lindamira* would prove no eaſie conqueſt, and conſequently there was the leſs likelihood he ſhould ever be happy. But, after all, it being not in his power to maſter his ſentiments, he loved that which he could not forbear loving, and was at laſt ſatisfi'd that his Love was not ſuch an enemy to the deſigns of his ambition as he thought it had. Nay, it happened that love and ambition, by conjunction, grew ſtronger and ſtronger in him; for being deſirous to ſhew himſelf worthy of *Lindamira*, it enflam'd his ambition: and in regard he was naturally ambitious, the quality of the perſon he loved added to his Love. So that he undertook at the ſame time, two very hard things, that is, to gain the favors of his Prince, and to deſerve the good inclinations of a fair Princeſs. Thoſe he looked on as his two main labors; the former he eaſily overcame, for *Periantbus* was ſo extreamly inclined to affect him, that in a ſhort time, he was his only Favorite: and for the ſecond, he went ſo far, as without any great difficulty to get into the eſteem of *Lindamira*, nay indeed, very far into her friendſhip. 'Tis true, that ſpoke no particular favor from *Lindamira*, for he had the eſteem and love of all the world, except thoſe who envyed his virtue, and repined at the favor he was in, yet durſt not openly diſcover any ſuch thing.

In the mean time, *Demarata* ſeeing what reſpects the whole Court had for *Themiſtus*, felt the ſecret paſſion ſhe had for him, growing ſtrong within her. And yet ſhe diſſembled it ſo well, that *Amerintha* excepted, none ever knew any

thing

thing of it, nay even *Themistus* himself, whose imagination was full of the excellencies of *Lindamira*, had not the least suspicion thereof. However he waited on her very diligently, not only for the Prince's sake, who thought himself concerned in all the civilities done to *Demarata*, whom he still extreamly loved, but also to elude the notice might be taken of his frequent visits to *Lindamira*, and consequently that it might be thought that he had no other designs than those of ambition, that is, courted all those that might any way further them. Towards all the other Ladies, he behaved himself civilly, officiously, and like a gallant, but seemed not to have any particular inclinations for any one, whereat *Demarata* was extreamly well pleased. In a word, should her secret sentiments be examined, it would be found she imagined to her self a certain pleasure to do things, so as that *Themistus* might not love at all. So that to keep him from it, she thought fit to advance a discourse concerning the qualities a Favorite should have, to continue long in favor. *Lindamira* was present at that debate, which was occasioned upon a change that had happened at the Court of the Prince of *Hercles*, that made a great noise in the Court of *Syracuse*, upon pretence that the Favorite, who was fallen into disgrace, had lost himself by making his Mistress acquainted with some secrets of his Master.

For my part, says *Demarata*, I would never advise a man that were guilty of ambition, and would be Favorite to a Prince, to be engaged in Love. For these two principal passions require either of them a whole heart, and it is not possible to be fortunate in both at the same time. For my part, replyes *Lindamira*, I do not think those two passions so incompatible as you conceive. For when a man is a Favorite, it is so much the more easie for him to prevail, and if his addresses amount to any thing, there will be those Ladies that will sacrifice themselves to his desires, and will spare him abundance of pains. Take me in the humor I am in now, replyes *Themistus*, were I Favorite to a Prince, I would not care for that Mistriss whose good inclinations I should gain but conditionally with the favors of my Master. And therefore, if I propose to my self the conquest of any Beauty, I am confident I shall pick out such an one as shall consider nothing but my affection. The question is not to know what a man should do when he loves nor yet when he should love, replyes *Demarata*, but only to examine whether I have not reason to affirm, that a Favorite, who would advance his fortune, should avoid being in Love. But if he be a Favorite to a young Prince, replyed *Lindamira*, will you have him to be barbarous? or will you not allow him to concern himself in the pleasures of his Prince, and that if he be in Love, the other should be so too? I allow him to be civil, replyes *Demarata*, to be a Gallant, to be generous, nay to be a Lover in appearance, if the Prince by whom he is favored condescended thereto: but I maintain, that all his actions should relate to his ambition, if he be desirous to be happy; and that he should always be disposed to follow the inclinations of his Prince, and to renounce his own. Hence it comes, that sometimes he must mind Hunting, other times Court-ship, other times Bravery, acording as the humor of his Prince leads him; but he must never come to that extremity as to betray his Master to obey a Mistress. He must never come to that forced point, as to persecute his Prince with perpetual petitions for the friends of the Person he is in love with; he to whom he is a Favorite, should never fear he might reveal any secret of his; and a man must never put himself into such a posture, as that it may be in his power to deny that Prince any thing, whom he would have to repose an absolute confidence in him. For this reason must his Love-adventures be such, as that he shall not refuse to acquaint his Prince therewith, nor yet to make him privy to the favors he receives from his Mistress if in case he have any. For my part says *Themistus*, were I a Lover, and that a fortunate one, I am confident, I should rather sacrifice my fortune, than acquaint my Master with the favors I received from any Lady, how inconsiderable soever they were, if secret. What you say is doubtless very generously said, replyes *Demarata*, but when all's done, it clearly demonstrates that a Favorite ought not be in Love; for a young Prince that should trust you with all the secrets of State, would not take it well you should conceal ought from him that he is desirous to know. Besides, to be fortunate in ambition, a man must be disposed to lose all, to forsake all, when Policy requires it, and he must not admit diversity of interests to bring any one to effect. There are two kind of Favorites, added she, for there are some who love the Prince and the State, and others who mind only their own advancement, and would as gladly sacrifice the Prince and the State, to raise their own fortunes, as they would do their particular enemies. But whether the Favorite love his Master, or only himself, it is still equally convenient he should be unacquainted with Love. If all the Ladies of the Court heard you speak after that rate, replyes *Lindamira*, they would look on you as a person who had a design to hinder them from conquering the heart of *Themistus*, whom all begin to look on as the Favorite of the Prince my Brother. I am so far from deserving that honor, answers *Themistus*, that I think none looks on me as such an one. However it be, added *Demarata* blushing, it hath been my endeavor to give you the advice of a faithful friend. I am extreamly obliged to you for your good wishes, Madam, replyed he, and to let you know how far I submit to you, I promise you here before the fair *Lindamira*, that neither of you shall ever see me in love with any one of all those Ladies that are not present; which as he said, *Themistus* looked on *Lindamira*, who laughing, said to him, e're she was a ware, that to make him a positive answer to what he said, he must needs be in Love in *Africk*, *Greece*, or *Asia*. If I had discovered my secret, replyes he, smiling with her, the Princess might reproach me, that I had done that for you which ought not to be done for a Mistress. And therefore I shall tell you no more.

Hereupon the Prince coming in, dissolved the company, and carried away *Themistus* along with him, so that *Lindamira*, being also gone, and *Demarata* left alone, she went into her Closet, whither she called *Amerintha*, who knew all the secrets of her heart. Could you believe, said she to her, that I should spend the whole afternoon in endeavoring to perswade the only man in the world that

that I love, and cannot but love, that it is not fit he should be in love himself. Not but that I must acknowledge, though to my own confusion, that it were an incredible joy to me, that he were in love with me, conditionally that he neither told me so, nor knew that I knew so much. But since it is not so, nor can I wish it were, I must confess it is some pleasure to me, to think that *Themistus* is not in love at all, and minds nothing but his ambition. And yet methinks Madam, replyed *Amerinda*, since it is your design to disburthen your heart of the violent affection that torments you, it should be your wish either that *Themistus* were in disgrace or in love; for having so great a heart as you have, you would not be able to continue your affection long to a man that were in love elsewhere: and if the other happened, absence would haply cure you. For absence, replyes *Demarata*, 'tis to me a fruitless remedy, I was but ten years of age when *Themistus* went hence, he stayed seven years out of *Sicily*, and yet at his return, I no sooner saw him but I blushed; nay durst I say it without confusion, I loved him. The other way you propose is no better, for my condition, and the posture of *Themistus*'s fortune considered, though he should love me, he durst not discover it, so that I have no reproach to make to him that he loves me not. He is very liberal of his civilities towards me, he sees me often; and though he should engage his love elsewhere, it were no injury to me, and yet it would afflict me beyond all remedy. To find out therefore an innocent ease in my misfortunes, all I have to wish, is, that *Themistus*, be not in love at all: for if it be so, I shall love with some satisfaction, though it should be my desire to love him eternally without his knowledge, and without ever being loved by him.

These, Madam, were the transactions that passed in *Demarata*'s soul, who had the satisfaction to see that *Themistus* was not engaged to any of the Ladies of the Court, and the pleasure to see him so much in the esteem of *Periantus*, that it would not be long e're all the favors of the Prince were at his disposal. Yet was he still in a very unfortunate condition; for the passion he had for *Lindamira* was so violent, that he hardly had one minutes rest. However, he durst not discover what he felt, to her who was the cause thereof; for though he could do any thing with the Prince, yet was there no likelihood he should make any pretensions to the Princess of *Himera*; since that the same favor that had raised him up so high, and had found him the opportunities to approach her, advised him to avoid all inclinations towards her, out of a consideration that the Prince might have accused him of ingratitude, should he have been guilty of a presumption to lift up his eyes so high as the Princess his Sister. In the mean time he was in love, nay he would love contrary to the suggestions of his reason: for the Princess *Lindamira* seemed so amiable to him, that he thought it as unjust as impossible not to love her. But all considered, he smothered his passion with abundance of care, yet not omitting ought that might any way gain him the esteem of *Lindamira*, he did very considerable services about the Prince her Brother, he saw her as often as he could; and when she was out of her first mourning, he found her a thousand several sorts of diversions and entertainments. In all the great and noble things he did, he directed his thoughts to *Lindamira*, and he never met with any occasion to relieve some illustrious unfortunate person, but he did it with a particular satisfaction, out of a confidence that *Lindamira* would have the greater esteem for him; and indeed that confidence met with its reward in her. But all this notwithstanding, since he had never acquainted her with his affection, he was still dissatisfied with his fortune.

Being therefore one day at *Lindamira*'s in that disturbance, though there were four or five Ladies present, I came in and told a piece of news I had newly heard, that concerned a person of the Court whom all the World knew. He I speak of would marry a Woman he was extreamly in love with, though one very much below his condition. This bringing about the discourse to the business of love, it was put to the question, whether a man did more oblige a woman by loving her, though she were infinitely below his condition; or by loving her sincerely and constantly, when she were infinitely above him; that is, when there was such a distance between them, that he could not pretend to the least hope of ever obtaining her. At first, those who had not made the proposition, thought there had been no question in it; and that he who loved a person much below him, put a greater obligation upon her, than he should have done on another of higher quality than himself, whom he durst not pretend to. But having considered the business more narrowly, they saw it might very well come into debate. For my part, said a Lady of the company, I cannot apprehend any comparison between these two things; for is there any thing more satisfactory to a handsome woman, than to see her beauty and desert esteemed as highly as nobleness of birth and riches; and to find at her feet a person of great quality, sacrificing for her sake, his fortunes; incurring the displeasure of his kindred, and the censure of his friends, and one that notwithstanding a thousand obstacles, makes her happy by making himself such? What you say, (replyes *Lindamira*, not thinking of any advantage that *Themistus* might make of it) does doubtless speak abundance of obligation, but to consider things more narrowly, and to search into the depth of the question, there is no comparison between these two kinds of love now in dispute; the love that is most perfect, is certainly that which hath least of self-interest; and to speak freely, I do not think that the inequality of conditions, when there is nothing dishonorable in the birth of a person a man is in love with, is one of the greatest obstacles that love can conquer. For a man that loves any thing violently, may easily imagine, that that difference of quality introduced by fortune among men, is a thing of no real consideration, and that the true distinction that wise men allow among them, ought to be no other than that of desert. And as for Riches, when a man is once in love, he troubles not his thoughts about them; and if he were able to forbear Marrying the person, he should love because she were not rich; it must needs follow, that he is no richer than she, and that the meer fear of making her miserable, should prevail with him, not to satisfie his love. But if the thing be, as we have presupposed, I think it no miracle a rich man should marry a poor Woman, and shall therefore

therefore never number that amongst the greatest expressions of love. On the contrary, when ever I shall see a person of a higher condition and more rich, applying himself to one below him, and will not marry her, I shall say he either love her not, or very little.

Your Sentence is very just, Madam, replyes *Themistus*, when you speak after that rate: for I am perswaded when love is weaker than reason, it is no perfect love, especially in emergencies of that nature. And so Madam, it is not to be wondered, if the love of a man of a higher condition than the person he loves, continues and is fortified to that degree, as to oblige him to marry her. For hope being that which enlivens and augments love, he wants not any thing whence he may derive any confidence of his happiness when he pleases himself. So that I am much more astonished to see there are some Lovers who can forbear attaining to what they desire, than I am to see who slight all considerations of interest to satisfie themselves; and therefore to speak justly, a love that grows without hope, and subsists without it, and meets with no obstacles but what are invincible, is much more obliging, and accordingly more resolute than that which cannot but hope, even though it would not, and may arrive to whatever it hopes. What you say is very subtilly spoken, replies a Lady that was present; but when all is done, I conceive that what hope doth in the heart of other lovers, glory does the same in those we speak of; and that the secret satisfaction there is in loving a person of great quality, that hath beauty, wit, and virtue, entertains the passion of the Lover. Besides, added I, to speak sincerely, though there be a great disproportion between the lover and the person he loves, yet does he still flatter himself, and that if he have not a real hope, he hath at least something that's near it, and like it, that bears him up and comforts him. For my part, reples the Princess of *Himera*, I easily conceive there may be such a lover as cannot really hope any thing, and I imagine at the same time, that there is not any thing speaks more obligation than a love of that nature.

But Madam, replyed I, a man may have at least a hope to be pittied. That's but a sad kind of hope, replyed *Themistus*. Nay, added *Lindamira*, it's possible there may be such a Lover as cannot rationally hope ever to see the liberty to bemoan himself, and consequently much less to be pittyed by another. Ah, Madam, replyes *Themistus*, there you go too far; for I cannot conceive it possible for a man to endure a great affliction without ever complaining of it. For my part, added I, I am of *Themistus*'s opinion. Howe're it may be, replyed that secret Lover, you must needs acknowledge, Madam, that a man who lovrs a person infinitely above himself, and loves her with a resolution to love her eternally, though he cannot rationally hope t o be happy, must needs have a more elevated love, than he who loves a person whose condition being inferior to his own, affords him an easie hope of being satisfied, even when he pleases himself. I grant it, says she, yet not out of any perswasion that a woman can ever be obliged to a Lover, since that when a man is in love, he is such whether he will or no, and that he does but what he cannot forbear doing. Very right replyes *Themistus*; I acknowledge a woman should not lie under any obligation, provided you confess she ought not to be without pitty. As a woman hath not love when she pleases her self, replyed *Lindamira*, so no more can she have pitty when ever the wretches she hath made expect she should, nor yet as often as she would her self: our will for the most part, having so little predominancy over the secret sentiments of our hearts, that we cannot without temerity give an account of our own thoughts.

Having so said, *Lindamira* rises up to go and walk in those spacious Gardens that lye at the end of the *Hexapila*, so they call one part of the City that lyes to the Land-side, as the *Acbradina* lyes to the Sea-side. *Themistus* walking along with her, went on still, having his thoughts taken up with the discourse that had passed. He thought it some pleasure to think that the Princess of *Himera*, allowed the love of a man whose affection derived no encouragement from hope, to be more considerable than that of those Lovers who have thousands of occasions to hope. So that *Themistus* being wholly intentive to that reflection, *Lindamira*, whom he held up as she walked, as soon as they were come into the Gardens where she intended to walk, perceiving it, asked him the reason thereof. What you desire to know, Madam, replyed he, is of greater consequence than you imagine: for in a word, though the Prince to whom I owe thousands of obligations, and for whom I would sacrifice my life a thousand times, should ask me the same thing, I should not tell him, and yet you are the only person in the world to whom I might tell it, if you lay your absolute commands upon me to do so. What you say, seems to me very obliging, replyes *Lindamira*, but as I am not very forward to burden my self with the secrets of my Friends, without any necessity, so shall I not press you to acquaint me with yours. You shall never know it then, replyes *Themistus*, for it is of such a nature, that I cannot have the presumption to tell it you, if you do not command me to do it. It must needs be a very odd secret it seems, replyed *Lindamira*, looking on him. On the contrary, Madam, replyed he, his colour changing, 'tis the noblest secret in the world, and were it less Noble, it were a less secret than it is, and so more easily guessed at. Not but that I am a little amazed, added he, that you who have so clear a wit, and understand those that come to you so well, have not already found it out. Assure your self, replyed *Lindamira*, I have no skill in Divination, but as I find there is something more than ordinary in having a secret that's never to be communicated to any one, I shall not command you to acquaint me with yours. But Madam, replyed *Themistus*, since you think there's something extraordinary in having a secret that is not to be told any one in the world, I have a great desire to tell you mine; for I am confident you will never tell it any other, and that you will be the only person upon earth that knows it; when I have told you, That I am an unfortunate wretch that loves you, without hope, and to pretend to love you so eternally. Ah! *Themistus*, replyed the Princess, blushing for very anger, do you consider what you say? Do you speak in good earnest? Do you know me well? Or have you forgot your self? I am in good earnest Madam, replyed he, I consider well what I say. I know well who you are, and have not forgotten my self,

but in ſpight of Reaſon and my Will, I adore you, and ſhall do ſo eternally. But are you not afraid, replied *Lindamira*, that I ſhall acquaint the Prince my Brother with your preſumption? No, Madam, replied he, for as you have put me into a condition not to fear death, and only to tremble at your indignation, I cannot be afraid of diſgrace. Were you afraid of my indignation, added *Lindamira*, you would not tell me what you do, and you would not force me to forbid you my ſight. Ah! Madam, replyed he, if you will not allow me to ſee you, no queſtion but I ſhall die, and you will haply be troubled at my death; for, Madam, if you obſerve, I have not had the preſumption to tell you that my paſſion was guilty of any hope; on the contrary, I declare I have not any; nay, I pretend not to the poor comfort that proceeds from pity, and that I deſire nothing but the glory to love you, though none know it, nay, if you pleaſe, without my ever telling you ſo much. Were it poſſible, replies the Princeſs *Lindamira*, you could have the leaſt ſhadow of hope in your madneſs, I ſhould treat you otherwiſe than I do; but ſince that cannot be, and that I have a certain eſteem and friendſhip for you, and cannot ruine you, without doing my ſelf ſome prejudice, I give your Reaſon time to bring you to your wits again. I would not therefore you ſhould ever preſume to expoſtulate with me any thing of your indiſcretion; I would have you very carefully avoid being alone with me; nay, I would have you ſee me as ſeldom as you can poſſibly, till ſuch time as you ſhall be in condition to ask me pardon for your extravagance, and come and declare that you love me not otherwiſe than you ought to love me: For if you do not what I tell you, though I abhor nothing ſo much as noiſe and diſturbance, I ſhall acquaint the Prince my Brother with your preſumption, and ſhall infallibly ruine you. Your commands, Madam, replied he, are certainly very hard to be obſerved, and yet I ſhall obey you in all, unleſs it be, Madam, that I ſhall never tell you that I have ceaſed to love you.

Lindamira coming hereupon to certain Green ſeats, ſate down, and obliged the Ladies that came along with her, to do the like. But being extreamly troubled at the adventure that had hapned to her, ſhe ſtaid not long in the Garden, nay, ordered things ſo, that *Themiſtus* led her not, and ſo ſhe returned home very ſad and melancholly. She was no ſooner in her chamber, but calling my Siſter to her into the Cloſet, ſhe acquainted her with what had happened to her, expreſſing a great indignation at *Themiſtus*'s boldneſs, and withall, abundance of affliction, that they could not have ſo much of his company as formerly. For in fine, ſaid ſhe to *Mericia*, I looked on *Themiſtus* as a perſon I ſhould have made the chiefeſt of my friends, becauſe he not only wanted, not any thing that might recommend him, as to his perſon, but was alſo very ſerviceable to me in my affairs. 'Tis certain, he hath a great influence over the Prince my Brother, he is an underſtanding man, diſcreet, reſpectful, divertive, and methought there was no danger to enter into a friendſhip with him. In the mean time he is fallen into an impertinent paſſion, that ruines all my deſigns, and puts me into no ſmall diſtraction. For I will not give him any occaſion to conceive the leaſt hope, nor on the contrary, give any other cauſe to ſuſpect any thing of his temerity. You have ſo much prudence, replied *Mericia*, that you will do what you have a mind to do; but certainly 'tis great pity that *Themiſtus*'s fortune does not juſtifie the paſſion he hath for you; for that allowed, he is worthy your love. I grant it, replied *Lyndamira*, and that is it that torments me, for not being able to admit him as a Lover, I ſhould have been very glad to have had him while I lived for my Friend.

While this entertainment paſſed between *Lindamira* and my Siſter, *Themiſtus*, not able to becalm the ſeveral ſentiments, wherewith his heart was toſſed, deſired He and I might have ſome diſcourſe. I at firſt ſaw him ſo ſad, that I thought ſome ſecret diſcontent had happened between him and the Prince. Inſomuch as perceiving after he had ſeemed willing to ſpeak with me, that he ſaid nothing to me, I asked him what it was that troubled him. I ſhould not indeed, added I, much wonder to ſee you diſturbed, for I think it impoſſible that ever ambition ſhould be without diſquiet. Ah! dear *Meleaganes*, cries He, were I only ambitious, I were the happieſt man in the world. But alas, I ſtruggle both with Love and Ambition at the ſame time, and not being well able to diſtinguiſh whether my Love proceeds from Ambition, or my Ambition from my Love, all I know is, that my heart is rack'd with all the diſturbances that are the attendants of theſe two paſſions. I would fain be at this very inſtant, that I ſpeak, both near the Prince, and near the Princeſs *Lindamira*. How, ſaid I, are you in love with the Princeſs of *Himera*? I am, replied he, and what is moſt deplorable, I love her without hope. And yet I am reſolved to act, as if I did hope, and to ſee whether that Proverb which ſaies, that *Fortune favours the Confident*, be true or no.

Upon that, he gave me an account of the diſcourſe he had had with *Lindamira*. But when I would have told him, that I thought his condition not ſo ſad, in that ſhe had not treated him worſe, he told me that I was miſtaken, and that he had been leſs miſerable, if ſhe had expreſſed a greater violence towards him. But, to be ſhort, added he, ſince as an ambitious man I cannot love more nobly, and that as a Lover, I muſt be withal ambitious, I reſign my ſelf equally to theſe two violent paſſions, and am abſolutely reſolved that they ſhall either mutually aſſiſt one the other, or combine to ruine me.

Tell me therefore my dear *Meleagenes*, whether what I intend to do be rational, for my thoughts are in ſuch a tempeſt, that I dare not truſt my own reaſon in this accident. But, ſaid I, what can you do to ſatisfie your ambition more than you do? The Prince affects you, you follow him every where, you participate of all his pleaſures, and he cannot live without you. Ah? *Meleagenes*, repled he, a peaceful Favourite goes on but ſlowly, and great fortunes are never found but in great affairs. When I have followed the Prince a hunting, or to *Demarata*'s, to *Lindamira*'s, to the Revels, to the Walks, I ſhall never be the more powerful; and ſo the eaſe of the Grandees will at laſt give them an opportunity to ruine me. Beſides that, doing no more about the Prince, than what a many others could do as well as I, it will be eaſie

for my æmulators to undermine me, feeling therefore within me, something that aims at greater matters, I would stirr up some War, that might contribute as well to my Ambition as my Love. This is my only way to arrive at great employments, wherein I am sure to meet with either glory or death. By this means shall I come to a nearer distance from *Lindamira*, and more approach the rank and quality of my Ancestors. Tell me then that I am in the right way, my dear *Meleagenes*, if you would advise me as I would be advised. On the other side, trouble not your self for the War I intend to raise, for the Prince may justly declare one against the Prince of *Messena*, and were he not taken up with the love of *Demarata*, he had haply been already in Arms. If it be so, said I to him, I think it the best course you can take, provided you be in some sort confident of the happy success of this design; for it is a most deplorable thing to be the occasion of a War that is not crowned with victory. Victory, replies *Themistus*, is commonly the reward of those that assault, rather than of those that are assaulted, because the former voluntarily seek it, the latter do but as it were entertain it out of necessity. Besides that, in all great designs, wherein both Love and Ambition are concerned, much must be left to hazard, and a man should as much resign himself to Fortune as to Prudence.

Themistus being thus resolved for the War, began to act with so much policy, that in the space of three months, the interest of the Princes of *Syracuse* and *Messena* were so intangled, that nothing could unravel the differences but a War. In the interim, *Themistus* behaved himself towards *Lindamira* with the greatest respect in the world; he exactly observed the command she had laid upon him, of not speaking to her alone; and carried himself so discreetly, that though she could not be perswaded his sentiments were other towards her, than they had been, he gave her not the least occasion to take ought ill at his hands. For *Demarata*, considering only the great influence she had upon the Prince, he humoured her as much as lay in his power, not knowing that he was but too much in her favour; for as I have told you, the world affords not another that can so well disguise her sentiments as this Princess. And since it was her design to overcome the passion that tormented her soul, she was not troubled at a War that should rid her of a man whom she would not love, and a Prince she could not endure without doing extream violence to her self. So that she furthered *Themistus*'s design, though she knew not so much. For, *Lyndamira*, the hope she was in, that absence would contribute much to his recovery of *Themistus*, she was also glad of the War, though naturally a great lover of peace. *Periantbus* for his part, being courageous, young, and desirous of Fame, was easily perswaded to embrace the War, though he still doted on *Demarata*; so that all things furthering *Themistus*'s design, preparations were made for the execution thereof. Troops were raised, an Army was modelled; and *Periantbus* being to command it in person, went to take his leave of the Princess *Lindamira*, attended by the greatest part of the Court, and among others *Themistus*, who had the gallantest Presence in the world, being in a military equipage. While she spoke in private with the Prince, *Themistus* had his eye fixt on her, as if it had been to give her occasion to guess, that his intention were still the same towards her, insomuch that *Lindamira* told my Sister that very night, that she was much in fear that *Themistus* was not yet fully recovered of his extravagance But I had forgot to tell you, that *Periantbus* taking his leave of her, she very obligingly turned to all those that came along with him, and without distinguishing *Themistus* from the rest; she told them, that she recommended the Prince her Brother to their care; and that it was her wish to see them all returned home again covered with Laurels. In the mean time *Themistus*, who sought his own comfort, found a particular satisfaction in the words *Lindamira* had said in general, though she had not afforded him so much as a look, which he might rationally conceive directed to him.

I shall not trouble you, Madam, with the particulars of this War, which was over in six months. It sufficeth that I tell you, that as it was begun by *Themistus*, so was it also gloriously concluded by him, since that through his courage and prudence, a battel was gained, that decided the differences of the Princes of *Syracuse* and *Messena*, and introduced a peace between the two States. For *Themistus* commanding the Reserve, brought it into the fight so seasonably, that his side gain'd the victory thereby. Accordingly, was the sole honor of this War, even in his Masters judgement, due to him: for it was undertaken by his advice, he had given very fortunate directions while it lasted, and he had contributed more to the gain of the battel than any other. Add to this, that he had the happiness to save the Prince of *Syracuse*'s life, who had his Horse killed under him, when *Themistus* being come up to the Prince, dispatched one of the enemies, that would have either killed or taken him, and furnished him with his Horse, so that he relieved him in the greatest hazard that he could be in.

Hereupon the Prince of *Messena* being an ancient man, and fearing, if the War continued, he might lose his Estate, resolved to send such indifferent propositions, in order to a Peace, as *Themistus* could not but hearken to. So that within three daies the Articles were sign'd, and for more security of the performance thereof, it was agreed, that the young Prince of *Messena* should remain a hostage at *Syracuse*, till some fortifications were demolished, wherein consisted part of the difference between those two Princes. This done, *Periantbus*, to reward *Themistus* with the first honors of the advantage he had gained, would needs dispatch him before to *Syracuse*, to acquaint *Demarata* and *Lindamira* with the first news of Victory and Peace. *Themistus*, overjoyed at this welcome Commission, accepted it with great satisfaction; and, having received Letters from the Prince to those two Princesses, returned to *Syracuse*. But as he went, he felt, whatever hope hath of insinuation, and fear of disturbance; for the glory he had acquir'd, put him into hope to receive some acknowledgment from *Lindamira*, but having not seen her in private from the day that he had acquainted her with his affection, he was strangely afraid to see her alone. Yet Love and Ambition growing stronger than his Fear, his Heart sided with Hope. However, he was obliged to go first to *Demata*,

went to *Lindamira*. He did so, and was received by her with abundance of civility, and a many expressions of joy, wherein he thought not himself at all concerned. For he thought that *Demarata* would not receive him so kindly; but considering him as a person, of whom *Perianthus* spoke with abundance of obligation; so, if I am not mistaken, the Prince's Letter to the Princess, was to this effect.

PERIANTHUS to the Princess *DEMARATA*.

IF you have any affection for me, Madam, entertain Themistus *as a person, to whom I owe all things, and whom you are obliged to for the life of a Prince, who loves you beyond himself.*

Demarata blushed as she read this Letter, and felt within her an agitation which she had much ado to calm, Yet at last she overcame it, and looking very kindly to *Themistus*, she intreated him to relate the particulars of the Fight; but he did it with such modesty, that if the common report had not inform'd her of the great things he had done, she could hardly have inferr'd from his relation, that he had been there. So that the esteem she had for *Themistus*, encreasing thereby, the flame she would have quenched, increased also. Insomuch that *Themistus* having left her, she got into her Closet, and speaking to the person that was privy to her secrets; Well, *Amerintha*, said she to her, what think you of the strangeness of my destiny? I would not love *Themistus* any longer, and he becomes daily more and more worthy to be lov'd; I would have him go to the Wars purposely to forget him, and he does there such extraordinary things, that it is impossible not to remember him eternally: I wished he might have dyed there, so to rid my heart of him, and he saves the Prince's life, so to fasten himself for ever to the Court of *Syracuse*. This granted, what would you have me to do, *Amerintha*? or have I not reason to think, that it is the pleasure of my destiny, that I should love *Themistus* in spight of my virtue? I were as good, added she, love him voluntarily; and since Reason and Virtue, joyned together, cannot resist fortune, nor oppose my inclinations; let us love *Themistus* whom we cannot hate; but lest he might slight us, added she, let us endeavor to do it so, as that he may not know any thing, and that he be not any way engaged in love. For my part, Madam, replies *Amerintha*, I think it would not be amiss, should you not so directly oppose the inclination you have for *Themistus*; for Love is enflamed by resistance, and that passion increases many times more easily of it self, than it would if it were wished: Do not therefore any violence to your own sentiments, and you will haply see, that within a few daies, you will find rest when you do not seek it, and your heart will be at liberty. But while *Demarata* was thus entertained, *Themistus* went to *Lindamira*, whom he found alone. I know, Madam, (said he to her, very respectfully, delivering *Perianthus*'s Letter) that I transgress your commands, but Madam, you will haply find my excuse in the Prince's Letter which I give you. At these words, *Lindamira*, without making him any answer, took the Letter, and opening it, found these words;

PERIANTHUS to the Princess of *HIMERA*.

IF you desire to put a sensible obligation upon me, entertain Themistus *as a person, to whom I owe Life, Victory, and Peace; for by the friendship you shall have for him, I shall measure that you have for me.*

Lindamira having read the Letter, looked very kindly on *Themistus*, and speaking to him, I beseech you, said she, hinder me not from doing what the Prince my Brother would have me. And what would he have you to do for me, Madam, replies *Themistus*? He commands me to have a friendship for you, replied she, and if I have not it shall not be my fault. Your friendship, Madam, replies *Themistus*, is a thing so precious, that no man ought to receive it otherwise than on his knees. Receive it then, saies *Lindamira*, interrupting him, and without speaking any more of it, I pray tell me what I have not from report, but very confusedly; for I shall credit you more than I do her, and shall trust the account you give me of the fight, more than I do what she hath told me. No doubt, Madam, but I ever speak truth, replied he, and were I not afraid, you should think that the Victory wherein the Prince is pleased to have me so much concern'd, had encouraged me to any presumption, I should haply tell you once more e're I die, that that you have gained over me, is much more absolute, than what the Prince hath gained over his enemies. But since I would not be thought a person so presumptuous, as to have turned bankrupt as to all respect, but on the contrary, desirous to express much more towards you than I have. I shall obey you, and employ these precious minutes, wherein I have the honour to be alone with you, to acquaint you with what you would know. Whereupon *Themistus*, not giving *Lindamira* leisure to make him any answer, related what had passed, with such Eloquence, Wit, Modesty and Art, that though he said nothing advantageous to himself, yet was she satisfied, that Fame had not flattered him. Being come just to to the closure of his relation, there came so many into *Lindamira*'s chamber, that it was impossible for him to say any thing to her in private.

In the mean time was this Princess in no small disturbance; for, as it was but just to commend a person that had done the State such considerable service, so on the other side was she troubled to do it with any earnestness, knowing what inclinations he had for her, lest he should make any advantage thereof. So that to take a mean betwixt these two extremities, she read aloud what the Prince her Brother had written concerning *Themistus*, so to do justice to the valour of that secret Lover, yet not to heighten his confidence by any excess of commendation. But, *Themistus* perceiving the company to encrease, and finding himself burthened

thened with the flatteries of those that were about *Lindamira*, his own modesty forced him to leave the Princess. Nay, he thought that the interest of his love and ambition advised him to do so. So that being returned to his own House, I went to wait on him, for I came to *Syracuse* along with him. As soon as I saw him, I asked what posture his affairs were in, as well in relation to his love as his ambition. For what concerns my ambition, replies he, they go very well, for after the service I have now done the Prince, there are few places I may not pretend to. But for my love-affairs, the case is otherwise, for the Princess may haply have a greater esteem for me than she had, but I do not believe she will ever venture to love me, even though she should cease to have an aversion for me. I know well enough, added he, that my birth is noble, but my fortune was in such an ill equipage when I left *Sicily*, that I find it a kind of madness to love *Lindamira*. But since your courage, replied I, will soon make your fortune equal to your birth, why may you not aspire to the affection of that Princess? Because, saies he, there is a fantastick humor in the world, that will hardly let people remember the high births of such as are fallen into poverty; nay, that ever reflects on their former poverty, even when they are become rich. This may hold, replied I, in such as enrich themselves otherwise than by the favour of their Sovereign, not in those that are Favorites to some great Prince. For, in a word, favour covers whatever is not advantageous to those that are in it, with oblivion. No, no, replied *Themistus*, forbear these fruitless flatteries; *Lindamira* will never love me, or I must expect no more from her than what a bare friendship amounts to. Nay, I am in some doubt, whether my love to her may not procure me her aversion. That seldom happens, replied I, and I cannot imagine your fortune will prove so fantastick, Come what will, replies *Themistus*, I will love her eternally, and I will do so many things to preserve the Prince's favour, that I shall haply play my Cards so well, that I may be the greatest man in the Court.

Nor was he less than his word, for *Perianthus* being returned, he was absolutely looked on as his Favourite. He bestowed on him the most considerable employment in the State, he enriched him, and lodged him in the Palace; nay, all the favours of the Prince passed through his hands. However, *Themistus* was so good a Steward of his favour, that envy it self had a respect for his virtue; he did all the good he could, he was a Protector of the unfortunate, he was liberal, his conversation with his antient friends was such, as before he came into favour; he was an eager assertor of his Master's authority, he was not wedded to any interest, and it was evident in all his actions, that he loved the Prince and the State. But none knew of his being in love, but *Lindamira*, *Mericia*, and my self.

In the mean time, at *Perianthus*'s return, all was full of divertisements, besides that, the Prince of *Messena* being a gallant and our proper person, his presence added something to the gallantry of the Court. Nay, he fell so strangely in love with *Lindamira*, that all the world soon after perceived his passion. But among the rest, *Themistus* was one of those that first discovered it, and was so much troubled at it, as if some great misfortune had happened to him. 'Tis certainly a thing not easily digestible by a Lover, that dares not mention his love, nor give the least expression thereof, to see a Rival that discovers all his, yet so, as he is not to be called to account for it. Yet did *Themistus* make his advantage of this adventure; for *Lindamira* observing him very narrowly, soon perceived the disturbance and melancholly, which the Prince of *Messena*'s love caused in him. She spoke of it to *Mericia*, who had also taken notice thereof. Yet were there not any but these two persons and my self, that observed it; for, as to the Prince of *Messena*, he was so far from suspecting *Themistus* to be his Rival, that he did all that lay in his power, to court him, to be one of his intimate friends. But as *Themistus* found much ado to suffer it, and that the Prince of *Messena* came at last to perceive, that he avoided his company as much as he could with civility, he endeavoured to find out the reason of it. So that he imagined, it proceeded from his two frequent discourses of Love and Gallantry. For seeing him not particularly engaged to any Beauty, he drew that consequence, and was wont by way of raillery, to call *Themistus* sometimes the *indifferent*, sometimes the *insensible Courtier*, and that became so general, that *Themistus* was sometimes forced to answer to these two names, which he so little deserved. *Demarata* on the other side was somewhat satisfied, to think that *Themistus* was not in love at all; and *Lindamira* was not displeased to find that his passion was kept very secret; for that having a very particular friendship for him, she would have been troubled to be forced to forbid him coming to her. In the mean time he did not any action, nor scattered the least word, whence *Themistus* might raise ever so little hopes he might ever give her heart the least assault; nay, not so much as that he might oblige her to admit his passion, though without making any return.

'Twas upon such an occasion, that she had a very long discourse with him one day; for it happening that *Themistus* was alone with her walking, and that they leant over a rail that looked upon the Sea, she saw him so much taken up with his own thoughts, that forgetting at that time the love he had for her, she immediately asked him whether there were any discontent between him and the Prince. Alas, Madam, replied he sighing, were I as much in favour with the Princess of *Hetruria*, as I am with the Prince of *Syracuse*, I should not be so much troubled in my thoughts, or if I were, it would be so much to my satisfaction, that I should be nevertheless happy. I assure you, replies very courteously *Lindamira*, you have received greater expressions of friendship from me, than you could have from the Prince my Brother: for in my judgement, one cannot do those he loves a greater obligation, than to forget the injuries they have done him. Ah, Madam, replies *Themistus*, if it be an injury to adore you, and if my submissive passion be the affront you mean, you cannot do any thing more unjust or more cruel than to forget it. But alas, added he sighing, I daily and hourly perceive that you have not done me that kind of injustice, for you make it so much your business, to avoid even the meeting of our eyes; you so obstinately shun my company, and you take so great pleasure to persecute me, that I am in no doubt but you remember the love I have for you.

Themistus

Themistus said these words with so much resentment, that the Princess, who had an infinite esteem, and withal a real friendship for him, resolved not to stand out so against that unfortunate Lover, to afford him some inward pitty, and to endeavor to recover him by reason. So that speaking to him with all the kindness that can proceed from friendship, you are, said she, so virtuous a man, that it would be the greatest trouble to me in the world, to prove the only cause of your unhappiness. Besides that, being obliged to you for my Brothers life, I think my self concern'd to be tender of yours. Nay, you are so considerable to the State, that the interest of my Countrey requires further, that I should not suffer you to run into an extravagance, which might make you unserviceable to the Prince, the State, and your friends. Give me leave then, *Themistus*, to discover my heart to you, and tell you, that though there were no disproportion between us, you should not entertain any love for me, because it is evident I cannot have ought beyond a friendship for you. Ah, Madam, cries out *Themistus*, is it not enough I know, that being of the quality you are of, you will not love me, but you must withal tell me, that though fortune had put no rub in my way to happiness, yet I could never be happy. I beseech you, Madam, be not so ingeniously cruel and give me leave to flatter my self into this poor consolation, as to think, that if you had been born in a cottage, I might presume to love you, and that it were not impossible I might gain your affection. Give me leave, I say, Madam, to attribute some part of my unhappiness to Fortune, and not all to your aversion. In matter of aversion, replies *Lindamira*, I have not any for *Themistus*, on the contrary, I ingeniously declare that I esteem you, and that I have a real, solid, and sincere friendship for you. But with this declaration I must also tell you, that I never have, or ever shall have any love for you. But Madam, replies *Themistus*, are you so particularly acquainted with what is to come? I am, replied she, for it is my perswasion, that when one is to entertain love, it is never ushered in by friendship. Besides, my Humor and my Reason, are two such faithful sentinels about my heart, that I do not fear they will ever betray it, either to your Merit or your Love, and it is out of that confidence, that I speak to you as I do, that is without indignation or severity. I therefore tell you once more, that I have a very great friendship for you; that I shall never love you otherwise, than according to that, and that you cannot put a greater obligation upon me, than by resolutely strugling with the passion now so predominant in your soul. If it be true, Madam, added he, that you cannot have ought beyond a friendship for the unfortunate *Themistus*, grant him one favour I beseech you. If it be a favour that may stand with friendship, replies *Lindamira*, I promise it you. Alas, Madam, said he, what I desire is so considerable, that you must be very unjust to denie it. For all my request at the present, to remit the torment I feel, is only to intreat you to make use of one word for another, though the sence be ever the same in your intention the very same. For instance, Madam, continued this afflicted Lover, it will be no small satisfaction to me, if, instead of saying you have a friendship for me, you would be pleased to make use of certain words, which, because they are sometimes employed to express sentiments that speak more tenderness, have, I know not what that is more satisfactory, more inviting, and more proper to keep up the spirits of an unfortunate man, than such as are particular to friendship: Your wits are at such a loss, replies *Lindamira*, that I pity you much more than I would do. For, in fine, what pleasure do you take in making your self unhappy, when all things seem to contribute to your felicity. Nature hath furnished you with all she could, that is, a high birth, and a proper person; you want neither gallantry nor understanding, and you have no reason at all to complain of her: Fortune for her part hath done all she could for you: your valour hath been fortunate, the State is obliged to you, your Master owes you his life, you are upon the establishment of the greatness of your House, and all the world loves you — you only excepted, Madam, interrupted he, — Nay, on the contrary, replied *Lindamira*, I have told you already that I am your friend, and that I will be ever so, provided you promise me, and that sincerely, you will do all that lies in your power, not to own any thing towards me but friendship. I shall do so, Madam, replied he, if you in like manner will do me the honor to promise, that, for your part, you will do what you can, not to have an affection for me, for it were a great presumption to say it, but only to be perswaded to entertain my passion, in case I cannot overcome it. 'Twere very pleasant indeed, replies *Lindamira* (who would not always speak in good earnest of *Themistus*'s love) if it happened that when you should have subdued your passion, I, at the same time, were resolved to admit it. It were much better I should not resist my sentiments, and that you should only endeavour to reform yours.

Besides this, *Themistus* had abundance of other passionate discourse with *Lindamira*: but at last he promised her sincerely to do all he could, to subdue his passion, conditionally she would also do what lay in her power, to resolve to continue her friendship to him, in case he could not forbear loving her. For she had one day threatened to deprive him even of that, if instead of being her lover, he became not her friend. Since that, *Themistus* did really all he could to reform his sentiments; for there were so many things to perswade him, that *Lindamira* would never have any thing but a bare friendship for him, that he, in a manner, despair'd of ever exalting it into love. And yet, as the most unfortunate do most easily derive comfort from inconsiderable things, because they cannot hope for any greater consolations; *Themistus* was so sensible of those expressions of friendship he received from *Lindamira*, that there wanted not some intervals, wherein he was ready to entertain joy, though he was satisfied *Lindamira* had no love for him, and still wished that he had no more for her. Nay, when *Lindamira* freely spoke to him of any concernment of her own, he felt somewhat, that it is impossible to express; if he were indisposed, and that she sent to see how he did, he was extreamly satisfied; and that so far, that he never received any expression of esteem or friendship from her, but he was as glad of it, as another Lover would have been, of what they call signal favours. Not but that assoon as he was out of *Lindamira*'s sight, he

he was troubled at the same things whereat he had rejoyced before, out of the very consideration that *Lindamira* had only a friendship for him. But after all, when he found her kind and obliging, he suspended his grief, and love ensnaring his reason, made him forget that *Lindamira* had only a friendship for him, and find unconceivable pleasures in the least kindnesses he received from her.

In the mean time, from the first day they treated together, *Lindamira* asked him ever and anon, what progress he had made towards *friendship*, and *Themistus* asked her on the other side, what progress she had made towards *Love*, and yet *Lindamira* had still the cruelty to tell him very often, and very seriously, that he should take heed he were not deceived by appearances, and not look on those kindnesses she had for him, as proceeding from any thing but friendship. And indeed, *Themistus* was so far satisfied, that *Lindamira* had nothing else for him in her heart, that she knew it not better her self.

While things stood thus, the Prince of *Messena*, addressed himself openly to this Princess, who having neither inclination nor aversion for him, treated him with a civility suitable to a person of his quality and merit. For *Demarata*, her soul was still persecuted with the same secret passion, which added to the aversion she had for *Periander*. So that she was forced eternally to stifle two sentiments the hardest in the world to be dissembled. Yet did she in time overcome them, for it was believed about the Court, that she did not treat *Themistus* well, but out of a meer reflection that he was the Princes favorite; and the Prince, who sometimes discovered some light indifference in her, imagined it was to put a sharper edge on the love he had for her. *Themistus* on the other side, minding only his ambition, as what should further his love, neglected nothing that contributed ought to the aggrandization of his fortune, so that being at the same time to obey both a Master and a Mistress, he wanted no employment.

Things being in this posture, it happened that *Lindamira* being a little indisposed, *Demarata* came to give her a visit, and met there the Prince of *Messena*, *Meriander*, and *Themistus*. For the Ladies that came in, I shall not name them, for it were to no purpose, because the entertainment I am to give you an account of, passed principally between the fair *Melisera*, *Meriander*, and *Themistus*, having been begun by *Demarata* after the manner you shall hear. This Princess being come into *Lindamira*'s Chamber, told her in a flattering way, as having naturally no great affection for her, that it was not possible she could be sick, and that she had too fair a complexion, and too much sprightliness in her eyes, to denote any want of sleep. *Lindamira* answerd this flattery with another; whereupon every one being seated, they began to abuse *Meriander*, for talking something more than ordinary with a handsome Court Lady, that had gotten such a reputation of being incapable of love, that she never ran the hazard of the least suspition of being guilty of any. So that *Lindamira* seeing they fell so foul upon *Meriander*, told him very freely, that he must expect to find it a very difficult enterprise if it were true, that he was in love with that person. For my part says the fair *Melisera*, I do not think *Meriander* is in love, with her you speak of, or if he be, it is come to no great height. For I find him so sensible of the trivial expressions of friendship that he receives from her, that I cannot believe he would value them so much if he were in love. But do you consider well what you say, replyes *Demarata*, when you speak in that manner? I do Madam; replies *Melisera*; and if you will but take the pains carefully to examine what I say, you will find that I have reason to imagine that a Lover cannot receive with so much satisfaction simple expressions of friendship. For my part, says *Meriander*, I must confess I am not in love with her you hit me in the teeth with, but if I were, I believe I should entertain the expressions of her friendship with much more joy than I do; for it is the property of love to make the sentiments more lively, and to multiply the value of things that come from the person beloved. This doubtless is the judgment of all the World, (added *Themistus*, who was too much concerned in this question not to say somthing thereto) and whoever hath a sensible heart, will never speak as the fair *Melisera* does. On the contrary, replyed she, whoever will take the pains to sift more narrowly things of this nature, shall easily conceive what I say. For my part, says the Princess *Lindamira*, I must confess my thoughts are so distracted between these two opinions, that I do not well perceive the difference there is between them, so as to give you my judgment of them.

And yet I affirm, says *Melisera*, that a man that is servant to a woman, in whom he finds nothing but a bare friendship for him, whence he may infer he will never be otherwise loved by her, can never have any real joy when he receives any expression of that friendship and that if he hath, it is an infallible argument of the indifference of his passion. And for my part, replyes angerly *Themistus*, I maintain that the greatest and most unquestionable mark of a great passion is to see a Lover, that notwithstanding all his sufferings, receives with joy the least expression of friendship that his Mistress can give him. What *Themistus* says, is so rational, replyes *Meriander*, that I think the fair *Melisera*, with all her wit, will find her self at a loss to maintain her opinion. For what concerns me, said she, I find no such difficulty in it: you will then so much more oblige the company, replies *Demarata*, to instruct us in a business which is very particular, and which haply hath not been yet well understood. Yet is the understanding of it not very hard, replyes *Melisera*, for if you reflect on the manner wherein love is spoken of, methinks I very well conceive what it is, so as to comprehend that the more one loves, the more one desires to be loved; that the highest degree of a Lovers felicity, is the love of his Mistress; and his greatest misfortune, the assurance that he can never make her heart sensible of the same passion that possesses his.

I farther conceive, that the desire to be loved is the source of all other desires, if I may so express it, and that that desire never forsakes him, but fills his heart with perpetual disturbance, which increases and becomes insupportable, when ever his Mistress does any thing that gives him occasion to believe he shall never be loved, in the manner he would be lov'd. I grant what you say, replyes *Themistus*, and affirm with you, that the desire of being

being loved, grows proportionably to the love, and cannot dye but with it, even though a lover should love without hope: for it often happens, that love which scorns and slights reason, maks a man desire things impossible. But since you agree to what I say, replyes *Melisera*, acknowledge withall that I have reason to speak as I do. For is there not, added she, some reason to think that a lover does not love over-earnestly, when he entertains with joy, simple expressions of friendship, which he should receive with dissatisfaction if his love were violent, there being no disposition that stands at such a distance from love, as friendship; and there's an easier passage from indifference to love, than from friendship to passion. So that when a lover that hath a tender and delicate soul, receives an expression of friendship from his Mistris, and that with a consideration that that friendship will grow up into love, he should be extreamly troubled at it, extreamly disturbed, and account himself most unhappy and uncapable of the joy I speak of, or it may be inferred, that that lover desires nothing farther. For in my judgment, there is but the hope, or the fruition of what a man desires, that either might, or can afford him any joy. And for my own particular, I think if I were a lover, and that my Mistris to requite my love, should afford me only some bare expressions of friendship. I should be extreamly troubled, nay, much more than if I were to endure her severity, cruelty, indignation, unkindness, and inconstancy.

Were you but well acquainted and well read in love, replyes *Themistus*, you will soon find him to be an humorsome capricious thing, that is sometimes appeased with a trifle, and even at the same time it covets all things, is satisfied in a manner with nothing; and were it my business to give an infallible mark whereby to know a great passion, I should say it is when a Lover in spight of his reason, notwithstanding the impetuosity of his desires, and the violence of his passion, feels his affliction becalmed by the bare sight of the person he loves. Whence you may judge what that Lover should feel, who sees in the fair eye of the person he adores certain kindness, passion, and goodness for him. If he there find, that passion, mildness, and goodness, together with a hope that affection may change its nature, replyed *Melisera*, I very well conceive that lover may entertain joy; but I presuppose he hath not that hope, and that he never can have it. Ah! Madam, cryes out *Meriander*, you presuppose a thing absolutely impossible. For though a Lover should affect a person that had an extream aversion for him, and had haply a reason to abhor him upon some interest of family, he must hope whether he would or no, because hope increases with love, and dies not but with it. For my part, replyes coldly *Themistus*, I believe it possible to love without hope of ever being favored. I grant it, added, *Meriander*, but not without a hope of being loved. Nay, I am perswaded that hope hides it self from him that hath it, and that there are certain lovers that hope, though they think not so much. For when all's done, it is impossible to love without desires and without hope. So that as probability is here not inconsistent with impossibility, how could you have a poor Lover, who discovers in the eyes of his Mistress, a certain kindness and tenderness for him; not hope that that affection may change its nature; nay sometimes imagine, that though his Mistress know it not, she hath something beyond friendship for him. For it is so natural to love, when it is great, to flatter and deceive those that have it, that I think it impossible a lover should receive expressions of friendship without pleasure. For my part says *Melisera*, I thought fear as great an argument of love, as hope. It is so, replyes *Themistus*, but their objects are different; for hope is sometime the issue of an excess of love, amidst the greatest occasions of despair; and fear on the contrary, through the same excess of love, seises a Lovers heart, notwithstanding all the assurances a Mistris can give him. So that to return to the present business, it is easie to comprehend that a Lover cannot give a greater demonstration of his love, then when, notwithstanding the affliction it is to him, that he cannot be loved as he would, he must needs express his resentment of the kindnesses of his Mistress. Not but that those kindnesses are insupportable to him, when she is once out of his sight, but I think it so far impossible, when one loves passionately, to see a Mistress without pleasure, especially when she is kind, that I could defie all the lovers in the world, to maintain they have no pleasure when they receive an expression of friendship.

But to make it yet more clear, that a Lover, who is capable of that joy which the fair *Melisera*, attributes to the indifference of his affection, loves more eagerly than another that were insensible of the expressions of friendship he should receive; We are to consider love in its own nature, and grant, that the most perfect love is that which is most passionate and most permanent, and that the Lover, who desiring much, is yet capable of loving eternally, though he obtains in a manner nothing of what he desires, is much more accomplished than he, that through the impatience of his constitution, rather than any excess of passion, says alwayes he will either have all or none, and who is over ready to break his chains, if he be not over burthened with favors, that scorns those trivial things, which ballance the great afflictions of those who know how to love and enable them to prosecute their loves without being happy.

I could never have believed, says the Prince of *Messina*, that an insensible man could have discoursed of love so well. There is certainly abundance of wit in what he says, replyes *Melisera*, but it is easily perceived that he does not speak out of any experience, since he is perswaded that a man may be guilty of a great deal of love, and be satisfied with a simple expression of friendship. I beseech you Madam, replyes *Themistus* with a little precipitation, alter not the sense of my words, for I do not say, that a Lover is satisfied, when he receives only expressions of friendship, but only, that he cannot forbear, be he never so unhappy, feeling a certain ease, nay, a joy at the instant that he receives that demonstration of friendship: and I hold that a man must be insensible, if he can receive any kindness from his Mistris without pleasure. And I hold, on the contrary, replyes *Melisera*, that a very lukewarm lover, that entertains a kindness of that nature without affliction; since that in my opinion, there is not any thing one should be more troubled at, when you receive that you desire not, and are ever denyed that which

you

you do. It is very evident, Madam, replyes *Themistus*, that you care for no more than only to raise love, without receiving any, nay that you have not permitted any one of your Lovers to entertain you with the sentiments you have put into their hearts: for if any had had that priviledge, you would have found, as I have already told you, that Love is sometimes content with so little, that it may be said he is content with any thing. 'Tis out of all question, added *Meriander*, that a Lover desires the fruition of his Mistriss, and yet it is an inexpressible joy to him, if he can get but her picture, even though it were taken by stealth. Will any one say that this joy is an argument of the indifferency of his affection? Why therefore will you not allow an unfortunate lover to look on the friendship his Mistriss hath for him, as an imperfect draught of the love he desires from her? To be short, add but one degree of heat to tender friendship, and you will raise it up to a love: so that I hold the picture of a person that one loves, when it is not bestowed by her, ought not to cause so much joy as the friendship of a person that one adores; for you may have that Picture without any part of her heart whom it represents, but for friendship, a lover looks on it as a greater favor than it is, if he be deeply in love. He is at least confident that he is esteemed, and that he is loved, which hath ever something of satisfaction in it. Not but I acknowledge, that the greatest friendship in the world cannot afford a pleasure and satisfaction equal to that which proceeds from the most inconsiderable expression of love, that can be imagined. But after all, whoever loves well, cannot but be infinitely sensible of whatever comes from the person he adores, and which seems not to be the effects of hatred and aversion. Nor indeed does the greatness of love ever discover it self better than when a man hath some happy intervals in the midst of his torments, and other unhappy ones even at that time when he lies in the fairest way to happiness. For it is the property of love so to order things, that lovers should never be without pleasure, nor ever without affliction.

Of a person that is insensible, says the Prince of *Messena*, once more, you speak so well of this passion, that it is impossible you should have been so always. *Themistus* hearing what his Rival said, pretended he had not heard him, as being not able to affirm before the Princess of *Himera*, that he was free from love; and unwilling on the other side to acknowledge it, for fear of displeasing her, and prejudicing himself. For *Demarata*, the secret passion she had within prevailing upon her, she imagined that *Themistus* was certainly in love, and that she was haply the object of that passion, for he was not engaged to any Lady in the Court, and constantly visited none but the Princess of *Himera* and her self; so that inferring from the discourse that had passed, that *Themistus* could not be in love with *Lindamira*, because she perceived he was sensible of those expressions of esteem he received from her, she was very glad of it, not but that the opinion of *Meriander* and *Themistus* was the more maintainable: but being not consonant to her desires, she thought fitter to follow the sentiments of *Melissa*, though she at first opposed them. She went away therefore from *Lindamira*'s very well satisfied: but with *Themistus*, it was otherwise, for not being able to forbear the discoveries of his joy, when *Lindamira* honored him with any marks of the friendship she had for him, he was afraid he had not sufficiently persuaded her, and that she should imagine his love was too light. And this certainly was without some reason, for the Princess of *Himera*, made an hundred reflections upon that meeting, speaking of it the same evening to my Sister.

She at first told her, she was glad, it was part of her persuasion, that, according to what *Melissa*, had said, *Themistus* was not so much in love, as he pretended. But Madam, replyed *Mericia*, I conceive the tenant of *Meriander* and *Themistus* to be more probable than that of the fair *Melissa*'s, whose main business certainly was to shew the greatness of her wit. Though it were so, replyed *Lindamira* you would have obliged me not to have said it, for at the present, I should be very glad *Themistus* loved me not. For in fine, added she, *Meriander* hath so well proved that love cannot be without hope, that I am in a manner fully satisfied that *Themistus* flatters himself, and imagines I shall one day love him. Believe me Madam, replyes *Mericia* smiling, I think it would not be amiss, if you did imagine it as well as he, for to be free with you, I think that when a woman hath a very tender friendship for a highly virtuous man, struggling with a very violent passion, which destroys not her friendship whom he loves, it is easily inferred that in process of time, that friendship will become a little more passionate. Ah, *Mericia* replyes *Lindamira* did you speak seriously, I should have a strange quarrel to you. I never spoke more carelessly, Madam, replyed she, and time will haply convince you, that what I say, is true. If that misfortune ever happen to me, replyed the Princess, 'tis more than you shall ever know, or *Themistus* either. It may be we shall know it before you, answered *Mericia* laughing, for if we measure things by your humor, you must be even extravagant in love, before you believe your self to be in any at all; but in a word, Madam, the sentiments that a virtuous love inspires, are so much like those that proceed from a tender friendship, that when one will be deceived, it is easie to be so. But *Mericia*, replyed she, I will not be deceived, you do not believe it, replyes my Sister, yet it happens otherwise.

Lindamira made no reply, and *Mericia* leaving her to her own thoughts, began seriously to believe that the friendship she had in her soul, might at last be enflamed into a love. And indeed, from that day *Lindamira* carried her self otherwise towards *Themistus*, she was distrustful of her self, and to her own sorrow, she thought that *Themistus* loved her not so much as he pretended. But what troubled her most of all, was that, whether she would or no, she took it not well that *Themistus* should love her less than she had thought. And yet she concealed her sentiments from him with abundance of care, and gave him no other answer for a long time, but that she had not, nor could not have any love for him. *Themistus* on the other side ever told her that he was, and ever would be, the most amorous of men. But she, instead of telling him, as she had done before, that she was sorry he should be so, and that she intreated him to endeavor the conquest of his sentiments, would now tell him, that he loved her not so well as he conceived, and that

that certainly he knew not what transactions passed in his own heart. But she at the same time avoided him, was so melancholly, and treated him so ill for some days, that *Themistus* was like to dye of meer grief. At last he fell into such a deep melancholly, and grew so sick, that the ablest Physitians were doubtful of his recovery.

The Prince, who had an extraordinary tenderness for him, was excessively troubled to see him in that condition; *Demarata* conceiving that the secret passion he had for her, had brought him to that extremity, groan'd under an affliction that had discovered her secret thoughts, had she not been a great Mistriss in the Art of dissimulation; and *Lindamira* being then fully satisfied that she was the cause of the danger *Themistus* was in, was so sensibly moved thereat, that she was forced to keep her chamber, and to pretend her self indisposed, so to conceal her grief; for I had forgot to tell you, that the day immediately before that wherein *Themistus* fell so very ill, *Lindamira* had said some things to him, which he resented so deeply, that he her self was sorry for it a quarter of an hour after he had left her. So that looking on her self as in a manner the murtheress of the most virtuous man about the Court, and one for whom she had so tender a friendship, one whom the Prince and the State were so much obliged to; nay one to whom she her self was, whether she considered him as her servant, or as her friend, she accused her self, though she knew not precisely what she charged her self withal.

In the mean time *Periambus* visited *Themistus* every day; the Prince of *Messena* did the like, nay, *Demarata* came to see him, and was so troubled at the sad condition she found him in, that she had almost been overcome by the violence of her affliction; after she had opposed her passion so long, and given some assurance of her love to *Themistus*, whom she thought reduc'd to that condition, meerly because he durst not acquaint her with his affection, as well out of the respect he bore her, and the faith he would observe to the Prince his Master. So that *Demarata* was almost tempted to tell him, that he was much more happy than he thought himself, but at last she was content only to give him thousands of expressions of esteem and friendship, by the grief she discoverd, both in her eyes and words. The sick Lover seeing himself bemoaned and visited by all, and not seeing the Princess *Lindamira*, knew not what to think of her carriage towards him. She indeed sent to see how he did, but since *Demarata* had been to visit him, he thought she might very well have born her company. So that being unwilling to dye till he knew what *Lindamira* thought of his death, he did himself an extream violence to write three or four lines, which he trusted to my conveyance. He made me seal the Letter which I was to carry to *Lindamira*, whom I found alone. She blushed when I told her that *Themistus* had written it to her, whereupon opening the Letter hastily, yet with a certain fear, she found therein these words.

THEMISTUS to the Princess *LINDAMIRA.*

I Have not been able to obey your command, that I should not love you any longer, but I shall do it if you command me to die. Be pleased then, Madam, to lay your commands upon me, that I may have some satisfaction when I dye, and deny not this fatal favor to the most wretched, yet the most amorous of men.

Lindamira read it twice over, but not without tears in her eyes. Yet did she what lay in her power to hinder me from seeing them; and having recovered her self a little, she asked me whether it were true that *Themistus* was so ill as it was reported, and he pretended himself. Madam, said I, *Themistus* is so ill and weak, that if you will favor him with any answer, you must do it immediately. At these words, *Lindamira* going into her Closet, left me in her Chamber, and a few minutes after, brought me her answer; desiring me with the tears in her eyes, if *Themistus* at my return were not in a condition to read it, to restore her the Letter, without ever making the least mention thereof to any one. I promised to do what she desired, and so returned to my sick friend, to whom I delivered *Lindamira*'s Letter, and whose spirits I very much rais'd, when I told him she had read his with tears in her eyes. He thereupon opened the Princesse's, and set himself to read it, though with much trouble, because of the extraordinary weakness he was in. But love multiplying his strength, he at last made a shift to read these words.

LINDAMIRA to *THEMISTUS.*

I Ive Themistus, *live, and if there needs no more to oblige you thereto, than to promise you that I will not forbid you to love me. I shall resolve to do so, to save that Man's life, who of all the world is the deareſt to me.*

Themistus was so over-joyed at this Letter, that a kind of Lethargy which accompanied the fever he was in, and that seemed an inevitable symptom of death to the Physitians, began to be dispersed, and as if his sickness had proceeded from enchantment, he recovered in an instant, insomuch, that those who had him under cure, being come to see him that night, were in some hope of his amendment. So that sending this news immediately to the Prince, *Demarata*, who had visited *Themistus* that morning, and had said so many kind things to him, thought that her visit had cur'd him, and thereupon loved him much more passionately than ever she had done before. For *Lindamira*, she had reason to believe that she had restored *Themistus* to life; but she almost repented her of it, when she came to consider the consequences which what

she had done might have. But after all, having a greater love for him than she thought to have had, she kindly received another Letter that *Themistus* writ, the next day when he was a little recover'd. It was but short and to this effect.

THEMISTUS to the Princess *LINDAMIRA*.

I Shall live, Madam, since it is your pleasure I should, but I beseech you, let it never out of your memory what you have promised me, unless you would have me to loose the life which you have preserved, and which I value not but out of a consideration that you have bestowed it on me to adore you eternally.

What was most remarkable, Madam, was, that when *Themistus* was fully recovered, *Lindamira* would not be perswaded to see him. Upon that account was it that she went into the Countrey for fifteen days, nor could she be brought to speak to him till the very minute of her departure. But not able to avoid him at her return, *Themistus* saw her at her own Palace, and that alone. I shall not give you a punctual account of the entertainment happened between them; for I have so many things of greater consequence to acquaint you withall, that I shall pass by that. But at last, *Themistus* spoke so passionately to *Lindamira*, that that fair Princess, whose heart is naturally very tender, and who had been enraged in love through friendship, confirmed the permission she had given him, and so did as good as encourage him to believe, that the tenderness she had for him, amounted to something beyond ordinary friendship: but she withall, laid her absolute commands upon him, never to require any other demonstrations of it than simple assurances, and not by any means pretend to ought but the glory to know that she preferred him before all men in the world. *Themistus*, who was much more happy than he expected to be, promised to do all she desired, and was so well satisfied with the change of his fortune, that he soon recovered his perfect health.

Demarata in the mean time, was more and more perswaded that she had prov'd the Doctress, and restored him to it; for he growing a little better the very day she came to visit him, told her, at the first visit he made her, by way of complement, that he came to make his acknowledgments for that the honors she had done him, had saved his life. So that taking this positively as he said it, she was afraid she had told him too much, for she had as yet some remainders of modesty in her, and her love was not grown too strong for her reason. However she behaved her self with so much discretion, that *Themistus* did not so much as imagine what she had within her, so that the satisfaction it was to him to be in good terms with *Lindamira*, was not clouded with any thing but the love of the Prince of *Messena*, as also by the small likelihood there was he could ever be absolutely happy. For this Princess scattered not so much as a word, whence he might gather the least hope that she would ever be perswaded to marry him; so that knowing her virtue, and the disposition of her soul, his happiness was still in some hazard.

But this hindred him not from believing himself the most fortunate lover in the world, because he valued the least favor he received from *Lindamira*, beyond all the kindnesses that others could receive. 'Twas then he understood the difference there is between the greatest expressions of friendship, and the most inconsiderable assurances of love; for though he had sometime been satisfied, when *Lindamira* had put a thousand obligations upon him, which convinced him that she had a friendship for him, it signified nothing in comparison of what he felt when he but met with *Lindamira*'s eyes, and saw in them certain languishing glances, that assur'd him she approved his flames, and desired the continuance of them. The Prince of *Messena* was still in love, and his addresses were equally troublesome to the Princess *Lindamira* and *Themistus*, who to get him off handsomely, made the Prince of *Syracuse*, press the execution of the treaty of Peace, that the young Prince, who lay there as a Hostage, might be obliged to return home.

On the contrary, the old Prince of *Messena*, while his Son was at *Syracuse*, endeavored nothing so much as to find out delays, for having concluded the peace meerly out of necessity, he spent that time meerly to find out occasion to renew the war. And indeed, thinking he had found them, he sent a secret Messenger to the Prince his Son, to advise him to leave *Syracuse*, writing to him (though there were no such thing) that he knew he was to be secured there. This young Prince, who knew that the policy of the Prince his Father, proceeded rather from a Fox-like craft than any true prudence, credited not what was said to him; besides that, bearing a noble mind, he would rather expose himself to be secured by injustice, than to be suspected by a breach of his parole, to endeavor an escape. Besides that, being infinitely in love with *Lindamira*, he thought nothing more horrid than to get away from her, by doing a base action which might occasion a war between him and the Prince her Brother. He therefore never disputed the business, and taking advantage of this occasion to discover his passion, he came to *Lindamira*, he shewed her the Letter from the Prince his Father, he assured her he would not obey it, and that he had rather be a slave at *Syracuse*, than free at *Messena*. Being a Gentleman of very handsome parts, he said this in an extream obliging way, so that *Lindamira* not interpreting what he had said, to have any relation to his love, as a thing that had any real being, answered him only as to the generosity that appeared in his proceedings; assuring him that the Prince her Brother had no design to secure him; and that she should not fail to give him an account of his generous carriage towards him. Upon which *Perianthus* being come into the room, attended by *Themistus*, *Lindamira*, not hearkning to the entreaty of the Prince of *Messena*, which was that she should not say any thing of what he had acquainted her with, briefly told the Prince her Brother, what that Prince had discovered to her, adding that he had made choice of her to give him notice of it. *Themistus* was at first troubled a little to see *Lindamira* acquainting *Perianthus* so hastily, with so gene-

rous

ſtrous an action of his Rival; but coming to conſider that it might prove an occaſion of renewing the War, he found it was more to his advantage than he thought, and was more prejudicial to his Rival, than haply he imagin'd: So that his thoughts being abſolutely becalm'd, he commended the Prince of *Meſſena*'s action, to whom he ſpoke with abundance of generoſity. Whereupon *Periandus*, to convince him that he had not the leaſt intention to ſecure him, aſſur'd him he would take no advantage of this diſcovery; for, ſaid he to him, there's nothing ſo clear, as that the Prince your Father endeavours to renew the War. And yet I now declare, that if he break the Treaty, I will ſet you at liberty to go and maintain his injuſtice. To theſe words the Prince of *Meſſena* made anſwer, That if the Prince his Father were ſo unworthy as to break the Articles, he would remain at *Syracuſe* as a priſoner of War.

Upon that *Themiſtus* came into the diſcourſe, which was concluded with proteſtations of friendſhip between *Periandus* and the Prince of *Meſſena*, who made anſwer to the Prince his Father, that he was miſ-inform'd, if he thought the Prince of *Syracuſe* had any deſign to ſecure him. That conſequently, ſince there was no ſuch thing, he intreated him not to take it ill that he ſtayed at *Syracuſe* till the Articles of Peace were fully put in execution. So that this old Politician, ſeeing he could not get away his Son, carried himſelf more circumſpectly, and ſeeking out pretences apparent enough to delay the execution he had promis'd, he ordered the War to be begun by the Prince of *Heraclea*, with whom he held a ſecret intelligence, that had not been diſcovered at the Court of *Syracuſe*. So that it was no ſmall ſurpriſal, to hear that the Prince of *Heraclea* had made an irruption into the frontiers of this State.

Themiſtus, making all things contribute to his love and ambition, preſently look'd on it as his work, to put a glorious period to this War alſo; and though it were a great affliction to him to be far from *Lindamira*, and to leave his Rival near her; yet as things ſtood, it was not to be diſputed, whether it ſhould be ſo or no; that he muſt of neceſſity command the Army in perſon, and that Fame would ſpeak much more advantageouſly of him to *Lindamira*, than the Prince of *Meſſena* could for himſelf. He therefore iſſu'd out all neceſſary orders by the Authority of *Periandus*, and having gotten together ſome of thoſe Troops that had ſerv'd in the War of *Meſſena*, he prepar'd for his departure. His Army was not very conſiderable, becauſe he thought it no prudence to weaken the Frontiers towards *Meſſena*; So that *Demarata*, and *Lindamira* had each of them their particular fears, that *Themiſtus* would not haply be ſo victorious in this ſecond War, as he had been in the firſt. Nay, the Prince himſelf was in ſome doubt that the ſucceſs of this enterprize would not prove fortunate, and there was only *Themiſtus* himſelf, who was as confident of Victory now as he had been before.

Accordingly, when he came to take his leave of *Lindamira*, and that he perceiv'd ſhe was in ſome fear this expedition might prove unfortunate to him; No, no, Madam, ſaid he to her, fear not for *Themiſtus*, for ſince he was able to overcome the enemies of his Prince, when he was in a manner indifferent to you, he cannot now be overcome himſelf, that he is in ſome hope of your addreſſes to Heaven for him. But, Madam, while I ſhall be employ'd to defeat the enemies of the State, be not you ſurpriz'd by the love of my Rival, for if I am once forc'd out of your heart, I am conquerable every where. Were it the pleaſure of the gods, replied *Lindamira*, that my fears were as groundleſs as yours, and that I were as confident to ſee you return a Conqueror, as you ought to be, that no man ſhall diſplace you out of my heart. *Themiſtus* hearing theſe obliging words from the mouth of his Princeſs, return'd her whatever the tendereſt love can do, that is moſt reſpectful, and moſt paſſionate, ſo that this adieu was infinitely full of paſſion. And indeed it happened in a place fit to ſpeak obliging things in. For *Demarata* and *Lindamira*, being gone to the Rendezvous of the Troops with *Periandus*, lodg'd that night at a fair Houſe of *Meriander*'s, within eight miles of *Syracuſe*. So that it was in one of the Walks of that pleaſant Wilderneſs, that *Themiſtus* took his laſt leave of that excellent Princeſs.

For *Demarata*, in regard ſhe had a great influence over *Periandus*, *Themiſtus*, to lay yet greater obligations on her, entertain'd her with abundance of affection and reſpect as he took leave of her; ſo that the Princeſs, confirm'd in the opinion ſhe was of, that he lov'd her, though he durſt not diſcover it, felt the paſſion ſhe had for him doubled, out of the conſideration of the hazards he whom ſhe lov'd was to be expoſed to: but at laſt *Themiſtus* departed, and went to find out his enemies. After his departure, the Princeſs of *Himera*, deſirous to avoid the Prince of *Meſſena*'s entertainments, and to conceal part of the affliction ſhe was in, by reaſon of *Themiſtus*'s abſence, went very often into the Countrey: but in regard ſhe could not go to any of her own houſes, becauſe they lay on that quarter where the ſeat of the War was, ſhe was forc'd to borrow one of *Meriander*'s, which he, being a generous, obliging, and gallant ſoul, furniſh'd her with, and that with ſuch ſatisfaction, that he caus'd an Arbor that lay in one corner of his Garden, then not wholly painted, to be finiſh'd for the greater diverſion of her ſolitary entertainments. And indeed *Lindamira*, was much more pleas'd with that place than any other, repairing thither often without any other company, than that of her Women, and my Siſter, whom ſhe made the Privy Counſellor to all her ſecrets.

But to ſhorten this relation as much as may be, it was no ſooner heard that *Themiſtus* was upon the Frontiers, but news was brought that he had routed the enemy, and forc'd them to flie into their Countrey. This firſt advantage gained by this fortunate Lover, filled all hearts with hope, and that of *Lindamira*'s with joy, who received withal a Letter from *Themiſtus*. But Madam, I had forgot to tell you, that they had agreed before hand to write under a feigned name, that *Themiſtus* was to go under that of *Daphnis*, and *Lindamira* under that of *Iris*, that if the Letters ſhould miſcarry, it might not be diſcovered whom they were directed to. It was alſo reſolved between them, that there ſhould be nothing in thoſe Letters, whence might be inferred the inequality of their conditions: So that *Themiſtus* being at liberty to write as paſſionately as he pleaſed himſelf, writ to his Princeſs in theſe terms,

DAPHNIS to IRIS.

GIve me leave, most fair and accomplished Iris, *to give you thanks for the advantage I have gained, for I am not obliged for it so much to Fortune, as to the desire I have had to please you. Be you therefore pleased to accept the honour of my Victory, and assure your self, I shall do all that lies in my power, to conquer with the greater expedition, that I may come and ask you whether you have defended your heart against my Rivals, as well as I have done the frontiers of this State, against the enemies of my Prince. Farewel incomparable* Iris, *bestow now and then a thought on the unfortunate* Daphnis, *if I may so call a man, for whom you have sent those addresses and vows to Heaven, that have gained him an advantage he durst never hope from his own courage.*

Lindamira, having received this Letter by a faithful Slave, who delivered it my Sister, and who knew not it was directed to the Princess, answered by the same way, as you shall hear.

IRIS to DAPHNIS.

YOu do not certainly owe your Victory to any thing but your own courage; but my dear Daphnis, *you are in my debt something, you ought to be infinitely more sensible of, since you owe me thousands of fears, thousands of afflictions, thousands of disturbances, that your absence, and the hazard you are in, put me into. Hasten therefore your Conquest, but I would not have you to purchase Victory with too much danger to your life, which is dearer to me than my own.*

You may judge what pleasant entertainment a correspondence so full of affection, afforded the persons between whom it was, and what great satisfaction *Demarata* conceived at the Victory gained by *Themistus*, one she so passionately loved, and who she thought had a secret affection for her. For *Periander* his joy was extraordinary, to see that the designs of his enemies proved so abortive; nay, the Prince of *Messena* was glad of *Themistus*'s good success, out of hope, that the Prince of *Heraclea* being worsted, his Father would at last be induced to execute the Treaty, and not renew the War So that the joy was universal, yet not so, but that it met with some affliction and disquiet in *Lindamira*: for Love, of all things, cannot brook absence, especially, when one knows well how to love. Accordingly, she was never better pleased than when she was alone, or had only *Mericia* with her, with whom he might discourse of *Themistus*.

And as this Princess is indeed a great Wit, so does she sometimes write Verses, such as *Themistus* (who, for a person of his quality, is excellent good at it) might not blush to own. So that it being impossible to be in love, and to be able to write Verses, and not to do it. *Lindamira* and *Mericia* made it sometimes their employment to do something of that nature, when they were at *Meriander*'s fair house in the Countrey. Nay, it is imagin'd that he had from this Princess certain verses, which he hath set up in an Arbor, whereof I shall have something to tell you. In the mean time I will give you a great demonstration of my Sisters Fidelity. You are then to know, that when the Princess writ any Verses, wherein there was any reflection on the love of *Themistus*, she caused *Mericia* to write them over, as being out of prudence, unwilling they should be seen under her own hand. Being therefore gone one day a walking together, in a Walk where she had sometimes seen *Themistus*; she in a quarter of an hour made three Couplets of a Song, to an Air which my Sister sung excellently well; so that she repeated them to her, purposely to oblige her to sing them. But since it is hard for one to sing well, that is not very perfect in the words, *Mericia* writ down the three Couplets the Princess had made, which though they are not highly witty, are yet worthy the recital, because there is something in them that is very passionate. They are these.

SONG.

1.

I Labour to resist in vain,
The woes that would my heart devour,
Caus'd by the absence I sustain.
Who, Love, would think under thy power
we should endure such pain,
When we both love, and are belov'd again?

2.

Perpetual fears my Soul invade,
To see the person I adore
Amidst a thousand hazards laid;
Who, Love, would think under thy power,
we should endure such pain,
When we both love, and are belov'd again?

3.

I often fear, but am too blame,
(Unjust to's Love can I be more?)
Another may his heart inflame;
Who, Love, would think under thy power,
we should endure such pain,
When we both love, and are belov'd again?

Mericia having written these three Couplets, sang them to the Princess, who in the mean time had her thoughts filled with all the satisfaction, that a person, who fears not to discover her most secret sentiments to a true friend, can have. My Sister by this means, got the Song so perfect, that the next day being returned to *Syracuse*, she sung it, not thinking of any thing, before the Prince of *Messena*, who asked her from whom she had it.

Mericia

Mericia remembring her self, blushed, and made no direct answer, so that the Prince wes still at her to know, and knowing, she was able to do any thing of that nature, told her that he was very happy, for whom she had made that Song. *Mericia* perceiving that the Prince of *Messina*'s suspicion was far from the truth, suffered him to believe what he pleased, and craftily confirmed him in the jealousie he was in, chooling rather to be suspected of a thing that was not, than to give any occasion to suspect the Princess of *Himera*, of a thing that was: for considering the extraordinary friendship that *Lindamira* had for *Mericia*, as also that they came up out of the Countrey together, and that there were few Women at *Syracuse* that could write such a Song, it might at last have been thought to come from the Princess of *Himera*, if my Sister had not discreetly started the occasion of suspecting, that she had made those verses. Not that *Lindamira* does any way pretend to be a Wit, but it is nevertheless known that she can do what she hath a mind to. and so it might have been imagined, as I have already told her, that she had made that Song, if my Sister, who could not affirm she had it from her, had not suffered people to believe that she, for diversion sake, had written it her self. But what made the Princess *Himera* the more obliged to her, was, that the whole Court concluded these Couplets, were made for one in the Army, that was very deeply in love with *Mericia*. He wanted not friends to send them, insomuch, that he was so far perswaded they were directed to him, that he writ a very obliging Letter to my Sister, to know whether he ought to return her his thanks for such a Favour.

This adventure, no question, troubled *Mericia* very much, but such was the affection she had for *Lindamira*, that she willingly suffered for her sake. So that this endeared her so much the more to the Princess, who still preferring solitude before the Court, during the absence of *Themistus*, returned to *Meriander*'s house, taking my Sister along with her. While she was there, news came that *Themistus* had given the enemy another overthrow, and that the Prince of *Heraclea* had desired a cessation of twenty daies, so that *Lindamira* looking on this cessation as a thing that would retard *Themistus*'s return, if it produced not a Peace, was so melancholly, and cast down at it, that she could not endure any to be near her but *Mericia*. Nay, there were some intervals, wherein she would rather walk without her than with her, and wherein she went and sate in the pleasant Arbor which *Meriander* had caused to be made up a little before. One while she spent the time in thinking, another in reading *Themistus*'s Letters, and sometimes desirous to stay some of her thoughts, she took her Table-book and writ something in it. Sometimes taking her Black-lead which she always carried about her, she would design something, or write some gallant, yet passionate expression upon the squares of White and Red Marble, that were in divers parts of the Closet, but dash'd out all immediately, if she did not forget to do it. When she had done, she gave my Sister an account of all she had either done or thought, as if she had been return'd after a long journey, though commonly she had not been an hour alone. For, Madam, I dare assure you, that there never was any affection so passionate. and withal so innocent, as what *Lindamira* had for *Themistus*, who yet loves beyond what he is lov'd, if it be allowable to make comparisons between two things that are extream.

This fortunate Favorite, in the mean time making his advantage of the cessation, and pretending out of policy to come and advise with the Prince about the Articles of the Peace, if any were made, left the Army to be commanded by his Lieutenant-General, and came for *Syracuse*. But understanding that *Lindamira* was at *Meriander*'s house, he would needs surprise her with a visit. He left four men that came along with him, being all the retinue he had, at a little Village, and attended only by a Slave, he alighted at a house where *Meriander*'s Gardner lived, that is a Cottage which lies without the Park, within which the house is. This fellow being simple and necessitous, it was the easier for *Themistus* to oblige him, by Presents, to do what he pleased. But he desired no more of him, than that, taking no notice of his being there, he would let him into the Garden where the Princess of *Himera* was wont to walk. The Sun was about an hour high, so that he might easily hide himself where he pleased in the Garden, so as to discover himself of a sudden to *Lindamira*, who was not yet stirring: For besides that, it was as yet early day for a Lady to get up, the Princess of *Himera* had walked so late by the Moon-light the night before, that she could not rise very betimes. However, the Gardner assured *Themistus*, that she would take a walk before dinner, and therefore saies the poor fellow, out of his natural simplicity, if you would see the Garden, do it before she comes, for she is no sooner dressed, but she comes and sits in an Arbor, where my Master hath caused abundance of things to be written on Marble, which are past my understanding. *Themistus* was extreamly taken with the simplicity of this Gardner, who knew him not, though he had been divers times before in the Garden, and the reason was, that he had only minded the Prince and the Princesses, with whom *Themistus* came, so that he bid him leave him to himself, and go to his work.

The Gardiner accordingly, who was very busie about a hedge of Myrtles, whereof there were abundance in the Garden, as also a many Orange-trees, left him, and went about his work. *Themistus* was no sooner come to the midst of the Garden, and saw the windows of the Chamber where his Princess lay yet asleep, but he felt a strange agitation in his heart. He was transported with joy, and, not able to master his own thoughts, he made a thousand contradictory wishes: for he would fain see her asleep, he would fain speak to her, and he would see in her eyes the demonstrations of love. But the Gardener having told him, that when the Princess of *Himera* had taken her walk, she commonly went, and rested her self in a magnificent Arbor, which I told you *Meriander* had caused to be finished since his departure thence, which is no question, very noble, and excellently well fancied, so as to deserve to be the treasury of *Lindamira*'s thoughts.

For you are to know, that at the end of a spacious pav'd Walk, very pleasant to look on, lies this great quadrangular Arbor, whereof the Architecture is very exact, The roof of it is upheld by

by sixteen Columnes of White Marble, whereof the Bases and Chapters are of Red Marble. There are four large bow-windows, breast- high, with Curtains within, which may be drawn of any side, to avoid either the Sun or the Wind? The door of it is made Grate-wise, and the Frizes on the out-side have a certain Imagery upon them, where may be seen divers little Loves, that make chains of Roses, and intangle one another in them, as pleasantly as may be. For the inside, the Frize, which is of Marble as without, hath divers inscriptions, that is, so many amorous Maxims put there by *Meriander*'s order.

But though he be excellent good at a copy of Verses, yet is it much suspected that the Princess of *Himera* had made those that are in this Arbor, which hath all about it, very convenient and handsome seats. For the upper part of the roof, there is very ingeniously represented a Heaven, whence a many little Loves seem to shoot Arrows, to cast Flowers, or shew their Torches. But I had forgot to tell you, that on the top of the covering without,, there is a Figure of *Cupid*, the noblest in the World, who having loos'd his fillet, which seemed to be tossed by the Wind, looks, or seems to look towards the spacious paved Walk, as if he would not have any one to enter into that place, till he had wounded him. And to that end, having his Bow in his left hand, and an Arrow in the right, his intention may be perceived by his actions, and in his eies, where it is so admirably represented, that it is impossible any thing can be better; *Themistus* approaching this Arbor, perceives a large Oval reversed in the middle of the Frize, under the Cornish, and just above the Door, wherein these two Verses were engraven'd in Golden Letters.

Who Love's commanding Scepter does not fear,
Let him not enter here.

Themistus surprized at this Inscription, read it with much satisfaction, and saying to himself, that he had a priviledge to come into that Arbor, since that there needed only Love to give one entrance, opened the door, and went in hastily. He was no sooner in, but he finds over against him engraved upon the Frize, in an Oval-Emboss'd Work, these two other Verses.

'Tis vain for to resist Love's mighty sway,
Who does not love, a time will come he may.

Then *Themistus* turning to the right hand, finds these two other Verses.

When Lovers pleasures undisturb'd shall be,
The Spring shall neither Flowers, nor Zephyrs see

Then turning to the left he found these two.

A Lover *and* Content, *must ne'r be friends,*
But who loves not unhappiness attends.

Then at last, turning to the door, he finds over it the two Verses I am going to repeat to you.

While there is hope, be sure you do not yield,
For soon or late a Lover wins the field.

Themistus having given over reading these Inscriptions, was extreamly pleased with them, and had a secret satisfaction, to find that his Mistriss came so much to a place, where the very Marbles, if I may so express it, entertained her with Love, and where he thought she could not be without thinking on him. Nay, he thought she must needs be the Author of the Verses he was much taken with, and began to bethink him what he should say to her when she came into the Arbor, In the mean time being extreamly well pleased with those Love-Maxims, he learnt these eight Verses immediately by heart, and going to repeat them over, to see if he had them perfect, he looked another way downwards; but as he looked, he casually espied something written with black Lead on a white Marble Table, which I had forgot to tell you was in the midst of the Arbor. So that being desirous to see what it was, he came nearer, and knew it to be the writing of his Princess. Reading it over hastily, he found the eight Verses I shall repeat to you, which the Princess of *Himera* had made; and, having written them there, had forgot to dash them out.

Fair Grove, to thee alone I *do impart*
The secret sufferings of my wounded heart
Receive my amorous sighs, and let them out,
Be mix'd with winds, the waving Air to cut
Preserve the sad expressions of my Love,
Till Daphnis *coming to your shades may prove,*
By your assurances, I *die here for grief,*
While all your pleasures find me no relief.

You may easily imagine, Madam, what joy it was to *Themistus*, to find Verses so amorous written by the hand of his Princess, and which he could not doubt but were made for him, Nay indeed, he was so transported with joy, that the disturbance it raised in his thoughts, hindred him for some time, from reading them the second time. 'Tis true, he found it no hard matter to remember them, for they made so strong an impression in him, that he found he had them by heart when he went to read them again. He could have wished it possible to take those precious characters out of the Table on which they were drawn; yet durst he not so much as kiss them in the transport of his passion, for fear of blotting them, and he knew not in a manner what he did, such a pleasant agitation were his thoughts in.

But knowing the Princess to be a considerate and discreet person, he easily imagined that it must be her forgetfulness that those Verses, he was so much pleased with, were not dashed out, and he thought himself so much obliged to her for that act of oblivion, which he attributed to the greatness of her affection, that he would have thought himself happy to die a thousand times for her sake. Whereupon, the same sentiment of Love which made him afraid to blot out those Verses, put him also into a fear they should be seen by any other than himself. But at last, considering that the Princess had but few people about her, and these coming into his thoughts a fancy that pleased him, he recollected himself for a quarter of an hour, and taking the Lead which *Lindamira* had left upon the Table, whereon she had written the eight Verses I have

have repeated to you, he writ under them these I am now to repeat,

Vain Laurels, wrack no more my labouring mind
May I my only fame in Iris *find.*
Might I, without all noise from dangers free,
Under these Orange-trees and Myrtles be,
With am'rous Myrtles crown'd to pass away,
As if one minute were the longest day;
To hear th'incomparable Iris *sigh,*
To crown desire with true felicity,
To live with Iris *on perpetual joy,*
And what e'r else the world affords, defie.

Themistus having written these Verses, which certainly speak abundance of passion, went out of the Arbor, and hid himself behind a hedge of Myrtles, that lay on the right hand of that place, to see when the Princess came: resolved, if any other came thither, to discover himself, that none might see the Verses he had written; and to dash them out if it were requisite.

It was not long e'r *Lindamira* came, for having called to mind, as she awoke, that she had written certain Verses upon the Table in the Arbor, and had not dashed them out, she was so extreamly troubled at it, that she rose up in haste, pretending that she would take the Air before the Sun were too hot. She dressed her self therefore after a negligent manner, that she might the sooner have done, and went to the Arbor, followed by my Sister, whither she was no sooner come, but she went to wipe out what she had written. She did it in such haste, that she had almost done the like, unknown to her, to the Verses *Themistus* had made; but perceiving of a suddain, something written under those she had already half blotted, she blushed, and was strangly troubled to find, that some body must needs have come into the Arbor, and consequently that her verses had been seen. But presently after, knowing the writing to be *Themistus*'s, her trouble was turned into joy. Yet could she not avoid a certain slight confusion, that he should see the verses she had made for him. And yet, all considered, she was so glad, that none but *Themistus* had seen these eight Verses; she was so well pleased with those she had made, and she conceived so much pleasure in the hope of seeing him suddainly, that not able to conceal it from *Mericia*, she caused her to read what she had read her self before, commending particularly, as what she could not forbear, the passion expressed in the two last Verses. Whereupon, speaking to her, you may easily perceive, said she, that he who hath written what you have read, must needs be in the Garden. He is indeed Madam, (answered *Themistus*, coming into the Arbor, and saluting her very submissively) and is come hither to assure you with all truth and sincerity, that what he hath taken the boldness to write under those admirable Verses you have made, expresses the pure sentiments of his heart. But Madam, may I believe that what you have written is equally real? I beseech you, added he, all me not any thing that may disanull what I have said. You know, replied she, smiling, that sometimes the cadence of a Verse, makes one say somewhat more than he would; but, in fine, you may be safely confident, that some are very glad to see you, that you have been very much wished here, that we concern our selves in your Fame and in your Life, and that we desire your happiness. I am happy, divine Princess, replied *Themistus*, if I have your affection, and I shall defie fortune to contribute any thing to my felicity, since it is impossible I should be happy, if you will not have me to be such. For, Madam, if I seek after Fame, I do it only to deserve you: if I seem ambitious, it is not so much to raise my self to the rank my Fathers have lived in, as to come nearer that you are in; for without that, I swear to you by all that is most sacred, that I should be content if I could but while I live,

Hear the incomparable Iris *sigh,*
And crown desire with true felicity,
To live with Iris *in perpetual joy,*
And what e'r else the world affords, defie.

Themistus repeated these Verses, with an accent so full of passion, that *Lindamira* thought them much better in his mouth, than they were when she had read them. Whereupon, desirous to fall upon some other discourse, she spoke of his good successes in the War. But whatever she said, he some way or other brought it about to Love: he asked her whether the Prince of *Messena* had done him any injury in his absence, looking on *Mericia*, as if he were to read in her eyes, whether the Princess spoke truth or no,

From that they came to other discourses, and so to other, till at last he began to abuse my Sister about the Song she had sent to the Army, as conceiving it to be hers, which engaged him in two quarrels instead of one. For the Princess took it not well he should not have discovered that she had made it; and *Mericia* took it very ill he should believe that she had made it for the person, to whom he thought it directed. However, this little contestation was concluded with a very affectionate accommodation between *Lindamira* and *Themistus*; but, after all, though he were loved, yet was he not without some disturbance, out of a certain diffidence, that he should never be absolutely happy; and so his own happiness contributed somewhat to his sufferings.

In the mean time, the Princess being a very discreet person, would not have *Themistus*'s visit, to have been thought gotten by stealth; he therefore walked with her all day, in the presence of those who were about that Princess, and in the evening, took his leave to go to those that came with him (for he brought thither but one slave with him) and so to reach *Syracuse*, which he did before the Prince was abed. He saw also *Demarata*, for *Periauthus* was in her chamber when he came to the Palace, where he was received by both, with the greatest expressions of joy imaginable. Now *Themistus*, carrying in his face all the satisfaction that a person equally favoured by *Mars* and *Venus*, could have, never appeared so lovely to *Demarata* before. Besides, he spoke so well, that the secret passion she had within her, encreased after so strange a manner, that, three daies after, she could not forbear disburthening her thoughts to her, to whom she made privy to all her secret

sentiments

sentiments. What made them the more lively was, that she doubted not but *Themistus* loved her, though he durst not discover it. She had some time thought it a great satisfaction to know that he loved her, but according to the present posture of her soul, that was not enough. So that making her complaint to *Amerintha*, that Lady told her she could not apprehend what her design should be. For in fine, Madam, said she to her, you have told me heretofore that you would not have *Themistus* know that you loved him. 'Tis very true, replyes *Demarata*, but at that time, I thought he had not loved me; but now that I imagine he does, I am in such a fear he should cease loving me, that I should not be haply very much troubled he should be thus far confident that it were not haply impossible he should not be hated; and if I may presume to acquaint you with the strange fantasticknes of my thoughts, I almost wish he had discovered somewhat of his passion to me, though I am resolved if he mention it to me, to forbid him ever to speak of it again. I know this is a proceeding which speaks not much reason, but whoever is in love, is not troubled with much of the other. Besides, were I guilty of nothing but love, I should be less miserable, but there is in me a remainder of glory, which makes me absolutely unhappy, and that is neither strong enough to overcome my passion, nor so weak as wholly to yield to it. So that I must, in spight of my teeth, bethink me of some fantastick consolation amidst the torments I endure, and to that end I shall haply my self, give *Themistus* some occasion to discover the love he hath for me, though I am resolved, as I told you, to lay my commands never to speak of it more. For in fine, what love soever may possess my heart, I had rather dye than be infamous. And though the aversion I have for *Periantbus* be very strong, yet I will not be chargeable with any thing farther, but since it is the pleasure of my fate, that my heart be not for *Periantbus*, it does not concern him much, whether I keep it to my self, or bestow it on *Themistus*, provided my soul be free from those horrid sentiments, that are not the infallible demonstrations of a real love.

Demarata had a many other things to entertain *Amerintha* with, till word was brought that *Themistus* was at the door, desirous to know whether he might wait on her. She looked upon *Amerintha*, without saying ought to her, during which time thousands of several sentiments passing through her heart, she seemed unresolved and unquiet, then at last determining of a sudden, she commanded he might have admittance. *Themistus*, not suspecting any thing of what *Demarata* was disturbed at, came out of civility to wait on her, as wise to his Master, and consequently one for whom he was glad to have all the complaisance in the world, out of considerations of love and ambition. *Lindamira* had that very day advised him to use all the endeavors he could to preserve himself in the good thoughts of *Demarata*, for she was returned that morning from *Meriander*'s House. So that he went into this Princesse's Closet, as a person whose design was to humor her. He was no sooner in, but *Amerintha* withdrew to the other side of the Closet, which was a very large one, to give *Demarata* and *Themistus* the liberty of private discourse.

At first the War, the reputation he had gained, and the cessation were the subject of their discourse, *Themistus* all the while never perceiving the Princess to be in any disturbance, so excellent is she in the art of dissimulation. Nay she did her work so handsomly, that without discovering any thing of affectation, or design in what she said, she insensibly brought him into a discourse wherein he was extreamly put to it. For after a many indifferent things, she asked whether he had visited many Ladies. *Themistus*, not knowing to what end she put that question to him, made answer, that he had seen only the Princess *Lindamira*, the fair *Melissera*, and two others that he nam'd. Then changing the discourse, she asked him whether he still minded the advice she had sometime given him. I have so great a respect for you, that I can never forget any thing you say to me; and that you may know what memory I have for your Counsels, I am only to tell you that your absolute commands were, that I should not entertain any love, if ever I pretended to be favorite to the Prince. And yet I know one, replyed she, who thinks you are very much in love with a Woman of high quality, and conceives you somewhat in her favor. *Themistus* hearing *Demarata* speak so home, was a little surprised at it, for a Lover that loves truly, ever thinks he is discovered, or at the least fears he should be. But at last, having done himself a little violence, Methinks Madam, said he to her, I see so few Ladies out of your Palace and presence, that I cannot imagine who should bring you such a piece of news. *Demarata* perceiving *Themistus* moved at what she said, was confirmed in the imagination she had that he was in love with her. So that to bring about her design the sooner, believe me *Themistus*, said she, a man should make it no miracle that people know what is, and speak what is not, for all may be discovered, and all may be feigned. But in a word, I have heard for certain, that you love a Woman of the highest quality, one all the World thinks handsome enough, one that hath raised love in others, that hath a great Wit, loves you, and that you would not have it known that you are in love. And to shew you, continued she blushing, that I am not misinformed, you have seen her this day.

Themistus surprised at what *Demarata* said, was almost out of all doubt that his love to *Lindamira* was discovered, for all she had said might very well be meant of that Princess; she was of high quality, handsome, had a servant of the Prince of *Messena*, had a great wit, he loved her, she affected him, he was unwilling it should be known he had any affection for her, and he had seen her that very day, and of the Ladies he had seen none but her and *Demarata*, whom he could not imagine concern'd in this discourse, though it were the secret drift of her that spoke it; so that he was at such a loss, that he knew not what to do. *Demarata* on the other side, seeing the uncertain posture he was in, had a secret joy to imagine that she was not mistaken. In the mean time *Themistus*, running over a hundred things in an instant, told her that he could not devise who might have brought her this news, nor who they could imagine he should be in love with —— And if it should happen to be my self, said she somewhat hastily, looking on him very earnestly, though with some disturbance —— Then I

I should say, Madam, (replyed he, not suspecting as yet any thing of the truth) that these people were a little at a distance with their wits, for though you are one of the noblest Princesses in the World, and the fittest to raise love, yet is there not any thing so far from probability as this Story; for knowing what you are, and what I am my self, if the respect I owe you had not hindered me from presuming upon your affection, I should have left *Sicily* at the very instant, and the meer fear of doing you any injury by loving you, and of betraying my Master by pretending to be his Rival, would have perswaded me to prefer exile and death before all things else. But farther, Madam, added this Lover, who would now be curious out of design, I would fain know who could be guilty of the presumption to tell you a thing of this nature. *Demarata* perceiving that *Themistus*, avoided the opportunity she had given him, entertained on the sudden other imaginations, and considering the countenance wherewith *Themistus* answered her, was satisfied he had no affection for her. So that inclining to indignation, she immediately applyed her self to the art of dissimulation which she was so well versed in; and putting on another countenance, how, said she to him, with a strange confidence, can you make a serious answer to what I have said, you do not perceive that I had not spoken as I have, but to discover the progress of ambition in your heart, which it seems, is such that you imagine it possible that people should report that you love me and I you. Ah *Themistus*, added she, of an understanding man as you are, have you not answered me well, nay I could not conceive you should have made me that answer, but for your punishment, know, that no body hath said any thing to me, that I do not think any one loves you, or that you love any thing but greatness and glory.

This put *Themistus* into another disorder, but all considered, he was not a little glad to see that *Demarata* knew nothing of the affection he had for *Lindamira*; he therefore made *Demarata* the best answer he could, telling her, that never presuming to make the least doubt of what she said, she was the occasion of his confidence, or to say better, his simplicity, he craved her pardon, and so got off as well as he could out of so troublesome a business: but though *Demarata* were sufficiently Mistress of her self, when she was resolved to disguise her thoughts, yet could she not in the sequel of the discourse, avoid divers things whence *Themistus* might take occasion to suspect something. He was more satisfied as to that point an hour after, for diverse Ladies being come to the Princess, among whom came also the Prin e of *Messena*, (who detained *Themistus* there, though he were desirous to be gone) they fell into a discourse of generosity, honesty and love; and it was put to the question, whether a person that were tender of his honor, might without ceasing to be such, receive any expressions of affection from the wife of a man whom he loved, and by whom he was loved: At first it was generally thought there could not be any thing so unworthy, or so opposite to honesty. But after a while, *Demarata* took occasion to make it a question whether it ought to be so generally affirmed; for in fine, said she, I know not when a woman begins to love a man, and gives him occasion to imagine as much, whether that man be not more obliged to that Lady for her love, than to his friend for his friendship, and consequently whether that circumstance would not take off much of his crime, and make him less blameable, than if he began to love first, and should make it his main business to cajoll his friends wife. No question but he were less censurable, replyes *Themistus*, though yet a virtuous man would think himself very unhappy to be in so dangerous an adventure; but when all's done, added *Lindamira*, he were still blameable enough, and must needs pass for a base and perfidious person in their judgments who are acquainted with the true rules of honesty; for a man must not upon any pretence whatsoever, either betray or be ungrateful.

Themistus having accidentally met the eyes of *Demarata*, discovered in them a certain disturbance, wherein he thought might be read love, indignation, and shame; nor indeed was he mistaken, for *Demarata*, notwithstanding her natural dissimulation, could not hinder *Themistus* from perceiving that she had within her, whatever those three sentiments can inspire that is most cruel; and to make her affliction the more insupportable, she imagined she saw something in the eyes of *Themistus*, that signified he understood well enough what hers meant, and that he would make no answer thereto. So that night being come, she was extreamly afflicted: How said she, am I so unhappy as to love, yet not to be loved again; nay I am so unfortunate, as to be in a manner satisfied, that the ungrateful man who loves me not, knows my weakness, and will not bear any part thereof. No, no, I am not able to bear with this injury, and let people say what they will, I am perswaded that the most horrid of all crimes, is that whereby a man makes no return to a womans affection, being in such a condition as I am in. Let me then tear from my heart the unjust passion that tyrannises there; but alas! added she presently, I have loved *Themistus* from my infancy, 'tis a natural inclination which I cannot overcome, nay, which I cannot find so far guilty, as that it deserves to be condemned; for all I desire is, only to love and to be loved, without either giving or entertaining any criminal expressions thereof. In the mean time, the ambitious *Themistus*, who prefers his Masters favor before any Mistress, triumphs over my weakness, and slights me as much as I love him. But though I should die for it, I must do my self an extraordinary violence, and not thinking it enough to pass from love to indifference, I must know no mean between love and detestation, and be revenged on him that makes me unhappy, because he minds not his own happiness. Had he loved me, and afterwards betrayed me, I should not be so much incensed as I am, now that knowing I love him, he makes no return to my affection. This resentment is haply somewhat unjust, but I know not how to remedy it. Love is it self the reason of all the imaginations that proceed from it, and revenge is so natural to love, that I should not think it much to be pardoned, though people came to know the cause why I now do, or hereafter may hate *Themistus*. He must certainly have a horrid aversion for me, that he makes no return to the tenderness I have for him; he is ambitious, and I am of a quality to satisfie his ambition; I am young, I am not

unhandsome, I dispose of his Masters heart, I can ruine him when I please, and all this notwithstanding, he guesses at my sentiments, and pretends he understands them not. No, no, *Demarata*, this injury is insupportable, and thou must banish *Themistus* thy heart, or at last thrust him out of the Court.

These, Madam, were the sentiments of *Demarata*, whilst *Themistus* was sufficiently troubled on the other side, for he had but too well observed whatever *Demarata* had either done or said, and was absolutely satisfied that she loved him. Then reflecting on the inclination she had for him even in her infancy, and a hundred things she had done since his return, he was convinced of the truth, so that he was extreamly afflicted, for it was easie for him to foresee that the consequences thereof might prove very fatal, as well in relation to his fortune as his love. He knew the Princess to be violent, passionate, and bold, and that she had a great influence over the Prince of *Syracuse* who still was as fond of her as on the day he married her. However, he thought it discretion not to acquaint the Princess of *Himera* that he thought himself loved by *Demarata*, nor any way endeavored to make her party good against her with the Prince, but only to avoid the opportunities of having any private discourse with her. But what he thought he did with prudence, proved prejudicial to him; for *Demarata* looking very narrowly into his actions, took notice of his carriage, and was more offended at it than before. For *Themistus*, he thought the best course he could take, was to dispose things in order to his return to the Army, either to prosecute the War when the cessation were expired, or to conclude a Peace with the Prince of *Heraclea*. But there being many rubs in his way, he was forced to have patience for some time.

In the mean time, *Demarata* made it her business to insinuate into *Perianthus* more than she had ever done, and dissembled so well, that only *Themistus* could look into her soul. Thence he inferr'd, that *Demarata*'s love would soon be turned into hatred, and was the more confirmed in it, by a discourse whereof I have gave him an account, as having made one in it. I doubt not but you remember that *Themistus* is very excellent at a paper of Verses, since I have repeated some of his to you, you are now to imagine that *Demarata* being with some few about her in her Closet, they fell to discourse about Musick, and thence they fell to talk of Painting and Verses, every one commending Poesie, Painting, or Musick, according to their several inclinations. For my part says *Demarata*, I look on these three things as such as contribute much to the entertainments of all virtuous persons, but that they are so far from being requisite in a person of quality, that he may be infinitely such, though he can neither sing, draw, or write verses. 'Tis true, Madam, replyed I, these three excellent qualities are not so necessary in a person of honor, but they are requisite to make a man pleasant company, especially Musick and Poesie, and that above all things in what relates to matter of gallantry. I must needs confess replyed she, that love in Musick, and love in Verse is a gallant thing, but it is very hard for a person of quality to be very excellent at either of these two qualities. Besides, as to singing, I see no great difficulty in it, but for a person of great quality, to play the publick Poet, it shews him commonly a very strange kind of man. There is indeed Madam, replied I, abundance of difference between a person of worth, that writes Verses well, and a meer Poet. Believe me said she, there's more danger than is imagined for a man to expose himself to such an adventure, for if he makes ill Verses, 'tis a pittiful thing, if good, he shews them, is much pleased to be commended, and in a trice he becomes a Poet by profession; then you are desired to repeat your Verses, people beg copies of them; nay they give you Subjects on which you must make others; you must take it as an honor you are desired to do it, and at last you are treated as a person to whom men may not well presume to speak in Prose. It must therefore needs be a troublesome thing for a person of quality to be exposed to such odd inconveniences. I grant Madam, said I, that there must be judgment to make good use of a Talent so precious, as that of Poesie, but it is not only requisite in that, but indeed in all things, for a Hector that should ever be talking of combats and quarrels would be yet much more troublesome than a great repeater of Verses. For that matter, cries out the divertive *Melisera*, I am of a different opinion, for I assure you there is not any thing more importunate than those people that make ill Verses and know not so much, yet thinking others take as much pleasure in them as they do themselves when they recite what they have done, persecute you with perpetual repetitions. For my part added she, an humor came on me the other day, to go to one of those troublesome people, to ask him whether he had not that pretty Song which had raised so much talk of *Mericia*; but I think I paid for it, I no sooner asked but he gave it me, but afterwards without any intreaty, he gave me another of his own, as ill as the other was handsome. That done, he repeated another, and so falling insensibly, whether I would or no, from one repetition to another, and from one paper of Verses to another, after he had begun with a Song, he concluded with a large serious work of above a thousand Verses, which he told me he had made an imitation of *Hesiod*, if my memory fails me not, and to recommend the work the more, he assured me that he had shewn it to very knowing persons, who had recommended it extreamly. But his comparisons signified little with me, for I only gave it an ambiguous commendation, nothing at all to his advantage, if he would have understood it aright, for I was never so tired out with any thing in my life.

He you speak of, replied I, must certainly be very importunate, for he is in a word, one of those who ever lie lieger to be the first to make Verses upon any accident, and who belabor themselves with equal violence upon all subjects. Give them a battel to write upon, they are ready to celebrate the Conqueror; if a City be taken, they shall do no less for him that hath taken it. If a person of any consideration die, they furnish him with Epitaphs; if a Beauty, she carries away, if you believe them, love and the graces along with her into the Tomb, though they were never acquainted with her. If some young Prince be born, they presently erect a Poetical Scheam of his Nativity, which

which promises him Conquests and Victories, whereof there will never happen any thing. If there be a marriage, they provide Epithalamium's, though not so much as invited to the wedding. If some great Ladies dog chance to dye, they promise him immortality; nay, so busie are these mercenary Poetasters, that they take it very ill there should any thing more than ordinary happen in their time, on which they should not exercise their foolery in verse. But Madam, when I speak of Poetie as a thing worthy commendation, nay necessary for the absolute accomplishment of a gallant person, I would not say that such as I have now described ought to sit on Mount *Parnassus*, no, these are only the weeds and excrescencies of a fair and fruitful Garden. There they have their growth and nourishment with the fair flowers, but to no other end but that they may be plucked up as soon as they are perceived; so that I conclude, Madam, that as far as civility permits, we should banish from the society of persons of worth and virtue, all these troublesome Poetasters, who take pains only to their own shame, and to importune those, who know them whether they will or no. I would have also banished such Poets as are over-satyrical, that write by the inspirations of envy and detraction, and cannot commend any thing but what all the World blames, that is, when they commend their own works.

But however, says *Demarata*, before you tell us how you imagine a person of quality make may his advantage of Poesie, grant before hand, that there are divers who do very handsome things, who yet are not fit for a Court-conversation. I grant it, Madam, replyed I, for there are some excellent men that are framed only to study, insomuch that having no great acquaintance with the world, their works are many times more acceptable than they themselves. However, I hold that there ought to be a respect for such as have worth in them, and men should laugh at their ignorance of punctilioes of complyments and fashions, instead of commending them for doing these things very well that they undertake, and are versed in. But after all, it is not thus that I expect a person of quality should make verses. Would you have it done as a person of my acquaintance does, says *Melisera*, who though he be satisfied that what he does is very handsome, makes as if he believed it little worth, and cares not what is said of it. However, something he does and communicates it, but after a slight manner, as if it were but a trifle, never speaking of it but by way of raillery. He that you speak of replyed I, must certainly be a person of much worth, but this is not yet the way wherein I would have Poesie treated when a man will meddle with it; for a man should never make sport with what he hath done himself. Would you then have it, says a Lady that was in the company, as a certain person of very much worth, known to all the world, one that does very excellent things, and yet is so far from giving them away, that he will hardly shew them, not even to a small number of persons; nay with abundance of trouble that he is persuaded to it. But what end is there in doing those things, if they are not seen, replyes *Demarata*? —— For my part, Madam said I, I would have a person of honor do it for his own satisfaction, or for his Love, and that he should not think when he is about them, that he labors for the multitude. Nay, I would not have him make any publick profession of what he does, and I would have him at first hardly persuaded to acknowledge it; but afterwards when it is known, he should not make it so much a secret: and when a man hath friends that understand things of that nature, he may make these part of his diversion with them, without any affectation either to shew or conceal them; but above all things, he must have a great care not to communicate them to a sort of young men, that are ignorant and obstinate, and think that a Poet and a Fool are the same thing; for with such people a man must be short; nay sometimes uncivil, but for such as have sound understandings, and know the world well, a man needs not be so reserved, he must not only shew, but bestow such things on them. For good verses are not made that they should not be seen, and persons of quality were very unfortunate, if it were not allowable in them to have wit and to discover it, when they can do it with judgment.

However, says *Demarata*, I would not allow in a Courtier any other species of Poetry than what they call the *Gallant*. It is indeed of all the most proper for him, replyed I, but Madam, since Poesie is a natural inclination, we are not to pitch on any species but what nature leads us to, for we should never do well in it. It is enough therefore only to affirm, that a person of quality should not trouble himself with the making of Verses, if he be not naturally inclined thereto, and if he be not fortunate therein; and it is the poorest excuse in the world for a person of quality, to say that it is not his profession; for if it be excusable not to make any verses at all, it is not so if a man pretends to do it, and cannot do it well. But must not a man make bad ones, replyes *Demarata*, before he comes to make good ones? right Madam, replyed I, but those who shall one day be excellent at it, have I know not what, something that is ingenious and handsome amidst their imperfections, which is an infallible argument of the future excellency of him that hath made them; for which reason we must not discourage those that begin to write, provided there be more good than ill in what they do: but when all is done, it were very hard to give precise rules whereby a person of quality should make Verses, and I shall sooner have done, by saying that if he make them as *Themistus* does, he will acquit himself as a person of worth. For he is not the first person that speaks of them, when his friends say any thing of them, he is neither troubled nor over-pleased; he neither blushes at what he does, nor places his greatest honor in it: he looks on Poetry as an inviting and pleasant diversion, that heightens the gallantry, love, nay the reputation of those that are excellent at it. He discourses thereof with such as are well read in it when reason requires; he never mentions it to those that are unacquainted therewith; he neither commends nor censures what he hath done, and looks on the Talent of Poesie, as a handsome present from nature, which he thinks he ought to improve, and such as makes him a more lovely and more accomplish'd person.

No question but *Themistus* makes excellent good verses, replyes hastily *Demarata*, but I know not how he makes a shift to find them, for I am of

opinion, that it is Love that teaches the art of making them well, that ambition contributes not much thereto, and that *Themistus* does what is very extraordinary, that he can make so good ones, and be so little in love as he is. *Demarata* blushed as she said this, and notwithstanding her art of dissimulation, I perceived some secret quarrel against *Themistus*. So that being come away, I went and told him what I had observed; but he guiding all his actions by discretion, would not tell me any thing of the occasion of *Demarata*'s quarrel against him. However, methought he was very much troubled at what I had told him; but I thought, looking on *Demarata*, as predominant over *Perianthus*, the concernment of his fortunes made him be troubled at what I had told him.

In the mean time *Demarata*, whose heart was big with desires of revenge, and who looked on the Prince her Husband, as the only man, by whose means she might compass her design, omitted nothing, as I have already told you, to bring him more absolutely to her devotion; but to say truth, it was impossible that she should do more than she had, for his affection for her, was as violent as ever it had been, so that she was in a capacity to perswade him to any thing she desired. Insomuch that *Themistus*, not ignorant of her power, was extreamly disturbed at it. However, he imagined that the same passion that inclin'd her to ruine him, might divert her from from it, and hoped that the services he had done the State, those he was now doing, and those he might do, would give check to her violence, though he were still satisfied, that there is nothing more dangerous than a Woman who loves, and is not loved, when she hath given any expressions of affection, to one that makes no return thereto. So that, do what he could, *Themistus* was still melancholly; nay, he divers times avoided waiting on the Prince to *Demarata*'s, and he pressed his departure, as much as lay in his power, though to be far from *Lindamira* was the greatest affliction in the world to him: And in fine, he gave *Perianthus* so many reasons, that he received his last Orders to depart betimes the next morning. But having a design to visit the Princess of *Himera*, after he had done all his business at *Syracuse*, it was very late e'r he got away.

As he went he met the Prince of *Messena* coming thence, he staid him for some discourse in the spacious place of the *Achradina*, somewhat near the Altar of *Concord*, that stands in the midst of it. The Moon shined very bright, and having each of them but two slaves apiece with them, they took two turns about the place; for though *Themistus* had no great affection for the Prince of *Messena*, yet durst he not discover his jealousie, for fear of betraying his love. As they were walking, three men that were also there upon the same account, having cryed out very earnestly, 'Tis the Prince, 'tis he, drew their swords, and came to seize on the Prince of *Messena*. *Themistus*, being not to consider what he had to do upon such an occasion, rescued his Rival, no less than if he had been his best friend.

Their slaves in the mean time, having no Arms, cried out that *Themistus* was murthered, hoping that at that name, two several knots of people that were walking upon the place, would come to the relief of those that were set upon; but in stead of doing that, they joyned with those that had given the assault. 'Tis true, they did not behave themselves as such, as would have kill'd the Prince of *Messena*, but only as people that would have carried him away; for the former who had drawn their swords, had done it only to secure themselves from him they would have taken, and to hinder *Themistus* from crossing their design. But my friend not able to guess at the intentions of those he saw, fought with incredible valour, it being not in his power at that time, to observe that the Prince was set upon as he was. Upon this, the slaves that belonged to him, seeing what danger he was in, went with all speed to the Palace, whence there came so many men in Arms, that those who had made it their business to carry away the Prince of *Messena*, seeing they could not compass their design, quitted the place, and cast themselves into a Bark that waited for them in the Ports. *Themistus*, and the Prince of *Messena* pursuing them, followed by those that were come to their relief, *Themistus* advanc'd 15 paces before the rest, to seize upon one that fled. But coming near the Port, those that were in the Bark, that entertained such as were forced to fly, shot divers Arrows, whereof one unfortunately met *Themistus* quite through the Arm, and another gave him such a wound in the Leg, that he fell down. This accident so much surpriz'd those that saw it, that they that had hurt him, had by that means an opportunity to save themselves; for rowing away with all diligence, before order was given for their pursuit, and that order put in execution, they were so far, that they could not be overtaken.

There were divers judgements of this adventure, but the most common opinion was, that the old Prince of *Messena* would have gotten his Son away, that he might renew the War, by joyning with the Prince of *Heraclea*, who to that end, had demanded the cessation, which was not then expired. However it was, this adventure made a great noise in the Court; it was at first reported at the Palace, that *Themistus* was dead, insomuch that *Perianthus* was so troubled at it, that he came to the place where the accident happened. For *Demarata*, the hatred which her love had bred, ceas'd at that instant, and she entertained that false alarm with such grief, that it happened very well for her, that there was none but *Amerintha* by, when the news was brought. But what was most strange, was, that being presently after undeceiv'd, she felt no great joy; nay, she was not far from desiring that *Themistus* had been dead, at least, she accused her self of unworthiness, for being afflicted.

In the mean time *Themistus* being carried home, whither the Prince went along with him, the Chyrurgions affirmed, that if nothing happened extraordinary, his wounds were not dangerous, but that in all likelihood the cure would be tedious. The Prince of *Messena* spoke with abundance of obligation to this illustrious wounded person, and to *Perianthus*, and they both answered him with no less generosity, though *Themistus* could not do it without some trouble. For *Lindamira* she was extreamly cast down at this misfortune; yet was it some comfort to her, to understand that *Themistus*'s wounds were not very dangerous: but the noise of such accidents being very swift, the Prince of *Heraclea* hearing that *Themistus*, whose valour was

was the fear of all the enemies of the Prince of *Syracuse*, was not in a condition to reassume the command of the Army, gave over all thoughts of peace. So that news came to *Perianthus*, that he intended nothing but War, and that he would take advantage of *Themistus*'s absence, assoon as the cessation were expired.

While things stood thus, there was a certain seditious humor gotten into the people of *Syracuse*, whereby the presence of the Prince was thought but necessary. *Perianthus* was somewhat at a loss to find a man to supply *Themistus*'s place, for fear of raising any discontent, for there was no small division in the Court. But the Prince of *Messena* being a person of a gallant and generous nature, came to *Perianthus* to tell him, that having been the occasion of *Themistus*'s not being in a capacity to serve him in so dangerous a conjuncture, he desired leave to expose his life in his service. I am sir, said he, from desiring the command of the Army; for being Son to a Prince, that gives you many occasions to believe, that he is not sincerely reconciled to you, I think it not just it should be given me. All I desire, is the permission to go and fight for your service, for I declare it to you, that excepting the Prince my Father, all your enemies are mine.

Perianthus very generously entertained what this young Prince said to him, and assured him, he had so great an esteem for him, that he would put all things into his hands, and that he thought it impossible he should betray him. But, added he, do you not fear the Prince your Father might be incensed against you? Ah, my Lord, replied the young Prince, when, what I do is contrary neither to the Laws of Honor, nor to those of Nature, I fear nothing, and I ever do what reason and glory advise me to. However, *Perianthus* made him no positive answer at that time, though he thought that expedient the best to avoid the grumblings of those who expected to be chosen; for the quality of Prince of *Messena* took away all matter of contestation. Neither would he for that day, speak any thing of business to *Themistus*, for that having had an ill night, because of the affliction it was to him, that he could not return to the Army, those that waited upon him, permitted not any to discourse with him. So that in such time as he might acquaint him with his design, he communicated it to the ablest of his Council, who, knowing the Lieutenant-General of the Army, to be an able and trusty person, told *Perianthus*, that they could not imagine there was any danger to give the command of it to a young Prince, who having no interest in the Army, could not abuse the command he might have thereof; that by that means he would smother the complaints of the male-contents of his Court, without exposing himself to any danger; besides the improbability there was, that a Prince in love with *Lysamira* should betray him, and that the Prince of *Messena*, having the reputation of a gallant man, would doubtless do him very good service, he being so much concern'd to do it, *Perianthus* being thus confirm'd in his design, communicated it that night to *Demarata*, who being very glad, that the command of the Army was bestow'd on a man from whom they durst not take it away, while the War lasted, because he was of a higher quality than to obey *Themistus*, fortifi'd him in the design. So that coming the next morning to acquaint *Themistus* therewith, he spoke of it, as a thing already resolv'd, asking him only, whether he did think the Prince of *Messena* would do him faithful service. Here *Themistus* was extreamly at a loss, for on the one side, he saw that it concern'd the Prince his Master, as things then stood, that the Prince of *Messena* should command the Army. On the other side he saw it very much concern'd his Love, that this occasion should not make his Rival famous, and gain such credit with the Prince, that at his return, he might get the Princess of *Himera*. However, being perswaded of the virtue of his Rival, he sticked not at what he was to answer, and so generously told *Perianthus*, that he was very much satisfied, that if the Prince of *Messena* accepted of the employment, he would acquit himself with faith and courage; but that nevertheless, there might be some danger to bestow it on him, telling *Perianthus* all that policy could suggest to dissuade him. But the Prince on the other side alledging what he could to take off his reasons, added, that the business having already taken air, and the cessation being ready to expire, there was no other way to be resolved on. So that *Themistus* seeing there was no remedy for this inconvenience, stood out no longer, but gave *Perianthus* way.

This Prince having given that of *Messena* all necessary Orders, he prepared for his departure; but as he took his leave, he intreated *Perianthus* to promise him, that if he returned with conquest, he would do him all the service he could, in a business wherein he was infinitely concern'd. *Perianthus* promised him what he desired, without diving into his intentions, and brought him to take his leave of *Demarata*, who wished him all the glory War could give him. That being done, he came to take his leave of *Themistus*, who was extreamly afflicted, that the respect he had for the Princess, permitted him not to tell the Prince of *Messena*, that he was his Rival, and not his friend as he thought. I know well, saies the Prince of *Messena*, embracing him in his bed, that I expose my self to be, haply, as unfortunate in War, as I have been in Love; but though I should not overcome those that you have, I shall think it no dishonor, for there are many degrees of glory, below that of *Themistus*. My Lord, replies he, that the Arms of the Prince of *Syracuse*, have been fortunate in my hands, I am obliged to Fortune; but if they prove such in yours, you will be obliged only to your valour and your conduct. Upon this, the Prince of *Messena* went out of his Chamber, to go to the Princess of *Himera*, who knew not well how to keep her countenance; for looking on him as a Prince that had been the innocent cause of *Themistus*'s wounds, she could not avoid a little trouble to see him, especially out of a fear she was in, that, if he should prove fortunate in the War, he might, at his return, make his Victory advantageous for his passion. However, she took leave of him with much civility: about an hour after he was gone, she received a Letter from *Themistus*, who, sick as he was, could not forbear writing to her in these terms.

THEMISTUS to the Princess LINDAMIRA.

I Beseech you, Madam, make not the same obliging wishes for the Prince of Messena, *as you did for me, when I took my leave of you to go to the Army: for as I am perswaded, that I had not been fortunate, had not it been your desire it should be so, it may well be pardoned me, if I fear he should be more fortunate than I have been; not that I wish he may be overcome, but only that I would have him owe his victory to Fortune, and not to you.*

Lindamira having read this Letter, made him this answer thereto.

LINDAMIRA to THEMISTUS.

IT is clear that my wishes are fruitless to those for whom I make them, since you have been wounded; for I assure you, I wish not any thing with so much earnestness, as to see the State engaged to you for part of her glory; and to be truly free with you, I at the present send up so many addresses to heaven for your health and recovery., that you ought not to fear I have any left for other things.

This Letter dissolved much of *Themistus*'s melancholly, but after all, when it came into his thoughts, that his Rival had a very fair opportunity to render himself famous; it was such an affliction to him, as he was not well able to buckle with. It must needs be acknowledged that I am very unfortunate (said he to himself, as he hath told me since) for I have defeated the enemy to no other end, but that the Prince of *Messena* may the more easily subdue them, and that he should haply enjoy the fruits of my labours. I have further, the unhappiness to be more loved by *Demarata* than I would be, who having so much power with the Prince as she hath, will infallibly do me all the ill offices she can, and make me as unfortunate in ambition as in love. 'Tis true, I have this happiness, that I am not slighted by the person I love; but alas, what will be the effect of the affection she hath for me, but to make me more miserable than I am? For when all is done, she confines the expressions of her affection to such narrow limits, that I dare not so much as hope ever to see my self absolutely happy. She still is guided by considerations of Prudence, State, and Glory, and because I am no Prince, and that I have sometimes been unfortunate, my Birth, Love, and Services shall signifie nothing, and there's a necessity I should ever be the object of misfortune. However, since the incomparable *Lindamira* ordains it should be so, I must submit, nay, admire and reverence the virtue that makes me miserable.

You see Madam, how *Themistus* entertained himself, while *Demarata* was examining what resolution to take, for she could not be at rest any where. Nay, she made it her complaint, that ever since *Themistus*'s return, she past not an hour, but she heard some discourse or other of him. While he was in the Army, the reputation of his great actions, was the general discourse; while he was in health at *Syracuse*, either she could not, or haply would not be without his visits; and now that he lay hurt, *Perianthus* spoke to her of him perpetually, nay, all that came to her, thinking they did well, were constantly bemoaning him. How, said she one morning to *Amerintha*, being violently transported by that exasperated passion that made her abhor what she loved, if I may so express my self, Shall *Demarata*, in whom the world finds something that may raise love, undergo the shame of loving, without being loved again; nay, be so base as to be troubled of a suddain at the pretended death of him who does her this affront? Must I ever see him dividing *Perianthus*'s heart with me, and being the object of all his friendship? No, no, said she, it were too rigorous a punishment, and the best course I can take, is to banish him my presence, since I cannot my heart, who will not entertain me into his. But this must be done by circumvention, I must calumniate and impose false crimes upon *Themistus*, and I must cease to be what I have ever been.

But Madam, said *Amerintha* to her, how shall this be effected, in case you are resolved to do it, for you cannot perswade the Prince, that he holds any correspondence with the enemy, since he hath defeated him. You cannot accuse him of having inriched himself prejudicially to the Prince, from whom he many times refuses new favours, because of all men he is the most dis-interessed. So that I see not what you can probably charge *Themistus* with, *That he loves me*, replies *Demarata*, blushing. This no doubt, is the highest suppossition in the world, added this revengeful Princess, but the easiest thing in the world for me to make *Perianthus* believe, if I but undertake it; and since it is the only way to remove *Themistus* from my presence, and to be revenged of his insensibility, I must needs embrace it, Nor shall my revenge be cruel, since he shall lose no more than what fortune would not haply have bestowed on him without me. For had not I confirmed the Prince in the friendship he had for *Themistus*, he would not have affected him so much. But, Madam, replied *Amerintha*, if *Perianthus* ever discovers the Truth, you would ruine your self, by endeavouring to ruine *Themistus*, How, said she, do you imagine Friendship more powerful than Love? That *Perianthus* can avoid jealousie, when I would have to be jealous, and that imagining *Themistus* in love with me, he can do it to my prejudice? No, no, *Amerintha*, that were to invert the order of things; indeed it is impossible it should be so. Besides, the resolution I take, is haply much more innocent than you conceive, for if I should not banish *Themistus* my presence, I could not forbear loving him, as insensible as he is, nay, haply I should not be able to conceal my affection from him. I must therefore so husband the hatred I have for him, as to make it contribute to my reputation. No question but I hate him at the present,

first, but I am not confident I shall do as much when I see him; I must therefore, while he is a prisoner to his wounds, and cannot come to see me, make the best use I can of such precious minutes. I must flatter *Perianthus*, I must invent, I must forget all honesty, and I must do all that is requisite to punish an insensible person, that so I may no longer love a man, that neither does, or ever can love me.

Accordingly, Madam, *Demarata* being at that time absolutely resolved to have *Themistus* banished, bethought her of what ever might further her design. She therefore took very great care never to speak first of *Themistus*, especially before *Perianthus*, and to answer very coldly, when ever he spoke of him to her. She never sent to know how he did, and avoided saying, or doing any thing, whence it might be inferr'd, he was in any favour with her. For some daies *Perianthus* minded not this change, but *Themistus* recovering, and very fit to admit discourse, *Perianthus* perceived that *Demarata* concerned not her self so much in *Themistus*'s welfare, as she had done some time before, when *Themistus* was like to die. However, he would not at first say any thing to her of it, for being still extreamly fond of her, he was afraid of having any contestation with a person that had all the power over him that Love could give her. So that having observed this coldness for some daies, without being able to discover whence it proceeded, or knowing that *Demarata* had not sent to see how *Themistus* did, he asked *Themistus* himself, who was very much surprised at the question, and therefore answered not precisely thereto; for being the most reserved man in the world, he would have dyed, e're he had told *Perianthus* the true cause of *Demarata*'s change. He therefore told him, he knew not but that he was in her favour; that if he were not, it proceeded from some malice of those who envied his good fortune; but this he told him with such an accent, that the Prince could not but judge there was something more in his mind, than he was willing to discover. He for some time pressed him to speak sincerely, but seeing *Themistus* would say no more, and loath to prejudice his health, by too much importunity, he left him, and went to the Princess *Himera*, to see if she knew of any thing that had happened between *Demarata* and *Themistus*, for having an extraordinary affection for those two persons, he was extreamly troubled to see any thing of discord happened between them. But *Lindamira* not knowing any thing, and that the love of *Demarata* was the only secret *Themistus* had concealed from her, she assured him that she knew nothing that had passed between them: so that *Perianthus* returned to the Palace infinitely afflicted.

As he came along, news was brought that the Prince of *Messina* was no sooner got to the Army, but he understood that the enemies were overjoyed at the accident had happened to *Themistus*, whose valour they stood in fear of, and that, not desirous to hear of peace, out of the hope they were in, to be more fortunate in the War than they had been; they slighted the propositions of it, and broke the cessation assoon as ever it was expired. That thereupon two parties meeting, that of the enemy had been defeated, so that *Perianthus*, who could entertain nothing of joy which he did not communicate to *Demarata*, went and acquainted her with what he had heard. It seems then, (said she in a scoffing way, to prosecute the secret design she had) Victory is not the absolute slave of *Themistus*, since she sometimes waits on the Prince of *Messina*. This was so maliciously spoken, that *Perianthus* was absolutely satisfied, that she had entertained other thoughts of *Themistus*; insomuch, that this putting his thoughts into a strange disturbance, he would needs guess at what it should be; but the more he thought of it, the farther he was from the truth. Being therefore no longer able to brook this uncertainty, the first time he was alone with *Demarata*, he conjured her to promise to tell him sincerely, one thing he should ask of her. Provided it do not concern *Themistus*, replied she, I promise you the knowledge of any thing I know, ask what you will. Ah, Madam, said *Perianthus* that is it I desire, 'tis concerning *Themistus* that I would know something, and therefore I beseech you, Madam, answer me not ambiguously, but tell me truly whence it comes, that your thoughts are not the same they were towards him. You have so great an affection for *Themistus*, replyed the Princess, and I owe you so much respect, that to do rationally, I ought to disobey you. *Perianthus*'s curiosity increasing at this, he pressed her more than he had done, and whatever the most violent and passionate Love can suggest, or speak, *Perianthus* made use of to obtain from her what he desired.

But the Princess seeing her self upon the point of executing the design of revenge, she had carried on so craftily, felt in her heart an extraordinary agitation. Love, that had seduced her Virtue, did all that lay in its power to divert her from committing the crime, and she seemed to *Perianthus* to be so much at a loss, though she dissembled as much as she could her irresolution, that his curiosity was much increased thereby. So that urging her still more and more, she found her self in a great disturbance, and felt a certain horror to ruine the only man in the world that she could love. The desire of revenge encouraged her, and she was in so many minds, that she knew not what to resolve on. But at last imagining, that as things then stood, if she did not ruine *Themistus*, he might ruine her, ambition siding with indignation, against that little remainder of affection that ballanced the business within her, she absolutely determined and made it her main business to effect the unjust design which a violent passion had bred in her.

However, if she would not presently yield to *Perianthus*, the more to enflame the desire he had to be satisfied. For heavens sake, my Lord, said she to him, force me not to tell you what I know of *Themistus*: you love him, you think the State cannot be without him, and it is my duty to have that consideration of you, as not to acquaint you with any thing that may trouble you. Be pleased then to give me leave to disobey you, and ask me no more what *Themistus* hath done. It shall suffice, added she, if, when he is recovered, you lay your commands on him, never to see me but in your presence. But I beseech you, replied *Perianthus*, very much surprised, tell me what *Themistus* may have done, that should oblige you to cease loving him. Once more, I beseech you, my Lord, said she, ask me no more, nor indeed are you at the present

preſent (added the incenſed Princeſs) in the condition you ſhould be in to think him guilty, for you have ſo great a friendſhip for him, that though you were told he would deprive you of the ſovereign power, you would not believe it. I muſt needs confeſs, ſaid he, that I ſhould not lightly believe *Themiſtus* guilty of an unworthy action, and would therefore intreat you to examine well, whether thoſe who accuſe him are well informed; Urge me then no more, my Lord, replied ſhe, and ask me no more what *Themiſtus*'s crime may be, ſince I am only ſhe that of all your State, can both accuſe and convince him.

Perianthus was extreamly aſtoniſhed at theſe words, for from what ſhe had ſaid, it might be inferred, that *Themiſtus* had done *Demarata* ſome affront. So that as jealouſie ſoon takes root in the heart of an amorous man, eſpecially that of a Husband, that is ſtill in love, ſo he reflected on that which *Demarata* would have had him; inſomuch, that his colour changing, and he looking earneſtly upon her, I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he, put me once out of pain, and tell me clearly what you have but hinted at. And the more to oblige you to do it, added he, I will tell you the preſent poſture of my thoughts. Know then that if *Themiſtus* hath laid any plot againſt the State, I find in my ſelf Love enough to pardon it, if he repent him of it; but if he have wanted the reſpect he ought to have for you, I will never ſee him again. Prepare your ſelf, then replied the Princeſs, never to ſee him while you live, for aſſure your ſelf, that *Themiſtus* is the moſt preſumptuous man in the world. But, my Lord, added ſhe, you ſhall never know his crime more preciſely, if you promiſe me not to make that advantage thereof that I would have you. I promiſe any thing, replied he, provided you tell me what I would know. I ſhall do it, my Lord, anſwered ſhe, but you ſhall promiſe me before hand, that you will not diſcloſe what I ſhall tell you, that you will not ſpeak of it even to *Themiſtus*; that, to prevent that, you will baniſh him without ſeeing him, and without giving him any reaſon why, in caſe you think I have cauſe never to deſire his ſight again, and that if you have juſt occaſion to baniſh him.

Perianthus, who had a curioſity as great as friendſhip, love, and jealouſie could give him, promiſed *Demarata* what ſhe would have: whereupon, this ſubtle Princeſs aſſuming the diſcourſe, I know not my Lord, ſaid ſhe to him, whether you can remember, that while I was yet a child, a certain Aunt of *Themiſtus*'s had the care of my education, and if your memory fails you not, *Themiſtus*, as young as he was, was at that time continually with me. I remember it very well, replies *Perianthus*, but ſee not what this may add to his charge. On the contrary, replied this crafty Princeſs, I tell you this, to let you underſtand, that I ſhall not make *Themiſtus*'s crime worſe than it is: for to be free with you, I believe that though I was then but ten years of age, and he but ſeventeen, he had at that time a violent inclination for me, nay, ſo great, that he would make me apprehend as well as I could, that the only reaſon of his departure, was to avoid the increaſe thereof. Howe'r it be, you know, my Lord, in what a gallant manner he returned to Court. For my part, I little thought to make any proviſion againſt his madneſs, I entertained him with abundance of kindneſs, particularly, becauſe he was preſented to me by your ſelf. Since that, perceiving that you loved him, I would not be diſconformable to your ſentiments, and by way of excuſe ſaid, that I had thouſands of kindneſſes for him, which have haply encouraged him in his boldneſs and extravagance. 'Tis indeed very ſtrange to think that an ambitious man, who was infinitely obliged to you, and was nothing without you, ſhould be at the ſame time ungrateful, temerarious, and indiſcreet. And yet I had ſo much goodneſs for him, that I gave him advice how to preſerve your friendſhip; for perceiving your inclinations for him, and withal, that he was advantageous to you, I thought I could not do any thing better, than to faſten him as much as might be to you, and I remember, one day above all the reſt, I ſpent two hours to perſwade him, that it was not fit, that a perſon who had a Maſter to humour, ſhould engage himſelf in love, encouraging him, as much as lay in my power, not to ſuffer himſelf to be drawn into love, for fear it might cauſe him to neglect your ſervice; but to my unhappineſs and his own, he made no great advantage of my advice. Nay, I remember, he made me a very ambiguous anſwer, which might very well give me occaſion to ſuſpect he was in love with me, if my mind had not been bent upon ſomething elſe. But I would know, (ſaies *Perianthus*, who heard this relation with a ſtrange impatience) at what time it was that *Themiſtus* had the impudence to give you any expreſſions of his affection. I am haply in ſome fault, my Lord, replies *Demarata*, with a faint mildneſs, that I did not give you notice from the firſt minute that I diſcovered *Themiſtus*'s extravagance, but to deal truly with you, 'tis a thing cannot be eaſily expreſs'd. Beſides, that while *Themiſtus* ſpoke nothing of it, and that I only gueſſed at his thoughts, I was in hope he would o'rcome himſelf. Nay, I know not whether I thought my ſelf ſomewhat obliged to him for the affliction I ſaw he ſuffered, and have accordingly had ſome pitty for him. But I am ſure, my thoughts all along were that I ſhould cauſe a great deal of trouble, if I diſcovered any thing, and haply ſhould not have been believed. But at laſt deſirous to reduce *Themiſtus* to himſelf, and to prevent him from having the boldneſs to acquaint me with the ſentiments I ſaw he had, as having done a thouſand things, wherein I eaſily diſcovered them, I prudently avoided, without any bodies taking notice of it, the opportunities of ſpeaking with him alone. Which he obſerving, was ſad and melancholly, as you may well remember, and at laſt fell ſick, whereat you were extreamly troubled. You know, my Lord, added ſhe, that being very ſick indeed, you would needs have me to ſee him, wherein I was content to obey you, though with much ado, and you are not ignorant how that he grew better that very day, and ſent me word that my viſit had cured him, and that he came afterwards to give me thanks, as a perſon whoſe life I had ſaved. I remember it very well, ſaies *Perianthus*, but if *Themiſtus* never mentioned his love to you, I will baniſh him, yet without hating him. How my Lord, replies the Princeſs, do you think me one that ſhould upon ſuch groundleſs conjectures, accuſe a perſon ſo dear to you, and ſo conſiderable to the State? No, no,

Demara-

Demarata is more discreet, and less revengeful than you imagine; for were it no otherwise, I should have prudently avoided the conversation of *Themistus*, without ever troubling you with it while I lived: but my Lord, the case is much otherwise and I cannot doubt, but he hath in his heart, for me, whatever the most violent passion that is, can make that man think, who knows no other reason or interest, than that of his love, and that thinks virtue and generosity too weak to resist it. For, my Lord, as to his coming hither during the cessation, he had certainly no other end in it, than to continue the expressions of his extravagance towards me, had I given him any occasion For you may very well judge, there was no great necessity he should leave the Army, and that a man, ambitious as he is, would not have come thence, but that some secret reason obliged him thereto.

Perianthus, hearing *Demarata* discourse in this manner, under-went such a conflict of grief and indignation, as he had not known before. What added to his disturbance was, that he could not doubt of the truth of what *Demarata* said; she never had discovered the least ill-will towards *Themistus*; he could not imagine she should have any affection for him; he thought her a good and vertuous Woman; all the things she said, had certain appearances of truth; it was not known that *Themistus* was in love with any Lady about the Court, and *Perianthus* was still so much in love with *Demarata*, that it was easie for me to imagine, that another might be in love with her also. Had *Themistus* been charged with any intelligence with the enemies of his State, he would not have believed it, but he could not doubt of what *Demarata* said, as being one he could not think guilty of such a piece of sycophancy. So that jealousie gaining ground in his heart, and there meeting with indignation, he gave over pressing *Demarata* to discover any more, and so easily granted the request she had made, that *Themistus* should be banished his Court, and he did it the sooner, for her saying, that if he did not banish him, she would have it immediately. She also intreated him not to tell why he removed him; but my Lord, added she, that it may be done with more secresie, a course must be taken, that the audacious *Themistus* may not tell why you banish him; for there is something that is not handsome in a report of this nature: nay, it will be easie, continued she, to assign some other cause of banishment, in the present conjuncture of affairs, for it will be thought it is for something relating to the Army, whereof he hath no longer the command.

Perianthus aproving what *Demarata* said, sent immediately order to *Themistus*, to cause himself to be carried out of *Syracuse* the next morning, and convey himself within a set number of days to a certain place that was at a great distance, as it was assign'd him, and to continue there till further order, for this unfortunate Lover was not yet able to stand, by reason of the wounds he had received in his Leg. Yet could not *Perianthus* but feel an extraordinary disturbance in himself, as he issued out this Order. He had an infinite love and esteem for *Themistus*, ho ought him his life, and the greatest part of his fame; and if Love had not dash'd out of his heart, all the obligations he had cast upon him, he would not have been so hasty in a design of that importance. But the same things which might plead for *Themistus*, were those also that incensed him the more, for that the more he had loved *Themistus*, the more he should have been loved by him, and accordingly the more reason he had to hate him.

In the mean time *Themistus* submitted to the Order, with a courage as great as his affliction. He did well comprehend that his disgrace might some way reflect on *Demarata*, but he was far from imagining she had had the unjust presumption to impose a crime upon him, which for his own satisfaction, he was but too far from being guilty of. Besides that, having had for some time, a many that envied him about the Court, he was not over-confident that *Demarata* contributed ought to his banishment, for if the bottom of his heart were examined, he thought himself obliged to her, for the affection she had for him, and at the same time that she caused him to be banished, he would have ventured his life for her, if there had been any occasion, though he loved only *Lindamira*, and could not possibly love any other. But considering himself as a Lover, and an ambitious man, and that all his designs, as well of Love as Ambition, were equally ruin'd by his disgrace, the Order he had received, troubled him extreamly. However, he spoke very generously to him that brought it. You may tell the Prince, said he, that I shall obey him, but as soon as I shall be able to stand on my legs, I will come and ask him, as a recompence of all my services, only the honour to let me know what crime I am charg'd with. In the mean time, assure him, that what nature soever it may be of, I am absolutely innocent, and shall ever be his most faithful subject.

This done, *Themistus*, who knew *Perianthus*'s humour to be such, as that he was never sooner appeas'd, than when it met with compliance, made preparations how he might be carried to the place assigned him, without making any stay about *Syracuse*. But e're he went, he writ to *Lindamira*, for he was not in a condition to see her. You may judge, Madam, how this Princess was surprised, and what affliction she must needs conceive at that unhappy adventure, whereof she could not imagine the cause. She was no better satisfied the next day, for *Perianthus* being unwilling to tell her, took her up a little roundly, when she would press him to discover it to her: insomuch that he grew so untoward, that he could not be quiet any where. Only while he was with *Demarata*, he was a little better, for she was so full of kindness and insinuation, and seemed to be so much troubled, that she caused him the loss of a person he loved, that he endeavour'd nothing so much as to forget *Themistus*, who then suffered more than ever any Lover did; and had he not met, about the place of his abode, persons of a transcendent virtue, who took a care to comfort him in his disgrace, the great heart of *Themistus* might have haply put him upon some violent resolution. But, among others, a generous friend of the virtuous *Amalthea*, contributed much to smother the resentment of a man, who might look on his Master as an ungrateful Prince.

For my part, saies *Plotina* very pleasantly, interrupting *Meleagenes*, I cannot suffer a friend of *Amalthea*'s to pass by, and not make acquaintance with him; Tell us then, if the company be pleased

to give way, who that friend is that hath such a remedy against ambition. For my part, saies *Clelia*, I shall be very glad your curiosity were satisfi'd, I say as much, replies *Valeria*: I leave it to you to think, says *Herminius*, whether I can refuse the acquaintance of a wise man; and you may judge your self, saies *Amilcar* to *Meleagenes*, whether, having an extraordinary veneration for *Timantes*, and all his illustrious friends (for I know, 'tis of them that you intend to speak) I shall oppose what is desired of you. On the contrary, I make it my request, that you would acquaint the Audience, with what you know of those illustrious *Solitaries*, among whom *Themistas* met with, what incouraged his virtue in so dangerous a conjuncture. The whole company approving *Amilcar*'s proposition, and pressing *Meleagenes* to do what was desired of him, he re-assumed the discourse in these terms.

'Tis not without reason that you have the curiosity to know, what kind of life is led by these illustrious *Solitaries* of whom *Amilcar* hath made mention. I shall therefore endeavour to satisfie it, for it were not possible for me to acquaint you with all that I have yet to tell you, if I should entertain you, from the beginning, with the virtue of those admirable men of whom you would have me to speak to you; yet must I needs give you a short description of the place they have made choice of for their retirement, that you may the better comprehend what a pleasant life they lead. Know then, that not far from the Sea, between *Ericium* and *Panorma*, there rises up a fertile mountain, which is cut steep down of all sides, and by reason of its extraordinary scituation, passes for one of the noblest parts of our Island, which is one of the noblest in the world. But what is most remarkable, is, that when you come to the highest part thereof, you discover a pleasant Plain of twelve miles compass, which takes up the whole height thereof: and to make this place yet more extraordinary, there is an eminency in the midst of this Plain, which serves for a Cittadel to all the rest; for you may discover thence the three waies by which people come up to the mountain, which is compassed with Rocks and Precipices, as well towards the Land as Sea, that it is easie to keep the space that lies between both. There are accordingly but three waies to go to this pleasant Solitude, whereof two are very troublesome and difficult. The place is nevertheless furnished with Springs, and there is a very fair Haven at the foot of this famous Mountain, which hath a priviledge, that there was never seen upon it any venemous creature or wild beast: and the excellency of the place is such, that because men could never find out a name excellent enough for it, it hath not any one in particular, and the Haven it hath, distinguishes it from the other mountains.

This then is the place where is retired a small number of wise men, who having experienc'd the vanities of the world, will needs disengage themselves from it. But among others, *Timantes*, a particular friend of the virtuous *Amultheus*, is an incomparable person. He is tall, and of a good countenance, and hath a noble Physiognomy, such as so well discovers the freedom and sincerity of his heart, that it may be almost said, he is known before a man hath the leisure to know him. All his actions are so many expressions of the vigor and vivacity of his spirit, for he ever acts with force and agility; insomuch, that the caresses he honors his friends with, are arguments of the earnestness of his disposition. *Timantes*, hath doubtless a very vast understanding, and besides the great advantages he hath made of study, as to what is requisite to make a man both wise and acceptable, he is born to a great genius in Poetry, and makes such Verses as *Hesiod* and *Homer* would not be ashamed to own, were they alive again.

But I shall not make what is within him, the main subject of my commendation of him, though he have such an admirable wit, that hath such fire and lustre, that he cannot but discover it upon some occasions, wherein he would not make it appear. His heart, of all that is within him, is the most noble part, as what hath such an extraordinary freedom and openness, that it might be said, that he had never so much as heard it said, there was such a thing as dissimulation in the World. He speaks truth, without any fear or evasion, he maintaineth it with courage, and makes use of anger to defend justice, when he cannot do it otherwise, and he hath a goodness that savors of the innocency of the first age,

For his humor, it is divertive enough, but withal so natural, that he finds himself employment out of things most inconsiderable. He hath also a particular gift of inspiring his friends with a certain innocent joy, and teaching them the art of diverting themselves, without any prejudice to others. *Timantes* is farther a man, that of all the world is the most sensibly moved at the works of others, when they are excellent, and loves very much to do justice, where there is desert. In a word, he hates nothing so much, as what is opposite to this great virtue, and the freedom of his disposition is so contrary to all manner of Tyrannie, that he sometimes saies merrily, that he deserves no great honor for shaking off the yoke of all the passions, because it is much more easie to obey reason, than to be led away by the fantastick humors of five or six frantick passions, who would be implicitely obeyed, and yet many times require things contradictory. *Timantes* therefore having only that one Mistriss to wait on, is never from her, but consults her in all things. Yet it might be said, he thinks not on her, but that though the agitation of his humor makes his body often change place, his mind is ever quiet; and that fire which enflames and animates it, makes it more active, yet not more unquiet. Farther, having got the mastery of his passions, he hath distilled them all into one, which is to him instead of all, and which he will never part with. He maintains, that friendship, in his heart, is incomparably a more violent passion than love is in other men's: and he is perswaded that no Lover loves his Mistriss so well as he does his friends. Nay, he confidently holds, that Love is a defective affection, such as is to be numbred among the enjoyments of infancy, and consequently to be discarded as soon as reason takes place: whereas, on the contrary, friendship is an absolutely perfect affection, equally consistent with Virtue and Reason, and should last as long as life does. So that being fully perswaded of the perfection of friendship, he is the most earnest, and most accomplished friend in the world. Nay, though he stands dis-engaged from all things that obliged him to that, yet the obligation to his friends is effectual, and stands firm by indissoluble ties. What

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makes his friendſhip moſt acceptable, is, that having a ſincere heart, and loving without intereſt, he ſerves his friends without any fear of hazarding any thing for them; and that being naturally merrily diſpoſed, his virtue hath nothing in it that is ſavage, nothing harſh, nor any thing that hinders him from having an innocent compliance for thoſe he loves. He makes them more ſenſible of the tenderneſs of his friendſhip by ſmall things, than divers others can do by great ſervices. For not only his countenance, the accent of his ſpeech, and the things he ſays demonſtrate the joy he conceives to ſee his friends, when he hath been ſome time from them, but even all his actions, though he mind it not, are expreſſions of his affection. I ſhall never forget one day, that he came to a place where he was expected by ten or twelve perſons whom he affected much, and they him no leſs; for though it ſems impoſſible a man ſhould in an inſtant acquit himſelf of all that civility and friendſhip required of him upon ſuch an occaſion, yet he came off admirably well, and what by his actions, what by his words, what by his careſſes, what by his obliging earneſtneſs, and what by his joy, he made them all underſtand that he was very much obliged to them, that he was glad to ſee them, that he loved them, that he had a hundred things to tell them, and in a word, that he had for them all the ſentiments they could wiſh he ſhould have. He ſpoke a word to one, a word to another, embraced two or three together, he reached his hand to one Lady, whiſpered to another, ſpoke aloud to them all, and it may be almoſt ſaid, that he went and came without changing place, ſo much did he endeavor to give all that were about him ſatisfaction.

Thus have you a Character of *Timantes*, who for friends in his retirement, had ſome few virtuous men, equally excellent with himſelf, ſuch as having been well acquainted with the World, had forſaken it as a place, where it was hard, as well for thoſe that had gotten Wiſdom to preſerve it, as for thoſe that had not to get it. They are therefore reſolved to ſeparate themſelves from the commerce of other men, and have choſen this Mountain, which is as it were a leſſer World divided from the greater, where they live innocently, and in a miraculous tranquillity. Not that they admit idleneſs, for amidſt this great quiet, they all labor both in body and mind. For their morality, tis no doubt ſevere enough, yet it is withall full of humanity, for they have cull'd out what ever was moſt excellent in the Philoſophers that went before them, digeſting it into the Laws they now obſerve.

Vice hath not the leaſt footing among them; they have among them neither Maſters nor ſlaves; ſtrict juſtice is their rule; envy they are unacquainted with; peace is their perpetual friend; and their continual imployments make them glad that they have not the leiſure to be idle. Some ſtudy things purely celeſtial, others Morality, others Poetry, and all, together things virtuous and profitable. Now theſe particular ſtudies ſoon become general; for meeting every day at certain hours to confer together, they gave an account of all they have learnt, as alſo of the reflections they have made on the things they read. So that what any one hath ſtudied, turns to the advantage of the Society, and by that innocent contribution of Science, they become the learnedſt men of their time, and withall the moſt virtuous; for one of their greateſt Maxims, is, that men ſhould not endeavor the attainment of thoſe things that make them acceptable, till they have found out whatever may make them better. Beſides, they profeſs equality among themſelves, as life and death puts among all men. So that they are all skilled in ſome Art neceſſary to the ſociety. *Timantes* for his part, is ſo admirably well ſeen in all the ſecrets of Agriculture, eſpecially whatever contributes to the beauty and goodneſs of Orchards, that he hath found out the way to reduce into one Garden, all the excellent fruits that all the ſeveral parts of the World affords. So that *Africk* and *Aſia* have not any, which he does not make grow and ripen in that excellent part of *Europe*.

He knows which require only the Sun-riſing, which his ſtrongeſt rayes at noon, he knows which require a fat ſoyl, which a drie; he knows how to plant, and to water them ſeaſonably; nay he corrects the nature of ſome fruits, by tranſplanting them after ſuch a manner as that they grow milder; in a word, it might be ſaid that the Sun hath taught them all the ſeveral degrees of heat whereby he produces indifferent Climates, fruits that are accordingly different, ſo to know how to make them grow and ripen in the ſame place, and that the ſame raies that nouriſh Orange-trees in *Sicily*, and make Palm-trees grow in *Aſia*, may produce theſe ſeveral effects in the ſame ground.

Timantes hath moreover this advantage in his retirement, that no man can charge him with chooſing that kind of life, becauſe he was not able to manage great affairs; for while he was yet young, he was put into glorious and difficult employments, wherein he made equal diſcoveries of prudence and integrity. Whence coming to learn the inconſtancy and ficklenes of Fortune, and the tumultuouſneſs of Courts, he was more fit than any other to comfort and keep up the ſpirits of an illuſtrious though unfortunate perſon, whom Fortune ſeemed deſirous to forſake. He accordingly viſited *Themiſtus* ſeveral times, during the firſt days of his baniſhment, and my illuſtrious friend hath told me ſince, that he thinks, that if *Timantes* had been acquainted with all his affliction, he had haply recovered him as well of the griping afflictions of his heart, as he did thoſe of his mind. But knowing nothing of his love, all the remedies he gave him, were only againſt ambition, I beſeech you, ſaid he to him one day, be not ſo extreamly caſt down at the exchange of your fortune; there needs no more than to be content to be unhappy, to be ſo no more, ſubmit your will to that of the Gods, and you ſhall be beyond all pity. Were you baniſhed for having betrayed your Country or your Maſter, I ſhould adviſe you to be troubled at it while you live, but ſince you are innocent, you gain more than you have loſt by loſing your fortune, your misfortunes will raiſe pity, whereas being in favor you were the object of envy, and were you wiſe you would comfort your ſelf for the loſs of a happineſs, which depending always upon another, was never truly yours. Believe me *Themiſtus*, it argues weakneſs in any man to build his happineſs upon his intereſt with great ones, and it ſpeaks

injuſtice in him to think himſelf unhappy, when he is ſo well reconciled to himſelf, that he is not chargeable with any crime. Solitude hath its ſatisfactions as well as the Court, and though peace and innocence make no great noiſe, theſe undiſturbed pleaſures are incomparably beyond thoſe which a man muſt divide with an infinite number of people whom he would not be like. I know well you have a great and noble ſoul, but it ſometimes ſpeaks as much glory to contemn honor, as to court it. All the world is ſatisfied that you can conquer others, but it is not yet known whether you can overcome your ſelf. It is no leſs known that you exerciſed moderation in your good fortune, but it is yet doubtful whether you can undergo a bad one with conſtancy. Make it therefore your endeavor to convince your enemies, that you deſerve not your diſgrace, and that notwithſtanding their envy and malice, you can find your ſelf thoſe pleaſures which they cannot diſturb. For in a word, all the power of thoſe that baniſh you, and all the ſpight of thoſe that perſecute you, cannot hinder your complyance with reaſon and virtue. They can never while they only force you into the Countrey, added he ſmiling, hinder our Gardens from affording you their flowers and fruits, our Brooks from murmuring, our Birds from ſinging, nor you from quietly enjoying all theſe innocent entertainments of ſolitude. And therefore, *Themiſtus*, ſince they cannot deprive you of what a wiſe man is ſatisfied with, repine not if they only take away from you a many things which can never ſatisfie an ambitious man.

But generous *Timantes*, replyed *Themiſtus*, do you account it nothing to be diveſted of the power of obliging thouſands of people, to whom now I am grown unprofitable? I muſt needs, replyed he, have a great eſteem for that inclination of well-doing, whereby you made good uſe of the favor you were in, but it rather concerns thoſe that have loſt you, than it does your ſelf, to be troubled at your diſgrace. For in fine, true wiſdom conſiſts in an abſolute reſignation of our ſelves to the diſpoſal of the Gods, and in acting with equal virtue what condition ſoever we are in. While you were a favorite to your Prince, you were obliged to be a Patron of the unfortunate, to be liberal, and to do virtue juſtice; but now that you are out of favor, you are diſpenſed from part of thoſe things, and all you have to do, to be glorious is to be conſtant. Be ſo then, *Themiſtus*, if you value my advice; for a man ſuffers leſs, when he is reſolved to ſuffer, than when he endeavors to ſtruggle out of a misfortune which he muſt of neceſſity endure.

This Madam, was the effect of *Timantes*'s diſcourſe with *Themiſtus*, whoſe great heart digeſted it to ſuch advantage, that he ſeemed not to be the leaſt troubled at his diſgrace. But to ſay truth, when I went to ſee him, and that he could ſpeak to me without any body by, the paſſion whereof he complained not, perſecuted him after a ſtrange manner. His ambition was eaſily chain'd up by the good counſel of thoſe wiſe and virtuous men; and ſo he minded not the raiſing of a faction in the State, or making a diviſion in the Army, as he might have done if he had endeavored it, but the love he had within him, which he made the greateſt ſecret in the World to all but to me, afforded him not one minutes reſt. When he conſidered that his diſgrace removed him both from the preſence and rank of *Lindamira*, he could not maſter his own thoughts, and had he not been comforted by the Leters he received from that Princeſs, he had certainly been overwhelmed by the exceſs of his affliction. What was yet very remarkable in the change of *Themiſtus*'s fortune, was, that even thoſe that were the occaſion of it, were as unfortunate as himſelf, for *Perianthus* was ſo troubled about it, that he could not endure to be ſpoken to of any thing; and for *Demarata*, ſhe had need of all her diſſimulation to ſmother the horrid grief ſhe conceived thereat, as ſoon as the deſign, ſhe had with ſo much policy carried on, was put in execution. Nay, ſhe had no ſooner heard that *Themiſtus* had obeyed, but Love, reaſſuming all its force, made her to conſider him as a perſon without whom ſhe could not live.

In the mean time, ſhe ſaw not any way how ſhe could propoſe to *Perianthus*, that he might be recalled, nor indeed could imagine how the Prince could conſent thereto, if the neceſſity of his affairs did not force him to it, ſo that her preſent deſires being contrary to what they were formerly ſhe wiſhed the Prince of *Meſſena* overcome, that there might be a neceſſity of having recourſe to the valor of *Themiſtus*, to the end ſhe might but ſee him again.

Things being in this poſture, *Themiſtus* recoven of his wounds, ſo that being fully reſolved to ſpeak to the Prince, he came ſecretly near *Syracuſe*, and lay hid at a friends houſe, where having underſtood that the Prince was to go a hunting on a certain day, with very few about him, he reſolved to ſpeak to him, though the Prince had denyed all *Themiſtus*'s friends the liberty ſo much as to ſee him once. He therefore got on horſeback, and followed only by one ſlave, he went to a place where he thought the Game would come, as indeed it afterwards did, and was ſo fortunate, that the Prince hunting that day more to give his thoughts a little liberty, than for any pleaſure, got purpoſely from his company, and paſſed near by the place where *Themiſtus* expected him. The Game being by that time quite out of ſight, and he coming to a freſh ſhady place, alighted; ſo that *Themiſtus* who yet lay behind the buſhes, alighted alſo, and came with an action full of reſpect and confidence together, towards *Perianthus*, whoſe thoughts were ſo employed, that he perceived him not, till ſuch time as he could not avoid ſpeaking to him. I beg your pardon, my Lord, ſaid he to him, for preſuming to take the liberty, to aſk you what crime I have committed, for I protest to you, that I have never done, ſaid, nor thought any thing that you can reproach me with. It argues indeed a great preſumption in you to ſee me, replyed *Perianthus*, and withall to ſpeak as you do. Let it ſuffice, added he, that the ſervices you have done me have ſecured your life. but pretend not to perſuade me you are innocent. I ſee my Lord, replyes *Themiſtus*, that the ſervices I have had the happineſs to do you, have made no great impreſſion in your heart, ſince you deny me the favor of acculing me. I neither deſire to be pardoned, nor yet to be recalled, but only to know what I am charged with: for I profeſs to you, I cannot imagine what it may be, and cannot comprehend

prehend how you can thus perſecute a man that ſuffers the unjuſtice you have for me, with the ſame patience as if it were impoſſible he could do any thing but ſuffer. And yet, my Lord, I aſſure you, that if I would have hearkened to the propoſitions have been made to me, I might have made my ſelf guilty, and deſerved my diſgrace. And to ſhew you, my Lord, that I entertain you with no fiction, you may ſee by the Letters which I put into your hands, what proffers the Prince of *Heraclea*, and the old Prince of *Meſſena* have made to me I had forgot to tell you, that it was indeed true that *Themiſtus* had refuſed to ſide with either of theſe two Princes.) *Periandus* ſurpriſed at what *Themiſtus* ſaid to him, looked on him and ſaid nothing: ſo that not perceiving in his eyes that confuſion which he thought he ſhould have found there, he was very much at a loſs about it, ſo that though he had promiſed *Demarata* not to tell *Themiſtus* why he had baniſhed him, yet could he not forbear endeavouring to convince him of perfidiouſneſs; how ſaid he to him, you imagine then, becauſe you have held no correſpondance with my enemies, that you are innocent? And you think you have done nothing contrary to the reſpect you owe me by entertaining in your heart a mad and preſumptuous paſſion. *Themiſtus* was very much amazed to hear *Periandus* ſpeak in that manner, for he never reflected that he could be charged with loving *Demarata*, and thought only that *Periandus* had diſcovered the affection he had for the Princeſs his Siſter, and was offended at it. Not knowing therefore what anſwer to make, he ſeemed to be much at a loſs, for he knew not whether he ſhould deny or acknowledge his paſſion. So that *Periandus* attributing the trouble of his mind, to the confuſion it was to him to ſee his crime diſcovered, looked on him very earneſtly, and aſſuming the diſcourſe; you ſee ſaid he to him, that it is much more eaſie for me to accuſe you than you imagined. Alaſs, my Lord, replyed *Themiſtus*, you ſhould not think it ſtrange to find me ſurpriſed, for without telling you whether I am in love or not, I can only truly ſwear, that my heart never entertained any thing at which you might take any offence; for if I love any thing, I do it with ſo much reſpect, ſuch purity and innocence, that it were a horrid piece of injuſtice to charge me with a paſſion that is at ſo great a diſtance from all manner of crime. How, interrupted *Periandus*, you think, becauſe I owe you my life, that it is lawful for you to diſhonour a perſon whoſe concernments I muſt needs make my own? Not but that when I well conſider your crime, I muſt needs have ſome pity for you, ſince it cannot otherwiſe be than that your paſſion was much ſtronger than your reaſon, when it made you forget your reſpects towards me. For to be ſhort, *Themiſtus*, I declare it to you, that though I am your Sovereign, had you loved any perſon, I would have dyed e're I had been your Rival, and if you had had a wife, I would never have looked on her, if I had thought it could not be done, but I muſt have lov'd her. But for your, your virtue and friendſhip have not been ſo ſcrupulous, and you have thought it lawful for you to love *Demarata*, and ſhe muſt take no exceptions at it. You ſay, my Lord, replyed roundly *Themiſtus*, that I have had the boldneſs to love *Demarata*. I do, replyed *Periandus*, and you have in a manner confeſſed it your ſelf. Ah my Lord, replyes *Themiſtus*, if I have any love for the Princeſs, I am content you ſhould put me to all torments imaginable. Ah *Themiſtus*, replyed *Periandus*, add not falſhood to your preſumption, acknowledge your weakneſs, repent you of it, and go and ſeek cure for your extravagancy in ſome place ſo far from *Sicily*, that the name of *Demarata* may not entertain ſo much as in your heart the mad paſſion that hath ſeized it.

This put *Themiſtus* to a very ſad extremity, for his own generoſity would not permit him to tell the Prince that he was himſelf loved by *Demarata*, beſides that, if he had, he would not have been credited. Nor durſt he, on the other ſide, diſcover the true paſſion he had in his ſoul, which would have juſtified him, for fear of diſpleaſing *Lindamira*. However, he reſolved to ſay he was in love, the better to perſuade *Periandus* that he did not love *Demarata*. Could I be perſuaded, My Lord, ſaid he, to acquaint you with the only ſecret which I never yet have, you would ſoon find, that I am far from loving *Demarata*. For, My Lord, I muſt confeſs, that I have for an admirable perſon, ſo violent a paſſion in my ſoul, that it affords me not one minutes reſt, and which ſo fills it, that all other beauties in the world move me not. But for *Demarata*, My Lord, I ſwear by what ever is moſt ſacred, that if I had ſurpriſed in my heart any ſentiment too paſſionate for her, I ſhould have plucked it out, rather than run the hazard of deſerving the title of a perfidious and ungrateful perſon. But *Themiſtus*, replyed *Periandus*, whence comes it then, that *Demarata* thinks you love her? Ah, my Lord, replied he, it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould believe any ſuch thing; ſhe ſo far believes it, replyes *Periandus* very innocently, that ſhe would never be quiet till I had baniſhed you. I am therefore as unfortunate as innocent, replyes *Themiſtus*, for there is not any thing at ſuch a vaſt diſtance from truth; and if there be any one that can affirm, I have either ſaid or done any thing, whence it might be inferred I had any love for *Demarata*, I would have you look on me no otherwiſe than as the baſeſt of your ſubjects. So that my Lord, added *Themiſtus*, the Princeſs muſt needs proceed upon ſome light imaginations that I loved her, and miſinterpret my actions, or I muſt think, that for ſome reaſon unknown to me, it hath been her deſign to ruine me in your thoughts. Might it pleaſe the Gods, replyed *Periandus*, that you were innocent, and that an over-ſcrupulous virtue had obliged *Demarata* to think you had forgot the reſpect you ought to her. For in a word, *Themiſtus*, *Demarata*, excepted, I have not had ſo great an affection for any one as I have had for you, and I alſo owe you as many obligations as a Prince can do a ſubject. For if my firſt favors have preceded your ſervices, your ſervices have ſince very much exceeded my favors; and therefore I would give half my ſtate that you were innocent. If you ſpeak truly, added he, you may eaſily in ſome ſort juſtifie your ſelf, ſince you have no more to do than to tell me whom you are in love with; but be ſure you tell me no lie, for if you do I ſhall eaſily diſcover it, I ſhall conclude you guilty, and ſhall never pardon you.

I muſt

I must needs confeſs my Lord, replyed *Themiſtus*, that I am in a very great diſtraction, for I have confeſſed unawares that I was in love, and I ſhall not retract it. But my Lord, to tell you with whom, is a thing I cannot do, and I beſeech you command me not to do it. No, no, replyes hotly *Perianthus*, there is no mean, you muſt either ſpeak ſincerely, or be found guilty in my judgment, and leave my Dominions immediately. This put *Themiſtus* into an expreſſible diſturbance; for to leave *Sicily* ſo as never to return thither, and never to ſee *Lindamira* more, he thought the moſt inſupportable thing in the World. Thence he felt a temptation to tell *Perianthus* the truth, but conſidering the thing well, he ſaw he ſhould not be credited; yet as wretched as his condition was, he could not affirm that *Demarata* loved him, much leſs diſcover the affection he had for the Princeſs of *Himera*, not only for fear of provoking him, but out of a fear he would not be much leſs blameable, as to *Perianthus*, for *Lindamira* than for *Demarata*. He therefore fell to intreaties, that the Prince would be ſatisfied with the aſſurances he gave him of his innocence, not to force him to diſcover whom he loved, and to grant him the favor to go and dye in his ſervice; for though I have had the honor to command your Army, yet will I now fight as a private Souldier, conditionally you give me encouragement to hope that you will hearken to what ever may tend to my juſtification. The way I propoſe is ſo eaſie, ſays *Perianthus*, that if you will not be tryed by it, you muſt be guilty. For I promiſe you an inviolable fidelity, if you tell me whom you are in love with. In a word, do but convince me you are in love, and I ſhall not imagine that you have ſo much as thought on *Demarata*; for the poſture of your fortune conſidered, it was not a thing to be pretended. If therefore you are innocent, be not ſo obſtinate againſt your own intereſts. I have already told you, that I would obſerve an inviolable fidelity towards you, and I tell you ſo again. Ah, My Lord, replyed *Themiſtus* tranſported with grief, all this is not enough, for though I love not the Princeſs, yet haply am I nevertheleſs criminal. Ah *Themiſtus*, provided you do not love *Demarata*, I pardon you all other affections, even though you ſhould love my Siſter. Pardon me then, my Lord (ſaid he, overcome with his affliction) for there is nothing ſo true, as that ſince my return into *Sicily*, I have had, whether I would or no, the moſt violent, the moſt pure, and the moſt eager paſſion for her that ever any man had. This my Lord, is the great ſecret which I beſeech you to preſerve ſuch, ſo as not to communicate it to the Princeſs *Demarata*, or the Princeſs of *Himera*; unleſs you would have me dye with deſpair. That done, my Lord, puniſh me as a preſumptuous perſon, I am content; but I beſeech you look not on me as a baſe and perfidious man.

Perianthus was ſo glad to underſtand by *Themiſtus*'s manner of expreſſing himſelf, that he really had no love for *Demarata*, that he eaſily excuſed him for being in love with the Princeſs of *Himera*. He therefore very kindly embraced him; I know, ſaid he to him, that there is a great diſproportion between my Siſter and you, but *Themiſtus*, your merit equals you with all the world, and your deſires are at liberty for any thing but the affection of *Demarata*. But you have a Rival in the head of my Army, and he made a requeſt to me at his departure, which certainly will much trouble me: but however, I am ſo overjoyed, that I can afford you my friendſhip again, that nothing can henceforth cauſe me any diſturbance. And yet, added he, I muſt return, I muſt humor *Demarata*, and undeceive her, by aſſuring her that you love her not, and that ſhe is maſtaken, upon ſuch conjectures as an over-ſcrupulous virtue hath cauſed her to miſinterpret. *Themiſtus* who knew the ſecret of *Demarata*'s heart, eaſily perceived that this would not reconcile her to him; but not knowing what to oppoſe to what *Perianthus* ſaid to him, he recommended all to fortune. So the Prince having left him, he returned to the place of his retirement, whence *Perianthus* aſſured him he ſhould ſoon be ſent for.

Now this interview of the Prince and *Themiſtus*, ſeeming very ſtrange to thoſe that accompanyed him a hunting, one of them came and told the Princeſs of it, before *Perianthus* had ſeen her, ſo that her mind was in a ſtrange diſtraction, out of the fear ſhe was in that *Themiſtus* had told *Perianthus* the naked truth. But when ſhe ſaw him come into the Chamber with an undiſturbed, free, and flattering countenance towards her, her fear was diſperſed, and ſhe was convinced that *Themiſtus* had been ſo generous as not to accuſe her. So that being aſhamed of her crime, ſhe repented her ſelf ſo much the more, that ſhe had been the occaſion of his baniſhment. In the mean time aſſoon as he was at liberty to ſpeak to her looking on her very kindly, my hunting to day hath proved more fortunate to me, ſaid he to her, than I expected, ſince it hath proved the occaſion of my meeting *Themiſtus*, nay *Themiſtus* innocent. For he hath told me ſo many things, whence I infer that you have been miſtaken, that I have undertaken to be his interceſſor to you, and to oblige you to give me leave to ſend for him again. *Demarata*, whoſe ſentiments were ſuch at that time, that ſhe was glad *Themiſtus* might be recalled, carried her ſelf very craftily, that is, my Lord, replyes ſhe, *Themiſtus*'s love is cured by his ambition; and ſeeing his fortunes over-turned, he repents, or ſeems to repent him of his extravagance. And yet, added ſhe, having obſerved you ſo much troubled at his abſence, I am abſolutely reſolved not to meddle with any thing that concerns him, and therefore do what you pleaſe with him. *Demarata* ſpoke this with a certain coldneſs, and withal ſomewhat of anger, that *Perianthus* thought ſhe was troubled at the return of *Themiſtus*, and therefore thinking he did very well in order to a reconciliation between them; he told her, that upon promiſe of ſecrecie, he would immediately convince her, that *Themiſtus* loved her not; for in fine (continued he after ſhe had promiſed him what he deſired) I know whom *Themiſtus* hath been infinitely in love with, ever ſince his return into *Sicily*. *Demarata* ſurpriſed at what *Perianthus* ſaid, felt a great tempeſt within her. However, endeavoring what ſhe could to diſſemble her ſentiments, ſhe pretended ſhe could not believe what *Perianthus* ſaid, whereupon importuning him to tell what he knew, he told her at laſt that he was in love with *Lindamira*.

To tell you Madam, what ſhe felt at that inſtant when ſhe heard that *Themiſtus*, who ſhe thought, had

had never known any love, was so much in it, were impossible for me: insomuch, that jealousie combining with the trouble already within her, she had much ado to dissemble it. But it being not in her power to forbear considering that *Themistus* had not accused her, she stifled her thoughts, and notwithstanding the distraction within her, she betrayed no disturbance in her countenance, and durst not change sentiments while she spoke to *Perianthus*, lest he should at length discover what was in her soul. So that not saying ought positively, she stood to her former resolution, which was not to meddle with ought that concerned *Themistus*, adding withall, that if he would oblige her, he should not be recalled for some days. *Perianthus* perceiving *Demarata* inclining to peace, was very glad of it, for it confirmed him in the opinion he was of that she was angry without cause, and that conscious of it, she would comply by degrees.

He therefore left her, to go and send *Themistus* word, that he should be recalled within a few days; but *Demarata* being alone with *Amerintha*, and having related to her what had happened between *Perianthus* and *Themistus*, and between *Perianthus* and her self, what did she not say in the extremity of her affliction? It must now be granted, said she to her, that I am very unfortunate; for it is not enough to incur the shame of loving, and not being loved again; but I must withall have the misery to understand that *Themistus* is in love with another, and to know that it is impossible but he must have an aversion for me. For looking on me now as the occasion of his disgrace, he must of necessity hate me. And yet it is the pleasure of my destiny, that I should be exposed to see *Themistus* whom I cannot but affect; nay to see him in love with *Lindamira*, and favorite to the Prince, whom he may tell when he pleases, that I love him, and that I have given him some expressions thereof. But what troubles me most of all, is, that in all probability he will triumph over my weakness when he speaks with *Lindamira*, for since he loves, 'tis infallible he is belov'd.

But Madam, says *Amerintha* to her, since he hath been so discreet as not to tell it the Prince, he will keep it from the Princess of *Himera*. Ah, *Amerintha*, replyed she, a Man tells his Mistris what he would not his Master: but as I have begun with imposture, so I must end with it; and if it be possible, raise a jealousie in *Lindamira*, since I cannot love in *Themistus*. Accordingly *Demarata* went the next morning to visit *Lindamira*, with whom she desired some private discourse. She no sooner saw her, but all the melancholly of her heart rose up into her face, so that *Lindamira* asking her the reason of it, *Demarata* behaved her self so subtilly, that she was forced to be intreated diverse times to tell what it was that troubled her. Woe is me, said she, when I came hither, it was my intention to disburthen my heart to you; but now that I am come I have not the power. *Lindamira* renewing her intreaties thereupon, *Demarata*, the better to compass her proposed end, told her as a great secret a meer fiction. She told her, that *Themistus* had loved her from her infancy, that at his return into *Sicily*, he had given her divers expressions of his love, but that she had slighted them so far that he durst not continue them. And he hath told me since, added this subtil Princess, that he did all that lay in his power to fall in love with you, and that he had given you occasion to think he loved you. How, Madam, replyes *Lindamira*, blushing, hath *Themistus* told you that he had given me any cause to think him in love with me. Methinks you may easily see, replyes *Demarata*, that I could not have invented what I tell you, nor yet imagined it.

But this is not all I have to tell you, added she, for you are to know, that *Themistus* forgetting the respect he ought me, I, not able to endure the sight of him, prevailed with the Prince to put him out of favor. Now meeting him yesterday as he was a hunting, and speaking to him, *Themistus* hath made his peace, and persuaded him he never had any love for me: So that he hath made you the excuse of his extravagance, and therefore I am very glad, I have had the occasion to give you notice of it, that if the Prince speak to you of any such thing, you may know what answer to make him. But to deal freely with you, might I have my will, the presumptuous *Themistus* should never see the Court again. However, I beseech you, do not expose me at the same time to the indignation of the Prince and his favorite, and therefore let them not know any thing of what I have told you; and lest a long discourse in private may raise any suspicion of me, I shall leave you assoon as you have told me how you will have me to behave my self. Your own prudence is such, Madam, replied *Lindamira* very much amaz'd, that it is not for me to give you advice. *Demarata* perceiveing the Princess of *Himera* would not discover her self to her, departed with some light satisfaction; but she was no sooner gone, but *Lindamira* received a Letter from *Themistus*, wherein were these words.

THEMISTUS to the Princess *LINDAMIRA.*

I will not be long e're fortune give me leave to wait on you; I shall haply seem somewhat blameable to you, but I have still the confidence, that if I am guilty, it proceeds meerly from the excess of my love.

Lindamira summing up *Demarata*'s discourse, and *Themistus*'s Letter together, knew not what to think of the discretion and fidelity of her Lover. She could not absolutely convince him of infidelity, but she thought there was some reason to charge him with indiscretion. She had not spent a quarter of an hour in reflecting on this troublesome adventure, but jealousie disturbing her reason, she concluded him both indiscreet and unfaithful; for *Themistus* having not acquainted her with any thing had past between *Demarata* and him; and that she never had observed any signs of aversion for him in the carriage of that Princess, she could not apprehend why she should impose a crime of that nature upon him. So that not knowing *Themistus* to be naturally ambitious, she began to suspect, that he loved in general, whatever was above himself. You may judge, Madam, how she was netled at it; *Moricia*, whom she acquainted with her

her affliction, would oblige her not to condemn *Themiſtus* before ſhe had heard him; but ſhe could not forbear writing to him in a manner diſobliging enough, for ſhe only ſent him theſe words.

IF you are as guilty as you ſeem to be to my apprehenſion, you are for ever baniſhed the heart of Lindamira.

Themiſtus receiving this Letter, was extreamly troubled, and withall much ſurpriſed at it; for the Prince had promiſed to be faithful to him, nor indeed had *Perianthus* ſaid any thing of what *Themiſtus* had truſted him with to *Lindamira*, and thought that to tell it *Demarata* was to tell it no body. At laſt this Prince, being extreamly impatient to ſee *Themiſtus*, ſent for him to Court. And having to that end written to *Timantes*, and all thoſe illuſtrious *Solitaries* whom I have ſpoken to you of, they were troubled at his return, to a place where it was hard to preſerve honor, and adviſed him by their Letters to reaſſume it, ſo as that he might looſe it again, and to look on fortune as a fantaſtick Deity, whom a virtuous perſon honored by ſubmitting to her. *Themiſtus* whoſe heart was burthened with a ſecret grief which he could not maſter, was in a manner as ſad at his return to the Court, as he had been at his departure thence. At laſt he got thither, and reſolved to overcome all obſtacles that ſhould hinder his deſign, or die. The Prince entertained him with the greateſt kindneſs that could be; he met with all thoſe Sycophants, that had forſaken him in his diſgrace. *Perianthus* brought him to make a ſhort viſit to *Demarata*, out of a fear that if he did it not, the cauſe might haply be gueſſed at. That Princeſs received him with a certain cold civility, admirably ſuitable to all ſhe had done before. That done, *Themiſtus* followed the Prince to his lodgings, who perceiveing ſome diſturbance in him, took him aſide, and ſpoke to him with a very obliging countenance; I ſee, ſaid he to him, that you are extreamly troubled at what you made me privy to, and that you are in doubt whether I ſhould take it well that you ſee my Siſter. But *Themiſtus*, I am ſo glad that you do not love *Demarata*, that I leave you to your ſelf; beſides that, to be free with you, I am ſo well ſatisfied of my ſiſters virtue, that I am not troubled at it at all. Nor have I told her any thing of what I had from you, nor ſhall ever, till you think it convenient.

Themiſtus thinking himſelf infinitely obliged by this obliging carriage of the Prince towards him, gave him millions of thanks, and proteſted to him, his ſoul had never been guilty of an unworthy thought; whereupon he went to *Lindamira*, whom he found half-indiſpoſed. At firſt, this Princeſs entertained him with an extream coldneſs, which ſoon after turned into anger, till at laſt ſhe made a thouſand reproaches to him of perfidiouſneſs, inconſtancy and indiſcretion. So that *Themiſtus* was ſo aſtoniſhed, that one would have ſaid, he had been guilty. How Madam, ſaid he to her, when ſhe had given over ſpeaking? Is it thus you receive an unfortunate man that expected no joy by his return to the Court, than what proceeded from the hope of finding you the ſame perſon he had left you. To find me ſuch as I was, replyes *Lindamira*, you ſhould not have come hither unfaithful, and indiſcreet. Ah Madam, replyed he, you charge me with too much rigor ſor if I were unfaithful, you would not charge me with infidelity. What you ſay is ſo obſcure, anſwered ſhe, that it is apparent you are guilty, and that you have no good plea to make for your ſelf. But to begin with your indiſcretion, is it not true, that you have told the Prince my Brother, what you never ought to have told any one, which if you might have done, *Perianthus* ſhould have been the laſt of all the World to hear it. *Themiſtus* was much ſurpriſed to ſee his Maſter had not kept his word with him, but at length recovering himſelf a little, Alaſs! Madam, ſaid he to her, had you been in my place, you had ſaid what I have; for I was in ſuch an unfortunate poſture of affairs, that I muſt have loſt you for ever; nay expoſed my ſelf, to the reputation of an unfaithful perſon in your judgment, had you known the cauſe of my baniſhment. While you only tell me things I underſtand not, replyed ſhe roundly, I ſhall not be friends with you: but in few words (added ſhe, not giveing him the leiſure to ſpeak) the truth of the buſineſs is this, that you made it no great difficulty to expoſe me, ſo to conceal your true paſſion, and made it your only means to keep the Prince my Brother from diſcovering your love to *Demarata*. You had ſaid more truly Madam, had you ſaid believing inſtead of diſcovering, for it is true, I would not have the Prince to think me an unworthy and ungrateful perſon. But I proteſt to you Madam, that when I confeſſed to him the affection I had for you, ſo to hinder him from conceiving I loved *Demarata*, I did it principally out of a conſideration of providing, that you ſhould not one day ſuſpect me to have been unfaithful: for if the Prince had believed it, he would have told you as much, and you would haply have thought I had been really ſuch, Beſides that, the Prince having ſaid he would pardon me all things, conditionally I were not in love with *Demarata*, I muſt confeſs, I thought it concerned me very much, he ſhould know I had taken the boldneſs to direct my affections to you. But Madam, I have not told him I had the happineſs of any favor from you. You have done better than you imagine, replyed ſhe, for I do not think at the preſent ever to do you any. But Madam, what have I done that I ſhould be ſo loſt to your affection, replyes *Themiſtus*, am I unworthy of it, becauſe I am unfortunate, and unjuſtly perſecuted? You deſerve all the averſion and all the revenge I can have for you, replyed ſhe, for pretending to love me when you loved *Demarata*. Do I love *Demarata*, replyed he haſtily, from whom have you it? from *Demarata* her ſelf, anſwers *Lindamira*, who hates you as much as I would hate you. Ah Madam, replyed he, *Demarata* is unworthy the diſcretion I have had for her, and ſince ſhe is bent every way to ruine me, I muſt at leſt endeavor the preſervation of your affection, which is the only happineſs I look after, and without which I could not live. But Madam, you muſt hear me without prejudice, nay, you muſt hear me with a certain goodneſs; for I have concealed one thing from you, which I ſhall now have much ado to acquaint you withall, though my juſtification depends on it, and that I am only to impeach a perſon that endeavors my ruine. But all conſidered,

considered, Madam, I think I have not offended much against the love I have for you, in not telling you that I had taken notice that *Demarata* had some inclinations towards me; nor do I think I offend much against honour by acknowledging it now, since she hath endeavoured to destroy me in your thoughts. But *Themistus*, replied she, could *Demarata* have loved you, if you had not loved her? Alas, Madam, can you put that question to me, when you know that I have loved you a long time, without being loved? You, who cannot be ignorant that you are the absolute Mistress of my heart; you, who know well enough that I am neither base nor perfidious, and who should, methinks, be satisfied that I look not upon any thing on earth but your self? But why have you not told me before, what you do now, replies *Lindamira*? Out of a conceit, Madam, replied he, that a person of honour should never speak any thing against a woman, by whom he is loved, even though he had the greatest aversion that could be for her. So that to forbear doing what might prejudice *Demarata*, and withal cause you to esteem me the less, I have concealed the weakness of that Princess from you, which I might rationally think she had overcome.

Lindamira somewhat appeased at this, was desirous to know all that had passed between *Demarata* and *Themistus*, so that he gave her an account of the conversation he had heretofore had with that Princess, when it was her design to engage him to tell her that he was in love with her; and thence fell upon a hundred little passages he had observed at several times, to the conference he had had with the Prince the day he had met with him a hunting. *Themistus* discovered such a sincerity through all this relation, and entertained *Lindamira* with so many passionate things, that she concluded him to be innocent. But they at the same time perceived they were both equally unfortunate, in that they were exposed to the fury of a jealous and exasperated Woman, of whom *Perianthus* was still very fond. However, this reconciliation was not concluded without much kindness; yet with this resolution, that they would see one another privately as seldom as might be, the less to incense the jealous *Demarata*, whose sufferings were greater than can well be imagined.

Things standing thus, news came that the Prince of *Messena* had gained a battel, which cost *Themistus* the displeasure of being forced publickly to rejoyce at the glory of his Rival. But for *Demarata* she was extreamly satisfied at it; not out of any reflection on the advantage of the State thereby, but a conceit, that after that service done, it was impossible *Perianthus* should deny the Princess of *Himera* to the Prince of *Messena*; and indeed, the end of the Campagne approaching, he returns to *Syracuse*, where he was no sooner arrived, but *Demarata* furthering his interests, and giving him advice, he demanded *Lindamira* of the Prince of *Syracuse*. He satisfied him, that the Prince his Father would consent thereto, and pressed the business so much, that *Perianthus* was sufficiently troubled with him. However, he told the Prince of *Messena*, that *Lindamira* was at liberty to dispose of her self, and that for his consent he might assure himself of it, provided he gained hers.

Themistus durst not all this while discover his resentments, out of the respects he had for his master; but withal resolved, if he perceived *Lindamira* at a loss, as to what she should do, to perish himself, or dispatch his Rival out of the way. Insomuch that the Princess of *Himera* perceiving in him those inclinations to hatred towards the Prince of *Messena*, which he had much ado to smother, resolved to take another way, which proved effectual. Looking therefore on the Prince of *Messena*, as a person of much reason and generosity, she took him one day in a private discourse. I know, my Lord, said she to him, that the marriages of persons of your condition and mine, are commonly concluded without affection; but since you would have me believe that you have some for me, you were certainly unhappy not to be loved again: and therefore I beseech you, be no longer obstinate, for I have certain particular reasons, for which I shall never love you in the manner you would have me. So that you would make me unhappy, without being happy your self, even though I were forced to marry you, which it were not easie to do. To this the Prince of *Messena* answered her, with what ever the love he had within him could suggest, that were most likely to prevail with her, but not doing any good, he left her with abundance of affliction, seeming to be resolved to obey her, and to return home; for the Prince his Father had at length executed the Treaty, seeing the War of *Heraclea* proved so unsuccessful. But being that night at the Palace very sad, *Demarata*, whose jealousie and indignation daily increased, asked him privately what troubled him. Whereupon the Prince having acquainted her with what had passed between the Princess of *Himera* and him, and the resolution he had taken, she was so troubled at it, that, to divert him from quitting his design, she told him she should not do so, and that *Themistus* was not a person to contest with him, for the affection of *Lindamira*. The Prince of *Messena* was much surprised at what *Demarata* said, for he had never suspected any thing of the love of *Themistus*. On the contrary, 'Twas he that had given him the name of the *Insensible Courtier*; but reflecting on things past, he remembred that *Themistus* had ever avoided his company, when he would have entertained him with his affection for *Lindamira*, so that he thence drew those consequences, which obliged him to credit what *Demarata* said, who seeming to concern her self in his interests, told him she should not so give over, adding, that *Themistus* was a presumptuous person, that had more ambition in him than love. *Demarata* in the mean time never considered that she created a jealousie in a Lovers heart, whereof she could not hinder the consequences. In a word, from that day, the Prince of *Messena* had so much ado to endure *Themistus*, that *Themistus* perceived it: for a Rival that hates, soon discovers the hatred of his enemy. So that feeling within him, something of cruelty which he could not hinder from breaking forth, he out of prudence avoided his company. But as chance would have it, meeting alone, with their slaves, upon the *Achradina*, where *Themistus* had hazarded his life for the Prince of *Messena*, they took a turn about, without saying ought to one another. Which done, the Prince of *Messena* speaking first, and falling immediately to the business, will you do me the favour *Themistus*, said he, as to answer

me sincerely to what I ask. I engage my self, replies *Themistus*, to tell you that I cannot answer you, if you ask me a thing, which I would not, or ought not to tell you. Tell me then, replies the Prince of *Messena*, whether it be true, that a man that cannot be happy himself, doth not offend in hindring another to be so? What you say is so general, replies *Themistus*, that I cannot answer thereto; because sometimes there are those particular circumstances, which hinder the most general Rules that are to be such. Since you would have me to explain my self, replies the Prince of *Messena*, I am content, nor indeed, should I go otherwise than in plain terms, when I speak to a man upon the very place, where he had hazarded his life upon my account. I am therefore to confess, that I know of your being in love with the Princess of *Himera*; but since she will not in all likelihood, ever marry you, methinks I may, without being thought ungrateful, intreat you to tell me, whether you are loved by her: for if she loves you, I will absolutely quit my design upon her, and will be gone to morrow towards *Messena*; if she does not, I will prosecute it as I can, to bring it to some period. Since you know that I love *Lindamira*, replies *Themistus*, I shall not disavow it; but to tell you I am loved by her, is that you shall never know from me: for if I am, I were indiscreet, and unworthy to tell it without her permission; and if I am not, I should not very easily afford you the joy to know so much, since you are my Rival. But my Lord, since you deal very obligingly with me, I will tell you ingeniously, that, for *Lindamira*'s satisfaction, you should give over all thoughts of wedding her, for I am so well acquainted with her intentions, as to that point, that I can assure you, she will never make you happy? And where you say, my Lord, I can never be such, I know not what you ground your assertion upon; for Love and Fortune are wont to do things more extraordinary. Certain it is I am no Prince, added he, but my birth is noble enough to encourage me to aspire to any thing, and whoever hath such a heart as I have, thinks few things above him. Nay then, *Themistus*, saies the Prince of *Messena*, you are lov'd, and I have no more to do, but to think of my departure, since honor will not suffer me to be ungrateful, and that the Princess *Lindamira* loves you I have not told you she does, replies *Themistus*, but only that she cannot make you happy. But if I one day understand, that you have been loved by her, replied this Prince angrily, I shall have a quarrel against you. You may make what quarrel you please of it, replies *Themistus* coldly, for I am ever in a capacity to satisfie those that have any quarrel against me.

The Prince of *Messena*, confirmed hereby, that *Themistus* was loved by *Lindamira*, had immediately the greatest hatred in the world for him: so that this discourse which had been begun kindly enough, grew so bitter, that the Prince of *Messena* and *Themistus* came at last to blows. The latter generously did all that lay in his power, to avoid coming to that extremity, as fore-seeing the sad consequences of that unhappy business; but the Prince of *Messena* having drawn his sword, the other could do no less than defend himself. 'Tis true, he did it with that courage, that, how valiant soever the Prince of *Messena* might be, he made a shift to receive two great wounds, and to be disarmed, before those whom their slaves went to the Palace for, were come to separate them. You may imagine what a noise this Duel made in the Court, and what advantage *Demarata* made of it, in order to her revenge.

The news was no sooner come, but she went to the Prince, and confidently asked him, whether he would still suffer that presumptuous person in his Court, whose temerity was now come to the highest pitch. For in fine, added she, the business is out of all controversie, because if *Themistus* be in love with *Lindamira*, he further affronts you, for he ought no more to pretend to your Sisters than your Wife. In the interim, you see he fights with a Prince, as if their contestation were, who should marry *Lindamira*. But, Madam, replied *Perianthus*, the Prince of *Messena* drew first upon *Themistus*. 'Tis true, continued she; but it is as certain that *Themistus* affronted the Prince of *Messena*, when you are obliged to for a great victory, as well as the other.

While they were thus engaged, *Themistus*, who was lightly wounded in the left arm, sent to the Prince to excuse what had past; and the Prince of *Messena* sent also to him, to crave pardon that he had engaged against a person he loved: so that not minding much what *Demarata* said, he visited them both; but being a little exasperated by her speeches, he spoke not to *Themistus* with his ordinary kindness, for after divers things said, concerning his fighting with the Prince of *Messena*: how-e'r it may be, saies the Prince to him, you are to blame, for you know that you are not to entertain any thoughts of marrying my Sister. I know my Lord, replyed he, I am not worthy that honor, but I know much better, that you had the goodness to pardon me the love I have for her, and that you have not forbidden me to have any. I have neither forbidden you, nor permitted you, replied *Perianthus*, and have only pardoned you a passion, which I thought your reason would have advised you to dis-ingage. It hath so long advised me to it ineffectually, replied *Themistus*, that it hath at last given over. Since it is so, replies *Perianthus*, I must needs command you to do it. Ah, my Lord, replies *Themistus*, when men command things impossible, it argues they would not be obeyed. Are you, my Lord, able to cease loving *Demarata*, if there were any one in the world had a right to lay that unjust command upon you? How-e'r it be, saies the Prince, I begin to find out, that *Demarata* knows you better than I do, since your ambition hath no limits. For I now see clearly, that you pretend to marry *Lindamira*, and must needs believe, that the friendship you express towards me, and the love to her, are only the effects of an insatiable ambition, whence you equally derive your friendship, your love, nay, your valour too.

As you are my Master, replies *Themistus*, I am to suffer any thing at your hands; but if you would consider it well, you would find that the love you bear *Demarata*, will soon stifle the friendship you have had for *Themistus*. And if you do it, my Lord, added he, you will be more unjust than you conceive your self: for in fine, *Demarata* hates me without any cause. Be it so or not, think no more on *Lindamira*, saies *Perianthus*, if you would preserve my affection.

Having

Having ſaid ſo, *Perianthus* went out and left *Themiſtus* in a ſtrange affliction. A little after the Prince was gone, I came in, and ſaw the firſt eruptions of it. Now, my dear *Meleagenes*, ſaid he to me, what think you of my croſs fortune? All that I think to do for my ſelf ruines me; all the ſervices I do, raiſe up ungrateful perſons to perſecute me, my victories ſerve only, either to make my Rival victorious, or to ſtrengthen the power of an ungrateful Maſter, who would rather hearken to a perfidious Woman, than to a faithful ſubject that hath ſaved his life; ſo that to make my miſery full weight, there needs no more than that *Lindamira* diſclaim me. The Prince is now gone in to her, replied I, and no doubt but he will ſpeak to her againſt you. Nay, I believe, continued I, that the Princeſs will not have the confidence to tell him that ſhe loves you, and that ſhe will ever continue it, though I am perſwaded ſhe is reſolved to be faithful to you. What reſolution the Prince will take, I know not, replies *Themiſtus*, but I find in my ſelf, that if he forget the ſervices I have done him, and will force *Lindamira* to marry my Rival, I ſhall forbear no extremity to make him underſtand himſelf, and to hinder *Lindamira* to be taken away from me. But why did you not let him know what *Demarata* was? ſaid I to him (for then he had told me the truth:) Alas *Meleagenes*, replied he, do you think he could have believed me, having no proofs to give him. No, no, that had been to no purpoſe, but if I engage with his enemies, I ſhall haply make victory change ſides. Yet could I not do that without much difficulty, but Love and Ambition may force an unfortunate man whom all are bent to ruine, to do ſtrange things.

To contract therefore my relation, Madam, which is already but too long, we had no ſooner heard, that *Perianthus* was gone from *Lindamira*'s, but I went to her on the behalf of *Themiſtus*. I found her extreamly troubled, for the Prince had not only ſeemed very much incens'd againſt *Themiſtus*, but he had ſaid many things to her, whence ſhe feared he would force her to marry the Prince of *Meſſena*. Which ſhe oppoſing as much as ſhe could, he had ask'd her whether ſhe would have *Themiſtus*, adding, That Favourites may be made of all ſorts of perſons, but that ſhe ſhould not make him a Brother-in-law, but of a perſon of his rank and quality. So that *Lindamira* being unwilling to make him a punctual anſwer, had only intreated him not to believe all that *Demarata* ſhould ſay to him, becauſe ſhe might be pre-poſſeſſed, But the Prince being pre-poſſeſſed himſelf, *Lindamira* did only incenſe him the more, and ſo he returned to the Palace, where he found *Demarata* in a kind and flattering humour, ſuch as won him ſo much, that ſhe put him upon what reſolutions ſhe pleaſed. She perſwaded him, that it extreamly concerned him, as things ſtood, to do an action of Authority, that it might appear, *Themiſtus* governed not him as he pleaſed. That there was a fair opportunity to do it, ſince that beſtowing *Lindamira* on the Prince of *Meſſena*, he would hinder that Princeſs from committing any folly; he would recompence a Prince that had done him good ſervice, he would pull down the pride of *Themiſtus*, and bring him ſo much under for ever after, that he ſhould never ſtiffen on any new pretence of extravagance.

Demarata ſeconded this with whatever a perſon of a great and ſubtil wit, experienc'd and malicious could ſay, that manages a revenge proceeding from Love. So that *Perianthus*, whoſe only imperfection was his facility for thoſe he loved, thought of nothing but the execution of it. To that end, he had an extraordinary care of the Prince of *Meſſena*, little or none for *Themiſtus*; he went himſelf, and brought *Lindamira* to be lodged in the Palace, upon pretence of ſome deſign he had heard there was to carry her away; ſo that *Themiſtus* was deprived of the comfort of ſeeing her; for beſides that, he had a ſlight hurt, the Prince ſent him word he ſhould not come into the Palace, till he had ſent him order to that purpoſe. Thus was *Themiſtus* the moſt unfortunate man in the World, and *Demarata* entertained ſo great a joy at it, that ſhe diſcovered it in all her actions. So that *Perianthus* obſerving it, and perceiving that ſhe hated *Themiſtus*, began to be jealous again, and to be almoſt perſwaded, that what ſhe had ſaid to him before was true, becauſe he ſaw no other apparent occaſion of her hatred. He did not therefore only do what he did violently, but alſo without prudence, or any reflection on the influence *Themiſtus* had over the Soldiery: he ſpoke bitterly of him, even in publique, and ſaying openly, that he would make it a match between the Prince of *Meſſena* and *Lindamira*, aſſoon as he was recoverd of his wound; he ſent *Themiſtus* order to leave *Syracuſe*. Nay, my friend had notice given him, that he was to be ſecured aſſoon as he were out of the City, where they durſt not take him, as being much the darling of the people. Being in this condition, this deſperate Lover would fain have taken leave of his Princeſs, and he had been confident enough, and haply cunning enough to find out the means to do it, but fearing ſhe might forbid him the execution of any ſuch deſign, he was content only to ſend her this Letter.

The unfortunate *THEMISTUS* to the Princeſs *LINDAMIRA*.

I Depart, Madam, and I depart the moſt miſerable of all men, to tell you whether I am going, I am not able, and yet I queſtion not but I ſhall find out the ways to deliver you and revenge my ſelf. I ſhall haply do thoſe things which at firſt ſight you may blame me for; but if you prove not unconſtant, the event will convince you, that I ſhall do nothing contrary to reaſon. Be conſtant therefore, Madam, ſo to prevent my reſentments, from reaching ſo far, as otherwiſe they might; for if I loſe you, there is not any thing which I ſhall not endeavour to deprive them of, who ſhould be the occaſion of ſo great a misfortune to me.

This Letter being delivered to my Siſter, who ſtill had the liberty to ſee *Lindamira*, though ſhe was kept very cloſe, *Themiſtus* departed, and I

ſtayed at *Syracuſe* to give him an account of what paſſed there. But inſtead of returning to the place where he had been before, he went to the Army, and did there againſt *Syracuſe*, what *Brutus* did for *Rome* in *Tarquin*'s Army; that is, made himſelf the Maſter of it, ſo far, that it was at his choice, either to bring it up againſt *Perianthus*, or againſt the Prince of *Heraclea*. 'Tis true, this Prince was ſo far unfurniſhed with Horſe, that he was not in a condition to keep the field. Whence it came, that he ſent to *Themiſtus* as ſoon as he underſtood how things went, to treat with him; but my friend, without either making any breach, or yet treating, put him off with delaies, and began his march towards *Syracuſe*. That which furthered the execution of his deſign, was, that there was no Officer but held his place from *Themiſtus*; for the former War having been very bloudy, all the Officery in a manner was changed. Beſides that, being of a very liberal and gallant diſpoſition, the hearts of the Soldiery was at his command, and that the exceſſive affection *Perianthus* had for *Demarata*, was prejudicial to that Prince, and advantageous to *Themiſtus*.

The report of the revolt of the Army was no ſooner come to *Syracuſe*, but *Demarata* inſulted over *Themiſtus* after a ſtrange manner. Nay, ſhe perſwaded *Perianthus*, that it was fit *Lindamira* ſhould be ſecured, and accordingly ſhe was put into a Tower, on the quarter of the *Hexapila*, out of a fear, that if ſhe remained on the *Achradina* ſide, ſome deſign might be laid to carry her away by the advantage of the Sea. However, ſhe was attended with abundance of reſpect, but ſhe was withal kept very cloſe, and ſtrong guards about her. The Prince of *Meſſena*, who lay ſtill under cure, was extreamly afflicted that he had been the occaſion of ſo much diſorder, yet was it ſome comfort to him, that *Themiſtus* was not at the Court; but *Perianthus* was at his wits end almoſt. Not but that he is a very gallant perſon, but having only his guards about him, that he could truſt himſelf to, he knew not what to reſolve on: the people of *Syracuſe* were diſcontented, and would not arm, to defend themſelves againſt a man that had brought them peace, and whoſe valour was their terror; a great number of the grandees charged *Demarata* with imprudence, and *Perianthus* with facility, ſo that all the Prince could do, was to ſecure the Gates of the City. For *Lindamira*, though ſhe well knew that *Themiſtus* did not what he did, but out of the affection he had for her, yet could ſhe not forbear being very much exaſperated againſt him, to have brought things to that extremity, without making her acquainted with his deſignes. 'Twas to no great purpoſe that I ſecretly gave her notice, that *Themiſtus*'s deſign was only to deliver her, and to prevent her marriage with the Prince of *Meſſena*, ſhe was never the more appeaſed, and ſent me word ſhe would never love *Themiſtus*, while he was in Arms againſt her Brother and his Countrey. But this I thought not fit preciſely to communicate to *Themiſtus*, for it had afflicted him beyond meaſure; but at laſt, to ſhew he would be no Uſurper, he ſent me a Declaration, which I got handſomely ſcattered up and down *Syracuſe*, wherein he declared, that if they would ſend the Prince of *Meſſena* back into his Countrey, ſet the Princeſs of *Himera* at liberty, and permit her abſolutely to diſpoſe of herſelf as ſhe pleaſed, he would lay down Arms, as ſoon as *Lindamira* ſhould have expreſſed her Will, in ſuch place, where ſhe might ſay ſhe was free. The people being not at all concerned in this affair, thought there had been no way but to grant *Themiſtus* all he deſired, and divers perſons ſtirred up by me, cried out aloud, that it were better to beſtow the Princeſs of *Himera* on *Themiſtus*, than on the Prince of *Meſſena*. However, *Perianthus* ſtood out and refuſed all that was demanded, ſo that *Themiſtus* marched ſtill on towards *Syracuſe*. The Prince of *Meſſena* had ſent to the Prince his Father, but he was not too haſty to ſuccour *Perianthus*, with whom he had ſtill rather have been in War than Alliance, though he had been forced to do otherwiſe. So that *Perianthus* and *Demarata* were at an extream loſs what to do. Yet could not this revengeful Woman, repent her of any thing ſhe had done; inſomuch, that *Amerina* deſirous to tell her ſomething one morning, ſhe was ſo incenſed againſt her, that ſhe ſent her away, ſo that this Woman exaſperated at her being pack'd out of doors, for finding fault with a deſign that had been ſo unfortunate, acquainted ſome perſons with all I have already told you, of the ſentiments of *Demarata*, and among others, my Siſter.

Themiſtus all this time drew nearer and nearer, keeping his Troops in very good order, pretending as if he would beſiege *Syracuſe*, if they granted him not what he deſired. *Lindamira* ſeeing her Countrey in ſo much danger, deſired a conference with the Prince. *Perianthus* came to her, and underſtood that her deſire was, that ſhe might have the liberty to ſpeak to *Themiſtus*, e're he uſed any hoſtility againſt the City, promiſing ſhe would do all that lay in her power to make him change his reſolution. *Perianthus*, who ſaw that all his force conſiſted in a raw undiſciplin'd people, and not very forward to endure a Siege, granted her what ſhe deſired, for the Army was in ſight. Yet was he once minded to recal the permiſſion he had given, when he had ſeen *Demarata*, for that jealous Princeſs was almoſt out of her ſelf at this interview. But *Perianthus* having ſuffered the thing already to take air, could not hinder it. Some were therefore ſent to *Themiſtus*, to propoſe a conference between him and *Lindamira*, which, though he doubted not but ſhe would tell him ſuch things, as ſhould extreamly trouble him, he could not but grant. Nay, on the contrary, he conceived it would be no ſmall ſatisfaction to him to ſee her, ſo that he granted all was deſired of him. It was therefore reſolved, that *Themiſtus* in the head of two hundred Horſe, ſhould come within a flight ſhot of the Walls, and that the Princeſs being in a Chariot, attended by a like number of Horſe, ſhould come with two of her Women, to a little Hill, ſurrounded with a Wood, which lay at the diſtance aforeſaid from the Walls of the City; and that there the Horſe of both parties, ſhould ſtand at an equal diſtance from the Hill, where *Themiſtus* might entertain *Lindamira*, whoſe women were to ſtay ſome few paces behind, for *Themiſtus* would not grant that interview, if he might not have the liberty to ſpeak to the Princeſs of *Himera* without witneſſes.

Thus was the buſineſs carried, much to the grief of *Demarata*, and the Prince of *Meſſena*, whoſe wounds

wounds were still in a very sad posture. *Lindamira* attended by two Gentlewomen, came to the place where she was to meet *Themistus*, having dressed her self after a very negligent manner, yet may it be said, she never looked handsomer in her life. As she passed through the streets, all the people cried out to her to make up a peace, and that with the tears in their eies; the Walls of the City were full of people, of all qualities and sexes; nay, *Demarata* her self saw her pass by through the window of her Closet, the Prince of *Messena* caused himself to be brought to that of his Chamber, to the same end, and *Perianthus* conducted her to the City Gate, entreating her most affectionately, to rescue her Countrey from destruction. In this posture went *Lindamira* to the Hill, where *Themistus* expected her. As soon as he saw her Chariot stop he alighted, and went to help her out, but *Lindamira* coldly putting him off from her, No, no, *Themistus*, said she to him, you are not in a condition to do me that inconsiderable service, and to oblige me to accept of that, you must do me one that is much greater. Whereupon, leaning upon one of her Gentlewomen, she got out of the Chariot, and going up into the little Hill, surrounded with a Wood, she rested her self against a Tree, her Women set themselves at the foot of another, at some distance, and *Themistus* placing himself over against her, looked on her with so much love, that she was forced to look towards the ground. Well Madam, saies he to her, with a very submissive action, what commands do you lay upon me? I would now see by experience, said she, whether it be true that you love me, for if you do, and consequently are tender of my life, my quiet, and my reputation, you will do as I shall advise you. Provided, you do not command me to cease loving you, replied he, that you forbid me not to endeavour your deliverance, and to destroy my Rival, I shall do any thing you desire. But *Themistus*, replied the Princess of *Himera*, cannot you conceive there are some just things, which yet ought never to be done, because they cannot be but by unjust means. I grant, added she, that my deliverance is a just action, and that it is natural for a man to wish the destruction of his Rival; but to do these two things, is it lawful for him to revolt against his Prince, to ruine his Country, and to incurr the displeasure of his Mistris, by endeavouring to serve her? Ah, Madam, replies *Themistus*, I should be very unfortunate, if I should meet with hatred, when I do all I can to deserve Love. 'Tis no question your case at the present, replied she; for, to be short *Themistus*, I shall not flatter you, but acquaint you with the true state of my soul, without concealing, even that which you may be offended at, no more than what may humour you. I must confess then that I have loved you, and that I may be still in a capacity to love you—Ah, Madam, interrupted *Themistus*, while you tell me of the past and future, I beseech you, let me not be ignorant of my present condition, in your inclinations. It is such, replied she, as that of a man I can either love or hate, either love beyond my life, or hate worse than death. How Madam, replied he, stepping back a little, is it possible you can hate me? It is *Themistus*, replied she, for if you obey me not, I must needs hate you. What then must I do to obey you, replied he? You must not ruine *Syracuse*, replied she; you must be no longer an enemy to the Prince my Brother; you must put the Army into his hands, and give over all thoughts of War. I apprehend you, Madam, said he, that is, you would have me wander up and down the world, as an unfortunate exile, while you in the mean time marry the Prince of *Messena*. On the contrary, replied *Lindamira*, I shall love you eternally, and it is out of that respect, that I would not have you do a thing which would put me into a capacity, of not presuming to love you when I would; for if you conquer my Brother, and prove the destroyer of your Countrey, you may well judge, that having a respect for glory, I shall never endure to see you. Nay, I shall, on the other side, look on you as an ambitious person, that never had any affection for me, and one that is in love with his own greatness.

But Madam, replies *Themistus*, you consider not that your generosity blinds you; for as things stand now, what would you have me to be? Can I ever repose any confidence in the Princess? Can I resign you to the Prince of *Messena*, and can I hope that *Perianthus* will forget what I do, while he loves *Demarata*, that is, one that hath made him forget all my services? No, no, Madam, you consider not well what you propose to me, But that you may not imagine I have the least inclination to usurp the Supream power, I declare to you, that if I take *Syracuse*, as I hope to do, though I have no Fleet, I will send thence my Rival, I will undeceive *Perianthus*, as to what concerns *Demarata*, I will restore him his Estate, and will demand nothing but *Lindamira*, and that of her self. This, Madam, is the design that seems to you so criminal. But if it be true, that you are not a Loveless, ambitious man, replied she, why can you not do a greater action than that? You may save your Countrey instead of conquering it; you may still be a friend to your Master, and if I may presume to say it, Huband to your Mistris: Ah, Madam, to be what you say, I would run the hazard of a hundred Battels. You need only let *Syracuse* be in peace, replied she: but if you do not, assure your self, that what aversion soever I may have for the Prince of *Messena*, I will marry him as soon as I come into the City. Ah, Madam, said he, your cruelty is now excessive, that you give words so indigestible, and I know not whether they should not rather incline me to set *Syracuse* on fire, than to do what you would have me. I beseech you, Madam, use no such menace to perswade me to your Will, for if I thought it possible you could do what you say, there should not be any thing that I would stick at. But, *Themistus*, replied the Princess, what would you have a person to say, that fears nothing so much as to lose you for ever, if you put your design in execution; so that both my fear and my hope are engaged in your safety. You had said more truly if you had said, my *destruction*. But in fine, Madam, you never have loved me, nor ever will; for were you constant to me, instead of advising me to my ruine, you would presently go into the Army I command, whether I would bring you safely, notwithstanding your Convoy, and when you are once there, you shall dispose of *Syracuse* as you please. Ah, *Themistus*, replies *Lindamira*, I will never come into a rebellious Army. But, Madam, replied he, this Army is rebellious only

ly in order to your deliverance. Let it then ceaſe to be ſuch, replied ſhe, ſince I am reſolved not to be delivered, to the deſtruction of my Countrey; for I tell you once more, that if there be any Siege laid before *Syracuſe*, I will never ſee you again: and on the contrary I promiſe you, that if you reſtore it to peace, as I deſire you, I ſhall forget my own condition, to make an inſeparable union between your fortunes and mine. How *Themiſtus*, (continued ſhe, looking on him with an extraordinary affection, ſeeing he made no anſwer) can you deliberate on what you ſhould anſwer me? and when a choice is propoſed to you of being either loved or hated, can you be indifferent as to any reſolution? Nay, if it be ſo, *Themiſtus*, and that neither my words nor tears can prevail any thing upon you, hear from hence the groans and complaints of a great people, that hath ſometime ſent up its addreſſes to Heaven for you, when the end of your fighting was peace. Force it not to ſend up imprecations againſt their antient Protector; and if you are wiſe; do not exaſperate it too much, and ſo engage it to ſet *Syracuſe* on fire, rather than deliver it into your hands. Do but ſee from hence, added ſhe, all ye would deſtroy; if it be that magnificent City, it hath given you birth; if it be the inhabitants of it, you are haply obliged, as I told you, for one part of your Victories, to the vows they have made for you; if it be your Rival, he is unfortunate and wounded; is not that enough to ſatisfie you? If it be the Prince my Brother, he is your ſovereign, and you owe him your fortune; if it be *Demarata*, ſhe does not hate you, but becauſe ſhe loves you; and if it be *Lindamira*, ſhe hath deſerved you ſhould ſacrifice all things for her ſake, ſince ſhe hath lov'd you beyond her own glory, which adviſed her not to love any thing.

While the Princeſs of *Himera* ſpoke thus, *Themiſtus* hearkened very attentively, and looked on her, without having the leaſt power to interrupt her, ſuch an agitation were his thoughts in; ſo that the Princeſs perceiving him to be in ſome diſturbance, I beſeech you *Themiſtus*, ſaid ſhe, reaching forth her hand to him, ſtand out no longer, I know your heart is on my ſide, that it acknowledges its antient Miſtriſs, and that it is no rebell as you are. Submit *Themiſtus*, ſubmit, and refuſe not the glory, it is to ſubdue your ſelf. A man is ſufficiently revenged, when he gives his enemies peace, when they are not in a condition to maintain a War againſt him, and it would be leſs ſatisfaction to you, to ſee *Syracuſe* deſtroyed, than to obey the lawful Prince of it. Ah, Madam, (ſaid he, kiſſing her hand very ſubmiſſively, which ſhe immediately ſnatched from him) there need not ſo many arguments to convince me, ſince that if I ſhould hearken to Reaſon, I ſhould not mind them. But, Madam, you have an abſolute power over me, and you know it ſo well, that if I durſt ſay it without derogating from the reſpect I owe you, you make uſe of it with unjuſtice. For is it juſt, Madam, I ſhould quit an Army where I have found refuge? No, ſaies *Lindamira*, but you may command it, till you have reduced the Prince of *Heraclea*, and by a freſh victory blot out the Characters of your revolt and his, out of the ſpirit of your Maſter, For I tell you once more, that if you do not as I would have you, I will never ſee you while I live again. Reſolve therefore immediately, conſider that I am to leave you, and that the the firſt words I ſhall hear from you, will either ſeparate us for ever, or unite us for ever. Well, Madam, ſaid he to her, tranſported by his love, what muſt be done to ſatisfie you? muſt I caſt my ſelf into a priſon at *Syracuſe*, and deliver my ſelf to the revengeful *Demarata*? I will do it if you would have me, for, added he, lifting up his eies to Heaven, can a man reſiſt the perſon he loves, and that when ſhe is the moſt accompliſh'd in the world, and he the moſt amorous of men? No, replyed *Lindamira*, you ſhall not do any thing of what you ſay, and you ſhall only truſt your ſelf to me, and reſign your intereſts to my management of them. I will do ſo ſince you command it, replied he, but I ſhall be miſtaken, if you do not one day repent it.

Upon this did *Lindamira* entertain *Themiſtus*, with what ever gratitude or tenderneſs of affection could imagine, that were moſt obliging; but for fear he ſhould repent him of it, ſhe left him, with an abſolute command to remove the Army three or four miles at the preſent, to give the people a certain omen of peace, and an aſſurance, that the next day ſhe would ſend him ſuch Articles in order thereto, as he could not but accept. *Themiſtus* anſwered her with a thouſand things, the moſt paſſionate that could be, yet with ſuch a ſadneſs as ſufficiently diſcovered he did himſelf an extream violence in obeying her; but at laſt he continued firm in the reſolution, which love had made him take, ſo much to the prejudice of his ambition; and when *Lindamira* took her leave, he gave her his hand, he ſalted her, without being able to ſay any thing, but with his eies; as her Chariot began to ſtir, he got on horſeback, and looked after her as long as he could perceive her, and at laſt returned to the Army, but ſo ſad, that it was eaſie to judge that the Princeſſes tears had overcome him. He accordingly diſlodged the Army immediately, and took up his quarters four miles thence. In the mean time the Princeſs *Lindamira*, doing her ſelf ſome violence, diſcovered more joy than ſhe had; for though ſhe was extreamly well ſatisfied with the abſolute power ſhe had over *Themiſtus*, yet could ſhe not but ſtand in fear of a thouſand things whereat ſhe was afflicted. But at laſt, deſirous to gain credit among the people, ſhe put on a chearful countenance, and told them as ſhe came in, that ſhe promiſed them peace, and that *Themiſtus* would immediately remove his Army. So that this report being ſcattered up and down the City, you could hear nothing but the name of *Lindamira*, and it was with much ado that her Chariot could paſs through the ſtreets, by reaſon of the throng.

This conſidered, it was not to be ſuppoſed, that ſhe ſhould be carried to the Tower from whence ſhe was brought. for the people were reſolved on the contrary; ſo that ſhe was conducted to her own houſe, whether *Periander* came to her. For *Demarata*, ſhe was alſo deſirous to go thither. But I having cunningly ſcat-

tered

spread diverse things against her among the people, they openly threatned to cast her into the Sea, if she withstood the peace, insomuch that she was forced to remain in the Palace, and to go and comfort her self the best she could with the Prince of *Messena*, who was in no less trouble than her self. *Periandus* was no sooner come to *Lindamira*'s, but I gave notice to all the well-affected of any quality, to come thither also; and among others, *Anaxander* and *Meriander* came.

I shall not, Madam, give you a particular account of what *Lindamira* said to *Periandus*, for it were impossible for me to do, it being certain that never any one spoke with so much Art as she did. She very discreetly excused *Themistus*; she said she had perswaded him without any trouble, and very prudently making the Articles her self, without seeming to do any thing, she brought the business to such a posture, that it might be said *Periandus* was very much obliged to her, for that she would condescend to be the Victim, to appease that exasperated ambitious person. Not to abuse your patience any longer, Madam, *Meriander* being chosen to negotiate the Peace, the Articles were made and communicated to the Prince of *Messena*. He at first opposed them what he could, as did also *Demarata*; but the people coming to hear it, threatned to put them into a vessel without Oars, Pilot, or Mariners, and to expose them to the mercy of the Sea and winds; so that they were forced to submit to what they could not hinder.

Meriander was hereupon sent to *Themistus*, to whom *Lindamira* writ a Letter, to tell him that he must condescend to what was offered. Yet were there divers things proposed to him which he was very much troubled at, insomuch that *Meriander* spent three daies in journeys between *Syracuse* and the Camp, and had he not carri'd himself very discreetly and sincerely, this pretended peace had not been concluded. For *Demarata* did all she could to oppose it; the Prince of *Messena* was dissatisfi'd with it, and *Themistus* would have been glad *Lindamira* had not pressed him to it. But at last, it was concluded, that all should be forgotten on both sides; that *Themistus* should command the Army, till the War of *Heraclea* were expired; that the Princess *Lindamira* should remain, if she so pleas'd, at a strong house of her own, with a sufficient guard, and that there she might marry to whom she pleased within the space of one year; That in case the War with the Prince of *Heraclea* were soon ended, as it was likely it would be; *Themistus* should for the space of one year, not only keep out of Syracuse, but out of *Sicily*, so the better to work a faithful confidence between the Prince and him. That no Officer of the Army should lose his place if he committed not some new fault that deserved it. That the Prince of *Messena* should be entreated to return to *Messena*, assoon as he were recovered; That *Themistus* should not, during his absence, be deprived of any of the employments and estate he had received from the Prince. Besides all which, *Periandus* engaged to consent to *Lindamira*'s marriage with him, in case that Princess should be willing after the year were expired. This last Article was it that *Themistus* boggl'd at most, as being unwilling his happ nes should remain in such uncertainty. In the mean time *Demarata* endeavoured what she could to perswade *Periandus* it should be so; besides that, *Lindamira* conceiving it would be the better for *Themistus*, that *Demarata* should not see him of a long time, purposely to cure her of her passion, commanded *Themistus* not to oppose it. So that after a many negotiations, the Treaty was concluded and executed; the Princess of *Himera* went to *Himera*, whether *Themistus* sent certain Soldiers for her guard. The Prince of *Messena*, sick as he was, caused himself to be caried out of *Syracuse*, threatning, that he should haply return thither one day, to demand the recompence of his services; and *Themistus* remained at the head of the Army against the Enemy, who having rallied together some few Troops, was defeated by him; whereupon he was forced to embrace a peace, though much against his will. But the Prince of *Heraclea* propos'd it with such advantage, that it could not be refus'd. This done, *Themistus* would needs oblige *Lindamira* to change her resolution, but ineffectually, for she would have him perform what he had promised, that he might not give ill example to the Prince, by being the first breaker of his word. So that he was forced to leave *Himera*, to depart *Sicily*, and to come and live here till the year be expired. For *Demarata*, I cannot well tell you what she said, during all these transactions, for *Amerintha* being not with her, she would not certainly confide in any other, and all I know of her is, that when we left *Sicily*, it was told us for certain, that her beauty was extreamly decayed, that she was grown so froward, that she could endure no company, and that *Periandus*'s love towards her began already to remit. In the mean time *Themistus*, through the excess of his love, is as unquiet, and as sad when he is alone, as if he had not reason to think himself happy, though I am perswaded *Lindamira* will be faithful to him, and that he will one day meet with the recompence he deserves. This, Madam, is the History of *Themistus*, who hath chosen *Rome* rather than any other place for his refuge, for that if *Demarata* persecute him too violently, after he hath married *Lindamira*, if he be so happy as to have her, *Rome* is the only place of all the world, which he would fasten on for a long retirement.

Meleagenes having finished his relation, the principal accidents of this History, were their entertainment for the rest of the day. Well then, saies *Amilcar*, speaking to *Herminius*, will you still commend *obstinacy* to the prejudice of *inconstancy*? for if *Demarata* had been one of those fantastick Women, that jump out of one act of Gallantry into another, without fastning upon any Gallant, all those people had not been put to so much trouble. If *Periandus* had not loved his Wife so long, and that his love, according to the custom, had died eight daies after his marriage, he had been capable of more diversion; if *Themistus* and *Lindamira* had loved less, they had been more happy. You are very much too blame, to charge *Constancy* with so many mischiefs, replied *Herminius*, they are chargeable only upon Fortune, who is ever an enemy to Virtue.

But

But you consider not, that you commend inconstancy, before the amiable *Plotina*. Assure your self, replies that excellent Lady, I should be very much troubled if *Amilcar* were not unconstant; for in the first place, if he had not been such, I should not have been his Mistriss: And, Secondly, if he were not so still, we should be weary one of another, in one daies conversation. Seriously replied *Amilcar*, I love you infinitely beyond what I did before, for speaking as you do, and the first time I shall commend you to any one, when I have told that-any-one, that she is handsome, excellent good company, hugely witty, divertive, and gallant, and that she hath a thousand other admirable qualities, I shall seriously add, and what I am infinitely more taken with, she is almost as unconstant as my self. The whole company having laughed at the pleasant humour of Amilcar, they separated. *Clelia* went home, *Plotina* went to *Cæsonia*'s, whither she was conducted by *Amilcar*; *Meleagenes* went to find out *Themistus*, and *Herminius* to find out *Brutus*, whose thoughts were still wholly taken up with the revenge of *Lucretia*, and the liberty of *Rome*.

The end of the second Book of the third Part.

CLELIA

CLELIA.

A

Romane Hiſtory.

The Third Part.

BOOK III.

HErminius being come to *Brutus*, do you not admire ſays he, at the ſtrange humorſomeneſs of Fortune? *Tarquin*, that had been King of *Rome* for ſo many years, meets not with any *Romans* that will be of his party; and yet, though he is unfortunate, wicked, an exile, without wealth, he elſewhere meets with refuge and aſſiſtance, and hath got together an Army much more numerous than ours; this conſidered, what would you have me expect for the future? All great enterprises, replyed *Herminius*, are ever difficult, and if they were not they were leſs glorious. It is indeed ſomething ſtrange, replyes *Brutus*, to ſee wicked deſigns ſometimes ſo eaſily proſper, and good ones to meet with ſo many hindrances. However it be, replyes *Herminius*, it is better be unfortunate with good intentions, than happy with ill ones. Beſides, methinks I have often obſerved it, that happineſs is divided, as I may ſo ſay, between the enterpriſe and him that undertakes it, when it is great and heroick; for though the Heroe be unfortunate, as to his perſon, yet his enterpriſe may nevertheleſs be happy. On the contrary, it is often ſeen, that though ſuch as are unjuſt, are fortunate, yet all the pains they have taken, is loſt as ſoon as they ceaſe to be; ſo that I conclude, that though you ſhould ever be unfortunate, your deſigns would be carried on after your death, if *Rome* ſhould be ſo unhappy as to loſe you. It were too baſe, and too great to hope for any other ſucceſs of it; we muſt hope, that notwithſtanding the forces of *Tarquin*, we ſhall overcome him, ſince for upon ſuch an occaſion as this, we muſt account one *Roman* as good as two *Veientines*, or *Tarquinians*. For there is a remarkable difference between thoſe that fight for the preſervation of their liberty, and the defence of their City, Wives, and Children; and thoſe who only aſſiſt a Prince that is hated even by thoſe who have the greateſt eſteem for whatever in him that is good; and therefore I am incouraged into a confidence, that *Rome* will never be reduced to ſlavery again. Did I not hope it, replyes *Brutus*, all I ſhould have to do were to dye, but ſince to overcome, there is a neceſſity of fighting, and that to fight with good ſucceſs, a man muſt be aſſured of the Army he commands, we muſt within three days have a Rendezvous in the field of *Mars*; *Valerius* and I, are already agreed upon it, and I tell you ſo much, to the end you may prepare your ſelf for it. But I beſeech you, my dear *Herminius*, added he, give me leave to beg this favor at your hands, that you will promiſe me to fight as violently to revenge *Lucretia*, as for the liberty of *Rome*, when we ſhall come to the work; for I am not confident of my own valor, when I am to revenge that unfortunate fair one, whoſe virtue was yet beyond her beauty, though this were infinitely beyond that of all others. I ſhall be glad to do what you would have me, replyed *Herminius*, ſince I had as much friendſhip for *Lucretia*, as you had love for her. As they were thus diſcourſing, comes in *Valerius*, who told them that news was brought him, that the enemy would ſoon be upon their march; ſo that making what haſt they could, the Muſter was ordered to be the next day. Orders were iſſued out, that all the Centurions ſhould have notice thereof, and that both Officers and Souldiers ſhould be ready. And in effect the love of the Country uniting all both friends and enemies, you might ſee *Herminius*, *Mutius* and *Spurius*, act with equal zeal, as being embarked in the ſame intereſt; as alſo *Horatius* and *Octavius*, equally promoting the publick good. I put *Octavius* in a manner into the ſame rank with the reſt, for though he was no more to be conſidered as Rival to *Horatius*, yet had he ſtill an averſion for him, and not reflecting on his virtue, he could not avoid hating him, whenever he thought it was not impoſſible but he might Marry *Clelia*, for *Aronces*, he being one for whom he ſometime had a very great friendſhip, and beſides, was ob-

liged to, he felt that friendſhip growing ſtronger within him. To which may be added, that looking on him as at a great diſtance from happineſs, he could not entertain any envy againſt him. Nay, on the contrary, he became his Protector, as to *Otho*, *Sulpicia* and *Clelia*. Yet had he as little diſcourſe as he could with his admirable Siſter, who alſo for her part avoided all converſation as much as civility permitted, by reaſon of the melancholly ſhe was in, that ſhe could not hear from her deareſt *Aronces*, who at that time was kept ſo cloſe a Priſoner, that he had not the liberty to write. *Celeres* was alſo equally ill-treated, and the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, were no longer in a capacity to do him any good office, which troubled them very much. For they were themſelves at a loſs, as to all opportunity of writing to *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, whom they both loved, and were beloved by. For *Aronces*, he endured all that an unfortunate Lover could endure. He was a Priſoner to a Prince that was his Rival; he thought he had two Rivals about his Miſtreſs, for he knew not that the pretended Prince of *Numidia* was her Brother; he thought in all probability, that *Porſenna* would engage in the intereſts of *Tarquin*; *Celeres* was a Priſoner; he could not ſee the Princes that were wont to comfort him, and he could hear no tidings from *Clelia*, ſo that he had only the aſſiſtance of his own courage to oppoſe ſo many misfortunes. What added to his affliction, was, to underſtand by thoſe that guarded him, that *Tarquin* had a conſiderable Army, and that within a few days, in all likelihood, the fate of *Rome* would be decided by a Battel, before *Porſenna* had the time to declare. For had he been at liberty, he would with incredible joy have fought for his friends, for a juſt cauſe, for his Miſtreſs, and for to ſmother the valor of his Rivals, by the greatneſs of his own. But ſeeing no hope of liberty, he was extreamly caſt down, though he ſeemed reſolute enough to thoſe whom *Tarquin* had ſet to look after him.

But for this Tyrant, and the cruel *Tullia*, they were extreamly well ſatisfied to ſee they had an Army, for as it is ordinary with thoſe, who attribute nothing to the conduct of a ſuperiour power, to be eaſily perſuaded that injuſtice may be ever proſperous, they made no queſtion but to ſee *Rome* once more under their Tyranny; and when they were alone together, they debated the puniſhments ſhould be inflicted on *Brutus*, *Valerius*, *Clelia*, *Lucretia*'s father, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, *Mutius*, and divers others who expreſſed a particular zeal for her liberty. For *Amilcar*, for his great wit ſake, they were content only to forbid him any abode in *Rome*, as they would alſo ſerve *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*. Thence they fell to diſpoſe of the Eſtates of all the beſt Families, they promiſed rewards to thoſe that ſerved them, at their charge, who were not engaged in their intereſts. They propoſed not only to purge the Senate, but to aboliſh it; and there is not any thing ſo tyrannical, which the deſire of revenge ſuggeſted not unto them. But as for *Clelia*, they ſaid nothing one to another of her, their deſigns being ſo different as to what concerned her, that they could not be communicated; for *Tullia*'s intention was to have her put to death, ſo to disburthen *Tarquin*'s heart of her, and *Tarquin*'s to make her Queen, if he could diſpatch *Tullia* out of the way. In the mean time, having nothing to expect from *Rome*, and imagining they ſhould never reduce it but by force, they ſent for *Sextus*, on whom *Tarquin* beſtowed the chief command of his Army next himſelf.

But while this Prince made it his only buſineſs to re-eſtabliſh his Tyranny, *Brutus*, *Valerius*, and all their illuſtrious friends, minded nothing ſo much as how to oppoſe it. To this end, the Legions were reviewed with all the accuſtomed Ceremonies. The Conſuls made a kind of particular ſacrifice in the field of *Mars*, in order to the War, wherein were offered three ſeveral Victims conſecrated to *Mars*, for it happened that the ſeaſon which is by the *Romans* called *Luſtrum*, was expired, and for that reaſon, it was requiſite according to their cuſtom, to purify the Army by that ſacrifice, purpoſely inſtituted to make a review of the Soldiery from five years to five years, and to inſpire them with new courage. But this being not for a ſimple review, only to know the number of the Soldiery, but looked on as concerning liberty and publick ſafety, it inſpired the whole people of *Rome* with an univerſal curioſity, all the Ladies were preſent at the ceremony, which was performed in the beſt order in the world. Never were the Chiefs ſeen more magnificent, nor the Souldiers better armed. Even *Brutus* himſelf, notwithſtanding his melancholly, conceiving it neceſſary to gain the reſpect and vows of the people by magnificent objects put on Coat-armes, ſuch as for luſtre the world could not afford the like. Yet were there ſome marks of mourning in his equipage; for his horſe was black, his Feather black, and he had divers black twiſts amidſt the gold, wherewith his magnificent Coat ſhined. All the other Chiefs were alſo very richly armed, and all the Soldiers had taken ſo much pains to make their Arms bright and clean, that the leaſt agitation of theſe ſeveral bodies, making all objects ſhine again, the luſtre was ſo great as could hardly be endured. And as there was not any Roman Souldier, who made it not his deſign to gain reputation in this War, and to be remarkable, ſo had they all particular Badges, ſome diſtinguiſhed by their ſeveral Feathers, ſome by the ſkins of ſtout beaſts which they faſtned on their Shoulders, as thoſe of Lyons, Wolves, Tygers, and Panthers; ſome by what they had about their heads, as burniſhed Leather, glittering ſteel, ſome by their large Bucklers, wherof the edges were very different. Thoſe that had any particular inclination to ſome beauty, and withall ſomthing to expreſs the poſture of their thoughts and fortune. But beſides the ordinary enſigns, *Brutus* had cauſed to be faſtned under every one of them a ſtreamer wherein, in ſome of them were found theſe words in the vulgar language.

CONQUER OR DIE.

And in ſome others,

For GLORY and LIBERTY.

So to acquaint the Souldiers both with the occaſion of the War and their duty.

But beſides all the ſeveral Troops whereof the Legions conſiſted which made up the Army, the

from a Body of those that came from *Ardea*, to which the Voluntiers were that day joined, such as *Themistus*, *Meleagenes*, *Amilcar*, and divers others. For *Otlavius*, though he had not passed through the several offices he should have done, according to the *Roman* Discipline, as having not been brought up at *Rome*, yet was he ranked among persons of quality of his age, such as *Horatius*, *Mutius*, *Spurius*, *Herminius*, and divers others of the same condition, who were in the Catalogue of those that might be chosen for Commanders. This review was performed with so many expressions of joy in the Souldiery, that the people drew a happy presage thence, and the Army seemed so terrible when it was drawn up, that it was not easie to fear it should be vanquished. In the mean time, the two Consuls going from Band to Band, with the *Lictors*, and the *Fasces* before them, put a certain respect upon all those that saw them; and this War being extraordinary, they did one ceremony that was beyond all custom, for they made all the Army take a publick oath never to lay down Arms till *Rome* were absolutely free. So that at a certain signal given by a military harmony, which was in use in those days, all both Commanders and Souldiers drawing their Swords, and lifting them up to Heaven with a menacing action, every Centurion promised for all that were under his command, that they should dye a thousand times rather than suffer *Rome* to be enslaved again.

Having proceeded thus far, the two Consuls went to the head of the Army, while in the interim all the Ladies of quality, were in magnificent Chariots, disposed in a manner of a half moon before the Troops, in one whereof were *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Cæsonia*, and *Plotina*. While all were thus placed, there appeared these three men on horseback admirably graceful, conducted by a fourth, who was also a very proper person. The former was armed like a *Roman*, the other three after the Grecian mode. Their Horses were of a dark colour, their Plumes black, and all their equipage mourning. There was upon their Bucklers without any figure these sad words,

WE COURT DEATH.

But of these three, there was one whose melancholly was much more visible, than that of the other two, though they all seemed to be sad enough. He that followed them, seemed also to be very pensive; so that this mournful company drawing all eyes after it, and raising their curiosity, it took up the thoughts of the people, the Army, the Ladies, and the two Consuls. Nay, *Clelia* whose heart was never filled with any thing but her dear *Aronces*, looked very attentively on these Strangers, not knowing but that he had made an escape out of prison, and might be among those she saw, though she could not apprehend why he should put himself into that mournful equipage, if some groundless jealousie should not put him into the humor. *Valeria* also who sate next her, looked on them no less; but passing close by the Chariot wherein she was to go towards the Consuls who expected them, she perceived that the *Roman* who conducted the three strangers, was *Æmilius*, so that her colour changed at it. *Herminius* on the other side, being in the head of the Army, knew him to be his friend, and withall his Rival, when he was come up to the Consuls. *Spurius* and *Mutius* knew him also, and *Valerius* no sooner saw him, but he knew it to be him, to whom he had promised *Valeria*, when he thought *Herminius* dead.

Æmilius coming up to the Consuls, bowed very submissively, and speaking to them, My Lords, said he, the love of my Country having brought me to *Rome*, whence another passion had banished me, I thought it good service to persuade these three illustrious, but unfortunate persons to come along with me; for since they desire nothing so much as to dye gloriously, I thought the greatest happiness they could arrive at, was to expose their lives for the safety of *Rome*. Receive them my Lords, as persons whose birth is very noble, whose valor extraordinary, and whose fortune deplorable. But since they seek neither protection nor service, but only a glorious occasion to dye, I demand on their behalf, the favor immediately to be put into the rank of those that are to fight. If your illustrious friends (replyed *Brutus*, with a kind of a forced smile) only sought death, they should have gone to the Enemies Army for it, but since they also court glory in it, and that it is not impossible to find them together in a victorious Army, we receive them with joy, but with this hope, that the glory they shall gain by saving *Rome*, will take off part of their disgraces, and encourage them to live. However, added he, speaking to *Valerius*, that they may be put into a rank suitable to their quality, do you not think fit they should be put with *Themistus*, *Meleagenes*, and *Amilcar*? *Valerius* approving what *Brutus* said, and the three Strangers by an action of condescention approving what *Æmilius* had said of them, they were conducted whither *Brutus* had disposed them. For *Æmilius*, though he were a *Roman*, yet he desired he might not be separated from his friends, so that he was placed with them, but as he went to his place he saw *Valeria*, whom he saluted very submissively. *Herminius*, who still followed him with his eyes, had observed that *Valerius* and *Æmilius* had had no private discourse, but thought that *Valeria* had saluted his Rival with a little too much courtesie, so that it put him into a disturbance, which lasted till the Muster was over.

On the other side *Valerius* felt an affliction growing upon him that troubled him not a little, for he loved *Æmilius* as well as he did *Herminius*, and had promised his daughter to both. However, he omitted nothing he should have done with *Brutus*, that related to the review of the Army. *Mutius* for his part was not well pleased to see another Rival in his way, and only *Spurius* out of his revengful humor, took a certain pleasure in this distraction. For *Valeria*, she gave over looking at any thing, so much was she afflicted at *Æmilius*'s return. But says *Clelia* to her, seeing what trouble she was in, I cannot conceive how you ever hated *Æmilius*. On the contrary, replyed she, I have ever had a friendship for him, and have still, and thence proceeds my disturbance, for it being impossible *Herminius* and he should be good friends, if his thoughts be not otherwise than they were towards me, I see my self exposed to unhappy adventures.

While *Clelia* and *Valeria* discoursed thus, and that *Cæsonia* and *Plotina* hearken to them, all the

other Ladies had a curiosity for these three strangers in mourning, who were so handsome, and withall seemed to be so melancholly. Nor was this curiosity particular to the Ladies, for all the men were equally desirous to know them, and amongst the rest *Amilcar*, who was placed just before one of these strangers. But military discipline not permitting discourse upon such occasions, he was forced to be silent, and to forbear asking who they were, that he was so desirous to be acquainted withall. At the last, the review being over, and that great body wasted away by companies and parties, *Amilcar*, to whom *Æmilius* had been named, came up to these strangers, spoke to them, and notwithstanding their melancholly, forced some little discourse out of them. I imagine (said he, to get somewhat out of them) that you are friends, and that some concernment of ambition hath made you equally unfortunate. On the contrary, replies one of the Strangers, we are Rivals, we have been a long time enemies, and nothing unites us but the equality of our misfortune, and the desire of death. If love, said he to them, furnished a man with no more pleasant desires then that, I should never either desire or obtain any thing. It is not love replyes another of the Strangers, that makes us desire death, but despair. You may add some hatred to it, says the third, who had not yet spoken, for I abhor my self so much, because I cannot hate that which hath not loved me, that I cannot endure my self. For my part, says *Amilcar* I am much more happy then you are, for when one loves me, I am extreamly pleased, and when I am not loved I give over loving, and laugh at the Woman that would not love me.

These Strangers perceiving the good humor *Amilcar* was in, were troubled the more, and envyed his disposition, as a wretched minded man would the treasures of a rich man. But *Æmilius* taking them to his house, they left *Amilcar*, who went to *Themistus*, with whom he spent the rest of the day at *Sulpicia's*, where they found *Clelia*, *Valerius*, *Cæsonia*, and *Plotina*. In the mean time, *Valeria*, preferring the publick interest before the private, what disturbance soever he conceived at *Æmilius's* return, left not *Brutus*, till he had done all those things which according to his place he ought to have done. Besides, knowing the prudence of *Herminius*, that of *Æmilius*, and their ancient Friendship, he was in hope there would not any thing amiss happen till he had spoken to them. On the other side, *Æmilius* was in a strange distraction, for having not spoken with any one since his coming to *Rome*, because of the Review of the Army, nor since his departure heard any news thence, he knew not whether *Herminius* were Married to *Valeria* or not. So that not able to continue in that cruel uncertainty, he went abroad as soon as he had brought his three Friends to his House. For having found there but one old slave, that looked to it, whom he could not ask any thing, for that as soon as he had perceived him, and opened him the Gate, he went, without saying ought to him to acquaint his friends with his return, he was forced to go to one of his ancient friends to satisfie his curiosity. But he had scarce gone twenty paces, but he met *Herminius*, he had no sooner eyed him, but he felt an extraordinary emotion within him; *Herminius* for his part was not very quiet within; love it seems and friendship raising in their hearts an equal agitation. They saluted one the other civilly enough, besides, that having not any thing to reproach one another withall, they were persons of a greater command of themselves, than to be carried away by the impetuosity of their sentiments, in a procedure wherein love had not caused them to do any thing that might rationally injure their friendship. But at last after salutations, *Æmilius* looking attentively on *Herminius*, I was going said he to him, to inform my self of the condition of your fortune and my own, but since I have met you, it were better I asked your self, whether you are happy, and I miserable. If you are still in love with *Valeria*, replyes *Herminius*, you are still unhappy, for I do not doubt but she will be so constant as to preserve her first affection. But if absence and reason have recovered you, you are happy, since it is certain she hath abundance of friendship for you, and that I am still your friend. Ah *Herminius*, cries out *Æmilius*, were you Married to *Valeria*, I might haply still act as your friend, but since you are not, I must needs tell you, that I am still your Rival, and that neither time, absence, nor reason have cured me. And yet when I came to *Rome*, it was with intention if you were married to *Valeria*, not to say any thing to her of my passion, nor yet to your self, but only to find out death in the defence of my Countrey; but since it is not so, and that *Valerius* hath kept his word with me, you must needs do me that favor to promise me that you will entertain no thoughts of Marrying *Valeria*, till the end of the War. I know you have a greater interest in her, than I have, but when all's done, I may be able to love her without any injury to you; it is impossible I should forbear loving her, and I cannot forget that I had some place in her affections when you returned, which if you had not, I had been happy. The War will haply take me out of your way, added *Æmilius*, deny me not what I desire; and if you would convince me that you be my friend, you will oblige *Valeria* to give me leave to wait on her. To deal sincerely with you, replyes *Herminius*, I will tell you, that *Valerius* hath no intention to marry his Daughter while the War lasts; and since I am no Tyrant over my Mistriss, she shall see you if she thinks fit. But if you would take my advice, you would not desire it; for *Valeria* is still handsome, still amiable, still constant. How ere she may be, replyes *Æmilius*, I once more desire what I did before. And I make you the same answer I did before, replyes *Herminius*; so that it is of *Valeria* that you are to desire the liberty to see her, and not of me. Satisfie your self that I do not oppose it, and assure your self that all a Lover can do, I shall ever do for you, as long as *Valeria* shall not love you, but if she come to affect you to my prejudice, no doubt but I shall do what ever an unfortunate Rival can do to Revenge himself. It seems then replyed *Æmilius*, according to your Maxims, I am to look on you as mine enemy? By no means replyed *Herminius*, for I have done nothing against you. Ah cruel friend, replyes *Æmilius*, why should honor and friendship oblige me to forbear hating you?

As they were at this pass, *Valerius* passing by, embraced *Æmilius*, and carried these two Rivals to his

his house, and there spoke to them with such prudence, that he obliged them to continue friends, while the War lasted. And yet he advised *Æmilius* to give over all thoughts of *Valeria*, and pressed it so much upon him, that that unfortunate Lover desired no other comfort than a promise from *Valerius*, that he might see *Valeria* whilst the War lasted, assuring him, that if he could not be happy when that were ended, nothing should hinder him from dying an exile. But for a final favor, he would needs have *Herminius* tell him, that in case he dyed, he would give his consent that *Valeria* should marry him. So that not able to deny an unfortunate friend a comfort that could do him no prejudice, he promised him his intreaties to *Valeria* to that purpose. Accordingly when she was returned from *Sulpicia*'s, and that *Valerius* had commanded her to entertain *Æmilius*, as a person she had made unfortunate, and whom to recover, she should imploy all her reason, *Herminius* gave her an account of what had past between *Valerius Æmilius* and himself. She being a discreet Lady, made not at that time any discovery of the agitation of her heart, but certain it is, that through an excess of affection, she took it ill that *Herminius* had consented, in case he dyed, his Rival should marry her. For *Æmilius*, she received him very civilly, yet in such a manner as gave not that unfortunate Lover any shadow of hope, so that he went away first; insomuch that some coming in that took up *Valerius* and *Sulpicia*, *Herminius* had a quarter of an hours private discourse with *Valeria*. Well, Madam said he to her, ought I not to fear that *Æmilius*'s return may not prove as unfortunate to me, as mine was to him, and that though I neither dye nor prove unconstant, I may be forgotten or punished as if I were one of them. It were no easie matter to forget you, replyed she, for you have but just now put me into such an indignation, that I know not whether I shall ever forget the spight you have done me. I beseech you, Madam, replyed he, let me immediately know my crime, that I may repent me of it, and do you satisfaction; for I assure you, I apprehend it not. How replyed she, do you think you have done me no injury by consenting, that if you dyed in the War, *Æmilius* should marry me? Ah, *Herminius*, you think you love, but do not, or at best, tis very weakly, since you might conceive it impossible I should ever be any others. And truly I need not wonder at it, for since you do not believe that I love you, so far as that I should never marry, even though you dyed, it is not strange your love to me should be so weak. But Madam, replyed *Herminius*, methinks I have only guessed at the future by what is past, for since you were content to marry *Æmilius*, when you thought me dead, why should I think it impossible you might, a second time, take the same resolution? Ah, *Herminius*, replyed she, had I not thought you unconstant, I had never taken it, and you know well that you told me then, that if I had had a strong affection for you, I could never have endured *Æmilius*. But I tell you now with much more reason, that if you loved me, you could not have said that to your Rival which you have.

For in fine, I must confess it to my own confusion, I have that tenderness for you which will not suffer me to think you could ever be any ones but mine; and could I look on any woman in the world, as such as you might love, though I were not in being, I think I should not be able to forbear hating her almost as much as I should do you. There is so much obligation in your anger, replyed *Herminius*, and it makes you guilty of so much kindness, that I have much ado to repent me that I have been the occasion of it. But all considered Madam, I must needs justifie my self, and give you an account of my sentiments. In the first place, I declare, that I have not promised *Æmilius* that you should marry him; nay, that I have not so much as imagined you could marry him; all the promise I made him was, to intreat you to do it. And indeed Madam, were it possible you could marry any one, I would rather it should be *Æmilius* than any other, for he deserves you, he loves you, and would speak to you of me as a person for whom he hath a friendship, notwithstanding his love. It must certainly be *Herminius* cryes out *Valeria*, that you know not well how to love; you are haply acquainted with an ordinary friendship, or haply an affectionate friendship; but for love, you know not the humors of it. Howe're it may be, added she, you have vexed me, and I perceive I shall not be reconciled with you this day. *Valeria* was not as good as her word, for *Herminius* entertained her with things so full of passion, that she pardoned him.

In the mean time, all the talk in *Rome* was about *Æmilius*'s return, and the arrival of the three strangers, whereof one was called *Lysydas*, another *Caliantes*, and the third *Alcimides*. But for their adventures, there was no more known at that time, than that Love put them upon desires of death, for the business of the War took up all mens thoughts so much, that people were not very forward to look after such as avoided society. For *Mutius* and *Spurius*, they were always together; yet did not this latter look on *Æmilius* as an enemy, for that considering him as a Rival to *Herminius*, and one that might do him a prejudice, he thought him a person ingaged in his interests.

In this interim came news, that *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had been kindly received by the Princess of *Leontum*, that she had not discovered them to be what they were, for some reasons that concerned her self; and that they had prevailed so far with her, that *Porsenna* would not declare till there had happened a battel between the *Roman* Army and that of *Tarquin*. *Brutus* understood at the same time, that the Prince was advantageously posted near the Forrest of *Arsia* between *Veiæ* and the *Tiber*; so that desirous to prevent him, and to fight him beyond the River, it was resolved they should depart within two days. Then was it, that there might have been seen in *Rome*, what had not even from its foundation. For the Wars thatare undertaken for liberty, are carried on with much more zeal, than those whose end is conquest or defence. There you might see Fathers encouraging their Children, when they took their leaves of them: Mothers praying for their Sons, Sisters for their Brothers, slaves for their Masters; nor did Mistresses escape those sad sentiments which love inspired them with. But among others, *Hermilia* was so afflicted, that it was impossible any one could be more; for knowing the courage of *Brutus*, and the Prince of *Pometia*, and reflecting on their quality,

quality, ſhe could not forbear imagining that ſhe ſaw them with their ſwords drawn one againſt another, and fearing thereupon all the fatal effects that are the neceſſary conſequences of battails; for ſhe had a tender affection both for her Brother and her Servant. *Collatina* was alſo very ſad, for the concernment ſhe had in Prince *Titus*. *Cæſonia* was no leſs for *Perſander*, *Valeria* for her Father and *Herminius*; the virtuous *Sivelia*, for her illuſtrious Son; *Racilia* for *Brutus*, *Plotina* for *Amilcar*, and all the perſons of quality of his acquaintance; and *Clelia* for her illuſtrious Brother *Herminius*, *Brutus*, and ſo many honorable perſons that went to expoſe their lives for the publick ſafety. All the comfort ſhe had, was, to conſider that her dear *Aronces* would not be in the fight, and that her Father was to remain in *Rome* with *Lucretius*, to take order for all things during the abſence of the Conſuls. For they had a great influence over the new elected Senate, ſince *Tarquin's* departure from *Rome*.

But at laſt, the day of their departure being come, there was nothing to be ſeen from the break of day till noon, but the preparations of War, and the baggage of particular perſons that left *Rome*. But when *Brutus* and *Valerius* went out, there could nothing be heard through all the ſtreets, but the Prayers of the people, that they might gain the Victory. They were both excellently well mounted, their Arms were very magnificent, and they were followed by all of the higheſt quality. Thoſe were *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, *Perſander*, *Mutius*, *Amilcar*, the three ſtrangers in Mourning, and a many others. For *Horatius* he went away laſt, becauſe he would needs take his leave of *Clelia*, who had avoided him as much as lay in her power; but at laſt ſhe was forced to afford him one minutes private diſcourſe; for he had been ſo cautious as to bring one of his friends with him, who entertained *Sulpicia*, while he ſpoke to *Clelia*. I am not ſo preſumptuous, Madam, ſaid he to her, as to imagine you ſhould make it your deſire that I might not periſh in the War, but knowing you to be too good a *Roman* not to put up your addreſſes to heaven for the Victory, all the favor I beg is, that it may be without exception; for if I am comprehended among that multitude, for whom you make vows, I ſhall hope the honour to ſee you again, and haply the glory of having merited, by ſome action of mine your eſteem. Since you are a perſon of much gallantry, replyed ſhe, ſince I love my Country, and am neither cruel nor unjuſt, aſſure your ſelf, that when I ſhall put up my Prayers for the Victory, you ſhall be included in them; but at the ſame time that I ſhall pray to the gods for the peace of *Rome*, I ſhall do the ſame for its Protectors, and conſequently for you. Alas Madam, replyed he, my peace depends ſo abſolutely upon you, that the gods, omnipotent as they are, cannot give it me, without you. I beſeech you interrupted *Clelia* force me not to torment you, by deſiring of me more than I can do, for ſadneſs is not a diſpoſition for Victory. Be gone then *Horatius*, be gone, and behave your ſelf ſo, that at your return your heart may know no other love than that of your Country. *Rome* does better deſerve your affection than I do, ſince I can never afford you mine. I apprehend you Madam, I apprehend you, replyes haſtily *Horatius*, you encourage me to Victory, becauſe when ſhe is ſought, a man often meets with death; but know unmerciful as you are, that this will be more favorable to me than you are, and that I ſhall find incomparably much more ſatisfaction in dying than in living, without being beloved by the only perſon whom I can love.

Upon this *Horatius* left *Clelia*, and made after the Army which was now upon its march. *Brutus* and *Valerius*, who would not have any thing omitted which they ought in prudence to do, had not forgotten to ſend out military Tribunes with a body of Horſe for their guard, to aſſure themſelves of the Poſt which they had reſolved to take, and to prepare it for caſtrametation. The Tribunes, ſecured by the Horſe, marked out the compaſs of the Camp, by the help of the Pioneers they had brought with them. They took up ſuch a tract of ground, as might conveniently receive all the Legions, taking great heed that the Cavalry ſhould not be diſpoſed on that ſide where it could not eaſily meet with thoſe things that were neceſſary for it, and where all the Troops might not remain in order and ſafety. To take away all expreſſion of Superiority, *Brutus*, eſtabliſhed that cuſtom, which hath in a manner been obſerved ever ſince, which is, that when there were two Conſuls in one Army, it might be ſaid there were two Camps in one, for either of the Conſuls had under his particular command, all the Troops that belonged to him, as if there had been no other Troops, though the general extent of the Camp included all the Legions. According to this order the military Tribunes made two ſpacious ſquares, compaſſed by the ſame Trench. In the midſt of that which lay next the enemy, was *Brutus's* Tent raiſed at the diſtance of a hundred foot from any other Tent. That done, making ſpacious and long ſtreets proportionable to the number of the Officers and Souldiers, they ſo diſpoſed them, that the avenues looked towards the Conſuls tent, that at his firſt orders all might be immediately, ready to wait on him. They placed the Cavalry on the two ſides oppoſite one to another, and the Infantry in like manner, the Centurions at the head of thoſe they commanded, and the Tents of the Tribunes at one of the ranks which looked towards that of the Conſul, that they might be ready to receive the ſeveral orders that were ſent them; for ſome had the charge of the Magazins of the Army, others of the place where Military juſtice was executed, and others of the great place where all neceſſaries for the Souldiers were ſold. They alſo aſſigned a place for the Baggage, and the Chariots, and put the Camp into ſuch order, that every one knew preſently where he was to quarter. To that end they put a particular mark at the firſt Tent of every ſtreet, which giving direction for whom it was aſſigned, the Souldiers immediately knew where there Tents were in the Camp, as well as they knew where there Houſes were in *Rome*. To be ſhort, they ſo diſpoſed of all things, that the Camp was equally defenſible every where, and could not be ſurpaſſed by any external force, nor was ſubject to any confuſion within, ſo excellent were they in the Art of encamping. There was a particular Poſt aſſigned for the Stranger-forces; that ſo there might happen no diſſention between thoſe of *Ardea*, and thoſe

those of *Rome*. The same order being observed in *Valerius*'s Quarters as was in *Brutus*'s, between these two Quarters lay the Magazines of the Army I mentioned before, the place where all Military necessaries were sold, and that where justice was one. The several Troops were also so disposed, that the Cavalry might every way relieve the Infantery, so that whether you consider defence, order, accommodations, or the convenience of the Camp, nothing was omitted. So that when the Army was come up, it went into the Camp as into a City, and it came so seasonably, that *Tarquin*, who had some intentions to hinder their incamping, was forced to alter his design, and to mind only the fortification of the Post he was in himself. Insomuch, that *Brutus*, upon his arrival to the Camp, hearing there had been a little skirmish between the Horse he had sent to secure those that drew out the lines of the Trench, and a party of *Tarquin*'s, would needs give a happy presage to his Army by the beginning of a Victory, and so sent the Cavalry of *Ardea*, commanded by *Persander*, to relieve those that were engaged. So that *Æmilius*, the three lovers in Mourning, and *Amilcar*, were in this first engagement, which proved wholly advantageous to the *Romans*. For they pursued the enemy to their Trenches, killed many, and brought no small number Prisoners.

But among others, the three Lovers in Mourning, gave such signal expressions of their courage, that all that saw them, acknowledged they had never seen people behave themselves so gallantly. Insomuch, that when *Amilcar* was returned to the Camp, and found *Brutus* examining the Prisoners, to find out what posture the Enemies Army was in, he gave them such extraordinary commendations, that it added much to the curiosity which some had to have an account of their adventures. For my part (says *Amilcar* to *Brutus*, speaking of these Strangers, before all that were about him) I can assure you, that these Gentlemen, who have put upon their Bucklers, that they *court Death*, know better how to bestow it on others, and consequently overcome, than you can well imagine; and if they always defend their lives so well, it will be long ere they meet with what they so much court. Since it is very hard replyes *Brutus*, to know well how to give death, without running at the same time the hazard of receiving it, it may not haply be so long ere these excellent unfortunate men may find it, But it being a pitty that such gallant persons should miscarry, be it your charge, who are so great a lover of Life, to win them into a love of it; and who are guilty of so much joy, to comfort them in their misfortunes, if so be they be capable of it.

Brutus could but in a manner sigh out these words, by reason of the cruel reflection he made on such misfortunes as were inconsolable, and out of a consideration that the death of *Lucretia*, was by him to be numbred among those unhappinesses which Time cannot alleviate, nor admit any period but that of life. But Revenge being the only satisfaction he was capable of, his thoughts were wholly taken up with those things which are to be considered when a man hath a powerful enemy to overcome. To this end he went in person about the Camp, he appointed guards, gave orders to the Tribunes, that they might derive the same to the Centurions; and they to others, and according to custom, he sent every one a dart, to the three Lovers in mourning, who had done so valiantly; and a little before day, he went, forgetting the dignity of Consul, to take a view of the enemies Camp, which he perceived it was very difficult to assault. Yet had he some intentions to set upon them the next day, so to prevent them from farther fortification. But there fell such extraordinary rain for two days together, that he was forced to give over all thoughts of it; for besides that, the Souldiers would have been over-wearied to fight, he must have made his assault on a side, that lay upon a Fenne, which had been very inconvenient. So that it was impossible to do any thing, and the weather proved so ill, that the two Armies were equally forced to keep within their Trenches, without any act of hostility of either side. So that those who were not ingaged in the chiefest places of command had no more to do but to entertain themselves in their Tents. Accordingly, while *Brutus* and *Valerius* took order for all things, *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, and *Persander* were gotten into *Amilcar*'s Tent, whither *Æmilius* coming a little after, they all set upon him to relate the adventures of those unfortunate Lovers he had brought with him to *Rome*, whose valor had raised so much admiration, and whose melancholly so much pitty and curiosity. *Æmilius*, would at first have excused himself, but they importuned him so far, that he was forced to comply with their desires. Having therefore given order they should not be disturbed, but in case *Brutus* asked for them, he began his story thus.

The History of *ARTELISA, MELICRATES, LISIDAS, CALIANTES,* and *ALCIMEDES*

WEre I to relate the History of my illustrious friends, to persons unacquainted with Love, I might haply fear I should not raise compassiom in their hearts; but being to speak to such as have loved, do still love, and will love, haply while they live, I hope my relation will win your pitty for those whose adventures I am to give you an account of: But that you may apprehend them the better, and be satisfied with what I shall tell you, You are to know, that since I made my self a voluntary exile, I never stirred from *Eryx*, but resided there ever since. For, it being a place where there is a great resort of strangers, because of the famous Temple of *Venus* that is there, I thought I might more easily remain obscure there, than in any other place, Nay, I was in hope, that a place consecrated to the Mother of Love, would prove more fortunate to me than any other, and that the very sight of so many Lovers that came thither from all parts, would be some comfort to me, in that I thence inferr'd that I was not the only wretched man in the world. I must confess also, that an humour took me, to see whether the conversation of persons of worth and virtue, might give me any ease, and whether the sight of the most accomplished beauties of all *Sicily* could recover me. But that you may know what remedies I have found ineffectual, to the end you may afford me some of your pitty, as well as my friends; I will describe the place of my banishment, and give you a representation of the principal persons that inhabit it; it being in some sort necessary you were acquainted with the Court, where the History, I am to relate to you, was acted.

Eryx is a Mountain of *Sicily*, which admits none higher than it self, but that of *Ætna*, and which is as famous for the magnificent Temple of *Venus*, that is upon the top of it, as the other for the flames it breaths out. This Mountain looks towards the Sea, on the side of *Italy*; it is scituated between *Drepanum* and *Panormus*, but nearer *Panormus* than *Drepanum*. Upon the top of this Mountain there is a pleasant Plain, on which is built the famous Temple of *Venus*, whereof I shall in the sequel of my discourse, give you a particular account. Towards the midst of this Mountain, there is a great City of the same name whereof the avenues are certainly very difficult, but the prospect so pleasant, that there is hardly a house in the City, whence you have not an admirable sight of the Countrey, For, stand where you will, you see the Sea, Brooks, Springs, Meadows, Gardens, Towns at a distance, and divers other pleasant objects: The Prince who at the present, governs that little State, hath had two Sons, whereof the elder died, after he had married an admirable person, whereof I will give you a description, that you may the better judge of this little Court; and the younger is a very noble well-made Prince, who is fallen in love at *Agrigentum*, with a very excellent person, named *Bereliſa*. But in regard he staied but a little while at *Eryx*, while I was there, I shall give you no account of him.

That then which brings so much gallantry to this Court, is, that from *Greece*, *Africk*, and *Italy*, there come continually persons of all qualities and Sexes, bringing offerings to *Venus Erycina*. Hence is it that the Temple of that Goddess is richer than all other Temples of *Sicily*; for according to the popular opinion, *Venus* receives more favourably the addresses that are made to her in that place, than even in *Cyprus* it self, where she first landed after her birth. Accordingly are there to be continually seen, the sacrifices of fortunate and unfortunate Lovers, who come either to acknowledge, or implore the assistance of the Goddess. Nay, there you may find some people without love, who fearing *Venus* should be incens'd at their insensibility, and might order her Son to punish them for it, come and offer sacrifice to appease her, intreating her to remember, that *Adonis* had been insensible, so to win her to pardon their insensibility. Upon some such account was it, that when I left *Eryx*, they expected there the Princess of *Elida*, who is called *Eliſmunda*, who they said, was one of the most beautiful, and most amiable persons upon earth, who was coming to the Temple of *Venus Erycina*, to beg her pardon for having raised love in so many, without taking any her self, and to entreat her, that she might spend her whole life in captivating of hearts, without ever engaging her own.

For Heavens sake, replied *Amilcar*, interrupting him, write to *Eryx*, to know whether the prayers of this unjust Beauty are granted, as also to know what kind of person she is, for I think it a rational curiosity in me, to be a little better acquainted with a Princess, who would all her life time raise love in others, without entertaining any her self.

It will not be long e'r you be satisfied, replied *Emilius*, since that one of the best-humored men in the world, that I left at *Eryx*, will be at *Rome* within fifteen daies, so that he will be able to give you a pleasant Character of her. For my own part, I have heard some say, who are well seen in things of that nature, that this Princess is undeniably one of the most accomplished persons that eye can see. But till he I speak of come to give you a draught of her, I am only to tell you, that it is not hard for you to imagine, that this great resort of strangers of both Sexes, who come to *Eryx*, meerly upon the account of Love, hath insensibly added very much to the Gallantry of the Court. And thence it comes, that the news which

which that place affords, relate for the most part to their adventures, who come to *Venus*'s Temple, whereof the magnificence is extraordinary. For besides, that it is built altogether of Marble, and that the Architecture of it is very noble; there are Pictures that represent *Venus*, in an hundred several postures. There is both above and below those large Pictures, embossed Imagery, wherein are represented all the famous victories of her Son; that is, *Jupiter* in the form of a Bull, carrying away *Europa*; *Apollo* running after *Daphne*; *Hercules* spinning with *Deianira*; *Pluto* carrying away *Proserpina*; *Neptune* in love with *Thetis*; and divers other illustrious Lovers. What's yet further remarkable, is, That this Temple is in the midst of a spacious place, whereof the four sides are built with houses, for the entertainment of those that come thither, such as are furnish'd differently, according to the qualities of the Lodgers. For there are some very magnificent, others but ordinary, but none that are not convenient, and where the perfumes do not purifie the air, for a more pleasant respiration. There is further in this Temple, continual Musick; so that it is not the least part of their care who keep it, by pleasant objects, admirable scents, ravishing consorts, to enkindle most tender and affectionate dispositions in their hearts, who are come to sacrifice, and to nourish them in those that have them not.

But to return to the Prince of *Eryx*, though he be not young, yet is he not so far gone in years, as that he may be called old, so that being naturally noble, his whole Court derives from his humour; but to speak truly, the Princess *Clarinta*, wife to his eldest Son, is that which makes this little Court the most neat, the most divertive, and the most sprightly of any in the world. Nor indeed does the Princess of *Eryx* want that particular gift of inspiring wit into those that come near her, that it might be said, a man durst not be stupid where she is. I beseech you, interrupted *Amilcar*, be pleased to take the pains to give us a description of her Beauty, Wit, and Humor. What you desire, replied *Æmilius*, is doutless a harder task than you imagine, since there is something that is so delicate and so particular in the Beauty and worth of the Princess of *Clarinta*, that I think I shall not be able to find expressions proper enough to make you apprehend it. For should I tell you in general, that she is of a good stature, well made, handsome, that she hath a good countenance, and is infinitely witty, you might compare her to divers others of her sex, who might challenge much in all those qualities.

To distinguish her therefore from other Beauties, I am to acquaint you with what is particular in this admirable Woman. Know then, that she is of that comely stature, which, being much above the mean, is not yet excessive; Besides, she hath that freedom of air, an action so natural, and a deportment so noble, that a man must at first sight, conclude her to be of high birth, that she hath spent her whole life among people, that she is of a cheerful disposition, and inclined to dancing. She is fair-hair'd, yet of that fairness, that hath nothing of faintness, but suits well with beauty. For her complexion, it is so admirable, that it is not in the power of the sharpest winters, to derogate from that fair Damask, which makes her so beautiful, and gives such a lustre to her admirable whiteness, that it ever displaies such a freshness, as is never seen, but, at the uprising of *Aurora*, upon the fairest Roses of the Spring. *Clarinta* hath moreover this advantage, that the agitations of her mind never appear, to the disadvantage of her complexion. Melancholly never makes her look yellow, anger does but add a little to the damask of her Cheeks, modesty heightens her Beauty, and joy shadows her Face with a certain serenity, which becalms the disturbances even of those that come near her. For her Lips, she hath them of the noblest colour in the world, an excellent compass of Face, eyes Sky-coloured, and full of Spirit, and the cheeks so inviting, that she never smiles, but she discovers something that's inexpressible, yet not the most inconsiderable part of what is most taking in her. For her Breast, it is impossible to have one better made, or whiter, and to tell you all in few words, there cannot be seen an handsomer person, nor one that can with so much ease conquer hearts.

For her Wit, I am in doubt whether I shall be able to make you understand it, but am certain, there never was any more pleasant, more clear, more subtil, or more delicate. She hath a lively imagination, and the whole carriage of her person is so gallant, so neat, and so full of charm, that a man cannot without shame see her, and not fall in love with her. And yet she confesses her self to be subject to certain groundless vexations, which cause her to make a truce with joy, only for three or four hours. But these vexations are so inconsiderable, and so transient, that hardly any but her self is sensible of them. Her conversation is familiar, divertive, and natural; she speaks pertinently and well, nay, sometimes she hath some natural and sprightly expressions that are infinitely taking: and though she be not of those immoveable Beauties, that are guilty of no action, yet do not the pretty gestures she uses, proceed from any affectation, but are only the effects of her vivacity of spirit, liveliness of disposition, her divertive humour, and her natural inclination to do alwaies that which is handsome. To be short, she dances admirably well, so that she ravishes the eyes and hearts of all that see her, for she so accurately observes time and measure, and carries her self with that evenness, and hath I know not what, that a man connot make intelligible, which gives her that gallantry and pleasantness of air, that all others have not.

Besides all this, *Clarinta* is very much given to reading, and what is best of all, is, that without pretending to much knowledge, she is excellently well acquainted with all that is noble, as to Science. She hath learnt the *African* language, with a miraculous facility, for there being great commerce between *Africa* and *Sicily*, the Ladies that are of any worth, are desirous to learn it. Add to all, that this Princess hath a very sweet and excellent voice; and what is yet more commendable, is, that though she sings in a passionate way, and that it may be justly said that she sings well, yet doth she it like a person of quality; that is without engaging her honour upon it, without intreaty, or affectation, but so gallantly, that it makes her more amiable, especially when she sings certain little

African Songs, which she is more taken with, than those of her own Countrey, because they are more passionate. *Clarinta* is also a lover of all excellent things, and all innocent pleasures, but she loves glory above her self, and what makes for her advantage, she hath so great a judgement, that she hath found out the way, without being severe, savage, or solitary, to preserve the noblest reputation in the world, and that in a great Court, where all persons of worth have access to her, and where she raises love in all those that are capable of it. 'Tis true, she never raised hope in any one of those that love her, but is so highly deserving, that despair, the most infallible remedy of that passion, does not cure those that sigh for her. In the mean time, *Clarinta* looks not on them as her Adorers, and that very sprightliness of humour which becomes her so well, and which diverts her self while she diverts others, is further serviceable to her, in that it pleasantly makes a many pass for friends, who would, if they durst, be accounted Lovers. In fine, she behaves her self with such prudence, that detraction it self hath a respect for her virtue, and hath not charged her with the least gallantry, though the world affords not a person equally gallant. Hence is it that she sometimes merrily saies, that she was never in love with any thing but her own glory, and that she is so with that, even to jealousie.

What is further admirable in this person, is, that at the age she is now of, she manages the affairs of her house, with as much prudence, as if she had all the experience that time can give to a great understanding, and what I more admire, is, that when there is a necessity, she can slight company and the Court, and divert her self in the Countrey, with as much enjoyment as if she had been born in the woods. And she returns thence as fair, as cheerful, and as neat, as if she had not stirr'd from *Eryx*. I had forgot to tell you that she writes as she speaks; that is, in the most pleasant and gallant-like manner that may be. Nay, what is yet further remarkable in this Princess, is, that her charms are so great, and so unavoidable, that contrary to custom, she gains the hearts of the Ladies, as well as those of the men, and that she knows as well how to inspire others with friendship as with love. Hence may it be affirmed, she hath equally subdued envy and detraction, since she is lov'd by all the beauties, and all the gallants of the Court where she is. In fine, that person only whom I love excepted, I have never seen so many attractions together, so much sprightliness, so much gallantry, so much entertainment, so much innocence, and so much virtue, and there was never any other that so well understood the art of being ever decent without affectation, subject to railery without malice, to mirth without imprudence, to glory without pride, and to virtue without severity.

Clarinta hath yet one thing very extraordinary in persons of her age and humour, for she is soon won to submit to the advice of her friends, and to believe them sometimes in things that are contrary to her own sentiments. 'Tis true she hath one, that hath known her from her infancy, a person of very great worth, so much understanding, judgement, knowledge, virtue, politeness, and who understands the world so well, that it is not strange she should choose him from the beginning to be the chiefest of her friends; from all which you may judge, whether such a Princess may not derive wit to the whole Court where she is. And indeed I can assure you, there is hardly any place in the world, where, proportionably to its greatness, there are so many persons of worth, as may be seen at *Eryx*. But since I cannot at the present trouble you with the descriptions of them all, I shall only tell you, that there is in that place a person of quality, called *Artelisa*, whose merit you must needs imagine to be very great, since she hath ever had a higher place in the esteem and friendship of *Clarinta*, than any other. This person is black-hair'd, hath a white and lively complexion, hath a brown eye, yet full of Beauty, and languishing, an Air mixt with gallantry and modesty, and is excellently well made. For her face, she hath certainly that which pleases, which charms, and that especially which can enchant hearts, by a certain sweetness that hath something in it that's fierce, which makes in her disposition such a mixture of mirth, melancholly, fierceness, and complaisance, that it is hard to forbear loving her, if a man once sees her. Accordingly hath she been more lov'd, than any other beauty ever could be, but particularly by four men, all persons of more than ordinary worth. I am confident you will agree to what I say, when I have told you that the three unfortunate persons I brought with me to *Rome*, and whose valour you have in so much admiration, are the slaves of the accomplish'd *Artelisa*, and are not miserable, but upon the account of her love. 'Tis true, you have not heard them speak enough to understand what they are, but you must needs think them persons of very much worth, when I have told you that they have an understanding equal to their courage. *Caliander* is doubtless infinitely well furnished, but what I yet more, admire in him, is, that he is generous, liberal, magnificent, and generally obliging: For *Decimedes*, he is commendable, not only for his courage and his wit, but because he is an eager lover, an eager friend, and a great enemy to people that are lukewarm and indifferent. Thence it is that he is of opinion, a man should earnestly desire what ever he desires, from the most inconsiderable things, even to the greatest, maintaining that a staggering Will is ever an argument of mediocrity of understanding. For this reason was *Decimedes* in love with life, and the pleasures thereof, more than any one before this misfortune happened: and he was one that of all the world, spent his time the most pleasantly.

For *Lisydas* I can assure you, that before he fell into misfortune, there was not a pleasanter person than he; yet had he ever some little inclination to melancholly, but it was a melancholly that had in it so much sweetness, was so far from frowardness, and so fit for society, that he seemed to be sad, but only out of an over-tenderness of heart, and that he was of a more divertive disposition it being certain that those that are professedly merry, do not many times please so much as those that are of another humour, who yet speak things that are pleasant. So I may without flattery say of *Lisydas*, that a man could not be more amiable than he was.

For

Now *Melicrates*, since you have not seen him, I must needs describe him to you more particularly, for he is so much concern'd in this History, that it is first fit you knew what kind of person he is. Yet I shall only tell you in two words, that he hath a good face, that he is well made, and that he wants not any thing that might please in an instant, and lack whatever might render a man acceptable while he lived. For wit, he hath as much as may be had; for valour no less than his Rivals; he is of a complaint and taking humour; he speaks well, writes gallant-like, and what more precisely distinguishes him from all other persons of worth, is, that he loves glory beyond what can be imagined; that he hath the most passionate soul that may be, and that he attributes more to the power of love, than most Lovers do. For he says that when a man loves a person by whom he is loved, it is not lawful for him to love any thing else but for her sake; that he must renounce all, and live only for her whom he adores; that he must submit his Will to hers; that he must consider his Mistriss, as a person that hath a right to command all; and he must never consult prudence or reason, when he is to obey her.

Thus have you the sentiments of *Artelisa*'s four Lovers: by all whom, she hath been so excessively belov'd, that the like was never seen. But to give you some account of the original of their loves with some order, you are to know, that *Lisydas* hath loved her, even from the Cradle, and continued it all his life with some hope: they were of equal quality, their Estates suitable thereto, and sufficient to maintain them honourably together; there was no difference between their Families; and *Artelisa*, when she had reason, was not too violently set against his love: So that it could not be but that *Lisydas* must be in some hope. *Artelisa* had lost her Father at four years of age, and her Mother being infinitely fond of her, and having not so much wit as her Daughter, it may be said that *Artelisa* was at her own disposal. Nor did she declare any less to all the world, than that she had absolutely resolved, not to hearken to any proposition of marriage, till she were twenty years of age, not thinking, as she said, any thing more unjust, than that Maids should marry before they had judgement enough to know what they ought either to love or hate. So that *Artelisa* being but seventeen years of age when she spoke thus, *Lisydas* extreamly amorous as he was, could do no more than serve her and hope; she in the mean time, not admitting him so much as to speak to her of his love. 'Twas to little purpose for him to tell her, that she had her full weight of reason at seventeen, for she had made so strong a resolution, not to marry too soon, that nothing could make her change her mind.

About this time, *Melicrates*, who was gone to travel into *Greece*, return'd to *Eryx*, and brought *Caliantes* along with him, whom he had made acquaintance with at *Elida*, of which Countrey he was. But being a person that was very rich, free, and young, he at his arrival at *Eryx*, sought out only the occasions of expence and entertainment. For *Melicrates* he was so taken with *Greece*, that he forget it what he could, he returned with an intention to engage himself in some love at *Eryx*. Of this humour went *Caliantes* and he to the Princess *Clarinta*, the next day after their arrival; yet did they not see her, because she was somewhat indispos'd; but they saw *Artelisa*, who having a particular priviledge there, came out of the Princesses chamber, when they were going away. Being grown very much handsomer since *Melicrates*'s departure from *Eryx*, for he had been away three years, and *Caliantes* having never seen her, they were in a manner equally surpriz'd; nay so farr, that their hearts were sufficiently engaged from that first sight, for to go and wait on the Princess of *Eryx* the next day without any danger. *Melicrates* had no sooner perceived her, but he went to her, and told her, that he durst not presume to see her, till he had waited on the Princess, and so presented *Caliantes* to her, telling her, his intention was to do it at her own house. At last, the discourse came so about, that *Artelisa* having acquainted them, that she was to return home, they conducted her to her Chamber door; she presented them to her Mother, who knew, and had a great esteem for *Melicrates*; so that they staid till night with *Artelisa*, and two Ladies of her friends that came to see her. Insomuch that she having an extraordinary wit, they went away both with a certain emotion, which might haply already be called Love. Nor did they keep this new passion secret from one another; on the contrary, *Melicrates* told *Caliantes*, that he was very much afraid *Artelisa* might engage him; and *Caliantes* made answer, that for his part he was engag'd already. But, added he, laughing, since I am not of *Eryx*, and that I intend to make no long stay here, I shall be no great hindrance to you, and therefore think it not much to afford me this pleasant entertainment while I am here. But do you take love, says *Melicrates*, to be a jesting matter? For any hurt he hath done me yet, replies *Caliantes*, laughing still, I would much rather jest with him than with a young Lion, whose claws I should stand in greater fear of, than all the darts of that Love you think so terrible. Yet as I am a person naturally very curious, I should not be much troubled to have a violent passion, were it but to see whether there be so much pleasure, and so much pain in love, as all those pretend there is who speak of love. And therefore I once more intreat you not to take it amiss, if I endeavour to raise my self to a love of *Artelisa*; but I mean a violent one, for as to a Gallant's love, I have it already. But if we become Rivals, replies *Melicrates*, we shall not haply be any longer friends. To avoid that inconvenience, replies *Caliantes*, let us now mutually promise not to fall out, though we should both fall in love in good earnest. Believe me, answered *Melicrates*, we should do better to promise not to love *Artelisa* at all, or cast lots who shall serve her. For my part, replies *Caliantes*, I will serve her, and cannot avoid it: and for my part, replies *Melicrates*, I serve her already; for in my judgement, it is a good office done her, to endeavour to hinder a stranger, so great a gallant as you are, from attempting to conquer her heart.

This brought upon the stage amany other things, after which, they seriously promised not to fall out, if they became Rivals. But *Caliantes* loving to do all things with abundance of noise, was very glad of this occasion to discover his liberality, and to make a publique Declaration of Love, such

such as no man had ever made. To this end he offered a sacrifice to *Venus Erycina*, such as for the nobleness of it, might have become a Prince; for his offering was the most magnificent that could be. So that it being requisite that a man tell publiquely why he sacrifices; *Caliantes* said, he gave the goddess thanks, for that she had caus'd the first beautiful person he had spoken to in *Eryx*, to raise love in him; adding, that being come only to desire it, he thought himself obliged to give the Goddess thanks, that had prevented his desires. So that the so extraordinary occasion of so gallant a sacrifice, being soon known, it was afterwards easily found out, that *Arteliſa* was she that *Caliantes* had first spoken to; which she had often cast in her dish, especially at the Princess *Clarinta*'s, where the entertainments were always infinitely divertive: but being look'd on as the gallantry of a magnificent person, who was no great believer of *Venus*, since he would scoff at the sacrifice he had offered her, *Arteliſa* was not troubled at it, for she understood the business of raillery, as well as another.

Liſydas at first conceived no jealousie of it, nay, even *Melicrates* did not think himself obliged for that, to smother the violent inclination he had for *Arteliſa*; so that he saw her as often as he could, and fell so deeply in love with her, that it was impossible for him to oppose his passion when he pleas'd himself. Nay, he flatter'd himself with happy success in his design, for he imagin'd that *Arteliſa* having always seen *Liſydas*, could not possibly have any more than an indifferent affection for him; that *Caliantes* being an only Son, would soon be sent for by his friends, and that *Arteliſa* would haply be sensible of the tenderness of his love; being with all this, perswaded that he knew how to love better than all other men, and that love was of greater consequence in order to be lov'd, than any thing else.

About the same time came *Alcimedes* from *Heraclea* to *Eryx*, for there being a very rich Uncle of his in that Countrey, that resolved to make him his Heir, he thought it not amiss to confirm him by his presence in a design so advantageous to him. He being of an humour that would not permit him to be long in *Eryx*, e'r he had seen whatever were most considerable there, he went to the accomplish'd *Clarinta*'s, the very next day after his arrival, where he found a many excellent Ladies, and not a few men, persons of worth and quality. For besides *Caliantes*, *Liſydas*, and *Melicrates*, there was also one called *Teramus*, a person questionless of extraordinary merit, who proved partly the occasion of *Alcimedes*'s love to *Arteliſa*, because it was through his means, that this fair Lady said something that encouraged him to serve her. But since you cannot have the whole pleasure of that days conversation, without being well acquainted with *Teramus*, give me leave to describe him to you, for I am confident the description will please you, and you will acknowledge that I have had reason to be so desirous to give it you.

Teramus is a person of high birth, not only of an extraordinary merit, but of a merit particular to himself; a lover of honour, honesty, and Philosophy, but the gallant-like Philosophy which banishes all the uncivil'z'd virtues; who hath the art of reconciling Wisdom and Pleasures, and does not believe but that prudence ought to be employed as well in the choice of pleasures, as in the management of the affairs of greatest consequence. For his person, he is somewhat above the ordinary stature; his action is negligent enough, yet such as becomes a person of quality; his hair is inclining to fair; his complexion palish, eyes black, sparkling, and full of spirit; and what's remarkable, is, that the Phisiognomie, which is a thing one would imagine should never change, changes in him, according to the humour he is in, and the persons he is in company with; For if he happen accidentally into a company that is troublesome and unpleasant, he puts on a cold, cloudy, melancholly, and thoughtful countenance. On the contrary, when he is among persons that please him, the sprightliness of his imagination changes the air of his face, and his eyes betray an insinuating, crafty, pleasant, and lively smile, which multiplies the pleasure of all the ingenious extravagancies which his imagination furnishes him with, upon whatever subject is offered. He hath certainly a very clear understanding, and there are few things excellent in point of knowledge, which he is not acquainted with. But though he hath made himself master of whatever is most excellent in books, yet may it be affirmed he hath made the world in general, especially persons of worth and gallantry, his particular study: for it is certain that he is so well acquainted with all the insinuations which love hath inspired, either into men or women; that, in point of gallantry, he might over-reach any one, and not be over-reach'd by any. He hath a sprightly imagination, a lively and delicate wit, and is exquisite in the discernment of things. He loves all persons of worth, and he writes things that have a Character so natural, so gallant, and so ingeniously pleasant, that though it be impossible to say what he says, yet cannot a man but be astonished that he hath not thought what he thinks; so that he does what is very hard to do; that is to write things natural, yet infinitely taking.

Add to this, That *Teramus* is a person above Ambition, though he be extreamly sensible of what is most nobly glorious. Not but that in the beginning of his life, the greatness of his Soul inclin'd him to make some approaches towards Fortune; but having discovered that she avoided him, he hath prudently slighted her, and would not put himself upon fruitless attempts for a thing his vertue could be without. So that looking on Ambition as a passion full of disquiet, he hath kept it from all entrance into his heart. Nor would he ever admit love there, with all those torments that attend it in the hearts of other Lovers; On the contrary, he makes use of joy in all things; 'tis out of joy that he falls in love, 'tis joy that appeases his passion, nay, 'tis joy that is his remedy against his passion; for if it happens that he must either renounce his joy, or quit a Mistress, he can sometimes without any great difficulty, be induced to do the latter.

Teramus is further sensible of all pleasures in general, and his unsatisfied soul hath endeavoured to try what there is most pleasant in all the passions. For Musick, he is so much taken with it, that he makes it a remedy against his indispositions; for he loves harmony in all its kinds, though he prefers an excellent voice before all the other charms of Musick.

Muſick. For converſation, he ſeems to be ſo cut out for it when he pleaſes, and he is ſo perfect in the art of heightning the enjoyments of it when he thinks fit, that it is not the moſt inconſiderable of his perfections. In a word, he makes ſuch pleaſant reflections on things, that there's nothing ſo ſerious, which he makes not divertive when he undertakes it. Yet is not his temperament altogether free from melancholly, but it is ſuch as is ſuitable with greatneſs of mind, and not that which betrays any frowardneſs. 'Tis of that kind which makes a man in love with the nobleſt touches of Muſick, that makes a man write things infinitely taking, that can unite pleaſure and faintneſs, and makes the ſoul paſſionate, and the heart ſuſceptible of Love. Accordingly is it the predominant paſſion of *Teramus*, and by which he hath dreſs'd up an amorous morality, which is the pleaſant thing in the world,

For heavens's ſake, ſaies *Amilcar*, what are the Maxims of it?

In the firſt place replies *Æmilius*, he maintains, that pleaſure is the ſoul of Love; that ſighs, tears, afflictions, torments, and deſpair, are only fit for Songs. That there is nothing ſo dangerous, as to be rude and importune with continual complaints; and that to gain her love, a man muſt make it his main buſineſs to divert her, and to make her think of him whether ſhe will or no. Yet would he not have it done by being ridiculous; for there is a vaſt difference between a perſon that makes ſport without being eſteemed, and him who is reſpected and diverts. He alſo maintains that a man ſhould never make profeſſion of being unconſtant, though he ought not to be faithful to obſtinacy. He acknowledges a man ſhould be alwaies diſcreet, and that he ſhould never reſign up his Miſtriſs to another, but for long and tedious loves they are without his acquaintance, and abſolutely contrary to his inclination. But what is yet further particular, is, that he only deſerves the praiſe of the ſatisfaction he gives her whom he loves; for he is not of thoſe Lovers who cannot pleaſe, but by a hundred things they can make no claim to themſelves. On the contrary, he pleaſes of himſelf, and that by a certain Art he hath, while he diverts the perſon he loves, to prejudice ſome others which he conceives ſhe might love. Hence is it, that if he obſerve, there are ſome pretenders that might gain any thing upon the affections of his Miſtriſs, he cunningly dreſſes up ſome ingenious ſtory againſt them, yet without diſcovering himſelf to be their Rival, ſo to work in her mind a contempt of thoſe he would ruine, before he endeavour to eſtabliſh himſelf: and this he does ſo finely, and ſo pleaſantly, that he forces that woman into a confidence with him, as to what relates to the imperfections of his Rivals. So that making her ſport with their defects, he deſtroys them, and pleaſes her he would be in favour with; he diverts her, and eſtabliſhes himſelf upon the ruines of thoſe he hath deſtroyed. You ſee what a perſon the amiable *Teramus* is; but that you may be the better acquainted with his humour, and better underſtand what I am to tell you, I muſt needs tell you what he ſent one day to a friend of his, who had jeſtingly intreated him to inſtruct him in his *Amorous Morality*, which is what you deſired

The *Amorous* MORALITY of *TERAMUS*.

THoſe who have affirm'd, that to be loved, it was neceſſary one ſhould love, were certainly perſwaded that Juſtice and Love ever held a good correſpondence. But to ſpeak without flattery, they never underſtood the humour of Women in general, nor yet the nature of Love in particular; ſince it is unqueſtionable, that it is more ordinary for us, to love thoſe that ſeem amiable to us, than to love thoſe that love us. So that to ſpeak rationally, at leaſt in my judgement, to be in favour among the Ladies, it is more neceſſary for a man to be much a Gallant, than to be very amorous. For as great paſſions are ever attended by afflictions, ſo it is hard, they ſhould work the effect which a Lover expects from them, ſince that for the moſt part, Love is more eaſily bred in joy than in grief. And indeed there is ſuch a conſonancy between Joy and Love, that it is only by it that a man can be loved, and only for it that a man ſhould love. Thence it is, that many times thoſe mourning and melancholly Lovers, who perſecute their Miſtreſſes with their afflictions, advantage their Rivals more than they do themſelves, if ſo be the others have any thing of a divertive diſpoſition. I therefore maintain, that the enſuing Maximes ought to be exactly followed, as ſuch as I have found ſo much advantage by, as to adviſe you to make uſe of them. You have in them what I have diſcovered, by a long experience to be moſt certain.

I.

A man ought to love whatever ſeems amiable to him, provided there be ſome probability to find more pleaſure than trouble in the conqueſt he propoſes to himſelf.

II.

A man ought to have a very great care, among women, not to profeſs himſelf an unconſtant man; yet ought he not on the other ſide, to be over-ſcrupulouſly conſtant; for it were much better to have a thouſand loves, than to have but one that ſhould laſt a man's whole life.

III.

Further, though a man muſt make no ſcruple to change a Miſtriſs, aſſoon as the trouble exceeds the pleaſure; yet ſhould he not be guilty of any indiſcretion towards any; for not only honour and generoſity adviſe the contrary, but there is alſo ſomething of intereſt that will not permit it, there being nothing ſo likely to make a man loſe a thouſand favours, as one act of indiſcretion.

IV.

A Lover muſt, above all things, make it his buſineſs to divert and to pleaſe, but to pleaſe upon his own account, and to divert, without being himſelf ridiculous; for though he do not ſpeak openly of Love to the Lady he ſerves, yet, if it come to be neceſſary for his pleaſure, he puts her into a condition to be eaſily perſwaded.

V.

V.

A man should never acquaint his Mistriss with his real secrets; for since a man that is well acquainted with the world, should never have any Mistress, unless he forsee that he shall give over loving within a short time, he ought to make his confidences among his friends of either Sex, and only direct his services, his wit, and his Songs to his Mistresses. For secrets of no consideration, when a man hath not any, he must invent some; for it is not amiss, to accustom Ladies to speak low, though you entertain them with things never so trivial.

VI.

A man must do all that lies in his power, so to put himself into a condition of pleasing, as not to ruine himself, and should be so well skilled in the choice of those he loves, that they shall be satisfied to find him divertive, that he hath a good wit, and is good company; for it is not glorious for any man to owe the conquest of a Ladies heart, onely to the multitude of his slaves.

VII.

A man should take especial care he be not betrayed into the hands of his Rivals, but must, on the contrary, behave himself so circumspectly, that they may be discovered to him.

VIII.

It were also good that the Lady one loves did believe, that your heart is not so much at her devotion, but that it is possible she may lose it, if she slight you; and that she be withal perswaded, that if she refuse it, some other would accept of it.

IX.

A man must further endeavour what in him lies, to make himself perfect in all the Gallantries of the place where he is; for a fair Lady is many times as easily perswaded by examples, as by arguments.

X.

For jealousie, a man must by all means avoid having too much of it, or keeping it long; for it is much better he should hate his Mistress, than make it his business to hate his Rivals to no purpose.

XI.

A man should not make it a profession to speak kind things to all beauties; but there is no great danger for him so to behave himself towards handsom women, as to give them occasion to think, that if he loves them not, 'tis not impossible he may.

XII.

It were not also amiss, for a man to be guilty of a certain subtility, such as may make him dreadful to those that may prejudice him; and to know how to make use of a kind of ingenious railery, which may oblige his Mistress, by way of concurrence, to laugh at them with him.

XIII.

A man must by all means, avoid an implicite obedience, which is good for nothing but to put a poor Lover to inconveniencies, and he may well think he does his duty in obeying exactly, when she commands things that are pleasant, where there is nothing fantastick, nothing of tyrannie or injustice.

XIV.

But above all things, a man must remember, that if it be good to instruct while he diverts, it is much better for him to divert himself while he perswades; for there is nothing more unjust, than for a man to profess love to make himself unhappy, and to love so violently, as to cease to be amiable, and to be incapable of ever raising love in another.

From what I have said, it is not hard to infer, that *Teramus* is a person that is infinite good company, and that accordingly being at the Princess of *Eryx*'s, with all those other persons of worth I have spoken of, the day that *Acimedes* came thither first, the conversation that happened there, must needs be very divertive: Nor wanted there a particular subject to make it such; for the fair *Artelisa*, who had seen the Amorous Morality of *Teramus*, told him, that a person of quality of her acquaintance had answered him. I am confident, replies *Clarinta*, it must be some illustrious friend of the solitary *Merigenes*, who makes it his particular profession, to be able to love perfectly. For my part saies *Teramus*, could I imagine he would perswade me, I should be far from the curiosity of seeing his answer; but since I fear no such thing, and am fully perswaded that my reasons are the true reasons of gallantry, I would intreat the fair *Artelisa* to shew me this answer. If the Princess be so pleased, replied *Artelisa*, I am ready to satisfie you, for I have the greatest desire in the world to convert you. How witty soever this friend of *Merigenes* may be, (replied *Teramus* with a low voice) fair eyes, such as yours, are much more likely to cure me of inconstancy, than fair words, and therefore, if you would make me a Proselyte, you need no more than to look favourably on me. Had favourable looks that effect, replies *Aurelia*, you had been converted long since, and therefore let us see, whether the reasons of your friend will not make you change your opinion. Whereupon *Artelisa* takes out her Table-Book, and read out of it what you shall hear, by way of answer, Article for Article, to what *Teramus* had said.

Maximes contrary to those of *TERAMUS*.

THose who never knew how to love well, make a great enquiry into the nature of Love. For which reason, Teramus, *a person otherwise infinitely excellent, hath been mistaken in the opinion he maintains, that a man, to be loved, ought rather to be a Gallant than Amorous, since it is certain, that if he had never perswaded his Mistriss of the greatness of his passion, all his merit, how extraordinary soever, should never have done it: But it proceeds certainly hence that having a great wit, and such as is capable of any thing he pleases, he hath found out the art of being exempted from sighs, complaints, and tears, and would employ in their stead, the graces, enjoyments, and laughters, to perswade his passion. But, when all is done, he hath said that he was in love, or pretends it, before he is loved, and is content to wound hearts, without any consideration, because he would never do any thing but lend his own, instead of bestowing it.*

It is certainly madneſs for a man to have any love, unleſs he have as much as he is capable of; for the mediocrity of this paſſion, produces but a mediocrity of pleaſures, and it is not very proper to effect illuſtrious conqueſts. No queſtion but a man ſhould divert the perſon he loves, but it is not enough to pleaſe her, if he have not ſome influence on her heart; ſo that to act rationally, he muſt diſpoſe and make it pliant by joy, but he muſt move it by grief, and know how to make the advantages of certain occaſions, wherein two or three ſighs ſeaſonably breathed out, may be more effectual than all the Songs in the World.

I.

For the multitude of Miſtreſſes, 'tis a thing not to be endured, for to ſpeak truly, whoever hath two, hath none at all.

II.

For conſtancy, whoever would baniſh it out of the empire of love, deſtroys love it ſelf; for it no ſooner comes into a mans imagination, that a time may come wherein he ſhall love no more, but he ceaſes to love at the very inſtant, or to ſay better, hath already given over all thoughts of love, it being impoſſible that a heart truly amorous ſhould imagine that it can give over loving that which to it ſeems the only amiable thing upon earth. On the contrary, to ſay truth, one of the greateſt ſatisfactions of this paſſion is to imagine the eternity of love, if a man may ſo expreſs himſelf, and to ſet in futurition a multitude of pleaſures whereof he is not confident.

III.

For diſcretion, both the conſtant and unconſtant, that are perſons of quality are agreed it ought to be obſerved; and therefore I have not any thing to ſay to it, ſave that it is no eaſie matter to be always diſcreet, when a man is engaged in ſo many ſeveral intereſts.

IV.

No doubt but a man ought to pleaſe and divert, as I have already ſaid, but it cannot be ſaid it ought precisely to be done by way of raillery; for the general rule is, that a man ſhould accommodate himſelf to the humor of the perſon beloved.

V.

Whoever can conceal what he thinks moſt ſecret from his Miſtreſs, hath not given her his heart; for it is ſo impoſſible for a man to love any one and not acquaint her with all even to his leaſt thoughts, that it may be affirmed that a man does himſelf a certain violence when he conceals any of his ſentiments from the perſon he loves, and deprives himſelf of the moſt ſenſible pleaſure of love, by being uncapable of that exchange of ſecrets, wherein there is ſo much ſatisfaction. For indeed, what are they but the mutual hoſtages of that eternal peace which ought to be between two amorous hearts, and infallible arguments of the love a man hath in his ſoul, and which he will ever conſerve there. For thoſe little ſecrets which ſignifie nothing, he needs not be put to his invention for them, who loves paſſionately, for they ſpring at every moment, in their minds who know how to love.

VI.

For exceſſive magnificence, it ought always to be blamed when it ruines him that is addicted thereto, yet it is certain, that nothing makes it more excuſable than love, nay I durſt maintain that he was the inventor of it. But when all's done, I agree with my adverſary in this, that he who is magnificent, either as to retinue or cloaths, ought to make no account of it; and ſhould endeavor to raiſe himſelf into the love of his Miſtreſs without any aſſiſtance from ſuch things as belong not to him.

VII.

When a man hath Rivals, the ſureſt way to do them any prejudice, and to be better eſteemed than they, is to exceed them in worth, gallantry, and love; and if after all that, the Lady be unjuſt, and makes an ill choice, a man may change if he pleaſe, without incurring the cenſure of inconſtancy.

VIII.

It is certainly no ſmall advantage that the Lady whom a man loves, ſhould believe that the perſon ſhe affects may be loved by her; but this perſwaſion muſt proceed from the great merit of him that ſerves her, and not from his inſinuations to make her believe ſo much.

IX.

For the news that's abroad in the World, I queſtion whether a perſon that is very amorous, can take the pains to inform himſelf exactly thereof, for a ſincere love finds a man ſo much buſineſs, that it takes up his whole heart.

X.

For jealouſie, it is ſo far impoſſible to love, and not be guilty of it, that whoever can regulate it in his heart, is maſter of his own affection, and conſequently hath no great love for his Miſtreſs.

XI.

It is alſo my judgment, that a man ought not to make it his profeſſion to entertain all beauties with kind things; for when a man loves but one, he muſt have the leſs civility for all the reſt. He muſt at laſt ſo regulate it, that it be not exceſſive, nor yet dangerouſly interpreted by the perſon he loves.

XII.

As for that gallant-like ſubtilty which ſome are ſo much taken with, and is ſo much feared by others, it is ſo hard to pitch upon a mediocrity between a dangerous raillery and ſimple mirth, that I would not adviſe thoſe to meddle with it, on whom nature hath not beſtowed, as on Teramus, that gift of inſinuation, which at the ſame time cauſes a love and a fear of of him that hath it.

XIII.

For obedience, if you deprive love of it, you take away his Empire; for he that can diſobey the perſon he loves; loves her not, and deſerves not the name of Lover.

XIV.

For the laſt Article, I confeſs that he who thinks he may be always happy in loving, deſerves to be accounted a mad man, if he be not one; but love being not a thing voluntary, the torments that attend it are of the ſame nature; Whence I infer, that Teramus hath

hath only made it his business to instruct a pleasing Gallant, and not a real Lover.

Though *Merigenes*'s friends and I, interrupted *Amilcar*, are not of the same sect, since I agree with pleasant *Teramus*, yet I cannot but think him a person that is very understanding, and would fain know what manner of man he is. For my part replyes *Herminius*, though I am not of your opinion, yet do I agree with you in that desire: and for my part, added *Ollavius*, though I should have wished not to be of *Merigenes*'s sect, yet shall I be glad to be acquainted with him. For my part says *Persander*, I am so much taken with an ardent affection, that I love all those that are of my opinion. For what concerns me, says *Horatius*, I must attribute all my unhappiness to Constancy, so far, that if I would, I should wish not to be constant; but when all's done, since it is some comfort to find persons of worth of our judgment, I shall be glad to know whether this Protector of Constancy be so excellent a person as I believe him.

Since you are all resolved replyes *Æmilius*, I will describe *Merigines* to you, he being a person so much concerned in the close of this History, that I think it some obligation to give you an account of him. Know then, that *Merigines* is an *Asian*, of very noble birth, and virtuous inclinations. He is tall, of a good complexion, all the lineaments of his face are very well made; he is brown hair'd, hath eyes full of spirit, a noble air, teeth admirably fair, a pleasant smile, and a fortunate and prudent Physiognomy. He hath a clear understanding, considers things as he should do, and his wit and judgment hold such a correspondence, that they never act one without another. Sincerity discovers it self in all his actions, and there is a perfect sympathy between his words and thoughts. In a word, he is a great professor of honor, integrity, and generosity; he is a faithful friend, and an earnest lover; goodness he affects and professes; he is eminent for politeness, sweetness and complaisance, his conversation is familiar and pleasant; he argues smartly, is a great lover of Books, and is as well acquainted with them as a person of quality, who doth not make it his profession, should be.

For *Morality*, he is very exact in it, and if he be ask'd whence it comes that he is so excellent in it, he answers, that he is obliged for whatever there is of good in him to love. That without him, he would not be what he is, and that if he be qualified as a person of worth, he is the more obliged to a beauty, who hath raised in his heart the desire of pleasing, and the design of deserving her affecton. He makes all the pleasures of humane life to consist in friendship and love; but when he loves, his love is as great as it can be. He is farther of the opinion that love smothers reason, and that a Lover ought to do, without any exception whatever the person he loves would have him.

In the mean time, though he be somewhat inclined to a tumultuous life, yet hath Philosophy raised in him a love of solitude, and he often retires into a little wilderness that he hath made himself, though there be not any thing that obliges him to that distance from the Court. 'Tis true, he hath an illustrious friend in his neighborhood, in whom he may find whatever the World thinks desirable, since he is one that possesses all the virtues, and whose politeness and wit are suitable to his generosity. And for the place where *Merigenes* lives, it is so pleasant and delightful, that solitude was never so taking in any other place upon earth; at least it might be said, he hath an Arbor that is worth a Palace, as I shall convince you anon: that with the assistance of a little conversation, a few Books, and abundance of love for virtue and liberty, *Merigenes* is the happiest *Solitary* that ever was, when he leaves the Court to go to his wilderness; besides all this, he is loved by many persons of honor, insomuch that who should judge of him meerly by his friends, would be soon sensible of part of his worth. He is of a sweet and compliant disposition, and there is in his humor such a just mixture of gladness and melancholy, that there issues from thence a very pleasant Temperament. For courage, *Merigenes* is so well furnished as man can be, and if his prudence did not check his ambition, he would not be so great a lover of solitude; but he makes it so much his business to master himself, that, unless it be when he pleases, he never obeys any thing but his reason.

This premised, I am now to return to the fair *Clarinta*'s, where *Teramus* had no sooner withstood the answer of *Merigenes*'s friend, but having commended his wit, he set himself to oppose his Maxims, but in such a pleasant manner, that *Celiantes*, *Lisydas*, and *Meliserates*, who pretended all to the glory of being accounted constant to *Aloisa*, could not but be extreamly pleased with it. For *Clarinta*, she did not much discover her self, but spoke in the praise of Constancy, yet without blaming a gallant inconstancy. For *Alcimedes*, his inclination leading him to be extreamly exact in any thing he desired; he sided with *Merigenes*. For my part, says *Teramus*, I am persuaded, that as we have been taught that there is a *Venus* that is wholly serious, called *Venus Urania*, and that there is another that is absolutely amorous, which is she that landed at the Island *Cyprus*, so do I believe that there are two Loves, whereof one is a froward child that is troublesome and untoward, ever crying and knows not what he would have, and the other an Infant newly awakened, that plays, laughs, dances and makes sport, and whose darts does but slightly touch their hearts whom he wounds as it were in jest. Seriously, says the Princess of *Eryx* smiling, I think *Teramus* is in the right, for it were impossible there should be a people whose way of loving were so different, if they were wounded by the same God. But all considered, since it is never just to condemn a person that cannot defend himself, my opinion is, that we should go and walk in *Merigenes*'s Wilderness, and conclude our conversation in his Arbor, which hath been represented to me for so excellent a thing.

The Princesse of *Eryx*'s proposal being approved by the whole company, it was put in execution as soon as so many Chariots could be got, as were necessary for the Ladies, and horses for the men. But not to give you a general description of the place of *Merigenes*'s retirement, I shall only entertain you with the particular rarities of the enchanted Arbor, to the end that you may follow the fair *Clarinta* thither. You are not to imagine it extraordinary

...tary magnificent, for its greateſt beauties ...within it ſelf, and all the commendations ...given it, belong unto it, only becauſe it ...the nobleſt objects in nature. It is in- ...ſeaſonably large, of a quadranguler figure, its ...ſuitable to its largeneſs, the Architecture ...yet handſome; the plain ground of it is ..., the Tapiſtry is pleaſant, and what ever it ...furniſhed with, very convenient. But what is ...admirable in this Arbor, is, that it is open ...ways, and that at your entrance you diſco- ...three miraculous and different proſpects, where- ...the leaſt were enough to make a Palace moſt ...ful. For, which way ſoever you caſt your ..., you ſee whatever the Country can afford that ...excellent. The windows that are oppo- ...to the door, preſent you with the ſight of a plea- ...River, which being ſtrait at that place, as if ...had forced it into a large channell, divides a ...plain, beyond which are Mountains as if ...Landskip, which ſeem not to raiſe them- ...but imperceptibly, for fear of over-confin- ...the ſight. But that there may be ſome di- ..., you ſee certain Hamlets in the plain, as ...row of Trees, through which you ſee the ...gliſtering, when either the Sun ſhines, or ...blows; beſides which, offers it ſelf to ..., a fair and ſpacious walk, that goes from ...of the Mountain, on which is the retire- ...of *Merigenes*, to the great River, which makes ...pleaſing object on that ſide. But what is re- ...is, that on the right and left ſides of this ..., there are two Knots, which ſeem purpoſe- ...made to divert thoſe that are in it. But not to ...theſe two Proſpects, you ſee above the ...on the right hand, a valley infinitely pleaſant ...whereof the diverſity is ſo great, that nothing ...be compared to it, unleſs it be the Proſpect of ...called *Cariſatis*, for you ſee thence, beſides ...great River I have ſpoken of a Brook playing ...Serpent among the Meadows and Willows, ...which is afterwards divided into divers little rivu- ..., drenching that tract of ground in the moſt ...manner that may be: you ſee (half cove- ...by the mountain) certain houſes ſcattered up ...down the plain, Vineyards, Orchards, Valleys ...farther diſtance yet, an elbow of the great ...River, and ſeveral other diverſities, which to diſ- ..., requires a long abode there. For the left ..., you have on one ſide of the Knot, a magni- ...Houſe, and a Country Temple, and above ...ſame great River, which ceaſing to be a chan- ..., and ſeeming deſirous to ſhew it ſelf all the ...it could be ſeen, makes two great turns in ...plain, whence it comes that you have a longer ...of it, and then ſeeming to run a ſtraight line, ...ſhews you the ſterns of thoſe Ships, whereof ...had before ſeen the forepart, by its croſſing ...the right hand, and their ſides by its croſſing ...the middle.

But what is yet very particular, is, that this Ri- ...having paſſed through a Village, wherein there ...an old Caſtle, whereof the Towers are but half ...by reaſon of the hill, ſeems to loſe it ſelf in a ..., which lyes at the end of the Semi-circle ...it makes at that place; and beyond this ...may be ſeen a ſmall corner of a plain, and ... Mountains at a farther diſtance, ſown as it ...with Woods, Villages, and Country-houſes.

But to re-unite all there ſeveral Proſpects, *Me- rigenes* hath cauſed to be ſet on that ſide which is not open, a great ſquare of ſeveral glaſſes, which receiving the objects of theſe three miraculous proſpects, give you an epitome of all the beau- ties of nature together. It was then in ſo noble a place, that one of the nobleſt Companies in the world, ſpent one of the faireſt days that ever were, for the Sun, ſeeming to be concerned in point of honor to diſcover the beauty of this tract of ground, had ſo purified the air, that the objects that were at great diſtance, could eaſily be diſcerned. When the Princeſs of *Eryx* came firſt into the Arbor, ſhe made a hundred exclamations at the excellency of that admirable Proſpect; *Artelisa* and the other Ladies were no leſs amazed; *Teramus*, for his part was much taken with it; *Alcimedes*, and the reſt ſaid no leſs of it; in fine, all were ſo pleaſed that the company had not been above half an hour in the Arbor, ere any one had taken notice of an ex- cellent Picture there was of a young Heros, which hung upon the right ſide. But at laſt *Clarinta* ta- king notice of it, asked *Merigenes*, whether he had cauſed *Adonis* to be painted in the Arms of *Mars*. 'Tis true, replyed *Merigenes*, the great Prince whoſe Picture you ſee, is no leſs fair than *Adonis*, and it is as true, that he hath ſo great a heart, as he ought to have to be juſtly compared to *Mars*. I know not, added he, whether the zeal I have for *Alcander*, whoſe ſubject I have the honour to be, deceives me, but I am perſwaded you never ſaw a handſomer man than he. For in fine, (continued he tranſported by a tenderneſs he could not for- bear) have you ever ſeen a handſomer head, ſo good eyes, a better form of face, a noſe better made, finer lips, a more fortunate and wiſer look, a nobler ſtature, a more majeſtick air, a freer acti- on, or ſo ſtern a countenance with ſo much beauty? for commonly, the handſomeſt men have not the moſt majeſtick air. Nay, you cannot perceive all the excellencies of this Prince, for the Painter ha- ving drawn him no lower than the knee, hath de- prived you of the handſomeſt legs that can be ſeen, Beſides this Prince hath received from na- ture, not only a well-made body, fit for all thoſe exerciſes, that are either neceſſary, or contri- bute to the pleaſure of a young Prince, (eſpecially dancing, wherein, as in all the reſt, he is inimmuta- ble) but he hath alſo a noble ſoul inclined to paſſi- on, humanity, and mildneſs. His inclinations are wholly noble, and he hath a mind capable of what ever he undertakes. He diſcovers much integrity and magnificence, as well as ſleight in the recreati- ons he makes uſe of. He is much more afraid to do thoſe foul play that have the honour to play with him, than to receive any from them, and though he be above the Laws, yet is he, to give a great example of equity, the moſt willing to ſubmit them, This Prince hath yet one quality ve- ry requiſite to a young Conqueror, for he can bear the wearineſs of hunting, and the War with an in- credible vigor, and what is infinitely commenda- ble, he hath an extraordinary affection for the Queen his Mother; not indeed does ſhe deſerve leſs, for the many virtues ſhe is Miſtriſs of: and he hath alſo much friendſhip for the Prince his Bro- ther, who by thouſand of excellent qualities, draws the general admiration after him, and is already become the delight of his Court, though he be but

very young. *Anaxander*, is farther an example of piety, to his whole Court, and for his courage he hath given ſeveral heroick expreſſions of it, as well in the Army, as in other dangerous occaſions. For being to go over a bridge in a Chariot, he was nothing daunted though the bridge broke under him. In fine, he ſpeaks as a great Prince ought to ſpeak, that is, with underſtanding, judgment, and abundance of eloquence, yet without affectation or trouble; in a word, he is a perſon ſo accompliſhed, though he but in the nineteenth year of his age, that I believe he will blaſt the glory of all his predeceſſors. For it may be rationally hoped from the great Victories he hath already gained, that Fortune will not oppoſe his virtue, and that *Mars* and Love will be equally favorable to him, ſince he is as fit to make a gallant as a Heroe, and conſequently, what by his prudence, humanity, valor, juſtice, and underſtanding, he will ever be the felicity of his people, and the glory of his time and Country.

Ah *Merigenes*, interrupted *Clarinta*, how well skilled muſt you needs be in loving, and how well would you draw your Miſtreſſes picture, if you undertook it, ſince you have ſo exactly done that of your Maſter! 'Tis true, Madam, replyed he, that I love whatever I ought to love; but all conſidered, I am never partial, nor give undeſerved praiſes. That hinders not, but you have a friend, who gives dangerous advice in point of gallantry, as well as *Melicrates*, replyes *Teramus*, for were it followed, Loves Empire would conſiſt of none but unfortunate ſlaves, that ſhould never have any new chains after the firſt they were put into. Recreations, and laughters muſt be baniſhed it, and a ſerious kind of fair dealing taking their place, people muſt needs be ſtrangely, tyred. For take away the innocent extravagance that is in love, and you take away all its ſatisfaction, all its gallantry, and what ever makes it inviting and agreeable. I muſt confeſs, replyes *Melicrates*, that I am an enemy to thoſe indifferent Loves which amuſe people, and afterward come to nothing; and would have a man that loves to do it in good earneſt, or not to meddle with it at all. But I do not acknowledge my ſelf an enemy to laughters and entertainments, on the contrary, I am of opinion, that only a great paſſion can give great ſatisfactions. For theſe great ſatisfactions that coſt a man many thouſands of afflictions, replyes *Teramus*, I reſign them to thoſe that have a mind to them; for thoſe diſchequered delights that admit not the leaſt trouble, and am ſuch a ſworn enemy to all grief, that there is not any flower ſo inconſiderable, which I ſhould not rather gather, than the faireſt Roſes in the world, conditionally it had no prickles. For my part, ſays *Melicrates*, I am not of your opinion, for I would gladly endure a thouſand afflictions for one ſingle pleaſure. Upon this *Clarina*, *Arteliſa*, *Caliantes*, *Liſydas* *Alcimedes*, and *Merigenes* coming into play, the converſation grew extreamly pleaſant. But paſſing inſenſibly from one thing to another, without agreeing upon any thing, *Clarinta* told them that ſhe was ſatisfied it was impoſſible to terminate in one day a diſpute of ſuch conſequence as that, but would be glad nevertheleſs, to have the judgment of the company upon two things. One was, *Whether Reaſon ought to be abſolutely ſubject to Love*, the other, *Whether obedience ought to be implicite*. For mine, ſays *Teramus*, it is, that Reaſon is no friend to Love, and all I ſhould deſire from her is, that ſhe ſhould not ſatyriſe at my amorous extravagances, but mind only the prudent management of my affairs. And for obedience, added he. I would have it limited to thoſe things that are pleaſing, without any exception. For my part ſays *Meliſ-tes*, I am of a contrary opinion, and maintain, that while reaſon is in any power, there can be no true Love. But is not reaſon, replyes *Liſyda*, requiſite ſo far as to diſcover the merit of the perſon one loves? Is it not employed, added *Caliantes*, to ſerve her ſometimes in things of conſequence, and can a man merit her eſteem if he do not comply with reaſon? For me, replyes *Alcimedes*, I think that if reaſon be not ſubject to love, 'tis a feeble paſſion: and for me, replyes *Teramus*, I think a Lover without reaſon ſubject to all extravagances imaginable, if he be ſo unhappy as to love a fantaſtick perſon. But a perſon of worth, replyes *Merigenes*, loves not any thing but what is amiable. According to the Idæa I have of love, added *Melicrates*, I am perſuaded, that when a man loves truly, he hath no other reaſon than that of the perſon he loves, and conſequently no other will. So that when he obeys her, he does it with as much eaſe as if he obeyed himſelf, and followed his own inclinations. For where there is a perfect love, there cannot be a diverſity of Wills. Ordinary loves are not of this mettal, for there are different wills and different deſires, they obey with a ſecret repining, nay, ſometimes do not obey at all. For which reaſon, I do not conceive it ought to be called Love, but only ſimple gallantry, the pure effect of a mans own pleaſure. The caſe is otherwiſe with the love I ſpeak of, for it requires a certain union of ſentiments, ſo indiviſible, that a man wills not any thing but in complyance with the perſon whom he loves, and by whom he is loved. Their hearts admit no difference, the diviſion there is between them is inperceptible, and diſobedience can never be found in the heart of a true lover. A man thinks himſelf born with that affection, ſo inherent does it ſeem to be to him that loves perfectly, and thinks he could not live a minute without loving what he loves.

Were it poſſible, replyed *Teramus*, there could be any ſuch lover, I ſhould adviſe his Miſtriſs, to make tryal of his ſubmiſſion, in an hundred extravagant things, for it were a pleaſant thing to ſee how far this blind obedience would extend. For my part, ſays *Artileſa*, were I to beſtow my heart on any one, I muſt confeſs it ſhould be on the moſt dutiful of thoſe that ſhould pretend to conquer it, provided he were a perſon of deſert, for I ſhould thence infer him to be the moſt amorous. He certainly that takes away obedience from love, ſays *Melicrates*, robs it of all that diſtinguiſhes it from ordinary friendſhip, and gives it the title of a paſſion. Friendſhip admits complyance, but requires not abſolute ſubmiſſion; a friend conſiders of what is propoſed to him, nay he may contradict and diſpute it; but for a Lover, he muſt ever obey. For my part, replies *Alcimedes*, had I a Miſtreſs that ſhould command me to hazard my life a thouſand times, I ſhould do it with joy. For matter of life, replyes *Teramus*, though I am not the leaſt lover of it, I ſhould not be much troubled to hazard it either for glory, or for love; but to think I ſhould be

content

consent to do an hundred odd things, that it might come into a womans humour to desire, is what I should never do. For my part, saies *Merigenes*, I should do all things, I mean without any exception. But if the person whom I have heard you were sometime in love with, replies the Princess of *Eryx*, had commanded you to fire the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, or that of *Venus* at *Eryx*, had you done it? She would never have laid any such command on me. But in case, added *Teramus*, it were her absolute Will it should be done—no question but I had obeyed her, replied he: for as I could not disobey my self, if I earnestly desired any thing, so could I not disobey her, since I relied more on her conduct of me, than my own.

I am so much of *Merigenes*'s opinion, added *Melicrates*, that I cannot conceive how a man can be of any other. For a man must look on the Will of the person beloved, as his own, and where there is a perfect love, there is an union of interests. Liberality must be an useless virtue between two persons united by love; there is nothing to be lent, nor any thing to be given; there is no use of acknowledgements or thanks, because there is nothing so difficult which one is not obliged to do for the other. I am satisfied as to the necessity of obedience, replies *Lisydas*, but cannot imagine it should be so absolute, as to engage a man in crimes, were it only for the reputation of the person he loves, which ought to be as dear to a Lover as his own. When a man loves, as I apprehend it, replied *Melicrates*, he is not able to conceive there can be any injustice in the commands of a beloved person; for having a greater esteem for her than all the world besides, a man never disputes what he commands, and minds only the execution of it. But, admitting your own maxime, replies *Teramus*, Love will be a complice in the most horrid crimes, and greatest extravagances. It follows not, replies *Melicrates*, for I hold, that a perfect love can never be in the heart of a person that hath not virtue, nay, that a person of an ordinary spirit and virtue, cannot be capable of those Heroick affections that are above the ordinary pitch, and are marked out for the tryals of Time and Fortune. So that those that are guilty of this submission of reason which I mean, put their virtue into safer hands than others; for in fine, two discreet persons having a perfect love one for the other, would rather commit a fault alone, than advise one the other to it, and consequently there is no danger to follow my maximes. Though I should grant you what is not, replied *Teramus*, yet must you still acknowledge, that my way of loving is more divertive than yours. For thy part, saies the Princess *Clarinta*, I should not take it amiss to be obeyed, but should not much care to obey. And I think, saies *Artelisa*, that all the satisfaction of Love, as to Women, consists in a little Tyranny. So that, saies *Alcimedes*, who was very much taken with her already, he who is the best slave would be the happiest Lover. No question of it replies *Artelisa*, and it is my humour, if I loved any one, I should put some fantastick commands upon him, purposely for the pleasure of being obeyed. Seriously, saies the Princess *Clarinta*, I think you are in the right, and am of opinion, that there is some pleasure in being fantastick out of design. Howe'r it be, saies *Teramus*, this I am confident of, that as I shall not convert *Melicrates*, so shall he not convert me; it being haply but requisite there should be a diversity among Lovers, and that men should not be like the Nightingals, that ever wooe in the Spring, and ever almost sing the same note. 'Tis indeed all for the best, there should be some grave Lovers, some fantastick, some serious, some complaisant, some constant, and some unconstant; for were there only sincere Lovers, the world would be too much given to melancholly.

Upon this, *Merigenes* led this illustrious company to that friend of his, whom I have mentioned before, to see his excellent Garden, yet not before he had entertained them himself with a magnificent Collation. Being come into the Garden, he who was Master of it, being acquainted with the matter in dispute, took part with the juster side; but though he were a very eloquent person, yet could he not convince those that were of opinions contrary to his. So that after a pleasant conversation, every one returned according to the ordinary custom, better setled in his own perswasion than before. For in the heat of dispute, a man sometimes lights on such reasons, as he had not reflected on, whence it often happens, that a man, instead of perswading others, is perswaded himself. In the mean time, *Alcimedes* whose desires as I told you, were very earnest and violent, beginning to love *Artelisa*, was as earnest from that day, as if he had loved her all his life. So that *Artelisa*, at her return to *Eryx*, had four Lovers in her attendance.

Now *Teramus* being extreamly prying into such adventures, easily discovered the secret sentiments of all these persons, and made them his sport with *Clarinta*, whose divertive humour suggested her imagination with a hundred pleasant things upon that diversity of Lovers. He did the same with *Artelisa*, nay, with all these pretended Lovers severally. For as to the solitary *Merigenes*, he continued in his delightful Wilderness, a peaceable and pleasant life, which yet wanted not its charms and satisfactions. But the poor *Lisydas*, being the most antient servant of *Artelisa*'s, was very much troubled to see his Rivals daily increasing; but he had this comfort withal, to see that *Artelisa* treated them with a wonderful equality; for she was neither favourable, nor harsh to any of the four, but had such a general civility for them, that they loved her without hating one another, and served her with all diligence imaginable. For all remembring they had heard her say at *Merigenes*'s, that if she had any Lover, she should in all likelyhood bestow her heart on the most obedient, as believing him the most amorous, they made it their business, not only to do those things she desired of them, but even to obey her very desires, if I may so say, and to guess at them so as to comply with them: so that having observed that she loved all the great Festivals, they were so many assigned daies of divertisement. Yet would she not allow them to speak openly of their passion, though she was not ignorant thereof. *Lisydas* had discovered his to her all his life time; *Caliantes* had made a publique declaration of his by a Sacrifice: *Melicrates* expressed his in all his actions, and made her sensible of it by all his words; and *Alcimedes* discovered his to so many people, that there were

enough that told *Artelisa* of it; who being of a mild and easie nature, behaved her self so, that she every day saw all her Lovers, without any bodies taking exception at it, because she treated them as if they had not been such. She also without any trouble received Letters from them, when they had any occasion to write to her; and that you may know they were persons of no ordinary worth, I shall furnish you with some, whence you may judge of the rest, for you are not to expect I should acquaint you with all the little accidents that happened between *Artelisa* and these four Lovers. This were but requisite when a man hath but the sufferings of one Lover to relate; but to give an account of those of four, were hardly possible. I shall therefore only give you a general Idæa of the beginnings of this adventure, whereof the end will find me work enough, without troubling my self with things of little consequence. I must therefore, to observe my word, tell you, that there was never any thing so gallant seen at *Eryx*, for every day afforded new entertainment; if one Lover was at the charge of a Ball one day, another found Musick the next; the day following the third would take some occasion to give a Collation; and the fourth gave some noble prize for a race, or some other exercise of the body. Nay, *Clarinta* her self, to make it appear, as she said, that the very desire of diverting ones self, was able to cause magnificence and invention as well as Love, made one of the noblest entertainments in the world. 'Tis true, it was to celebrate the feast-day of *Venus*'s birth-day, which is solemnized at *Eryx*, on one of the first daies of the Spring: yet should I not have mentioned it to you, had it not proved the occasion of a pleasant dispute between *Artelisa* and her four Lovers, as also of the writing of the Letter I have to shew you.

You are then to imagine, that *Clarinta*, knowing that the entertainments of the night speak more magnificence than those of the day, summon'd all the Ladies to her Palace, to be there much about Sun-setting. So that all being come, *Clarinta*, followed by all the beauties, by the Prince, and most of quality, went and embarked her self in a sumptuous Galley, covered all over with a magnificent Tent, such as when they were once gotten in, they could see neither the Sea nor the City. Yet was it lightsome enough under that proud Tent, for it was enlightned by fifty crystal Lamps. All the Ladies were seated on Cushions in the Stern, the men either stood or kneeled by them; and discourse was at first the only divertisement of that noble Company; for though I have not given you any particular description of the Ladies of that little Court, yet are they as beautiful and as gallant, as in any other place in the world.

In the mean time, it was no small trouble to them to guess what divertisement *Clarinta* would give them that night. The place they were in, they thought indeed pleasant enough; it was so well perfumed, that it purified the air they breathed; it was light enough, and all that was to be seen was sufficiently inviting, for the Tent was so ordered, that they could not see those that row'd. At first all spake loud enough, till at last all being silent, or speaking very low, there was no other noise heard than that of the Oars, which falling into the water by a measur'd motion, made such as were in only, to cause a pleasant revery. But at last, having gone very slowly for some time, the Galley staid of a suddain; the Tent was taken up of all sides, and there was heard admirable Musick, consisting of several Consorts that answered one the other, and the company was surprised by the noblest object in the world. For you are to imagine, that night being now come on, they found the Galley in the midst of a great Circl, of above two hundred Barks, to each of which they had fastened above two hundred Lamps Pyramid-wise. So that that great number of Pyramids of fire, in the midst of the Sea, made the noblest object that can be imagined. Insomuch that the Sea, receiving the impression of so many lights, seemed to be all on fire. Add to this, that the Galley lying opposite to the City, which is built upon the brow of the Mountain, and that the best prospect of *Venus*'s Temple, is on that side, there was not a window which had not Torches in it. All the tops of houses were also full all along the Walls of the City, and at all the pillars of the Temple, whose of the covering was so well furnished, that it vy'd lights with the Stars. So that seeing at the same time that noble City, and that magnificent Temple, all seemingly on fire, and those two hundred Pyramids of Lamps all burning, which made such a circle about the Galley, wherein *Clarinta* and the whole Court were, it was impossible they should with cries of joy and admiration, express the pleasure they took at so delightful a surprisal.

Yet was not this all, for after the whole Assembly had been entertained awhile, with so excellent an object, they might see all about the Galley, *Tritons* with Naker-shells; *Nereides* with their long hair, and to accomplish the magnificence, they both saw and heard *Syrens*, which silencing all those several consorts that were in those enflam'd Barks, sung such amorous Verses, that the excellency of the words adding to that of the air, and the sweetness of their voices that sung, it raised in all their hearts a tenderness more than ordinary. That done, the *Tritons*, the *Nereides*, and the *Syrens*, (who were men so disguised in little Boats, that lay even with the water) departing, and hid among the Barks, the Consorts begun again, and thereupon the two hundred Pyramids of fire changed place, and made divers Figures about the Galley, and then falling into two right lines, and making as it were a spacious passage, the Princess's Galley began to set forward between the Pyramids, to make to the shore, where it landed, at a place that led into a most pleasant Garden. But as the Ladies came to Land, they were entertained at the shore by the *Tritons*, with baskets full of Naker-shells, branches of Coral, and other maritime curiosities, whereof they all took every one something.

That done, they went into the Garden, where they found a magnificent Collation in a Banqueting-house that was there, which was admirably enlightened, and compassed by an infinite number of Orange-trees, whose leaves just budding out, perfumed the air. After which, going into a Hall, whose beauty was suitable to the rest of the entertainment, the Ball, and discourse consummated the pleasant passing away of that night.

This

This puts me into an imagination, interrupted *Emilius*, that the four Lovers of *Artelisa* were very much troubled that they were not the persons concerned in this so magnificent an entertainment.

Their affliction was much greater than you imagine (replied *Æmilius*, continuing his relation:) for you are to know, that *Artelisa* being ready to come to the Princess, having dressed her self as one that would not be sorry to preserve the acquests she had made, her Mother fell so extreamly ill, that nature and decency not permitting her to leave her in that condition, she sent one to excuse her to *Clarinta*, who would not put off the business to another time, what friendship soever she might have for *Artelisa*, because it was the day appointed for the celebration of the Festival-day of *Venus*. So that all she could do, was to express a great regret, that that excellent person participated not of the divertisement. But as soon as she was come to the Garden I spoke of, she sent to her, and word was brought her, that *Artelisa*'s Mother had had only a sudden qualm, whereof she soon recovered.

In the mean time, these four Lovers behaved themselves differently in this accident; for *Melicrates*, perceiving that *Artelisa* was not at the entertainment, forbore going thither, and kept his Chamber all alone; *Caliantes* was there, and gave thousands of expressions that he was extreamly weary of the solemnity: *Alcimedes* went not, but was with a friend of his, whose house looked towards the Sea; and *Lisydas* was there, not knowing but that *Artelisa* was there also: for being one of the last, he imagined that she was embarqu'd before him; but perceiving afterward his error, he spoke not one word during the whole solemnity. The next morning these four Lovers would needs make *Artelisa* acquainted with what had passed in their hearts, out of a design to prejudice one another. *Melicrates* sent to know how *Artelisa*'s Mother and she did, sending her word that he was loath to wait on her the night before, for fear of importuning her, and that he had stayed all alone at home out of sympathy. *Lisydas* sent her word that he was extreamly afflicted, that he had been engaged in a place where she was not. *Alcimedes*, that he had preferred the satisfaction of discoursing of her, with one of his friends, before that of the noblest entertainment in the world; and *Caliantes* sent her a Letter much to this effect.

CALIANTES to the fair ARTELISA.

I Know not what your meaning may be; you are the most troublesome, the most discourteous, and the most unreasonable person in the world. You hinder a man from taking any pleasure in things, which of themselves would infinitely afford it, and you force others to think it insupportable, to be near the most accomplished Princess in the world. However, that you may not say you are absolutely deprived of all the pleasure of the entertainment, it shall not be long e'r I come to give you an account of it, for I had no other motive of seeing it, but that I might give you a relation thereof, though I am confident, that if you had been in my place, and that I had been in yours, you would have had the cruelty to divert your self admirably well without me.

Artelisa received this Letter, and made no answer thereto, thinking it enough to send *Caliantes* word, indifferently enough, that since she was to see him, there was no necessity of any answer. The ordinary hours of visits were no sooner come, but *Melicrates* came to *Artelisa*'s, whom he found in her Chamber; for though her Mother were well recovered, yet was it not thought fitting she should see any company that day? Insomuch, that she had commanded her Daughter to entertain the Princess in her Lodgings, she having sent her notice in the morning, that she would give her a visit. Assoon as *Melicrates* was come in, *Artelisa* told him that she was very sorry for him, that he had not been at the entertainment, but spoke it with a certain obliging expression, whence he perceived that she thought her self beholding to him. He was hardly sate, but *Alcimedes* enters, who after the first complements passed, told *Artelisa*, that for his own part, it troubled him not that he had not been with the Princess, but was infinitely sorry, that she was not in a condition to be there; for though I have seen this solemnity only at a window, yet am I confident it deserved to be seen by the faireſt eies in the world. As *Artelisa* was going to make him some answer, *Lisydas* enters, so that *Melicrates* and *Alcimedes* combining together to prejudice their Rival, told him that he was very happy, to be the first to give *Artelisa* a perfect account of the Princess's magnificence. I must confess, replies *Lisydas*, that I was at this solemnity, but I know some that were not there, can give a better account of it than I; for I was there and saw nothing, whereas I have heard that *Alcimedes* saw it at a distance, out of a friends window. Ah *Lisydas*, replies *Alcimedes*, these things are better seen near than at a distance. I assure you, replyed he, they are better seen at a distance than near, when those that are near, think more of what they do not see, than what they do; and that those who are at a distance, mind what they do see, more than what they do not. For my part, saies *Melicrates*, who have not seen ought, either near or at a distance, I cannot be reproached with any thing. As he said this, comes in *Caliantes*, saying, that he was extreamly troubled that *Lisydas* had prevented him in giving *Artelisa* an account of the solemnity. Assure your self, replied he, that you come time enough to do that your self, for I have neither told her any thing, nor indeed am able to tell her ought; for there lay something so heavy on my heart, that that prodigious number of Lights which enlightned the Sea, could not dispell the darkness of my thoughts.

Lisydas had hardly given over speaking, but *Clarinta*, led by *Teramus*, came in, who by an excess of kindness would needs convince *Artelisa*, how great an affliction it was to her, that she had not had her part in the divertisement which the whole

whole Court had received the night before. But indeed, said she, you are obliged to *Caliantes*, for he told me several times, that he looked on what passed, meerly to the end he might give you a faithful account of it. I beseech you, Madam, replies *Artelisa*, engage me not to think my self beholding to *Caliantes*, for the pleasure he only hath had in seeing one of the noblest things in the world; for I think my self more obliged to those that have not seen any thing at all. It must be then principally to me, Madam, replies *Lisydas*; for as to *Melicrates*, who kept his Chamber, haply more out of policy than affection, it speaks neither any great miracle, nor great obligation, that he saw nothing from a place whence he could not see any thing. But for my part, who, because you were not there, have not seen any thing of what I might have seen, and ever thought on what I saw not, there's reason I should apply to my self what you have spoken with so much kindness. I know not, say *Alcimedes*, whether the fair *Artelisa* will be unjust, but am confident, I am he whose sentiments, as to affection and tenderness, are most out of controversie. for as to *Melicrates*, who was not at the solemnity, but stayed in his Chamber, it may be questioned whether he were not indisposed, or had not some business to dispatch. For *Lisydas*, there needs no more be said, than that he was, where *Artelisa* was not, to exclude him from all comparison with me; for as to his affirming that he saw nothing, believe him who will; and for *Caliantes*, he was not in a place of divertisement, while *Artelisa* was afflicted, but made it his main business to take exact notice of all that passed, to have the further pleasure of making a relation thereof. But for my part, I have not been where all the world was, and to make it appear that I deprived not my self of that pleasure, but for *Artelisa*'s sake, I passed away the night with a friend of mine, with whom I had no discourse but what was of her. All this may be true, says *Melicrates*, but to bring your expressions of affection and mine, into a just dispute, you should have taken a house that look'd not upon the Sea, and consequently seen nothing of what happened at the solemnity. But is it my fault, replies *Alcimedes*, if he, with whom I was, hath no Chamber but what looks into the Sea?—There's a Closet at your own Lodging, replies *Melicrates*, whence you might have seen no more than what I did from mine—'Tis true, replies *Alcimedes*, but since I could not be with *Artelisa*, I would needs speak of her. When a man sees so noble an object as that you saw, replies *Melicrates*, he minds not much what he saies, and for my part, who was resolved to bestow all my thoughts on *Artelisa*, I took such a place as should afford nothing to divert or distract me.

When a man loves but weakly, replies *Lisydas*, he speaks as you do, but he that loves as I do, ever thinks earnestly on what he loves, in what place soever he be; and certainly it argues a greater tenderness to be ever thinking of *Artelisa*, amidst the noblest company in the world, and in a place of pleasure, than to think of her alone, when a man cannot do any thing else. But, if what you say be true, saies *Caliantes*, and that your thoughts were so taken up with *Artelisa*, that you saw nothing of what passed, it was not tedious or wearisome to you; for no doubt but you thought on something that was very pleasant, and consequently past away the time better than any of the company. For instance, added he smiling, as the imaginations of Lovers are many times as far from reason and probability, as the dreams of other men, so, if you could imagine that *Artelisa* might prefer you before all your Rivals, and that you might be one day loved by her, you needed no other pleasure; and I here confidently declare, before the Princess, that for such a pleasant imagination as that, I would willingly renounce the sight of the greatest solemnities in the world, though they were as noble as that of yesterday. To speak therefore freely, *Artelisa* is more engaged to me than all of you, and particularly much more than you; for first, I had not been in that place, had not the Princess laid her commands on me to that purpose; and next, being I could not be near *Artelisa*, I was near the person, for whom, of any, she hath the greatest affection. But that I might contribute somewhat to the pleasure of the person I love, I took notice of what ever I saw, to give her an account thereof, though I could not observe things without being withal strangely wearied and troubled. Nay, I appeal to the Princess, whether she did not upbraid me with it more than once. I must needs confess I did, saies *Clarinta*; and for my part, am much at a loss to determine which of those four unfortunate persons *Artelisa* is most engaged to. There is certainly, saies *Teramus*, some difficulty in the business, but since *Artelisa* is the most concerned in it, she must give the sentence. How, Madam, saies *Melicrates*, can you stick at any thing in this case? How, added *Alcimedes*, can this dispute turn to my disadvantage? Alas, Madam, cries out *Lisydas*, what injustice were it in you to condemn me; and how cruel were you, continued *Caliantes*, should you prefer any one before me?

To reconcile you all, said she to them, smiling, I am inclined to believe, that *Melicrates* was afraid of the fresh air of the evening; that *Alcimedes*, knowing haply what was to be seen, imagined he might see it better from a house than out of the Galley; That *Lisydas* had seen all, and would not acknowledge it; and that *Caliantes* pretended discontent and weariness, though he were very well pleased.

Artelisa had hardly said these words, but these four Lovers combining all against her, made a thousand exceptions against her sentence. For my part, saies *Clarinta* pleasantly to them, I know not how you understand her, but were I in your condition, I would not have it pronounced by *Artelisa*. For there must needs be three miserable, and there can be but one happy; since that in friendship there may be many happy places in the heart of a friend of either sex; but in gallantry, there can be but one good place in the heart of a Lover, or a Mistress. It matters not, saies *Melicrates*, I had rather run the hazard of being condemned, than be ignorant of the judgement of *Artelisa*. For my part, saies *Caliantes*, if I thought I should be condemned, I had rather continue in my ignorance of her resentment. For what concerns me, added *Lisydas*, I should be satisfied, could I but guess it; and for me, saies *Alcimedes*, I would rather she acquainted me privately with it.

But

But put the case, (saies *Artelisa*, smiling on *Teramus*,) you had been a Lover of mine, what would you have done? I think, said he, I should have done somewhat which none of all these Lovers hath; for without thinking of being upbraided with a fear of the fair weather, because of the uncertainty of my health, I think I should have passed away the evening with you. But you consider not, saies *Melicrates*, that there was one sick in the House, and that she was not to be seen. My Mother's indisposition was so soon over, replies *Artelisa*, that had you sent to know, you might haply have seen me. Whence I conclude, that though *Teramus* is not to be thought the most constant Lover in the World, yet hath he better imagined what you ought to have done, than all you have been able to do, put together. But in fine, saies *Clarinta*, you must take things as they are, and since these illustrious unfortunate men will have it so, pronounce their sentence. That it may be a just one, replies *Artelisa*, I must have better evidence than I have, and therefore I order *Melicrates* to prove that he hath thought on nothing but me, when he had lock'd himself in his Closet; *Lisydas*, to make it clearly appear that he saw not any thing of what passed in the place where he was; *Alcimedes*, that his thoughts ran more upon me when he discoursed with his friend, than on what he looked on; and *Caliantes*, that his weariness proceeded not rather from the tediousness of the solemnity, than from my absence.

For my part, saies *Melicrates*, I can easily obey you, for I made Verses to express my sentiments, which shall prove what I alledged. I am much fearful of your happiness, replies *Lisydas*, for it is not possible for me to prove that I have not seen what I might have seen. Nor is it any easier, for me, replied *Alcimedes*, to make it appear, that I thought only of *Artelisa* while I spoke of her, when at the same time I looked on those noble Pyramids of Light, that seemed to set the Sea on fire; and for my part, replies *Caliantes*, I am as far to seek how to make good proof of what *Artelisa* would have me prove, though there be not any thing more true. If it be so, saies this Beauty, *Melicrates* is the person that must be declared to have given the greatest expressions of affection, and to punish the rest for their indifference. I condemn *Alcimedes*, not to speak of me any more, but when he is at leisure to think of me; *Lisydas*, never to go to a place where he will not take notice of what passes; and *Caliantes* to give me an exact account of all he hath seen, as soon as the Princess shall be gone hence, that thereby I may be confirmed in the opinion I am of, as to what concerns him.

But since you have inflicted punishments, (saies *Teramus*, not giving these three slighted Lovers the leisure to say any thing) methinks you should take some order that *Melicrates* be rewarded, for it belongs to justice as well to recompence as to punish: nay, it is in a manner as unjust not to recompence as not to punish; *Teramus* is certainly in the right added *Clarinta*, and therefore I condemn you to recompence *Melicrates*, since you have given sentence in his favour. Since it is your Will, replied *Artelisa*, I condemn him to shew the Verses which he says he hath made; for since they must needs be excellent, he will be fully recompenced. Madam, if they are liked by you, and please *Teramus*, who is so great a Critick in things of that nature. *Melicrates* made answer, it was no fair dealing, for that if the Verses proved ill, he was not recompenced, but punished. But after all excuses he was forced to obey, and to shew his Verses, which were found very amorous, and like a Gallant: so that his Rivals had the affliction to hear them commended, and to think them but indeed too good.

I shall not give you an account of all the pleasant entertainments which this proved the occasion of, for I am resolved not to tell you any thing in particular, till I come to the end of the History. I shall only tell you, that *Lisydas*, who had, from his infancy, an affection of *Artelisa*, continued it with such assiduity, that it was beyond all example; that *Alcimedes* carried away by the violence of his disposition, did for her all that a violent love could put him upon that were most difficult; for he was no less exact and vigilant than *Lisydas*, but many times much more jealous, for that at divers times he would needs fight with his Rivals all, one after another. For *Caliantes* he gave such signal expressions of his Love, that notwithstanding his inclination to magnificence, and the satisfaction he took in being liberal, he had such an aversion to leave *Eryx*, and was so absolutely desirous to marry *Artelisa*, that he would not by any means hearken to the entreaties of his friends to return into *Greece*. They indeed thought at first, that there needed no more to bring it home, than to send him any allowance; but he chose rather to lose all than leave *Artelisa*, insomuch, that at last his Father disinherited him for his disobedience. So that this magnificent Lover, who had been at such vast expences, was forced to subsist meerly upon the generosity of the Prince of *Eryx*, who allowed him not enough, either to live honourably, or rationally to pretend to *Artelisa*. However, he continued an earnest affection towards her, and repented him not of a constancy that cost him so dear. He generously told her, that, it being not in his power to make her happy, he yet loved her without hope.

For *Alcimedes*, he gave a violent expression of his love to *Artelisa*, for having one day obliged her to tell him positively, whether he should hope or fear, and she unmercifully telling him before one of his Rivals, that he was to fear all things, and to hope nothing; he, carried away by his violent sentiments, answered her roundly, that he should find the way to rid himself of all fear, since she deprived him of hope. Whereupon this desperate Lover, going out of her Chamber, and passing by a Closet, wherein there were certain Arms that had been his Mistresses Fathers, and finding the door open, goes in, takes a ponyard, and gives himself a stab, that he fell down dead. I leave you to imagine, how much *Artelisa* was surprised at this accident, and what care she took to save the life of of a man that would die out of excess of Love. Chirurgeons were sent for to dress him, who found him very dangerously wounded. His Lodging being near *Artelisa*'s, he was immediately carried thither, there being less danger to remove him from one place to another at that time, than if they had stayed longer. But when he had recovered himself a little, out of the weakness he was in, by reason of the loss of bloud, and perceived he was in his bed, and dressed, he would.

would have torn off what they had laid to his wound. 'Tis true, those that looked to him, prevented it, and the better to effect their design, they went to *Artilesa*'s mother, who obliged her daughter to send *Alcimedes* a command not to oppose the remedies were used to him, and that it was her Will that he should entertain whatever contributed to his recovery. From which command *Alcimedes* conceiving some little hope, suffered himself to be dressed, and resolved to live.

Whence it being easie to judge, that *Alcimedes* would not have killed himself, but because he was slighted: his Rivals rejoyced at it, though they were in some fear, that that great expression of his love might work somewhat upon the heart of *Artelisa*. For *Caliantes*, he, being in a very sad posture, as to fortune, was not so glad of it as *Lisydas*, who never was so much in hope as then, for he knew by the accident that had happened to *Alcimedes*, that he was not loved.

Caliantes's poverty seemed to him to be an invincible obstacle, as to the compassing of his design; and *Melicrates*'s affection to *Artelisa*, being of a date much latter than his, he did not fear him much. So that he lived then with a confidence full of satisfaction: For *Melicrates*, he being one that had much love, was also subject to much fear, as also to much hope, for it is only an indifference of affection, which admits not a vicissitude of hope and fear. He was therefore subject to more fear than *Lisydas*, lest this extraordinary expression of love in *Alcimedes*, might have some influence on *Artelisa*, and accordingly sought some favourable opportunity to entertain her privately, and to discover unto her the true sentiments of his soul. But this he found a hard work, for besides that, he was perpetually pester'd with Rivals: *Artelisa*, ever since the accident of *Alcimedes*, was very shie in raising any sentiment of jealousie in any of her Lovers, lest it might prove the occasion of some further unhappy adventure. So that according to the humour she was in then, she durst not in a manner be either kind or cruel. This found *Clarinta* and *Teramus* sport enough when they came to *Artelisa*'s, for they were ever casting into her dish, that she never durst say either yea or nay, to any of her Lovers. For if you answer any one affirmatively, said they, the rest will kill him; and if negatively, he to whom you shall say so, will kill himself.

But not to insist on things of no consequence, that you may the better apprehend what I have yet to tell you, you are to know, that there was a man at *Eryx*, an antient enemy of the house of *Melicrates*, and of *Melicrates* in particular, with whom he could never be brought to any reconciliation; for besides that he hated him, he valued him not, and would not admit any composure of the differences between them. *Melicrates* in the mean time was so taken up with love, that he in a manner minded not the aversion he had for his enemy, though his friends often advised him to look to himself, and not to be abroad in the night without company. This hindred not, but that it came into his mind to fasten on some opportunity to speak to *Artelisa* in the night, since he could not do it in the day. He knew her chamber lay even with the Garden, that her Mother, because of her indisposition, lodg'd in another part of the house, far enough off; that the windows of that Chamber were low, and that *Artelisa* went to bed very late. He knew further, that she loved to walk in the Moon-shine, so that it being then a season that the Moon shone all night, he corrupted a slave, who promised to open him a door to the Garden, that went out into a lone-street, which he accordingly did.

But as it ordinarily happens, that when a man hath some secret design, he meets with an hundred rubs he never foresaw, *Melicrates* was courted that day to spend the evening in divers places; two of his friends came to desire his company at supper; in so much that he had much ado to be rid of all those that came to see him. He indeed dismissed them in such a way, as gave those he denied occasion, to imagine he had some secret design; for though he denied them, yet gave he not any handsome account why he did so. Not but that he did all that lay in his power to conceal it, but it seems a Lover is less master of himself than any one. At last having sent all away, even to his own slaves, it was late e'r he came to that door of *Artelisa*'s Garden, which the slave he had corrupted opened to him: which done, getting behind a hedge-row: he expected till the same slave should, with a torch, make him the sign they were agreed upon, to let him know that all were retired but *Artelisa*, and a maid that waited on her. Accordingly, *Melicrates* perceiving there was no light any where but in *Artelisa*'s chamber, prepared to go thither, when he perceives that beauty coming out, with a little white vail over her head, and half undress'd, who, according to her custom, desirous of the coolness of the night, and to walk in the Moon-shine, came towards the place where he was, having with her a pretty little dog, that she made extreamly much of. So that this pretty creature skipping up and down among the flowers and borders, and coming at last to the hedge, behind which *Melicrates* lay hid, stopped of a sudden, as being frighted at the scent of some body there. Nay, he bark'd a little angrily, looking back on his Mistriss, then presently after, knowing *Melicrates* (who was wont to make much of him, as one that loved any that *Artelisa* was taken with) he violently jetted into the hedge-row with all that insinuation and fawning, whereby a creature of that nature is wont to express his services to those he loves. So that *Artelisa*, who thought her self alone in the Garden, was at first much surpriz'd; yet imagined it might be a young slave of her Mother's that was there. She therefore went about the hedge-row on one side, while *Melicrates* did the like on the other, to come and meet her, so that she was very much amazed to see him. One while she would have turned away from him hastily; another time she would cry out; but *Melicrates* having stayed her, and her own reason telling her, that if she cryed out, it might cause a great disturbance, which might be ill-interpreted, she thought it the best course to lay a strict command on *Melicrates*, to go his ways, for she had ever found him so obedient, that she doubted not but that he would obey her. She therefore stood still, and the rather, that knowing she might be heard from her chamber, she thought she might call people at any time, if need were. It argues a strange confidence in you, *Melicrates*, said she to him, to come at this hour into the Garden, and your love cannot be great, when you expose my reputation as you do. For if you were

seen either coming in, or shall be seen going out; will it not give people occasion to imagine it was by my appointment to some base end. The worst I came in at, replyes *Melicrates*, is so little frequented, that I neither have been, nor fear I shall be seen, and the slave who hath opened me the door, is the only person that knows any thing of my design, not that I thence conceive my self absolutely innocent; but Madam, that my unhappiness is such, that it is not strange I should do something against reason: For, because I have a Rival that would needs kill himself, rather out of indignation than love; I must never speak to you more again, and consequently must be eternally ignorant how I stand in your inclinations. To be short with you Madam, continued he, I am not able to live at this rate, and to prevent me from seeking out extraordinary ways to speak to you, tell me something that is kind, that may allay the tempest my soul is in. I have only two words to say to you, replyed she, while you stay in the Garden, and those two words are, *be gone*. Ah, Madam, replyed he, those two words speak too much cruelty; not but that as I sometime told you in *Mergueri's* Arbor, obedience is the greatest and surest mark of a real love, and consequently that I will obey you, but Madam, before I do it, give me leave to tell you, that I love you far beyond any of my Rivals; and intreat you to acknowledge it though but by some sign that you believe it. For since you have declared that the greatest affection should prevail with you, I shall think my self happy enough, if you do but believe mine to be greater than any other mans whatsoever.

Whereupon, though *Artelisa* had told *Melicrates* that she had but two words to say to him, yet did she speak a many to him; yet such as he could not interpret much to his advantage; for she was in so great a disturbance to see him there, and so incensed against him for his boldness, that she spoke very harshly to him, though she had an infinite concern for him. Insomuch, that it was to no purpose for him to fall to flatteries and intreaties, but he must needs think of leaving the place. You must needs acknowledge, said she to him, that you have done very indiscreetly, not only in respect of me, but your self; for take it from me, that if ever your boldness comes to be known, I shall never look on you again, and I shall treat you so, that it shall take off all suspicion of your kind entertainment. What troubles me yet farther, added she, is, that the slave who hath let you in, thinks haply that your coming hither is with my consent. *Melicrates* gave her all the assurance he could that there was no such matter, and would have said divers other things to her, but she laid such an absolute command upon him to be gone, that he left the place immediately. *Artelisa* made fast the door after him, and returned to her Chamber in a strange disturbance. For *Melicrates*, he was not seen by any, and so prevent his own servants from seeing whence he came, least they might imagine where he had been, he went a great way about, and came to a place where he saw a man, very richly cloathed, lie along on the ground, as if he had been either dead or asleep. He comes up to him, and knowing him to be that enemy of his I told you of, he killed him assassinated. He was much surprised at the sight; so that not desirous to be seen about the dead person, he made what hast he could away, but he had hardly gone twenty paces, ere he meets with one of the principal Magistrates attended by a guard, accompanyed by the friends of the dead party, and conducted by one of his slaves, who seeing *Melicrates*, told the Magistrate, that he being at enmity with his Master, had undoubtedly caused him to be Murthered, and was come to see whether he had been quite dead: This the slave said as confidently as if he knew it to be true: so that the friends of the murthered, pressing him that was to do them justice, to lay hold of *Melicrates*, whose hatred towards the other was sufficiently known, he did it, though he could not imagine him guilty. He asked him from whence he came; but he not willing to tell him, made answer somewhat angrely, that a single person could not well be charged with an assassinate. Ah, my Lord, says the dead persons slave, speaking to the judge, my Master was murthered by six men, and had I had but any thing of arms about me, I would have dyed in his defence. But while I was gone for help, they killed him and fled several ways.

Melicrates, being a person of exemplary virtue, people could not easily suspect him guilty; but he still refusing to tell them whence he came, there was no reason, but that according as it was desired, *Melicrates* should be secured. To take therefore a moderate course in so unhappy an emergency, he desired he might be put into the hands of a friend of his, whom he named, who should see him forth coming, which was accordingly done. In the mean time, when the charge was drawn up against *Melicrates*, the circumstances were very pregnant against him, for it was known, that he had refused to go to several places that night, that he would neither entertain, nor be entertained, by some friends of his, that he went out alone; and that he had taken a sword with him, that none of his people knew whether he was gone; and that a woman out of a window had seen him looking on the dead party. So that adding to this the inveterate hatred he had had for him, and his obstinacy in refusing to tell where he had been, from the time he had left his own house, till that he had been met in, it could not be expected, that either his virtue, or his reputation, how great soever, should exempt him from a suspicion of that murther. They desired him only to name any one man that could say he had seen him any where; but that he could not do, for he had seen only *Artelisa*, and the slave that had opened the Garden door to him. So that choosing rather to be unjustly thought guilty of a crime, than to expose the reputation of his Mistress, he answered ambiguously, and did himself more prejudice than all the other conjectures and circumstances could do. Insomuch, that the next day, it was news in all companies, that *Melicrates* had caused his enemy to be assassinated. At first, all the world were troubled to imagine it could be so; but the circumstances being so pregnant, and the conjectures so strong, the best friends that *Melicrates* had, were drawn into belief, that hatred had had the upper hand of his virtue.

You may easily imagine how strangely *Artelisa* was surprised to hear that *Melicrates* was charged with having assassinated his enemy, and that it was told her, that the strongest conjecture they had of it, was, that he would not acknowledge where he

had spent that evening. This put her into an extraordinary disturbance, for having an infinite esteem for *Melicrates*, and knowing how great an affection he had for her, she was extreamly afflicted to see him accused with so much injustice, yet could she not on the other side avoid some fear, that, to clear himself he might discover the truth; for it run into her imagination, that if he should say he was alone with her in the Garden at the time the murther happened, her reputation were lost; it being unlikely the world should believe the thing precisely as it was, especially the three Rivals of *Melicrates*, who would give that adventure the most disadvantageous interpretation they could.

But while she was in this uncertainty, *Melicrates*, who stood committed to the custody of one of his friends, till something more of the business might be discovered, was not without disturbance. For being so great a Lover of Glory as he was, it was an extraordinary affliction to him, to be charged with the doing of a criminal action.

What shall I do (said he to himself, as he hath acknowledged since?) shall I eternally lye under the suspition of having committed a crime that argues the greatest baseness that may be, rather than discover a thing that is absolutely innocent? for by acknowledging my self to be an inconsiderate person, that had had the boldness to corrupt a slave of *Artelisa*'s to open me her Garden door, that so I might speak with her privately, I shall say nothing against her. But Alass! added he, can I imagine people will believe it to be as I say? No, no, I must not flatter my self, continued he, and there is no mean between these two things, I must expose either my Mistresses reputation, or my own, I must either be unjustly accused my self, or prove a means that she may be. Ah! the choice is soon decided, I am resolved; I had much rather be accused, than be the occasion of her being so. I have this confidence at least, that it is impossible she should not be pleas'd with my discretion; let us then be content, continued this unfortunate Lover, that we only know *Artelisa* to be conscious of our innocence; she amounts to as much with us as all the world beside, nay all the world could not ease us, were she once incensed against us. Let us therefore undergo our misfortune with patience, the Gods are more just than not to discover our innocence by some way which may not prejudice that of *Artelisa*; and let us endeavor for our part, to do some great action that may justifie us. Whereupon, *Melicrates* resolving never to say any thing which might bring *Artelisa*'s virtue into the least dispute, he found an opportunity secretly to write her a Letter, which contained these words.

MELICRATES, to *ARTELISA*.

I Must confess, Madam, that Caliantes *hath loved you beyond* Fortune, *since he embraces* poverty *for your sake; and that* Alcimedes *loves you beyond his* life, *since he would have killed himself out of despair. But to do some thing greater than all this, you will find, that I love you beyond* Glory, *though I am perswaded it ought to be looked on as a thing more precious in the account of a person of honor, than either* fortune *or* life. *In the mean time, give me leave to entertain the comfort of hoping, that while I am looked on as a criminall by all the world, I shall be accounted innocent by the divine* Artelisa, *to whom I infallibly offer the greatest sacrifice that can be expected from an amorous heart.*

This Letter *Artelisa* took extream kindly, and accordingly answered it with abundance of obligations as you shall perceive.

ARTELISA to *MELICRATES*.

YOur discretion hath made me forget your boldness, and the tender care you have of my innocence, speaks so much obligation, that if I thought your life in danger, I should be so generous as to hazard my reputation for your sake. In the mean time, assure your self, I send up my continual addresses to the gods, that they would be pleased to clear you, without any necessity I should accuse my self.

But the more they endeavored to discover of this adventure, the more obscure it seemed to be, all the world would have justified *Melicrates*, excepting his Rivals, but his silence argued so much against him, that he could not be cleared. Yet was there not evidence enough to condemn him, that being a person of quality, and much favored by the Prince and Princess, all the friends of the deceased could obtain, was that *Melicrates* should have the City for his prison, for the space of six Months, during which time they might do what they could to find out more pregnant proofs against him. But *Melicrates* desirous by doing noble actions, to make it appear he could not be guilty of base ones, having met with two of his enemies kindred one after another, fought with them, hurt them, and disarmed them, and had all the reputation he could expect; for he in the midst of victory, used much humanity, though he fought against such as accused him unjustly.

But as men are very much subject to take all things amiss, and in the worst sense, so did these two great actions instead of justifying *Melicrates*, very much heighten the suspition that he was guilty of the murther of his enemy, people thinking that it was his design by that means to repair the crime wherein his malice had engaged him. So that *Melicrates* knowing what men thought of him, would have fallen into despair, had he not had the satisfaction of being somewhat better treated by *Artelisa*, than he had been before. But it being hard, a Lover should receive any favor from his Mistress, but his Rivals must hear of it, when there is not between him and her one of those indissolvable affections which require a reciprocall secrecy, *Lysidas*, who was glad that *Melicrates* was under such

a cloud, out of a fear he was in of him above all the reſt, came to underſtand that *Melicrates* had never been ſo much in favor with *Arteliſa*, as he was then. So that not able to endure the injuſtice he thought ſhe did him, he ſought an opportunity to make his complaints to her of it; and accordingly, having one day found her alone in her Chamber, he began to repreſent unto her the long time that he had been her ſervant. For it was true, that he loved her aſſoon as ever ſhe began to be capable of his love. Whereupon he earneſtly entreated her to ſay ſomething to him that ſhould not afflict him, aſſuring her that ſhe had not any Lover whoſe affection was as great as his. For in fine, ſaid he to her, *Caliantes* looſing his eſtate for your ſake, hath not done any thing which I ſhould not have as gladly done, had any occaſion offered it ſelf. For *Alcimedes*, in being deſirous to kill himſelf out of deſpair, he hath done leſs than I ſhould, had you put me out of all hope, for I ſhould dye of grief, without the aſſiſtance of a poniard.

And for *Melicrates*, added he, in an accent expreſſing his contempt of him, I do not ſee why you ſhould be ſo much perſuaded of the greatneſs of his affection, unleſs you meaſure his love by his malice, and that becauſe he knows well how to hate and revenge himſelf, you imagine he knows as well how to love and ſerve you. Ah, *Liſydas*, replies *Arteliſa*, a little angrily, and withall bluſhing; if you would not have me blame you, inſult not over an unfortunate man whom I cannot believe any way guilty. I could never have believed it, Madam, replied *Liſydas* coldly, that to gain your favor, a man muſt be charged with Aſſaſſinates. No, he muſt be innocent and unfortunate, replyed ſhe, to deſerve my protection; and ſince I conceive *Melicrates* to be both, you ſhould not think it ſtrange if I take his part againſt you. The apparent circumſtances are very deceitful, Madam, replyed he, if *Melicrates* be innocent. In fine, Madam, innocent or guilty it matters not; he is too happy to be ſo much in your favor, and I am very unhappy to be ſo little, after I have ſpent my whole life in ſerving you. But when all is done, though I muſt expect to be more ſleighted than I am, yet cannot I forbear telling you, that you are very much to blame for multiplying your favors on *Melicrates*, when all perſons of honor have abated him part of their eſteem, And therefore give me leave, Madam, to adviſe you for your reputation ſake, to ſlight him, at leaſt as much as you do me; I am content to be ſo much more than I have been, conditionally he be no leſs than I am, for I cannot endure to hear you blamed, or that you ſhould love him.

Arteliſa, perceiving by this diſcourſe, more than by any thing before, how much ſhe was obliged to *Melicrates*'s diſcretion, was exaſperated againſt *Liſydas*, and though ſhe was ſatisfied that ſhe did not well in blaming him ſo much as ſhe did, yet not thinking it fit to tell him poſitively, that *Melicrates* was innocent, ſhe conceived ſuch a diſpleaſure at it, that ſhe revenged her ſelf on that miſerable Lover. She therefore ſpoke to him diſdainfully enough, in anſwer to which he being ſtill obſtinate to preſs the injury he pretended ſhe did her ſelf, and to entertain her with the greatneſs of his affection, ſhe forbad him ever to ſee her again. Be gone, ſaid ſhe to him, be gone, and have nothing to do with my carriage, for you are ſo little concerned in my affection, that it ſhould be indifferent to you whom I love, and whom I do not: *Liſydas*, ſurpriſed at this ſally of diſdain, looked on her with amazement, and would have made her ſome anſwer, but this incenſed beauty forbidding him to ſpeak, and commanding him to leave her Chamber, he was forced to obey her; he therefore went his ways, but clouded with ſuch a deep ſadneſs, that he met certain Ladies upon the ſtairs whom he ſaw not, and conſequently ſaluted not, though they were of his acquaintance, ſo much were his thoughts ore-whelmed with grief.

From *Arteliſa*'s, he went to his Chamber, where he ſpent both that evening and night, without eating or ſleeping, or indeed ſo much as lying down. One while he walked ſoftly, another very faſt; ſometimes he leant againſt the Table, ſometimes lifted up his eyes to heaven, ſometimes pronounced certain confuſed words, amongſt which might be heard the names of *Arteliſa*, and *Melicrates*, and ſometimes he was in a deep ſilence, which was not interrupted but by long and mournful ſighs. But in fine, not to trouble you with a deſcription of the exceſſive grief of *Liſydas*, I ſhall only tell you, that he was three days and three nights in ſo great a diſturbance, that a feaver took him, but with ſuch violence, that he loſt the uſe of his reaſon the very firſt day. So that not able to make any reſiſtance againſt the remedies were preſcribed him, he recovered of the feaver, but a Siſter of his, a very lovely Lady, that looked after him, was very much ſurpriſed to ſee that he recovered not his reaſon with his health. It was not ſo much wondered at, that while the feaver laſted, he was heard to ſpeak perpetually of *Arteliſa* and *Melicrates*, and all his other Rivals with a ſtrange confuſion, but when he had recovered of the feaver, all were troubled to ſee ſuch a change happened to a perſon of great worth and underſtanding. Yet had his extravagance ſomething advantageous in it; and it was ſuch as made him ſpeak but little. He was very melancholly, ſaid little, and when he ſpoke it was altogether of *Arteliſa*. But though there were no great ſenſe in what he ſaid of her, nor yet much coherence, yet did all his diſcourſes betray certain expreſſions of reſpect; and it was impoſſible to make him do or take any thing, if they did not tell him that it was *Arteliſa*'s will he ſhould.

You may eaſily imagine what noiſe this accident made, for at laſt it was blurted out by a ſlave of *Arteliſa*'s, that the laſt day that *Liſydas* had been with her, ſhe had ſleighted him extreamly, and the Ladies he had met on the ſtairs reflected on the alteration they had perceived in his countenance. So that there was no other diſcourſe at *Clarinta*'s but of the fatal conſequences that attended thoſe that ſhould love *Arteliſa*. For *Caliantes* had, upon that account, loſt all his Eſtate, *Alcimedes* would have killed himſelf, *Liſydas* had thereby loſt his reaſon, and *Melicrates*, though it was then known, had by the ſame means loſt his honor. In the mean time, the accident happened to *Liſydas*, raiſed pitty in all, and particularly in *Arteliſa*, who had been the occaſion of it. So that the friends of this unfortunate Lover, having been with *Clarin-*

ter, to entreat her to speak to *Artelisa* to humour him, to see whether it would restore him to his reason, *Artelisa* was content. She therefore one day gave a visit to the Sister of this unhappy Lover, who had sent for her Brother to her Chamber. As soon as she came in sight, he would have gone away, remembring that she had forbidden him to see her. But she being come thither purposely to humour him, staid him, and ask'd him why he avoided her company. At these words he stay'd, he look'd on her very earnestly, and sigh'd two or three times; after which, he ask'd her with a feeble voice, whether she knew him to be *Lisydas*. I do said she to him, and I am so troubled for the harshness I used towards you, that I come purposely hither to entreat you to forget it.

This rais'd *Lisydas* to a very great joy, yet could he not express it otherwise than by his looks, for it was impossible for him to speak. He fell down on his knees, took her garment and kiss'd it, and out of a miracle of Love, three or four kind words restored his Reason to this unfortunate Lover. Accordingly from that hour, he had not that melancholly in his countenance, which extravagance puts upon those it possesses; and though he spake not, but only look'd on *Artelisa*, yet was it thence inferred, that he would recover the freedom of his thoughts. But what was most extraordinary, was, that as grief had been the occasion of his sickness, so this excess of joy, put him into a fit of the Feaver, that lasted a whole day, during which time, *Artelisa* sent twice to see how he did. 'Tis true, the success of this relapse was much different from that of the first sickness; for this fit, caus'd by the agitation of an excessive joy that had surpriz'd him, dispell'd those melancholly vapors that had corrupted his Reason. In so much, that when the Feaver had left him, his thoughts were absolutely free and dis-engaged. You may easily imagine what entreaties were made to *Artelisa*, that she should not too suddenly break off her kindness to *Lisydas*, for fear of a relapse into the same misery. So that upon these inducements, as also the entreaties of the other Rivals, who thought him a person not much to be fear'd; she so sooth'd up *Lisydas*, that in a few daies he became as gallant a man as ever he had been. 'Tis true, having the misfortune to know the accident that had happened to him, it made him so much the more unfortunate; but finding after all, *Artelisa* very kind to him, it put him into some hopes, that his late extravagance being look'd on by her, as an expression of his affection, it might contribute to his further happiness.

About this time it happened, that *Caliantes*'s Father being dead, he to whom he had given his Estate, when he disinherited his Son, fell sick eight daies after, so dangerously, that he thought it concern'd him to put his affairs into some order. But being a very generous person, he returned to *Caliantes* all the Estate he had received from his Father, and added thereto his own, which was very great: so that *Caliantes* was gotten richer by one halfe, than ever he expected to have been. Upon the first arrival of this news to him, he wrote to *Artelisa* in these terms.

CALIANTES to *ARTELISA.*

WHen I first directed my affections to you, it was with some hope that proceeded from a confidence I could make you happy; and when fortune turn'd her back upon me, I quitted my hope without any loss as to my love, out of a consideration, that not willing to make you unfortunate, I conceived I had no longer any reason to hope, without ceasing to be generous, and being guilty of a treason against true love. But now that Fortune hath been pleased to bestow much more upon me, than she had taken away from me, give me leave, Madam, to re-assume that hope, which generosity had obliged to quit, and be so favourable to me, as to believe, that no man ever knew how to love so well as I do.

No doubt but this must needs add very much to the esteem which *Artelisa* had for *Caliantes*, whose procedure was so generous: however she thought not fit to answer it otherwise, than by a civility that engaged her not to any thing. In the mean time, she treated *Melicrates* better than any of the rest, for his reputation being still under a cloud upon her account, she thought it some obligation to comfort him: yet durst she not on the other side, be too harsh to *Alcimedes*, lest he should offer himself any violence a second time; she flattered the poor *Lisydas*, and she could not treat *Caliantes* ill, because his generosity had been extraordinary.

Things standing thus, there was a certain man, that had committed a great robbery, taken; and confessed he had been one of those that had assassinated this enemy of *Melicrates*. At first it was thought he had been a lost man, and that this thief would have nam'd him for the Author of his crime; but the world was strangely surpriz'd, to understand that *Melicrates* was not at all concerned in it, and that this horrid action had been committed by a jealous and revengeful Husband, who having discovered some familiarity between his wife and that enemy of *Melicrates*, would needs revenge himself in that manner. Whereupon he that was truly guilty, being taken as he was making his escape, and having confessed all, *Melicrates* was absolutely cleared, and recovered his former reputation, with much more luster than before. However, people were extreamly to seek, why he should be so loath to discover the place he was at when this murther had been committed. But it was not long e're it came out, for I am to tell you, that *Caliantes* spending now more highly than ever he had done; the slave, who had sometime opened the Garden-door to *Melicrates*, and whom *Artelisa* had soon after ordered to be sold, having passed through the hands of two other Masters, came at last to *Caliantes*, and reveal'd that secret to him, whereat this Lover was so surprized, that he could not smother the astonishment

ment he conceived thereat. For though the ſlave had told him that *Arteliſa* knew not of his coming into the Garden, yet would he not believe him. So that not content with his own reflections on this adventure, he told it a friend of his, and that friend another. Inſomuch that ſoon after it came to be the general talk of this City, that what had caus'd that great ſilence of *Melicrates*, was, that he would not diſcover a ſecret appointment there had been between him and *Arteliſa*. This beauty, hearing at laſt what was ſaid of her, reſolved to tell what really paſſed, and conſequently to make appear the great expreſſion of affection ſhe had receiv'd from *Melicrates*. *Arteliſa* ſpoke this ſo freely, and *Melicrates* ſeconded it with ſuch prudence, that *Arteliſa* being known to be a virtuous perſon, all her Lovers, except *Caliantes*, believ'd the thing had paſſed as ſhe ſaid; nor indeed could it be much doubted of, for the Letters that had paſſed between *Arteliſa* and *Melicrates*, were very pregnant proofs of it.

Upon this there aroſe no ſmall difficulty, *viz.* to know whether of theſe four Lovers had made the greateſt expreſſion of Love to *Arteliſa*; whether *Caliantes*, who being of a magnificent and liberal nature, was content to embrace poverty for her ſake; or *Alcimedes*, who being a Lover of life and its enjoyments, would through an exceſs of love kill himſelf; or *Liſydas*, a perſon of great underſtanding, who had fallen mad through the violence of his paſſion; or *Melicrates*, who being a paſſionate lover of Glory, had conſented to the loſs of his own, rather than prejudice the reputation of his Miſtriſs. *Arteliſa* was juſt then come to the age ſhe would be of e're ſhe married, for this adventure had laſted to the twentieth year of her age. So that her Mother and the reſt of her friends, preſſed her to make choice of the perſon ſhe intended to marry. The Prince of *Eryx* would alſo have her to declare, to prevent what misfortune might happen between four perſons of equal worth, with any in the world. Add to this, that theſe Lovers being incin'd to do only what was juſt, notwithſtanding their love, every one thought he had many reaſons to alledge to *Arteliſa*, ſo that their mutual hatred being ſmother'd by an exceſs of generoſity, the Princeſs *Clarinta*, who was to arbitrate this great difference, endeavoured to find out ſome expedient, whereby this adventure might come to a period without any miſchief done. She therefore ſo manag'd the buſineſs, that theſe four Lovers promiſed to ſubmit to *Arteliſa*'s Will, ſo as that the unfortunate ſhould not quarrel with him that were choſen, provided that, before hand, in the preſence of perſons that were able to adviſe, they might produce their reaſons, to prove every one the greatneſs of his affection; for I had forgot to tell you that *Arteliſa* had declar'd, that ſhe would beſtow herſelf on him, from whom ſhe had received the greateſt expreſſion of love. But the Princeſs *Clarinta*, fearing that if they ſpoke themſelves, they would be exaſperated one againſt another, made them conſent every one to chooſe a friend, to ſpeak their reaſons for them, before thoſe that were to adviſe *Arteliſa*. She alſo made them ſwear, that aſſoon as the choice were over, thoſe that were not choſen ſhould leave *Eryx* for ſix moneths, and ſhould not ſo much as take their leave of *Arteliſa*.

All theſe Articles being agreed on, the Princeſs aſſembled together all thoſe perſons whom ſhe thought competent judges in ſuch a caſe, and the four Lovers made choice of thoſe that were to ſpeak for them. *Teramus* was one of the firſt invited to this famous conſiſtory; a perſon of great worth, called *Meriander*, who was come from *Syracuſe* to *Eryx*, was alſo entreated to be there; the ſolitary *Merigenes* quitted his wilderneſs to the ſame end; and *Clarinta* would needs have them ſtay one day for an illuſtrious friend of hers, whom I muſt give you a character of: for having made you acquainted with all the perſons of worth at *Eryx*, it is but juſt I give you the knowledge of him, I am to ſpeak to you of, ſince he was one of my friends judges.

Know then that this generous friend of *Clarinta*'s is called *Anaximenes*, a perſon of extraordinary merit. He is well born, and comes of a Houſe bleſs'd with an Eſtate ſufficient to ſatisfie a wiſe man, and yet it may be ſaid, it is a thouſand times leſs than he deſerves. *Anaximenes* is tall, hath an Oval countenance, a dark hair, a delicate but pale complexion, ſomewhat a great mouth, a well proportion'd noſe, eyes black, large, and full of fire, Yet is his deportment grave enough, though his eyes do many times betray an obliging ſmile. For his underſtanding, it requires more knowledg than I have to define it well. For not to mention the great prodigality of Nature towards him in that particular, he hath improved it ſtrangely. He hath not only learned whatever the Greeks knew, but alſo whatever the Chaldeans, the Babylonians, and the Egyptians, have communicated to others. So that whatever the moſt learned, as well antient as modern, knew ſeparately, he hath united in himſelf. Thence is it, that he is conſulted upon the moſt obſcure paſſages of *Heſiod* and *Homer*, and what from *Greece*, where the Diſciples of the ſeven Wiſe men do yet flouriſh; what from *Crotona* and *Metapont*, where live thoſe of *Pythagoras*, he conſtantly receives Letters from thoſe learned perſons with whom he holds correſpondence. For the Tongues, he hath an admirable command of four, not reckoning his own, and writes Verſes in all thoſe four, as well as in his own natural language. He hath alſo writ divers pieces in Proſe, full of excellent knowledge; and what ever is noble in Poeſie, or curious in point of Letters, he is abſolute maſter of.

But though *Anaximenes* be a very knowing perſon, and his company much courted by all the Lovers and profeſſors of Learning; yet is it not to be imagined, that he ſees no other people; no, his acquaintance ſpreads, not only into that of Queens, Princes, Princeſſes, and Miniſters of State, but alſo into that of all the Gallants about the Court, and all the Beauties without any exception; for to ſpeak freely, he is no leſs a lover of the Ladies than of the Muſes; and what makes for his advantage is, that they have an infinite eſteem for him, and that he never had any violent love for any one of them, but ſhe became his very familiar friend. For when he loves he does it with violence, nay, he hath the gift of ſhedding paſſionate tears, which all Lovers have not, and he is the moſt generous Lover in the world. 'Tis true, he cannot endure to love all his life-time to no purpoſe; and what is moſt particular in his love, is, that ſometimes an

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ordinary passion cures him of a great one, that he can afterwards resume his former chains, without breaking his second, that he can cease loving, yet not hate, and that his love is many times changed into friendship.

Anaximenes is not to be numbred among those people that have friends only for themselves, for though he hath a great interest in all those that have any in the Court of *Eryx*, yet does he not make any advantage of it himself, save that of serving others. He is perpetually doing good offices for some or other, and the world affords not a person that takes greater pleasure in obliging such of any worth as are unfortunate, than he does. Nor does he think it enough to serve such with his credit, as he thinks stand in need thereof, but his own estate lies as open to his friends, as himself, and these things he does as freely, as if fortune had given him security, he should never want any thing. And for the interest he hath with great ones, he gets it not by base sycophancy; on the contrary, he speaks sincerely, and courageously to those whom he deals with; and discovers a greater heart in giving a faithful advice, than others do in those actions that make most noise. His virtue is not unciviliz'd, or scrupulous, he injures no man, nay, endeavours not the prejudice of his enemies; his behaviour is innocent, all his inclinations generous; he loves glory, yet does not admit ambition; and to define him in few words, he hath the knowledge of a *Grecian*, the heart of a *Roman*, and a soul as amorous, as if he had been born in *Africk*.

Anaximenes, being such a person as I represent him to you, was one of those that came to the Princess *Clarinta*'s, on the day appointed for *Artelisa*'s four Lovers, to give each of them their reasons, to prove the greatness of their affection. But that so great a difference might receive a period without the fear of any unhappy consequence, they caused the four Lovers solemnly to swear that they would exactly observe the engagement that they had made, not to raise any quarrel about the choice after it was once made, and to leave *Eryx* the same day. For my own particular, in regard I had been long there, and was a friend to all these Lovers, and much favour'd by the Princess *Clarinta*, I was one of those that were to give *Artelisa* their advice. But at last, the day being set, and *Artelisa* come to the Princess *Clarinta*'s Palace, where four very understanding Ladies, chosen by her, with the consent of the four Lovers, being come, *Meriander*, *Teramus*, *Anaximenes*, *Merigenes*, three others, and my self, met them there. *Clarinta* would have the business debated in a spacious Closet, wainscotted in the roof, that had all about it many Cabinets, full of things, curious and magnificent. The Princess lay on a little Bed of State, all the Ladies sate on cushions, and the men either stood or half kneeled by the Ladies, upon a large piece of Tapestry which took up half of the Closet. For the four Lovers, they were with the Prince; *Clarinta* not thinking it fit they should hear what was said against them one after another, lest it might exasperate them: Nay, they drew lots who should speak first of those that were to plead for them. So it happened, that *Alcimedes*'s friend should begin, *Caliantes* should be the second, *Lisydas*'s next, and *Melicrates*'s last. *Clarinta* did further oblige those that were to speak, to address their speech to *Artelisa*, whose thoughts were then in no small disturbance. When all had taken their places, *Alcimedes*'s friend, who was to speak for him, was call'd, who having made a low reverence, and received *Clarinta*'s order, spoke to the fair *Artelisa*, in these terms.

ALCIMEDES's Plea.

THe cause I am to defend is so just, Madam, that were I not satisfi'd, that it is impossible for a man to love without hope, I should charge the illustrious persons, whom your merit hath made your servants, with a carriage very irrational. For, Madam, can any of them compare what they have done for the discovery and expression of their affection, with that which Alcimedes *hath?* Caliantes, *it must be confess'd, hath done a generous action, in resolving to lose his Estate rather than leave you; but when all is done, Madam, a man may imagine, if he please, his resolution to continue still at* Eryx, *proceeded from a certain confidence, that his Father could not be so rigorous as to disinherit him, meerly because he was in love with one of the most excellent persons in the world. And when it was done, it was no extraordinary prudence in him to bear his misfortune with constancy, and to oblige you to think he deserved well at your hands. But, be it suppos'd, that he should be willing to lose all for your sake, yet cannot matter of fortune be compared to life, which* Alcimedes *was content to cast away out of an excess of love. For* Lisydas, *whom grief deprived of reason, I must confess, I am so much the further to seek, why he should presume to contend with* Alcimedes, *for we never recompence any actions, but the voluntary. And if that be granted, what pretence hath he to stand so much upon the misfortune that is happened to him, when it is evident that it happened to him against his will? Besides, it may haply be attributed as much to the weakness of his constitution, as to the greatness of his love; But for* Alcimedes, *when he gave himself a stab with a Ponyard, it was his desire and set purpose to do it; his Will guided his Hand, and Love forced his Will, so that the merit of his action is out of all controversie. For* Melicrates, *I must acknowledge he hath done a thing very obliging, in being content to be unjustly accused, rather than to give the least occasion that you should be unjustly suspected. But, all considered, this action, which at first sight seems so, is not so glorious as is imagined; for* Melicrates *having committed a fault, in coming to your Garden without your knowledge, had it been just in him to prejudice your reputation, or was it any more than fit that he should bear the burthen and punishment of his own crime? Besides, Madam, while he made you this expression of his Love, he wanted not the satisfaction of knowing himself to be innocent, and that thought him no less; nay, he might be guilty of a further perswasion, that in case you ever thought so well of him as to marry him, it would be easie for you one day to vindicate him. But for* Alcimedes, *Madam, his very resolution to die, amounts to this, that in you he placed his Estate, his Reason, his Glory, and all things, since you had no sooner forbidden him to hope, but he inferr'd he had no longer to live. But it may be objected, that* Alcimedes *is a person crush'd with the troubles of life, one that lost*

as life as a thing indifferent, and is not acquainted with the enjoyments thereof. On the contrary, Madam, you know him to be a lover of life, a man born to joy, and studies all the entertainments that may be had; and yet four words, disdainfully pronounced, have caused a dissolution of all the engagements he had to cherish life, and forced him to die for your sake, in the most amorous manner that a Lover could be induced to die in. Had he dyed to do you some service, he might have found some satisfaction in dying; but to be content to dye, without the least hope of being so much as pitied, is the highest expression of affection that can be given: for it must needs be, that Alcimedes, at the very instant that he was first transported by despair, was perswaded he could not live without you, that he could never cease loving you, that it was not in the power of time to ease him, that the curse afforded not any thing could satisfie him, and that only death could mitigate the torments love had put him into. Let not then Caliantes make any further comparison between what he hath done, and what Alcimedes hath; for a man may slight the goods of Fortune out of a thousand considerations, less forcible than that of love. Let Lisydas quit his claim, since that a simple melancholly vapor, without any cause of affliction, may put a man to the loss of his Reason. And let not Melicrates boast so much of the sacrifice he hath made of his reputation, since he only engaged a thing, which he might one day recover, whereas Alcimedes hath been willing to lose for your sake, what can never be either recovered or recalled again. Let your judgement then, Madam, be given in his favour, who is the most amorous of those that adore you; and I beseech you to consider how dangerous it were to hazard a second time, the life of a person so considerable as Alcimedes.

When *Alcimedes*'s friend had given over speaking, the whole Company fixed their eyes on *Artemia*, to see by her countenance, what impression this discourse had made in her heart. But there being an order made, that none should speak till the four friends of the unfortunate Lovers had given in their reasons, no body spoke, only *Teramus* whispered some pleasant things to *Clarinta*; which done, he who was to maintain the cause of *Caliantes*, spoke thus,

CALIANTES's Plea.

I Must confess, Madam, that the person who hath spoken for Alcimedes, hath very pertinently urged all that could be said to weaken the pretences of Lisydas and Melicrates, insomuch that I have not any thing to add to what he hath said against them. But I must withal make it appear to you, that he hath not fought with the same force against Caliantes; and that he hath not so much proved the right of Alcimedes, as discovered the unjust pretences of two of his Rivals. To discover this truth, I am to let you understand, that to judge aright of the merit of an action, a man ought sometimes to consider all those that have preceded it, nay, many times those that follow it. For I lay down this as an infallible rule, that there is no man in the world so wicked, whose life affords not some one action that might give men occasion to think he might be virtuous, if there were no more known of him: as also that there are few people so innocent, in whose lives there may not some action be found, which being stripped of all those circumstances that might render it innocent, or excusable, might not give some occasion to think them less virtuous than they are. Let not therefore Alcimedes pretend, that we ought to measure the greatness of his love by one single action of his life, and that, an action proceeding rather from indignation than love; and is more likely to argue the despair of a voluptuous person, exasperated at the loss of his pleasures, than a Lover afflicted at the cruelty of his Mistriss. I shall not deny, but Alcimedes loves life, and that he discovers no less by his courting of all the enjoyments thereof, but shall not grant that he loves you as much as Caliantes does, whose affection hath appeared without interest from the first beginning thereof to the end; Alcimedes was willing enough to live for your sake, while he looked on you as a person that might prove the means of his felicity; but it no sooner came into his thoughts, that you had destroyed his pleasures, by eluding his hope, but he abhors himself, and by a violent motion, to which true passion does not contribute any thing, he would needs die, not knowing precisely why he should live no longer. Add to this, that death is not a thing so terrible as it is imagined, and it is evident from thousands of examples, that Love is not the most ordinary cause thereof, in the hearts of desperate persons. There are some that rush upon it of themselves, for fear of receiving it from the hands of their enemies; others to avoid being well treated by them; others to prevent the inconveniencies of old age; others out of a fear of abating any thing of their enjoyments; and others out of an irrational melancholly, which makes them hate life. But for Caliantes, if we consider all he hath done for you, since he fell in love with you, we shall find, that in being content to embrace poverty for your sake, he hath done the greatest and most heroick action that ever Lover did. For you know, Madam, that when he first directed his affections to you, he was prodigiously rich, and prodigiously liberal; and yet rather than want your sight, he suffers all to be taken from him, he hath no further employment for a virtue, wherin he placed his greatest satisfaction; he puts himself into a condition of asking, rather than giving; and while he does this, he declares to you, that he will love you eternally, even without any hope: for you know, that as soon as he fell into misfortune, he plainly told you, he would not be so irrational, as to be guilty of a wish to see you engaged in his fortunes. Accordingly hath he undergone his misfortune with no less constancy than love, till such time as the gods having bestowed on him more than he had lost, have put him into a condition to discover his passion to you, by re-admitting hope into his heart. Judge then, Madam, what recompence that man deserves, who hath voluntarily lost his fortune, though he could not lose it, without the loss of all the hopes of happiness, who in his misfortune hath preserved his passion without any interest, and who in his good fortune makes a new sacrifice of his heart to you. You see, Madam, that Caliantes hath done something for you more noble than to kill himself. For grief is a resentment, much more tender than indignation. You also perceive that the loss of reason is not so great an expression of love, as for a man to have employ'd his reason to do an action that speaks a great generosity, and withal, a great passion; and for what concerns Melicrates, the sacrifice he hath made of his reputation, is not so considerable as what Caliantes hath done. For Melicrates hath done nothing against any one, when he was content to be suspected; but Caliantes not only

ly loſes his fortune, but diſobeys a Father, and conſequently does an unjuſt thing, which he never had done, had he not loved you, as much as it is poſſible to love any one. So that, Madam, if you conſider what went before, and what followed Caliantes's *action, you will find that he hath expreſſed more love to you than all his Rivals, and conſequently deſerves to be preferred before them. Be not therefore dazled with actions ſeemingly glorious, which truly conſidered, argue leſs true love, and leſs generoſity than that of my friend, and I beſeech you, bethink your ſelf, whether a magnificent and liberal perſon, who became poor for your ſake, and being grown rich again, would beſtow all on you, deſerves not your heart before any other.*

Caliantes's Advocate had no ſooner given over ſpeaking, but he that was to plead for *Liſydas*, aſſum'd the diſcourſe in this manner.

LISYDAS's Plea.

I Know not, Madam, whether the friendſhip I have for Liſydas, *makes me partial, but am perſwaded that none of his Rivals have ſo much right to your affection as he. For to ſpeak rationally, the heart of a fair Lady can never be more juſtly beſtow'd, than when it is beſtow'd on the moſt unfortunate, conditionally he be the moſt amorous, and be otherwiſe a perſon that knows how to value her love: for I muſt confeſs, that love without deſert, gives not any man a lawful right to pretend to the poſſeſſion of an excellent Ladies heart. This granted, Madam, muſt it not be withal acknowledged, that* Liſydas *deſerves your affection much beyond any of his Rivals? He hath loved you ever ſince you were a fit object of love, that is, ever ſince you were in the world. Nay, he hath had ſome ground to hope he ſhould not be ſlighted; he hath ſeen the new victories you have gain'd without quitting that hope; and though you have not in a manner done any thing for him, yet hath he ſerv'd you with extraordinary reſpect, without any complaints or repining. But when you took away the hope he was in, you took away withal his reaſon, and through an exceſs of love, to which nothing can be compared; we find that your power over him, is equal to that of the gods, who only can give and take away their reaſon from them. In ſo much, that to make it appear, you were abſolute Miſtriſs of his deſtiny, You no ſooner looked kindly on him, but he recovered the uſe of his reaſon; and men have ſeen again in* Liſydas, *that great and divertive mind, which hath got him the love and eſteem of all that know him. To ſit down quietly with the loſs of an eſtate, there needs no more than generoſity; for a man to give himſelf a ſtab with a Poniard, there needs only a minute of fury, which he repents him of a quarter of an hour after; for a man to expoſe his reputation, he needs do no more than ſet himſelf above what the world can ſay of him: but for a man to loſe his reaſon, upon the hearing of four ſcornful words, argues him to be the moſt amorous of men, and conſequently the moſt worthy to be loved; For all conſidered, this ſtrange accident could not poſſibly have happened to* Liſydas, *any otherwiſe than through an exceſſive grief, which could proceed from no other cauſe, than the paſſion he hath for you: Be pleas'd then, Madam, to make ſerious reflections on the power you have over him, and thence, I beſeech you, conſider, what affliction it muſt needs be to you, if your cruelty ſhould force him to a relapſe into that misfortune out of which you have delivered him by a ſtrange kindneſs. For* Caliantes, *he was able to live without hope while he was poor.* Alcimedes *being cured of his wound, will not offer to kill himſelf a ſecond time, and to prevent it, you need do no more than forbid him to do ſo. But for* Liſydas, *Madam, he muſt infallibly loſe either his reaſon or his life, if you do him not juſtice. Make choice then of the moſt unfortunate, ſince he is the moſt amorous, and is a perſon of that worth, that he deſerves you. 'Twere a horrid injuſtice in you, to reproach him with a misfortune, which you had been the occaſion of; and it were as ſtrange a cruelty to expoſe him to a relapſe, after you had once recovered him. For to what end have you reſtored his reaſon, if you intend not to make him happy? Think on him, Madam, think on him, but let it be with a mixture of equity and generoſity, if you would not run the hazard of being charged at the ſame time with injuſtice and inhumanity.*

Whereupon *Melicrates*'s friend advancing, and he who had ſpoke laſt, reſigning his place to him, began his diſcourſe thus;

MELICRATES's Plea.

THoſe things which happen ſeldom, Madam, do certainly require our conſideration after a very particular manner, and what ordinarily happens, never cauſes much admiration. Hence is it I muſt confeſs, that I can without any manner of aſtoniſhment, ſpeak of what is happened to Alcimedes, Caliantes, *and* Liſydas, *becauſe there are a many examples of their adventures. Divers Lovers have loſt their reaſon, through a reſentment of grief; many have loved without intereſt, and not a few have endeavoured to die out of deſpair; but never any Lover beſides* Melicrates, *hath been content to expoſe his reputation, out of a pure ſentiment of Love. I beſeech you, Madam, to but imagine you ſee* Melicrates, *a perſon infinitely ſpelling his reputation, full of honor and noble work, content to be accuſed of an Aſſaſſinate, the baſeſt and moſt horid of all crimes, rather than give the leſt ground of ſuſpicion, that you had any kindneſs for him, and I am confident your own heart will prove his Advocate, and will not be able to reſiſt his Love. For was it juſt to ſtick at a thing ſo eaſie to be reſolved on? for to ſay ſomething of the ſeveral actions of theſe Lovers, according to ordinary reaſon, he who ſacrifices his life, does an action that is more difficult, than what he does who only loſes an Eſtate; he who loſes his reaſon out of an exceſs of Love, ſeems to pretend to ſomething that is more proper to demonſtrate the greatneſs of his paſſion, than he that would kill himſelf; but he that is content to loſe his honor, does queſtionleſs much more than he who loſes his eſtate, than who loſes his life, and than he who loſes his reaſon. But what makes the main difference between him and his Rivals, is, that the actions whereby they pretend to diſcover the greatneſs of their love, are not purely voluntary, as* Caliantes's *friend hath well obſerved; for when the Father of that Lover diſinherited him, it was far from* Caliantes *to deſire any ſuch thing;* Alcimedes *giving himſelf a ſtab with a Poniard, wanted the freedom of his Will, but ſurely being at that time the abſolute Miſtriſs of it, and he knew not haply what he did: and for* Liſydas, *his*

out of all question, he would not have chosen extravagance, to give his Mistress an assurance of his affection, had it depended meerly on his Will. But for Melicrates, he willingly took upon him the shame of a lewd action, out of a scrupulous sentiment of love: for in fine, without doing any thing against the respect he ought you, he might have justified himself since he needed no more than to say, that without your knowledge he is come to your house. But he very well imagining that the world would not have believed the relation he might have made of the business, chose rather, out of an unparallel'd generosity, to suffer himself to be accus'd, than to expose you to the suspicion of having given him a meeting. So that, the violent passion he hath ever had for glory, notwithstanding, he was satisfied to have only you, of the world, conscious of his innocence, Nay, he thought it indeed some satisfaction to make you so great a sacrifice, and one so particular, that I dare affirm there never was the like, as I said before. To be short, if you well consider this action, you will find it much more hard to do, than it seems to be at first sight. How hard a thing do you think it must needs have been to Melicrates, to lose the esteem of his Rivals, had he not infinitely loved you. You are haply surpriz'd at this manner of speaking, yet can I not but account it rational. For it is certain, that whoever hath a great and noble heart, is in a manner no less desirous of the esteem of his Rivals, than of his Mistress, though it proceeded from different sentiments. In a word, Madam, What Melicrates hath done for you, is so great, and so heroick, that it in some sort derogates from the justice of his cause, to use so many words, so weak as mine are, to maintain it. Be pleas'd then only to remember, Madam, that he having lost his reputation for your sake, you will infallibly lose yours, if you prefer any of his Rivals before him.

As soon as he who had pleaded for *Melicrates*, had given over speaking, the Princess *Clarinta* commanded him, and the other three who had apologiz'd for the other three Lovers, to withdraw. Which done, she asked the company what they thought of the business, enjoyning all those that had heard the reasons of the four Lovers, to give *Artelisa* faithful advice, whose thoughts no doubt were not over-quiet. For *Teramus*, he desir'd for him who was content to lose his Estate; *Meriander* for *Lisydas*, *Anaximenes* for *Alcimedes*, *Merigenes* for *Melicrates*, for whom I was also my self; there were some others of our side as well as the Ladies; and the business grew so hot, that it began a new dispute amongst us, much more earnest than the other, for every one would maintain his own opinion. For my part, saies *Teramus*, at last, smiling, I know but one raional expedient, whereby to detemine this so great a difference, and withal, to give *Artelisa* good counsel. All thronging together to hear what this expedient should be; 'tis this, said he, that the fair *Artelisa* discarding these four Lovers, should pitch upon a fifth. This advice indeed is like your self, replies *Clarinta*, smiling, but *Artelisa*, if she will be rul'd by me, will not follow it, and yet I must confess, I am very much troubled what to advise her to, for poor *Caliantes*, who is so generous I cannot but pitty; *Alcimedes*, a person of so much worth, and of a disposition so violent, raises in me both a compassion and a fear for him; *Lisydas* I am also extreamly troubled for; *Melicrates* hath done an action so noble, , that I shall have much ado to suffer he should be unfortunate, and if I am not mistaken, *Artelisa* will be as much to seek in the business as I am. I must confess it, Madam, replied she, but to speak sincerely, I am one of the most unfortunate persons in the world, to be the occasion that so many excellent persons must be unfortunate: But, it were not amiss, saies *Anaximenes*, after we have examined whether of these four Lovers love *Artelisa* best, to know of *Artelisa* which she loves best; for being all four very excellent persons, and pretending an equal claim to her love, I conceive that her inclination ought to be judge of this grand controversie. You speak very well, saies the Princess *Clarinta*, and since *Artelisa*, hath heard all that may fortifie or weaken her inclinations, 'tis only she that can decide this great business.

At this was that excellent Virgin extreamly troubled, she reflected a little while on what she was to do, she blush'd, and discover'd in her countenance all the expressions of a violent disturbance; then at last resolving of a sudden, since I must clearly express my self, said she, and that I find more people of the side my heart is secretly inclin'd to, than of any other, I declare, That I shall think my self eternally oblig'd to *Caliantes*; that it is with abundance of regret I see *Alcimedes* unfortunate; that I am troubled for poor *Lisydas*; and that I make choice of *Melicrates*.

This sentence being pronounced, the contestation vanished, and all that was to be done, was to engage the three unfortunate Lovers to observe their words, that so no quarrel might happen between the happy and miserable. The Princess *Clarinta* with her ordinary prudence, went to acquaint the unfortunate with their misfortune, and *Melicrates* with his happiness; and this she did so ingeni usly, that the respect they bore her, hindred them from breaking forth into violence before her. *Caliantes* seemed to be extreamly afflicted, yet was it a grief that discovered divers expressions of constancy. *Alcimedes* betrayed more violence in his despair; and *Lisydas* was so o're-whelm'd by his, that he had not the power to speak one word: however, they desired the favour to take their leave of *Artelisa*, and to hear their sentence from her mouth; but the Prince and Princess made them let fall that suit, and obliging to leave *Eryx*, *Clarinta* recommended them to *Merigenes*, who the same day took them along with him to his Wilderness. Now to shew that an equality of misfortune does sometimes unite the most implacable enemies; These three Rivals hated one the other no longer, and *Caliantes*, who had been an antient friend of *Melicrates*'s, would not see him after he had been chosen by *Artelisa*.

I shall not make it my business to aggravate the affliction of these three Lovers to you, and shall only tell you, that had it not been for the advice of *Merigenes*, and his illustrious friend, whom I told you of before, they had taken some more violent resolution than what they now have. Nor shall I give you any account of the magnificences of *Artelisa*'s Nuptials, or the satisfaction of *Melicrates*; for according to the humor I then was, and still am of, I sought out the miserable rather than the happy, as such whose fortunes were more sutable to my own. I therefore thought it fitter to

embrace affliction with the unfortunate, than to enjoy my self with the fortunate, whence it came, that these three Lovers were purposely recommended to me and *Merigenes*, to have a more careful eye over them.

Now as things stood thus, the greatest news that was in *Sicily*, being of the great action *Brutus* had done, *Tarquin*'s being forc'd away, *Rome*'s liberty, and the War then breaking forth, I took a resolution to come and die for my Countrey, and have prevail'd with these three illustrious but unfortunate persons, to come and seek their recovery in serving *Rome*. They made me answer, that they would never seek after that which they knew they should never find, but were content to come and meet with death in *Brutus*'s Army; and accordingly some few days after, we left the solitary *Merigenes* in his pleasant Wilderness, and took our way towards *Rome*, whither we came in the manner you saw

Æmilius concluding his relation, left in the hearts of those that heard it, a violent desire to comfort those three unfortunate Lovers, whose valour had given them so much admiration, and whose misfortune so much pitty. *Amilcar* said, that he would endeavour their recovery, and that till then he had never met with any melancholly that was incurable. The reason is, replies *Octavius*, that you have ever had friends of your own humour; but for my part, I am perswaded, there are those afflictions that cannot be cured. *Horatius* was of the same opinion, as also *Herminius* and *Æmilius*; yet all agreed, that there was not any which might not admit some alleviation. Hereupon it proving fair weather, they went all together to *Brutus*'s Tent, to see if there were any Orders for them. They found *Valerius* there, and that it was to be debated how they should set upon the enemy, according to the account *Brutus* gave of them, who had taken a view of them: for this generous Consul had put it out of all debate, whether they should be assaulted or not. But as his judgement commonly concluded all consultations, whatever he propos'd was approved; and he gave out all necessary Orders for the carrying on of the assault that had been agreed upon: and that the Soldiery might be the better prepared, three hours were assigned to rest; and *Brutus* himself, though with no hope to sleep, yet cast himself on his Bed, his imaginations being then wholly taken up with the liberty of *Rome*, the revenge of *Lucretia*, and an extraordinary desire to overcome. At first these reflections permitted him not to close his eyes, but at last a weak slumber laying all his senses asleep, and chaining up his reason, left only his imagination at liberty. He had hardly closed his eyes, but represented it to him the admirable *Lucretia*, but so beautiful and so amiable, that he had never seen her so prepar'd to conquer hearts. He thought he was going towards *Lucretia*, who reaching forth her hand, said these words to him; *Youshall overcome*, Brutus, *you shall overcome*; Rome *shall be free*, *I shall be revenged*, *and we shall be eternally together*; At which *Brutus* conceiv'd such an excessive joy, that it awak'd him, and cruelly dispers'd that pleasant Idea, which a favourable dream had made him see. Then was he troubled his slumber had been so short; yet was not sorry he had enjoy'd, though but for one minute, an object so delightful to him. But though there were hardly a man in *Rome* that gave less credit than *Brutus*, to good or ill presages, yet could he not but entertain some hopes of some over-coming from what had happened to him. Nay, he gave no fatal interpretation to the last words of *Lucretia*; so that not hoping to sleep any more, he called up his people, put on his Armor, and issuing out all necessary Orders, the Army went out of the Camp at the hour appointed for the assault.

But that you may the better comprehend how great an attempt this of *Brutus* was, you are precisely to know what kind of post the enemy was in. The Castle of *Arsia* was situated at the foot of those mountains of the Forrest, whence it hath its name, but extending themselves in a manner equally on both the right and left hand, they make a kind of a Crescent, in the midst whereof was a spacious Plain, which had on the one side high mountains, and on the other a scurvy Wood, which made it almost inaccessible. Yet was there one place, through which it was impossible to come to *Tarquin*'s Camp; but it being necessary to pass along the extremity of a Mountain that commands the whole Plain, it was a dangerous course so to do: for the Plain was crossed by a little Rivulet, which having made divers turns along the Wood, falls into it, is swallowed up into it of a sudden, and then falls into the neck of a Mountain, which lies on the left hand of a Castle of *Arsia*.

Tarquin, being posted in a place so well fortifi'd by nature, had made all the advantages of it, that a great Captain could: for making Art and Nature combine together, he had added Trenches to a situation so strong of it self. So that a man well versed in matters of War, could not conceive it other than a rash attempt to force him, especially his Army being as numerous as that of *Brutus*. Besides, he had dispos'd his Camp along the little Rivulet I spoke of, behind which he had cast a Trench; and had taken such order that his Camp was inaccessible every way, what by the Rivulet that secur'd it, what by the Trench which made that yet more strong, what by the Wood, and what by the Fenn which could not be past through. The only place where they could set upon a post so fortifi'd by Art and Nature, was the high way from *Rome* to the Castle of *Arsia*, which was as I told you, pass'd by the foot of the Mountain, which seemed to be inaccessible: yet was there a necessity to master it, before they could so much as approach *Tarquin*'s Camp. Nor had that Prince, who knew the consequence of it, neglected to put it into such a condition, that it could not be forc'd. To that end had he rais'd a Fort upon the descent of the Mountain, which looked towards the Plain, and had placed therein Machines, and people to manage them to defend it. From this Fort had he drawn a Line all along the Wood, up to the top of a Mountain, to a place so strong of it self, that men could not go it up. This Line was further made good by little Forts which he had raised at certain distances; and to make this Post somewhat stronger yet on that side, he fell'd a great number of Trees, which cast confusedly one upon another, and the boughs half cut off, and twining together, made a greater obstacle than a Wall could have done. There was yet another place which afforded a small

a ſmall paſſage between two Mountains, but it being ſix or ſeven miles about to go to it, and to do that, there was a neceſſity of paſſing through places which *Brutus* could not poſſibly have any acquaintance with; and that beſides, a great River fortified that place without any farther trouble. *Tarquin* thought it ſufficient to fell down a many Trees to make the acceſs the more difficult. Add to this, that the groſs of his Army lying on that ſide, he never feared being ſet upon that way. To be ſhort, his Camp lay ſo advantageouſly, and he had ſo well improved what nature had offered him, that it was not without reaſon that he thought it inexpugnable. But *Brutus* was abſolutely reſolved to give him an aſſault; and to that end would needs in the firſt place attempt the line that was on the top of the Mountain, leaving the fort on the left hand, to take in the little Forts by which it was made good, for by that means maſtering the ſtrong that commanded the other places, it would have been more eaſie to take in the Fort, and ſo come to a Battel in *Tarquin*'s Camp. For *Valerius*, it was his buſineſs to ſet upon that great fortification of Trees, which ſecured the valley I told you of. So that *Brutus* was in hope that theſe two ſeveral aſſaults would oblige *Tarquin* to divide his forces, and conſequently, that it would be more eaſie to overcome him; nay, that if he once gave way, it would be hard for him to avoid a total defeat; for that *Brutus* falling upon him from the Mountain, and *Valerius* poſſeſſing himſelf of the plain, he could not any way eſcape.

To put this ſo great a deſign in execution, *Valerius*, with the body under his command, departed earlier than *Brutus*, becauſe he was to go a great way about, and that having reſolved to make the aſſault at the ſame time, it was not thought fit *Brutus* ſhould appear too ſoon before the enemy. In the mean time, this illuſtrious Conſul iſſued out ſuch orders as were neceſſary for thoſe Forces that were to be engaged in the aſſault he was to make. *Octavius* with his party was commanded to make the firſt on-ſet; and *Mutius* commanding the ſame number of men, was ordered to relieve him, *Brutus* reſerving two Battalions to be diſpoſed of as need ſhould require. For the Infantry, it conſiſted only of ſix battalions, of the firſt and ſecond legion. The nobleſt ſouls, who had no particular command in this aſſault, were all about *Brutus*, except *Horatius* and *Spurius*, and ſome others that were with *Valerius*, for as to *Themiſtus*, *Meleagenes*, *Æmilius*, *Perſander*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, *Caliantes*, *Alcimedes* and *Liſydas*, they were all about the firſt Conſull. The place through which they were to go to the fight, was in a manner inacceſſible; for there was a neceſſity of going up through a Vineyard that was digged up in divers places, and had at certain diſtances walls made Terraſs-wiſe, to keep up the earth in a place ſo much digged up.

Yet could not all theſe ſeveral obſtacles hinder, but the great *Brutus* was ſtill in hope to overcome, and the image of *Lucretia* taking up all his thoughts he felt within him a certain aſſurance which perſwaded him not to hear any thing that reaſon ſuggeſted of the difficulty of the attempt. He thereupon gave the firſt orders for the aſſault, but with ſuch a noble and majeſtick countenance, that it might have been ſaid he was confident of victory. So that theſe forces with incredible violence, began that dangerous aſſault. They get up the Vineyard, though with abundance of difficulty, they courageouſly and impetuouſly break through the felled Trees, notwithſtanding the darts of the enemies. But not able to do this great action without ſome diſorder, by reaſon of the Trees, as alſo that the enemy made good their ground, they had much ado to rally after they had paſſed the felled Trees. On the other ſide, *Sextus*, a perſon of more gallantry than virtue, who commanded that place, coming up with a Body that had not been broken, gave a check to the forces of *Brutus*. Yet did they not give back, but quiting the hopes of Victory, they advanced not any farther.

In the mean time, *Brutus*, who out of the ſeveral deſires of revenge, the liberty of his Country, and the love of Glory, would needs have a part in all that related to that dangerous attempt, comes up to ſee what had been the ſucceſs of that firſt aſſault. But he was much ſurpriſed to ſee that his people had not forced the Trench; that *Octavius* and *Mutius* do what they could, were not able to make them advance, and that the meer reſpect they had for their leaders, hindred them from running away. *Brutus* much troubled at ſo unhappy a beginning, took a ſudden and gallant reſolution; yet was it a thing hard to comprehend how greater matters could be done by an equal number, than the former forces had been able to do, whereof there was not then any likelihood of making any advantage. So that looking on them as a ſort of people abſolutely unſerviceable, it could not well be hop'd that they ſhould force ſuch as were ſtronger than themſelves in number, out of ſo advantageous a Poſt. But on the other ſide, *Brutus* ſaw that if he retreated, he forſook the forces that had paſſed the fell'd Trees; that he loſt the glory of the day; that he muſt expect the ſhame of having ſuffered half his forces to be deſtroyed without relief; and that this firſt ill ſucceſs might hinder the revenge of *Lucretia*, and the liberty of *Rome*, as ſuch as ſhould diſhearten his own Legions, and fill the Forces of *Tarquin* with hope and courage. So that love, hatred, revenge, and glory, quickning his reſolutions in ſo preſſing an emergency; after he had in an inſtant ſeen all I have told you, and well conſidered the difficulty of the attempt, and the ſhame of a retreat, he reſolved on a ſudden to take the more glorious way imagining in that extremity, that he could not overcome ſuch great obſtacles, but meerly by the greatneſs of his own courage, and that it concerned his valor rather than his prudence to reſcue him out of ſo great danger.

This reſolution fixed upon, he alights, and puts himſelf in the head of the foot he had left. All the general Officers, all the Soldiers of fortune I have named to you, did the like, whereupon the generous Lover of *Lucretia* marched with an heroick violence ſtrait to the enemies Trench. But he came up to it with ſuch a noble confidence, that it made an impreſſion in the hearts of all thoſe that followed him, and the example of ſo prodigious a valor, raiſed ſo much joy in the forces that obſerved it, that the fear of death was to be found only among the enemies. All the Soldiery put the Victory out of all diſpute, and they looked on thoſe they were

to fight with, as people already overcome. For as ſoon as they ſaw *Brutus*, attended by his illuſtrious friends, courageouſly paſſing through the fell'd Trees with his ſword drawn, the only ſtriſe was, who ſhould get through firſt. All made ſuch haſt, that it might be ſaid, that ſome great prize waited for them beyond the Trees, and ſo running tumultuouſly upon the enemies Trench, their diſorder and confuſion got them the Victory ſooner than if they had fought diſcreetly. The enemy made good their ground very gallantly, but how could they long oppoſe the valor of a *Brutus*, attended by ſo many gallant perſons, whom love, jealouſie and deſpair, endued with new valor that made them invincible. So that *Tarquin*'s forces not able to withſtand ſo ſharp an encounter gave back, and fought as people frightned, and ſuch as thought their ſafety conſiſted in their flight. The night now coming on, being favorable to them, they endeavored to gain the Wood, and ſecure themſelves there, but *Brutus* underſtanding that *Sextus* commanded on that ſide, purſued them with all the violence he could, and having killed a horſeman of the enemies, he took his horſe, and drove ſtrait to the place where he thought to find *Sextus*, who was endeavoring to rally his Infantry; for things were in ſuch a tumult, that no order could be obſerved. *Brutus* therefore coming up with his ſword drawn towards him he thought *Tarquin*'s eldeſt Son, he at laſt perceived he was not miſtaken. So that fury ſeizing his thoughts, and the Idæa of dying *Lucretia* filling his imagination, he ſet upon him with incredible earneſtneſs. Ah Traytor! cryed he to him, thou muſt at laſt be puniſhed for thy crimes, and thy blood ſhall be the firſt ſpilt for the revenge of *Lucretia*. *Sextus* diſcovering by theſe words, that it was *Brutus* that ſpoke to him, put himſelf in a poſture of defence; ſo that the engagement that happened between them, proved the moſt obſtinate that can be imagined. Nay, at the firſt, neither of the parties were ſenſible of it, for *Brutus*'s friends in the heat of the fight, knew not what was become of him; and *Sextus*'s party being defeated, was run away, and had left him to ſhift for himſelf. So that he had no other aſſiſtance than that of his own valor to oppoſe that of *Brutus*, animated by the moſt juſt and moſt violent hatred that ever was. Whereupon *Sextus*, notwithſtanding his gallantry, was wounded in three places, without ſo much as touching his enemy. Being in that condition, and fearing nothing ſo much as to come alive into the hands of that generous *Roman*, he did all that lay in his power to avoid it; for paſſing by to get behind *Brutus*'s Horſe, and *Brutus* endeavoring the ſame to him, their ſwords croſſed, and that of *Sextus* broke: Being ſo diſarmed, he put on his horſe with all violence, ſo to make his eſcape. *Brutus* perceiving his deſign, would needs follow him, but being not ſo well horſed as *Sextus*, he could not execute his reſolution; beſides that, the night being come, and *Sextus* gotten into the Woods, where he found a party of his own that ſtood, having rallyed together to make the retreat with the leſs confuſion, *Brutus* was forced to be content with the ſight of his enemies blood, and to have forced him to fly: whereupon he returned to that little Fort which he had ſo courageouſly taken in, and into which he got with the firſt. But being come thither, he found himſelf in no leſs danger after he had overcome, than he had been in before to do it; for the enemy was ſtill maſter of the Fort which was at the foot of the mountain, all his infantry was broken, what by the firſt aſſault which had proved ineffectual, what by that wherein he had the advantage, as having been undertaken upon the purſuit of the enemy, ſo that if *Tarquin* had then fallen upon him with all his Forces, the conquered might have beaten the conquerours.

This generous *Roman* having all his friends about him, did all a great Captain could do: for though the obſcurity of the night, and the horror that attends darkneſs, made both parties equally afraid of ſurpriſes, yet did he not neglect any thing that could be done. To that end he commands, he acts, and with a diligence equal to his prudence and valor, he gets his foot together, makes his Horſe repaſs the fell'd Trees, fortifies the Fort he had taken, and cauſed a great noiſe to be made by that military harmony, then in uſe among the *Romans*, purpoſely to let the enemy know, that he was ſtill poſſeſſed of the aſcents he had gotten, ſo to put them into the greater fright.

On the other ſide *Valerius*, a valiant and prudent man, had made his aſſault on the ſide of that fortification of Trees which defended the valley, which lay between the mountain which was near the Caſtle of *Arſia*, and that whence *Brutus* had forced away the enemy. But *Tarquin* never imagining he ſhould be aſſaulted by that way which *Brutus* took, his main forces were towards the valley So that *Valerius* meeting with more oppoſition than he expected, it was not poſſible for him to force the enemy. However, *Horatius* behaved himſelf very gallantly, all which notwithſtanding, the whole day and part of the night were ſpent in fighting to no purpoſe. *Valerius* no ſooner took in any Poſt, but the enemy forced him out of it again, inſomuch, that there was one that had been gained and loſt above three ſeveral times during the aſſault.

In the mean time, *Brutus* underſtanding how things ſtood, prepared with the day to go and facilitate the enterpriſe of *Valerius*, by marching along the mountains to ſet upon *Tarquin* in his Camp, hoping to force him to turn all his ſtrength againſt him, and conſequently that being engaged on all ſides, he might conceive the leſs hope of eſcape. For it was unlikely he ſhould make his party good, being ſet upon two ſeveral ways with advantage when he had not been able to avoid being forced into places that ſeemed inacceſſible. So that *Brutus* expecting with impatience to ſee the firſt rays of the Sun, diſcourſed of the great hopes he was in with his dear friend *Herminius*, who might well claim a great ſhare of the glory of that day, as well as *Themiſtus*, *Meleagenes*, *Emilius*, *Caliantes*, *Alcimedes*, and *Liſydas*, whom their deſpair had not yet favored with the death they ſo much courted. *Octavius* and *Mutius* for their parts, did very great things, though the party they commanded did not acquit it ſelf well at firſt. *Perſander* and *Amilcar* had done all that gallant men could do, and *Brutus* having obſerved the courage of all his friends, conceived ſo great a hope of the Victory, that he made it unqueſtionable.

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In the mean time *Tarquin* thought it his safest course to elude the valour of this generous *Roman*, or at least to defer his misfortune, and so he changed the place of his defeat. For being in that extremity, and perceiving he would be totally routed, if he gave his enemies the leasure to set upon him in the Post, wherein he then was, he took the advantage of the darkness to change it for another. Yet was it not his design to avoid fighting, but only to avoid an assault upon disadvantage. To that end he discamped with incredible diligence, and with such order, and so little noise, that neither *Brutus* nor *Valerius* had any notice of his removal; for he had caus'd a party of his to find *Valerius* play all the night, the better to elude him, and so made so handsome a retreat, that he left not so much as his baggage behind him. So that at the break of day, *Brutus* and *Valerius* were both equally astonished to see *Tarquin* possest of an eminent place at a distance, in the midst of a Plain, between two Mountains: Is it possible, O ye gods, protectors of *Rome*, cries out *Brutus*, that a Prince loaden with crimes, should be so prudent and happy! Whereupon, without losing any further time, he marches on with his forces, finds out *Valerius*, and, the whole Army being joyn'd, makes towards the enemy, to prevent him from fortifying himself. There lay between both Armies a narrow passage, which would admit but one abreast—but *Brutus* being perswaded that the liberty of *Rome* depended on a battel, would not give *Tarquin* the leisure to put himself into such a posture, as that he could not be forc'd to fight. On the other side, *Tarquin* knowing what importance that narrow place was to him, maintained it with a strange obstinacy. The Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Titus*, though antient friends to the greatest part of their enemies, did things beyond ordinary valour. For *Brutus*, it cannot be imagined with what earnestness he encouraged his men, as well by words as by example, with what vigor he forced the enemy, and with what courage he was seconded by all the stoutest of his Army. *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, and *Mutius*, adding the sentiments of emulation and jealousie, to those of love and glory, did all that Lovers desirous to be recommended by fame to their Mistriss, could do, nay, all that generous *Romans* could perform. *Horatius*, out of love and despair did no less; *Amilcar* expressed abundance of valour; *Octavius*, the better to prove his birth, fought like a true *Roman*; and the three Lovers of *Artelisa*, did as much as can be imagined they could. But these fighting without minding hazard or advantage, the unfortunate *Lisydas* was killed, as they passed the narrow place, which *Tarquin* was at last forced to quit: so that the fierce Tyrant perceiving he could not avoid an engagement, chose rather so to act, as if he had been desirous to fight. To be short, while a party of his Horse relieved those that made good the narrow place, he had put his battel in array; so that though *Brutus* should have forced him, yet was it his necessary he kept his men from being too forward, least that while he pursued those that retreated, *Tarquin* might set upon him in disorder. He therefore had no sooner viewed the countenance of the enemy, but giving order that the Troops should rally as soon as they were passed through, he array'd them in sight of the contrary Army; but he did it with such order, that it could hardly be conceived, that those several bodies had past through the narrow place, after a sharp encounter. Now was the fate of *Rome* in the power of fortune; the two Armies were in a manner equal as to number, the Commanders valiant, the Sun favour'd neither side, the wind was as impartial, and the day was so clear, that *Brutus* (such a calm was there in his mind) perceiv'd a man on horse-back upon a little mountain on the left hand, who seemed as if he had been desirous to avoid the contrary Army, and to make what haste he could to come to his: for he shewed him to *Herminius*, not knowing but that it was some body that was to bring him intelligence, or some Officer of *Tarquin*'s that had deserted his party. *Valerius* that day commanded the right wing, and *Brutus* the left; opposite to the former were the *Veientines*, with Prince *Titus* in the head of them; for *Sextus* by reason of his wounds came not into the fight; so that *Brutus* had to deal with the forces of *Tarquinia*, commanded by the Prince of *Pometia*. That generous Prince had done all he could to avoid having to do with the brother of the person he lov'd; but things being dispos'd otherwise, by reason of *Sextus*'s wound, he was forced to come against that man, who of all the world was the dearest to *Hermilia*, excepting himself. For *Brutus* his thoughts were so taken up with revenge of *Lucretia*, and the liberty of *Rome*, that he looked on whatever was in *Tarquin*'s Army, as what he was obliged to destroy. Nor did he appear otherwise in the head of his men, than one whose extraordinary forwardness, seemed to presage victory to those that looked on him.

The two Armies being thus in a posture of fighting, and so near one the other, that it was impossible but they must come to blows. *Brutus*, though the weather were very fair, heard a thunder-clap on his left hand, which was a happy presage to his Forces; for, according to the observations of the antient *Thuscans*, Thunder coming on the left hand of an Army ready to fight, was a sign of victory. *Brutus* therefore making his advantage of so favourable a disposition, as that he then perceived in his Forces, gave order for the charge, and marched on, and all followed, so that that great body, consisting of so many different parties, being animated by the same spirit, came up without the least disorder, within a Darts cast of the enemy. *Tarquin* on the other side, being in the head of his main battel, advanced towards *Brutus*, as *Brutus* did towards him. The first cast of Darts happened at the same time, so that meeting together and crossing, they did less execution than if they had been cast successively. But when that shower of Darts was over, the fight began with the Cavalry, the right wing, which was *Valerius*'s, engag'd with that of Prince *Titus*, and had at first very much the advantage; and that of *Brutus* with the Prince of *Pometia*'s.

But *Brutus*, desirous to shew by his own example, how he should slight death that would carry a victory, advanced twenty paces before with his sword drawn, seeming by a threatning action to challenge him that was in the head of the wing that was opposite to him (though some have interpreted it otherwise.) The Prince of *Pometia* perceiving the eyes of two great Armies to be upon him,

him, turns to a friend of his that knew the affection he bore *Herminia*, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, May it please the gods, said he to him, that if I cannot overcome without killing *Herminia*'s Brother, that I may not survive the victory. Whereupon that generous Prince being obliged to do what in point of honor he could not avoid, advanced before his forces, as *Brutus* did before his. So that they had the glory of exchanging the first blows of that bloody battel. But alas, those blows proved fatal to both, since that by a strange destiny, the wounds they gave one the other, prov'd both mortal; for at the same time that *Brutus* violently made towards the Prince of *Pometia*, he came as eagerly towards him, and meeting together with equal impetuosity, *Brutus*, as he run his sword through his enemy, run himself upon his, so that they were both seen to fall together, whereupon follow'd a most cruel fight, between the *Tarquinians* and the *Romans*. But to shew how predominant the love of *Lucretia*, and that of his Countrey was in *Brutus*'s heart; O ye just gods! cry'd he falling, (as one that was near him hath related since) I die satisfied, so *Rome* be free, and *Lucretia* revenged.

Herminius extreamly troubled at this accident, caused the body of his illustrious friend to be brought off, to see whether he were quite dead, which perceiving he was, the indignation he conceived thereat, added very much to his ordinary valour, and made him to do things worthy immortal glory. *Æmilius* and *Mutius* did also all that persons of Worth and courage could do; but the soldiery disheartened at the death of *Brutus*, fought at first but very weakly; insomuch that soon after being unwilling to be commanded by *Octavius*, *Mutius*, *Herminius*, or any of the other Chiefs, they began to give ground, and to run away, and that with such confusion one upon another, that the stoutest were forced to go along with the disordered multitude, who despairing of victory, now that *Brutus* was dead, would by no means fight it out. It was therefore to no purpose, that *Caliantes* and *Alcimedes* endeavoured by their example to rally them again; for having no leader they would confide in, they did only what their fear advised them to.

In the mean time though the enemy had lost a valiant Prince, but not so considerable among the *Tarquinians*, as *Brutus* was among the *Romans*, yet not despairing of Victory, they fought courageously; besides that, *Tarquin* hearing of the death of his Son, came in person to the place, so that the *Roman* Forces being frightned, never was there a more horrid spectacle; for the *Tarquinians* dispatched all before them, notwithstanding the opposition of *Brutus*'s illustrious friends. So that though *Valerius* had had the advantage over the left wing of the enemy, yet was the battel in a fair way to be lost, as to the *Romans*, when that Horseman that *Brutus* had seen on the Mountain on the left hand, and who was come into the Plain, came with his sword drawn among the *Roman* forces. At first was it not known whether he were a friend or an enemy; but it was soon discovered; for having observed the terror the *Romans* were in, and heard a confused report of *Brutus*'s death; whither run you friends, says he to the frightned Souldiers, whither run you? you must be slaves if you turn not upon the enemy, and you shall be free if you revenge *Brutus*'s death; follow me then, and do but what I shall do before you. Some that heard these words, knowing that he that spoke them was *Aronces*, whom they had seen do such great actions in the Court of *Tarquin*'s Palace, when he endeavoured the deliverance of *Clelia*, made a halt, and cried out *Aronces*, *Aronces*! *Herminius*, who strived to rally the Soldiers that run away, turning about at those out-cries, perceived that it was indeed the valiant *Aronces*, who was putting himself into a posture of fighting. So that crying out with the rest, *Aronces*, *Aronces*, the name passed from mouth to mouth, among those scattered forces, who thereupon looking on that Prince as an envoy from heaven, rallied, put themselves in order, and began to fight with a strange earnestness.

Aronces, in the first place killed *Helius*, with whom he had fought before, near *Ardea*, and who was one of the chief Commanders of the enemies Army. What added to his ordinary valour, was, that he saw *Octavius* do things worthy eternal fame; so that looking on him still as his Rival, he endeavoured to exceed him as much in valour as he thought he did in love. He therefore did things beyond description, because they would seem incredible, for he carried terror with him, wherever he made them feel the weight of his Arm. What was yet further remarkable, was, that his presence might be said to have dissolv'd that enchantment that lay upon the valour of the *Romans*. For at his arrival all the Soldiers were running away, and all those that were truly valiant, endeavoured what they could to rally them together. But *Aronces* appearing, and dispelling that terror, which the death of *Brutus* had had them into, there was not a coward left among the *Romans*. *Alcimedes*, for his part, did things worthy his great heart, and his despair, but after he had given many their deaths, he received his own from two valiant *Tarquinians*, that fell upon him both at the same time. 'Tis true, he was soon revenged, for *Aronces* coming to the place, killed one of them, and made the other fly. *Caliantes* had near miscarried at the same time, but *Mutius* killed him that should have killed the other. For *Themistus*, he behaved himself very gallantly; *Meleagnes* did no less; *Amilcar* made it appear, that his courage was equal to his wit; and *Herminius* and *Æmilius*, fought as Rivals that would surpass *Mutius*, revenge *Brutus*, and deliver *Rome*. *Tarquin* on the other side managing his business, as a Prince that wanted neither Prudence nor courage, did all he could to preserve the advantage he had gotten at first over the left wing. So that *Aronces* met with no small difficulty, though the enemy had lost the greatest part of that confidence, which they had conceived at *Brutus*'s death. *Valerius*, relieved by the valour of *Horatius*, *Spurius*, and divers others, lost nothing of what he had gained, yet could he not so manage his advantages, but that the Victory was still disputable. There was not any one body of either Army, that had not been engaged, so that all was full of blood, horror, and death, but especially the place where *Aronces* was, as being the most dangerous, and that where was the greatest number of both sides killed. At last, night coming on, added to the horror

horror of the day, in regard that neither side being willing to give over, till the victory were compleated, the fight continued notwithstanding the darkness. Never was there seen any thing more dismal, than the end of that bloody day; for there being no distinction between friends and enemies, there was a fearful confusion in both Armies. Both good and bad actions were equally obscured by the night, it could be no longer known who fought well, and who did not; and the *Romans*, who had been inspired with new courage at the sight of *Aronces*, lost a part of it when they could no longer discern him. Nor was it to any purpose, that some called him, to see if he would answer, for night being come on, he was not seen after, and the last place his voice had been heard in, was that, where *Octavius* being still fighting, was very dangerously wounded by a certain man, who being hurt by another, just as he discharged a blow upon him, left his sword in his Arm; so that neither *Herminius*, nor *Amilcar*, nor *Persander*, nor any of his other friends spoke to him, nor knew what was become of him. All the hope they had was, that he would be found in the Camp, when they had made their retreat, and so fought on still on their side, as *Valerius*, *Horatius*, and the rest did on theirs.

But as night naturally brings horror with it, and that the objects that appear, seem to be both magnified and multiplied, that confused voices seem more terrible and frightful; and, that no order can be observed, a certain terror equally seized both sides. So that *Valerius* and *Tarquin* giving out their several orders for a retreat, the *Romans* disengag'd as they could from the *Tarquinians* and the *Veientes*, and they in like manner got off as they could from the *Romans*. The desire of retreating being general in both parties, they both left the field to the dead that covered it, and retired with the fatal imagination of being overcome. For there fell so great a number on both sides, that Victory seemed not to be of either. The *Tarquinians* bewailed the Prince of *Pomptia*, and the *Romans Brutus*, as the Father of the Countrey. In the mean time *Herminius*, who had taken a care of his body, had sent it to the Camp by certain Soldiers at the beginning of the fight. For *Octavius*, he had courageously caused the sword which was run through his Arm, to be drawn out by *Amilcar*, who chanced to be near him; nay, *Octavius* kept it instead of his own that had been broken; whereupon retreating with the rest, he got to the Camp, less troubled for his wounds, which yet was very dangerous, than for *Brutus*'s death.

Now was it that the *Romans* were more fully sensible of the loss they had received; for there was so great a number of empty Tents, that it was easily seen the number of the dead was very great. That also of the wounded was such, that there were not people enough to dress them. *Aronces* was not to be heard of by any, which raised some suspicion he might be dead; *Horatius* was also to seek, and the death of *Brutus* was so considerable an accident, that all put together, the consternation was general. *Valerius*, who knew not for certain what posture the enemy was in, was afraid *Tarquin* might come and set upon him in his Trenches, to compleat the Victory; so that he gave order, that the remainder of his Army, notwithstanding the weariness and the service of the day before, should be in Arms all night; and to give example to others, he went himself round about the Camp. *Brutus*'s body was all this while in the Tent that was his, when living, attended by the same Victors who were wont to accompany him, and divers of his friends bewailing him. *Octavius* after he had been dress'd in his Tent, was extreamly surprised to find that the sword *Amilcar* had taken out of his Arm, was not unknown to him, for it was one he had formerly presented *Clelius* with, and he knew had been afterwards bestowed on *Aronces*. *Amilcar* knew it also to be the same, and could not tell what to think of that accident. So that being surprised thereat, they talked of it as a thing they made no secret of, not knowing what to conceive of so odd an adventure, as having not heard how *Aronces* got out of *Tarquinia*, or whether it was he that had hurt *Octavius*, or what was become of him; all they knew was, that when *Octavius* was hurt, *Aronces*'s voice had been heard very near him, and that afterwards no body knew whither he was gone. For *Horatius*, some reported he had been heard after the beginning of the retreat, but of that there was no great certainty, and what was out of all doubt was, that he was not to be heard of any more than *Aronces*; that *Brutus* was dead, that *Lisydas* and *Alcimedes* were so too, that *Octavius* was dangerously wounded, that a great number, both of the Officery and Soldiery was cut off, and that those that were left were very much disheartened.

In the mean time, the fear the whole Camp was in, made all think it the less difficulty to watch, there being nothing that so much hinders sleeping. *Valerius* went round the *Camp*, as I told you, but it was with the greatest affliction he could be capable of, whether as a generous friend, or true *Roman*, but by that time he came to that side of the Camp, that look'd towards the Forrest of *Arsia*, it might be about an hour before day. Then was it the Empire of *Silence*, and the Sky being clear, the night was fair enough and quiet enough. So that *Valerius* making a halt on a little ascent that was on that side, he hearkened attentively to hear if there were any noise in the field on the enemies side. But it was not long e'r he heard what his whole Camp, as also that of *Tarquin*, heard as well as himself, and what all posterity hath wondred at since; that is, a miraculous voice, which coming out of the bottom of the Forrest, with a shril noise, uttered these words, very intelligibly to both Armies.

The Romans are victorious, for their enemies have lost one man more than they have, in the battel.

This voice, which both Armies took for that of the Genius of the place, fill'd their minds with a deep respect, and a sacred astonishment. There was also seen a bright and sudden lightening, issue out of the place whence it came, that enlightned the whole Horison on the side of the *Roman* Camp, so that that miraculous adventure, heightning the courage of the *Roman* Army, all the Soldiers were so importunate to return to fight, that at the break of day *Valerius* quitted the Camp, and marched

straight

straight to the place where he had left the enemy. But he found him not there, for that prodigious voice having ſtartled *Tarquin*'s Soldiers, he had been forced to diſcamp in all haſte, and to leave his baggage behind him. So that the *Roman* Army finding the Camp forſaken, enriched it ſelf with the ſpoils thereof, as victorious *Valerius* would have purſued the enemy, could he have hoped to overtake him; but thinking it better not to hazard any thing, and to make the advantage of his victory with ſafety, he forbore all thoughts of it. When therefore the Soldiers had burthened themſelves with booty, and that he had cauſed all the conſiderable Arms to be taken away, and all the Enſigns, to make his return to *Rome* the more glorious, he gave order for the funerals of thoſe that died in the field, among whom they found neither *Aronces* nor *Horatius*. He took alſo a particular care for thoſe of *Liſydas* and *Alcimedes*, whoſe bodies *Collatines* deſired to have, to beſtow a Monument on them, wherein he pretended he would be e'r long diſpos'd himſelf.

Valerius being returned to his own Camp, heard that *Tarquin* was retreated towards *Veia*, whereupon he ſent to *Rome* the news of his Victory, intending to turn thither the next day to re-inforce his Army, and accordingly take new reſolutions, as alſo to bring thither the body of *Brutus*. He that *Valerius* ſent, being come to *Rome*, they looked in his countenance, to ſee whether he brought good news or bad, and when he told them that the *Roman* Army had overcome, an exceſſive joy ſpread it ſelf through all their hearts that heard him; but when he afterwards told them, that the Victory had coſt the illuſtrious *Brutus*'s life, and that he dy'd after he had kill'd the Prince of *Pometia*, the joy was turn'd into grief, and there was ſuch a competition between theſe two contrary ſentiments, that it may be ſaid, that never was victory entertained with ſo many tears. For *Brutus* was ſo generally looked on, as the deliverer of *Rome*, that if that miraculous voice, that had declared the Roman Army victorious, had not perſwaded the people that *Brutus* would ſtill be their protector after his death, all the ſatisfaction of the victory would not have appeaſed them for his loſs. The *Roman* Ladies expreſſed their particular affliction for his death, for they looked on *Brutus*, not only as the deliverer of his Countrey, but alſo as the protector of feminine virtue, becauſe of the revenge he had taken for the violence *Sextus* had done to the admirable *Lucretia*.

After this Envoy of *Valerius* was arrived at *Rome*, came in abundance of wounded men, ſo that *Clelia* ſoon underſtood that *Octavius* was hurt, and that, (as it was thought in the Camp) by *Aronces*, who had been the occaſion of the recovery of the battel. She alſo underſtood at the ſame time, that it was not known what became of him after the fight, no more than it was of *Horatius*; ſo that ſhe was extreamly troubled at the accident happened to her Brother, as alſo that it was ſuſpected that *Aronces* had wounded him, and that *Aronces* was not to be found, though ſhe could not but take ſome comfort in the glory he had acquired, and the ſervice he had done: For *Clelius* and *Sulpitia*, as they had a tender affection for *Octavius*: ſo were they extreamly incenſed againſt *Aronces*, and would not reflect on any thing that might either clear or excuſe him. For the adventure of the ſword which *Clelius* had ſometime given him, and had now been taken out of *Octavius*'s arm, ſeem'd to them a circumſtance too full pregnant to be avoided, eſpecially ſince *Aronces*'s voice was heard near *Octavius* when he was hurt. So that he ſeemed to be ſo exaſperated againſt *Aronces*, that he did all he could to hinder the ſervice he had done from being publiſh'd at *Rome*, and prevailed ſo far, that it was neither publickly mentioned in the Senate, nor did *Valerius* give the people any account of it.

But though the affliction *Clelia* conceived at theſe accidents, were extraordinary, yet was it not comparable to that of *Hermilia*, when it was told her, that her Lover and her Brother had killed one the other, as alſo what the Prince of *Pometia* ſaid, as he advanced towards *Brutus*, for he whom he ſpoke to, being taken priſoner, had given her an account of it. *Valeria* was then with her, and alſo *Collatina*, who hearing that *Herminius* and *Titus* had eſcaped, and had acquired great fame, were in a condition to comfort their friend, though they were extreamly troubled for *Brutus*, and the Prince of *Pometia*, whom they infinitely eſteemed. But neither their ingratitude, their friendſhip, nor their tears, could appeaſe the cruel affliction of *Hermilia*. She was at firſt ſo ſurpriſed at that fatal news, that ſhe could neither weep nor ſpeak. Then ſhe looked like one ready to die for grief: but after her firſt ſighs and firſt tears had opened a paſſage for her voice, ſhe uttered ſo many complaints, and ſpoke ſo many paſſionate things, that it would have wrought upon the moſt obdurate hearts. How, ſaid ſhe to her friends, can I, without dying, hear that *Brutus* hath killed the Prince of *Pometia*, and that the Prince of *Pometia* hath killed my Brother? Or can I be Miſtriſs of my own thoughts, as things now ſtand, without thinking on what is baſe and unjuſt; No, no, my dear *Valeria*, added ſhe, it is impoſſible it ſhould be ſo, but ſince I have loſt thoſe two perſons, who of all the world were the deareſt to me, I muſt needs loſe my glory, and be unjuſt, ungrateful, and unnatural. For when I reflect on the Prince of *Pometia*, and imagine him dead, I hate him that kill'd him, be he what he will. But when I alſo conſider *Brutus*, and imagine I ſee him dead, after he had acquired ſo much Fame, the object of my hatred is changed, and I abhor him by whoſe means he loſt his life. So that hating ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other, and yet having a paſſionate affection for both, I ſuffer an affliction that cannot be parallell'd. In the mean time I condemn my own tears, and at the ſame inſtant, that I think it juſt to weep away my life, an imagination comes into me, that I ought not to beſtow my tears on either. For if I bewail *Brutus*, I bewail him that kill'd the perſon I had the greateſt affection for, and who had no leſs for me: and if I beſtow my tears on that unfortunate Lover, I do it on him that hath deprived me of the moſt illuſtrious Brother that ever Siſter had, and for whom I had the tendereſt friendſhip that nature and virtue can raiſe in the heart of a perſon that can love well. What ſhall I then do, wretch that I am

pain? whom shall I blame, whom shall I bemoan, and on whether of the two shall I bestow most tears? You may, in my opinion, saies *Valeria*, bewail them both innocently, for they had an esteem and respect for one the other, and fortune having disposed them in the head of two contrary Armies, Honor obliged them to fight as if they had not. So that you must not look on them as the occasions of one anothers death; there is a great difference between Battels and single Combats, a man is not at his choice whom to kill; and therefore the only person to be hated is *Sextus*, as being the cause of the War, and so you are allowed to bemoan your illustrious Brother and Lover.

Ah! my dear *Valeria*, reply'd she sighing, 'twere in vain to forbid me, for I find, that if death do not suddenly close these eyes, they will be eternally open to tears. No question, *Valeria*, but I shall ever bewail both my illustrious Brother, and my illustrious Lover; and that I shall ever feel the saddest sentiments that can proceed from an affectionate friendship, and a passionate love, when one hath lost, in so fatal a manner, the objects of both, and cannot accordingly ever after, hope for so much as one moment of pleasure, or one minute of rest. Nay, added this afflicted Beauty, had I lost them by some other way, as that if *Spurius* had kill'd the unfortunate Prince of *Pometia* and *Tarquin*, the unfortunate *Brutus*, it were some kind of comfort to me to have a horrid aversion for those that had taken away their lives. For hatred is a passion that ecclors and diminishes grief. People send up their imprecations against those that are the cause of it, they endeavour to ruine them, and rejoyce at their death when it happens. But all this is forbidden me, and grief and joy cannot be innocently together in my heart. I can neither love nor hate without a secret remorse, which puts me into a confusion, and without feeling my self seiz'd by a certain fury, whereof I dare not search into the bottom of my soul for the cause, for fear I should find it to be a criminal one. In fine, nature, friendship, love and virtue, furnish me with so many several thoughts, that I think it will cost me the loss of my reason.

While *Hermilia* strugled with sentiments so sad, so passionate, and so disordered, it was resolv'd in the Senate, that *Valerius* should be received in triumph; as well to do his valour a justice, as to make the victory of the *Roman* Army the more remarkable, that the partisans of *Tarquin* might not weaken the relation of it, by those false reports which they scatter'd among the people. *Lucretius* and *Valerius*, as the most considerable of the Senate, omitted nothing that might contribute to the honor of *Valerius* living, or *Brutus* dead. The Consul, acquainted with the resolution of the Senate, discamp'd, and caus'd his Army to march back into *Rome*, in the same order that it had left it. The Lictors with the Ax and Fasces went before him, which was the first time they did it; for that honor was proper only to the first Consul; *Valerius* march'd in the midst of his Forces, a triumphal Chariot before him, whereon was the body of *Brutus*, covered with black Tapistry purfled with Gold. And to do him the greater honor, the Body was set upon the richest spoils of the enemy; for there were seen Ensigns starting out on both sides, sumptuous Arms in divers places, and magnificent Bucklers all about. Several prisoners chain'd follow'd the Chariot of the illustrious deceas'd, it being *Valerius*'s design to express thereby, that he only deserved the honor of the triumph.

But it being requisite to infuse courage into the people, *Valerius* had not any thing of mourning, either in his Arms or his Equipage. On the other side, all the people of *Rome* went as far as they could to meet *Valerius*; and the high way as he past along, was all bordered with Tables well furnish'd, whence the people took divers things to present to the Soldiers as they passed by, who yet made no stay to receive them. The way was strew'd with flowers, and the Senate, in Body, met *Valerius* without the City Gates. All the streets were hung with rich Tapistry, and all the Ladies at the windows to see the solemnity pass by. But after all, notwithstanding those great demonstrations of Victory, the sight of the Chariot, wherein the body of the illustrious *Brutus* was, caused more tears of grief than of joy to be shed. In the mean time *Valerius*, according to the pious custom of the *Romans*, went to the Temple to offer to the gods, the spoils of the enemy, as it were, to acknowledge victory came from them. Which done, having caused the body of *Brutus* to be placed under a mourning Canopy, in the midst of the spacious place, that was before *Jupiter*'s Temple and put on a black Robe, such as were then worn in publick Mournings, he went up into the place appointed for those who had some Order to communicate to the people, and by that means, as 'tis thought at least, proved the first institutor at *Rome*, of that laudable custom of making Elogies on illustrious men deceased, a thing in use long before among the *Grecians*. *Valerius* therefore being compassed by the Senate, all the persons of quality in *Rome*, and an innumerable multitude of people, who by an awful silence seemed to expect what he would say to them, began to speak in these terms.

BRUTUS's Funeral Oration.

IT were injustice in me, generous Romans, *to enjoy the honor of the victory, without acquainting you, that it is to this illustrious deceased Person that you owe it, and putting you in remembrance of all he hath done for you, that so it may never out of your memory; Give me then leave to entertain you with a slight account of his Life, and so let you know after what manner you ought to bewail your Deliverer. I need say nothing to you of his illustrious birth, you know it as well as I do; nor*

ſhall I *trouble you with any celebrations of the virtue of his Anceſtors, for his own having exceeded theirs, it were unjuſt to derive his praiſe from the Virtues of another. But I beſeech you,* Romans, *forget not that tedious captivity of* Brutus's *Reaſon, which is the cauſe of your preſent freedom, and that* Rome *ſhall never again be a ſlave to the Tyrant's Will. Remember how that he devoted his whole life, to work out your ſafety, that, as ſoon as that favourable conjuncture of time, which he had expected for ſo many years, was come, he employed all his underſtanding, and all his courage, in order to your liberty, and, without minding either his Fortune or his Life, all his endeavours have been only to make you happy, to revenge the virtuous* Lucretia, *to puniſh the infamous* Sextus, *and to knock off thoſe ignominious Fetters of Slavery that we had groaned under for ſo long time. He hath knocked them off,* Romans, *and you ought eternally to look on him as your Deliverer, and have for him the ſame reſpect as you have for the illuſtrious Founder of* Rome. *Beſides, you are not only obliged to him for all he hath done, to turn* Tarquin *out of the Throne he had uſurped; all that by his prudence he hath done to unite you, ſince the Tyrant hath ceaſed to be your Maſter; all he hath done in the aſſault of the enemie's Camp, where he expreſſed his valour, after ſo glorious a manner; what he did when he wounded the infamous* Sextus, *the great actions he was ſeen to do, when he forced that dangerous narrow paſſage, which hindred us from being able to force* Tarquin *to a Battel; and laſtly, what he hath done ſince in the head of our Forces, and in the ſight of both Armies, when he killed one of the moſt valiant Princes in the world: but you are further obliged to him, for all we have done to gain the victory after his death, ſince we are only feeble imitators of his Virtue. Nay,* Rome *it ſelf is obliged to him, for all the greatneſs, and all the glory which I foreſee ſhe will arrive to hereafter; and as long as there ſhall be* Romans, *there will be ungrateful men, if they have not ſuch a veneration for* Brutus, *as, in ſome ſort, comes near that which they have for the immortal gods. In a word, that prodigious voice, that hath declared us Conquerors, is an infallible preſage to us of the intereſt he hath with the gods. Let us therefore bewail our illuſtrious Deliverer; but, generous* Romans, *we are not to bewail him as an ordinary perſon. It is not by fruitleſs tears that we muſt expreſs the indignation we are in for his ſake, it is by multiplying our averſion againſt thoſe that are the occaſions of his loſs; 'tis by taking a reſolution to put that deſign in execution, which he had to exterminate the race of the* Tarquins, *and to dye a thouſand times, rather than enter into ſlavery again. 'Tis thus,* Romans, *that we muſt expreſs our affliction for the loſs of a man that died ſo gloriouſly, that his Funeral Solemnity is a Triumph: for a man, I ſay, who, for the ſmall time, that he durſt diſcover his Reaſon, hath made it appear, that he was not only free from all Vice, but alſo that he had a prudence equal to his underſtanding, was as eminent for his courage, as his moderation, for his mildneſs, as his conſtancy; had more Virtue than all the* Romans *put together, and a thouſand times more love for his Country, than he had for himſelf.*

While *Valerius* ſpoke, the people heard him with ſuch an awful ſilence, that it was eaſily ſeen that they were pleaſed with the praiſes of *Brutus*. He had no ſooner left off ſpeaking, but, though he had forbidden tears, there were heard ſo many cries, and ſo many complaints, and ſuch ſobbing and ſighing, mixt with the acclamations they gave the actions of that illuſtrious deceaſed, and the words of *Valerius*, that people could not diſtinctly hear one another. But ſince it was a point of prudence not to ſoften the hearts of the people too much by ſo ſad an object; they made what haſte they conveniently could, to give the illuſtrious *Brutus* the laſt honors he could receive; and by the order of *Valerius* and the Senate, it was reſolved a Statue ſhould be erected to him at the publique charge, the more to immortalize his glory. And to conclude ſo remakable a day, with ſome expreſſions of joy, *Valerius*, according to the cuſtom, entertained the moſt conſiderable of the Senate. The next day viſited *Brutus*'s Aunt and Siſter, where he found all the *Roman* Ladies in Mourning, which they had engaged themſelves not to put off, during the ſpace of one year, ſo to acknowledge, as they ſaid, the obligation their Sex ought to *Brutus*, who had ſo well revenged the virtuous *Lucretia*. In a word, there was not a woman in *Rome*, that mourned not for the death of *Brutus*, as if he had been her Father. *Valerius* went alſo to viſit *Clelius*, who was very much troubled, becauſe of the danger of *Otavius*'s wound, and was ſo much the more, if I may ſo ſay, out of an imagination that *Aronces* had hurt him, as conceiving him to be ſtill his Rival. There were indeed no infallible proofs of it, but the circumſtances were very pregnant, in ſo much that *Clelius* being a man of a violent nature, if *Horatius* had been then at *Rome*, would have forced *Clelia* to have preferred him before *Aronces*. Great then muſt needs be the affliction of that admirable Lady, for ſhe ſaw her Brother in danger, ſhe

she knew not whether *Aronces* had hurt him, was to learn whether he were living or no; she was troubled even at *Horatius*'s absence, out of a fear, lest he and *Aronces* might meet together; and no doubt but she suffered all that a person that loves truely, could suffer. Yet was her disquiet encreased three daies after, for not only *Octavius* grew worse than he had been, but she heard that *Zonocrates* was newly arrived at *Valerius*'s, and had brought a very sad account of *Aronces*; so that she felt not only those misfortunes that had already happened to her but was also sensible of all those that might.

The End of the Third Part of CLELIA.

CLELIA.

An Excellent

NEW

ROMANCE.

The Fourth Volume.

Written in *FRENCH* by the Exquisite Pen of Monsieur *de SCUDERY*, Governor of *Nostre-Dame de la Garde.*

Rendered into English by *G. H.*



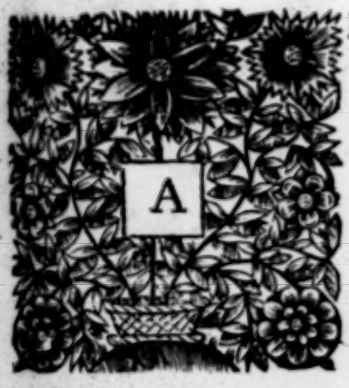
LONDON;

Printed for *Dorman Newman*, and *Tho. Cockerill*, at the Kings Arms in the *Poultry*, and at the *Atlas* in *Cornhill*, 1677.

To the Right Worſhipful,

The Lady Mary S. Quintin.

MADAM,



Mongſt all the remarkable expreſſions, in which Learned perſons have endeavour'd to ſum up the excellencies of Hiſtory, I know not whether the invention of any was more happy, than his, who term'd it, The Image *or* Picture of Life, *ſince it faithfully repreſents to our eye, all the variety and circumſtances of humane actions, in which our life principally conſiſts. But Hiſtories are like Picture, either drawn according to the reſemblance of ſome real example, or merely made out of the invention of the Writer. To which latter, as a greater meaſure of skill is requir'd, ſo the liberty the Deſigner's Fancy is left to, enables him to make a more exquiſite and perfect Piece, than he could do, if he were confin'd to trace out the lineaments of ſome propoſed pattern; as it is without doubt, poſſible for an Artiſt to pourtray a Piece of more exact ſymmetry and ſhape, than ever was framed by Nature. Nor ought it to ſeem ſtrange, that I in general, give the pre-eminence to theſe Modern fained Stories, above all true (I mean profane,) as well in reference to Profit as Delight. Thoſe we have received from Antiquity, give us ſcarce more than Pourtraits halfe drawn; perhaps they repreſent to us a Conſul, or ſome other great perſon in the Field, and poſſibly give us a little taſte of his abilities in the Senate, but afford us very little knowledge, how generous his deportment was in converſation; and amongſt his Friends, how nobly he loved or hated; and how tender a relation, or faithful friend, he ſhewed himſelf in all the diverſities of adventures: All which, no queſtion, are of great importance to the Reader's improvement and pleaſure, to be handſomely deſcrib'd.*

The Piece, Madam, I humbly addreſs to your Ladyſhip, was drawn by an approved Hand, the ſame that made Cyrus *Great, and* Ibrahim *Illuſtrious; and which the moſt intelligent perſons doubt not to commend for a Maſter-piece. I acknowledge it is but a part of a greater Work; yet the ſeveral Hiſtories tranſiently interwoven in the Grand one, are perfect in themſelves; it being the cuſtom of this incomparable Author, contrary to that of moſt others, to perform more than he promiſes in his Title. The main deſign is the relation of the adventures of an excellent Lady, and I could not do her greater juſtice upon her arrival into* England, *than to recommend her to the protection of one that is*

ſo

ſo too: Which I have reaſon to be aſſur'd, will not be lookt upon as an expreſſion of formal flattery, ſince as many as have the happineſs to know you, eſteem you a Lady of great goodneſs, prudence, and virtue; and ſince your excellent accompliſhments are, notwithſtanding the eminency of your quality, known to more than your perſon. The conſideration of which, principally induc'd me to make this humble dedication, upon confidence, that amongſt ſo many perfections, you could not be averſe to pardon it; though I had together ſome motive of ſelf-intereſt, believing the reſt of the Book would be more acceptable to the Readers, when they met with your name in the beginning of it; and that they would be more favourable to my faults, when they ſaw you had permitted me the honor to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhips moſt

Humble Servant,

G. H.

CLELIA.

A

Romane Hiſtory.

The Fourth Part.

The Firſt *BOOK*.

WHilſt *Clelia* augmented her ſorrows, by adding the misfortunes ſhe feared to thoſe ſhe already ſuffered; *Valerius*, who was at that time ſole Conſul, had in his company *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, who was newly arrived from *Cluſium*, to inform him of divers important and unwelcome tidings; which when he had delivered diſorderly, in groſs; *Valerius* deſired him to relate ſomething more particularly. I beſeech you then (replyed *Zenocrates*) tell me firſt, whether you would have me ſpeak of *Tarquinius*, *Porſenna*, and the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, before I declare what I know concerning *Aronces*, whoſe deſtiny hath without doubt, been very extraordinary. *Aronces* is ſo great a Prince, (ſaid *Valerius*) and ſerved *Rome* ſo ſignally in the Battel we lately won, and moreover, it is ſo highly important to us, that the King his father be not engaged in the intereſts of the Enemy, that I ſhould be very glad to underſtand, what is become of him. For my own concern (interpoſed *Herminius*) the affection I have for that Prince, gives me an ardent deſire of learning his condition. And for me, (added *Amilcar*) having had a longer knowledge of his rare qualities than you, I muſt, without queſtion, love him more, and conſequently have a greater curioſity to learn what betides him, than you can have. It being ſo, (replyed *Zenocrates*) you may then be pleaſed to know, that towards the end of the Battel, when the fight continued in the darkneſs of the night, wherein Friends and Enemies could not diſtinguiſh one another; and the confuſion was ſo great, that either Party thought themſelves defeated. *Aronces* having notwithſtanding the darkneſs, purſued ſome of the enemies, paſſed from the Right Wing of your Army to the left; by reaſon they which fled, not knowing whither they fled, by miſtake, directed their way thither, ſuppoſing they were going to joyn with their own Forces. But as ſoon as they perceived their error, they changed the courſe of their Retreat. At which inſtant, *Aronces*, who knew not that *Sextus* was no longer in the Battel, thought he underſtood by the voice of one of thoſe he purſued, that he was amongſt them, upon which, his hatred inſpiring him with an ardent deſire of victory, he purſued them more cloſely than before. But being willing to aſſociate ſome other to him, the better to execute his deſign, he began to cry out, Here, *Romans*, here; here is a Son of *Tarquinius*, that would ſteal away by favor of the night. Theſe words, which *Aronces* pronounced very loud, were underſtood by *Horatius*, who knew not, that his Rival was eſcaped from his Priſon, becauſe he had not ſtirred from the left Wing; and that it was at the Right, where this valiant Prince had fought ſo long, as the day laſted. So that *Horatius*, without knowing the voice of his Rivall, in as much as it was ſomething altered by agitation and choler; and for that *Aronces* had uttered but three or four words; haſtned only whither the deſire of vanquiſhing the ſon of *Tarquinius* called him. Therefore coming up to *Aronces*, without obſerving who he was, and ſeconding his valor, they both put themſelves upon purſuit of them that retired; who many times making head upon thoſe that chaſed them, teſtified, that they wholly wanted not courage. But as it hapned, unfortunately for *Aronces* and *Horatius*, they fell in with a groſs of Horſe of the *Veientines*; with which the purſued joining, not only ſtopt their courſe, but beſet them round. Whereupon *Aronces* and *Horatius*, finding themſelves in this dreadful danger, endeavored to exhort one the other, to ſell their lives to the enemy at a dear rate; by which their ſpeech diſcovered them, and they ſaw, they were more enemies among themſelves, than of thoſe whom they had purſued. Nevertheleſs, the deſire of glory, and the ſenſe of virtue uniting them for the preſent,

they exploited things surpassing all belief, and more than once attempted to break through the body that encompassed them. But the horse of *Aronces* being slain, and his Sword broken with the fall, he was taken prisoner. So that *Horatius* being then alone in the midst of so many enemies, was constrained to yield to force, although he knew well, that certain death attended him, if he fell into the hands of *Tarquinius*. Thus these two Rivals saw themselves prisoners of War together, and they were immediately both committed to the custody of the same souldiers: who having seen them fighting on the same side, left them to discourse together what they pleased, without interrupting them. But I shall not detain you with a circumstantial Relation of that Converse, having several things of greater consequence to impart to you. I shall suffice to let you know, that *Horatius*, as a generous person, remembred in his addressing to *Aronces*, that he was obliged to him for his life; and that *Aronces* did not forget his accustomed generosity, when he spake to *Horatius*. Both of them having observed, by the speech of them to whom they were prisoners, that they were *Veientines*, they conceived they might not be known, since neither of them had ever been at *Veii* Nor had they lived long enough in *Italy*, although they had been there, to believe that these *Veientines* might have seen them any where else. Upon this persuasion, they mutually engaged not to discover one another, and to endeavor their liberty conjointly, yet without promising to cease their mutual hatred; for there is a feud between them, which in probability cannot be terminated but with their lives. But they which had them in guard, desiring to know what they were, demanded of *Aronces*, who *Horatius* was, and of *Horatius* the same concerning *Aronces*; conceiving they might draw the truth from them better after this manner than otherwise. *Horatius* answered them, that *Aronces* was a *Sicilian*, that came to *Rome* since the War. And *Aronces* told them, that *Horatius* belonged to the forces of *Ardea*, which were come to the service of *Rome*, after *Tarquin* was constrained to raise his siege. Which accounts being not at all mistrusted, they were guarded without any extraordinary care, and were ordered to march together. For, as these *Veientines* perceived no more of their own party to come to joyn with them, they determined to make their retreat before the day should appear. Accordingly they took the way to *Veii*, towards which, all that routed Army was disorderly retired; and they were no sooner at the foot of the Mountain, upon which that famous City is built, but they understood, that the people beholding the Army come back in disorder, and moreover, believing the defeat greater than it was, had tumultuously shut their gates, and declared, that they would not admit the Troops of *Tarquin*, but only those that had been lent him; adding boldly, that he secretly corresponded with the *Romans*, to cause them to be cut in pieces. It is true, that the chief of the *Veientines*, who understood more reason than the affrighted multitude, would have opposed this Sedition, but there was no means of calming it suddainly. So that *Tarquin* was forced to encamp at the foot of the Mountain, and in the mean while sent to negotiate with those, that had power to appease the incensed multitude. During which, *Aronces* and *Horatius* were put together in the same Tent, where they hoped they were unknown, because as I said before, they that guarded them were *Veientines*. For although indeed, the Citizens would have admitted their own Troops; yet the Governors did not think fit to separate them from those of *Tarquin*. Thus the whole Army was encamped without the City, and continued there a day and a night, before the tumult was composed. But at length, the Inhabitants of *Veii*, being by the diligence of those that acted in favor of *Tarquin*, brought to some accommodement, they determined, in order to their security, and satisfaction of the hatred they bore so many years against the *Romans*, that *Tarquin* should deliver into their power all the Prisoners taken in the late Battel. For they were by this time made to apprehend, that the defeat was not so great as had been believed. They Articl'd also, That *Tarquin* should engage to cause other States to declare for him, and to do it within one month, if he failed, they would desert him, and comply with *Rome*, if they judged it convenient. These things being thus resolved, *Tarquin* caused all the Prisoners that were in the several quarters of his Army, to be brought before him, to the end he might himself conduct them to *Veii*, and they who had this order, went to the Tent where *Aronces* and *Horatius* were guarded, who conversed together in the most sad manner in the world: For hating one anothers person, and interest, and their equal generosity not permitting them to quarrel in the condition they were in; the civility of their discourse together, was attended with much sorcedness, and constraint from both. I beseech you (said *Aronces* to his Rival, when he found opportunity of speaking to him, without danger of other ears) tell me in what condition was *Clelia*, at the time you departed from *Rome*, I shall not be more in her affection for this satisfaction, but only something less miserable. *Clelia* (answered *Horatius*) is always fair, always charming; and to tell you something more grateful to you, (added he, sighing) always inexorable to the most faithful and most passionate of her Lovers. My absence then (replyed *Aronces*) hath changed her heart towards me; for, without doubt, she hath no Lover, whose passion can be compared to mine. Had she chosen the most amorous, and not inclined to the most noble person, (answered *Horatius*) I should possess the place in her heart which you do, and should not be under the unhappiness of being hated by my Mistress, obliged to my Rival, and to esteem him, and have an admiration of his virtue, in spight of the hatred, which the excess of my love produces in me towards him. The cruelty of my destiny (added he) necessitates me to have a new obligation to you every moment that I breathe.

For in brief, you need say no more, but that I am *Horatius*, to rid your self of a Rival. Since the hatred that *Tarquin* bears me, is known so generally throughout all *Italy*, that I should be put into the hands of the most cruel enemy that ever was, at the same instant that you should discover me. Whence it may be said, that I owe my life to you every moment. But as it is in my power to tell who you are, replyed *Aronces* generously, so is it in yours

yours to do the like of me; so that my generosity has in this case no advantage over yours; and I do not put this obligation upon account: No, no, (*Horatius* replyed with an air sufficiently stern) the matter is not equal between us; for I should most certainly loose my life, if you should discover me; but though I should make you knewn, the interest of *Tarquin* would restrain him from treating you ill. Ah *Horatius*, (cryed *Aronces*) I had rather loose my life as things now stand, than behold my self again under the power of *Tarquin*; and it would be more grievous to me to be a second time his Prisoner than to be dead; for which reason I earnestly wish to remain a captive amongst the *Veientines*. Being in this discourse, there came a Guard to fetch and conduct them along to the other Prisoners. They demanded whither they were to be carried; and were answered in general, to *Veien*; upon which they rejoyced, instead of being afflicted. But when they arrived at the Tent of *Tarquin*, where there were already about an hundred prisoners, they were strangely surprised, especially when they beheld that fierce Tyrant come out of the Tent to see them pass by, and afterwards to conduct them to *Veien*. He had not seen *Horatius* of a long time, who was much changed, both by his Travels and his Melancholly; so that he was not discerned in the croud of prisoners. But it being but a few days since he had seen *Aronces*, he no sooner cast his eyes upon him, but he knew him; having been informed, in the morning of his escape out of prison. Whereupon, making a great shout, What do I see (said he, hastily approaching to that unhappy Prince) Can it be, that in the midst of my defeat, I should have the satisfaction of seeing the son of *Porsenna*, in my power? *Aronces* perceiving that it was impossible for him to be concealled, made up towards *Tarquin*, and by an act of unparraleld generosity, hid his Rival as he advanced; his great spirit not suffering him to expose the life of so valiant a person to the cruelty of the Tyrant. But as he went forward, he turned his head a short space; and beholding *Horatius*, and speaking with a low voice, Remember, said he, what I do for you this day, if Fortune ever return you to the sight of *Clelia*. And then passing on towards *Tarquin*, who was come near him, without minding any of the other prisoners, it is but too true (said he to him) that I find my self again in your fetters; but not to dissemble, it is not without some consolation, since my Conqueror has been conquered, and I may without vanity believe my self to have contributed something to his defeat. *Tarquin* observing with what resolutenes *Aronces* spoke this to him, was thinking to use him as a Rival and an Enemy; but that Policy which had through his whole life given laws to all his passions, restrained his fury, and tempered his answer; being the Son of a King (answered he) for whom I have much esteem, I interpret the peremptorines of your language, as proceeding from your resentment of your captivity; but to testifie to you that *Porsenna* hinders me from taking notice of the words of *Aronces*, I declare to you, that I will not treat you as a person whom I have seen on the side of my Rebell-Subjects, with his Sword drawn against me; but as the Son of a great King, to whom I am obliged, and who will assist me to punish the insolence of those for whom you have fought. Then without expecting an answer, he commanded that this Prince should be separated from the other Prisoners, and led into his own Tent, till farther order. After which, he marched in the head of all those Prisoners, and went directly to *Veien*, being followed by a party of his Troops, which were half *Veientines*, and half *Tarquinians*, according as it was resolved before. The people of that City (as the vulgar is only affected with what they see) beholding this train of Prisoners conducted by *Tarquin*, as if he had been victor, were as forward in receiving him, as they were lately insolent in renouncing and repining against him. Besides, *Tarquin* diligently causing it to be publisht at the instant, that the Son of the King of *Hetruria* was in his power, and that *Porsenna* would infallibly ingage for his interest, it served abundantly to appease the Inhabitants of the City. And moreover, as he is not wont to scruple provoking the gods, he caused it to be given out at *Veien*, by several of his agents, that the pretended voice which was said to be heard after the battel was a counterfeit, adding also many railleries upon that which this voice had uttered, that there was one fewer dead on the side of the *Romans* than his. This by degrees brought the people to be more passionate and devoted to him, and so greatly advantaged his affairs, that the next day his Troops were received into *Veien*. But yet, to win the hearts of the *Veientines* more, he declared that he nor his would have any share in the Prisoners, whereupon they were divided among the chief of the *Veientines*, and *Horatius* became presently a slave to some person at *Veien*, who knew not what he was. But for *Aronces*, he was conducted next morning into the City, and put into a Tower, where he was guarded carefully, and yet attended with very great respect. In the mean while *Tarquin* having been in person at the Council, propounded to send two *Veientines*, and two of his own, to *Porsenna*, to desire assistance of him, after having offered to him to restore *Aronces* into his hands even without any conditions; and accordingly the business was concluded on and dispatched.

But before I proceed farther, I must give you an account of my travels with *Artemidorus*, you shall know therefore, that we arrived in the evening at *Clusium*, and without loosing time, knowing that the Princess of the *Leontines* was lodged in the Kings Palace, we sent a slave, that was sufficiently subtile, to deliver her a Letter from the Prince her Brother, whose hand she immediately knew. But being he intreated her to make a secret of his arrival at *Clusium*; because if he were known to the Prince of the *Leontines*, he would be more incensed against him for it; she made no words of it, but only sought out ways how to give audience to that Prince, without giving suspition of what he was. To this end, she writ to him, that he should come the next morning, and walk in a Garden of the Kings without the City, on the side that *Porsenna* causes his own Tomb to be built, which will be one of the Wonders of the World, when it's finished. You may imagine that we were too precise to fail at this assignation. The hour of which being come, we beheld the Princes of the *Leontines* enter the Garden, attended only with her own Ladies; but to the end the business might be

done with more secrecy, she called but one of them to follow her, and leaving the rest in a spacious walk, came to seek us in an Alley, where she had desired *Artemidorus* to expect her. For though we had never been before in that Garden, yet she gave us such exact directions what to do, that it was impossible to mistake. I shall not hold you with a particular description of the passionate ness of this interview of the Princess and *Artemidorus*, nor the circumstances of the goodness wherewith that admirable person was pleased to receive me. For the interests of *Artemidorus*, those of the Princess and mine, have no relation to those of *Rome*, I must not mis-imploy my discourse in re-declaring them. But that which I can tell you for the greatest truth, is, that had we been *Romans*, we could not have spoken more zealously for the interests of *Rome* than we did. We conjured her that she would please to instruct us of the state of affairs, and assist us to hinder *Porsenna* from protecting *Tarquin*, but induce him rather to ingage on the side of *Rome*. You are not ignorant (said she,) that I am obliged to *Porsenna*, for affording me a Sanctuary in his Court, and that I have infinite obligations upon me to the Queen of *Clusium*. For which reason, I declare to you that I can never be capable to do any thing against them, though I understand by what you say, that you have an inclination to serve *Rome*; I confess likewise to you, that I have a great aversion against *Tarquin*, and that the case of *Lucretia* has rendred all the *Tarquins* detestable to all Women that have any sense of virtue. But to satisfie you in brief, I am and must be for the interests of *Porsenna*. That which we request of you (replyed *Artemidorus*) is not repugnant to the interests of the King of *Clusium*, since we wish that he would embrace the juster cause. I wish it be so (returned this prudent Princess) and I promise you I shall omit nothing in reference to your contentment. The King without question does me the honor to bear me a respect, (added she) but as he does not consult me concerning the management of his State, so it is not immediately with him that I undertake to serve you. *Galerita*, I am confident hath goodness enough for me, to suffer me to speak any thing to her, and there are few persons of esteem in this Court, with whom I have not some credit. But that which I shall tell you in general, is this, that although *Porsenna* did not answer punctually to the first proposals made to him, both on the behalf of *Tarquin* and of *Rome*, but left things in suspence till he saw the success of the begining of the War; yet I cannot but believe he will declare rather for the weakest than the strongest, and rather for an exiled, though unjust, King, than for an upstart Republick, though those that govern it be persons of great virtue. I do not tell you this (continued the Princess) but from authentick information of them that well know it to be so. Upon this, we imployed all the inducements of reason we could, to confirm the Princess in the purpose she had to serve us; conjoining therewith, to mollifie her more, the interest of *Aronces*, and his love, and so departed from her, after she had promised to give us occasion of seeing her every day, in some place or other, to the end we might know by her what we were desirous to be informed of. But not to be tedious in inconsiderable particulars, you may know that *Artemidorus* and I, beheld the arrival of those Agents of *Tarquin*, and those *Veientines*, whom *Porsenna* received with all imaginable joy, when he understood by them that *Aronces* should be delivered to him as soon as he pleased. *Galerita* also was highly satisfied with the news, and the whole Court put on the face of gladness. So that (as Joy is a favorable occasion to obtain a thing that is desired) when the *Veientines* and the Envoys of *Tarquin*, demanded of *Porsenna* that he would renew the confederacy he sometimes had with the King of *Rome*, and the *Veientines*, and make a League offensive and defensive with them; he did not reject the proposition but only demanded two days to deliberate concerning this important affair. The Princess of the *Leontines* being a prudent person, and willing to serve *Aronces* according to his intention, and to comply with the requests of *Artemidorus* and me, omitted nothing which she judged effective to promote her design. First she congratulated with *Galerita* for the approaching return of *Aronces*, and then obligingly testifying to her the interest she had in all that concerned her, she came by degrees to mention the Alliance which was in hand to be renewed.

For my part (said *Galerita* to her) I confess to you, that if *Aronces* were not in the hands of *Tarquin*, I should be perplexed even to despair, to the Kings partaking in the quarrel of a Tyrant, whom the gods seem to have abandoned. But when I consider that the Prince my Son is in his power, and that he offers to deliver him freely, I see not how it can be honorable or even possible to refuse what *Tarquin* desires of *Porsenna*. But Madam, (replyed the Princess of the *Leontines*) it seems to me sufficiently dangerous to ingage in the weakest and unjustest side; and if the King would act without being surprised, he must recover the Prince his Son, out of the hands of *Tarquin*, without concerning himself in a War wherein he hath nothing to do, and whose success is doubtful. Besides that it would be more glorious to him to bear himself in the quality of being an Umpire in the interests of his Neighbors, than to take part against *Rome*, which is apparently favoured by the gods. For private persons indeed, it is oftentimes dishonorable to follow fortune, and to rank themselves always on the side of the strongest; but where the publick good is concerned, it is no shame to side with the more fortunate, when it may be done without violating the Law of Nations. So that *Porsenna* being ingaged to neither party, it seems to me, as I said before, that he need not intermeddle in a War, in which he is unconcerned. The Princess of the *Leontines* added much other discourse, which I shall forbear to repeat to you, it being enough to let you know, that though *Galerita* dissented from her at first, yet she brought her at length to be of her opinion. But this was not all; for she convinced some of the principal of that Court, that it would be an important service to *Aronces*, to hinder *Porsenna* from embracing the cause of *Tarquin*. So that considering that Prince, as he that must one day be their King, they resolved to oppose this Alliance, as much as the respect they ought to *Porsenna* would permit them. At length, *Galerita* being possessed with the sentiments, wherewith the Princess of the

Leontines

Leontines had inspired her, obliged a person of chief quality, that was her Creature, to endeavour to oppose the design of *Porsenna*. To which effect, he declared to the King all the apparent reasons, that might forward his intent: I shall not tell you particularly what they were, because they were almost the same with those I mentioned before, yet he added others with much vehemence, insisting principally upon the unfortunateness and misery of *Tarquin*. Believe me, Sir, (said this diligent friend) it is sufficiently dangerous to undertake to protect a miserable man, that deserves his misfortunes; especially against a people accustomed to overcome, and whose virtues seems justly to entitle them to the Victory, which they gained over him. Its true, you have formerly been a Confederate of *Tarquins*, but it was as King of Rome, for that it may be said, you were more confederated with *Rome* than with him. Ah! *Tiburſa*, (exclaimed *Porſenna*) your counſels are alike repugnant to Generosity and to Policy. But Sir, (*Tiburſa* replyed) does not Policy suggest to overthrow those, whose weakness renders that effect more easily compassable? On the contrary, (said *Porſenna*) tis more profound Statecraft, to endeavor the subversion of those, who may attain to the power of overtopping and subduing us; and for this cause it is more important, to the greatness of *Hetruria*, that *Rome* grow not upon that pretence, to be formidable to her neighbors; and lay a bad officiousness to assist to the making of Slaves, that will in time cut our own throats. For though you should overcome in this War, (answered *Tiburſa*) the advantage of the victory will not redound to you, but to *Tarquin*, who shall be restored by your arms to his Throne; for knowing the greatness of your Soul, in case you be victor, your generosity will induce you to return the Scepter into his hands, and so you will always have a potent neighbor. 'Tis true, (replyed *Porſenna*) but will be a neighbor engaged to my interests, by his own. Besides, that when the war shall have exhausted *Rome*, both of Soldiers and Treasure, he will not be so considerably dreadful to me, as *Rome* would be, if I should desert *Tarquin*. For in truth it is no false conclusion, that as there are natural aversions between certain persons, so there is also a kind of latent hatred between Commonwealths and Monarchies. On the other side, (said *Tiburſa*) I conceive, the people do generally desire that which they have not; and commonly every private person affects to live under that sort of government, of which he has no experience, imagining it more pleasing, than that under which he was born. But you mistake me, (interposed *Porſenna*) for what I said had no relation to the multitude, but to them that manage the Government. And moreover, not to dissemble, an unfortunate King ought to excite pitty in the breast of all Kings. And since the case is, concerning Sovereign Authority, I conceive, every Sovereign ought to interest himself in behalf of him, whom prophane hands attempt to deprive of Royalty. 'Tis to me an inviolable Position, that a Brother is less obliged to assist his Brother, than one King to assist another, that wages War against his Subjects, that have expelled him. But *Tarquin* is a Tyrant (replyed *Tiburſa*.) *Tarquin* is a violent man, (answered *Porſenna*) but fortune having given him the possession of a Kingdom, which he enjoyed for a long time peaceably, and with much glory, It belongs not to me to judge of his right to the Throne of *Romulus*, but it does to restore him to it. And though *Tarquin* be so notorious a Criminal, yet do not you see, that he has the satisfaction of beholding the destruction of the most virtuous of all men, as a justice upon him for overturning his Throne. For 'tis not to be doubted, but this was the cause of *Brutus*'s death; *Collatinus* also was, without dispute, expelled *Rome* for the same reason. And if *Tarquin* has not had the advantage hitherto, 'tis assuredly, because the gods are pleased, a King should have the glory of rendring the Scepter into his hands. Do not you consider (added he) that if I suffer the Government of *Rome* to be changed, my State will be environed amongst several Common-wealths, who will confederate together to destroy me, upon the first occasion that fortune shall present them with? 'Tis better therefore to do a generous and illustrious action, since I apprehend in it both glory and advantage. Besides that, as often as I call to mind my Sons fondness, in loving a simple *Roman* Girle, and his weakness in intending to marry her without my allowance; I find a new cause to hate *Rome*. And then with what face can I demand my Son, and deny assistance to those that return him to me? No, no, *Tiburſa* (continued he) I cannot change my purpose. And according to my present sentiments, I hold it more glorious to recover, and restore a Kingdom, than to conquer one, and keep it. Therefore, no longer oppose an immutable determination but prepare your self to help me to overcome. But Sir, (answered *Tiburſa*) what will the censure of the World be, when they behold a King so accomplished in virtue, undertake the protection of Princes so vitious? Misery (replyed *Porſenna*) obliterates all the vices of Kings; and when they become unhappy, the resentment of their condition, must take off all aversion of their faults; otherwise dangerous consequences would attend Soveraigns, who to speak freely, are sometimes less virtuous, than most of their Subjects. To conclude, *Tiburſa*, policy and glory incite me, to do what I have resolved upon, and therefore I conjure you, speak no more to me of it. Upon this *Tiburſa* was constrained to be silent, and to report to *Otterita*, that *Porſenna* was determined to protect *Tarquin*, and to joyn with him and the *Veientines*, in carrying on the War against *Rome*. And *Porſenna* having accordingly given a favorable answer to the Envoys of *Tarquin*, and the *Veientines*, two of them departed to carry this great news to the Tyrant, and to fetch *Aronces*. Upon whose return, *Tarquin* intending to expedite the business, immediately gave order, that *Aronces* should be safely conducted from *Veii* to *Clusium*, and commanded five hundred of the *Veientine* Cavalry to guard him thither. In the mean time, the Princess of the *Leontines* advertising us of the state of affairs, after many unprofitable contrivances of ways, to obstruct the design of *Porſenna*; it was concluded that *Artemidorus* should abide at *Clusium*, to the end he might endeavor to serve *Aronces*, when he should be arrived there; and that I should come to inform you, of what passed in that Court. But there is one thing strange, that *Porſenna*, instead of causing an apart-

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ment in his Palace to be made ready, for the reception of the Prince his Son, has commanded the Garrison to be redoubled in the Castle of the Isle of *Saule*, which is in the middle of the Lake of *Thrasymene*, where *Galerita* was heretofore a long time Prisoner, intending to keep his Son there as soon as he is arrived: so that it may seem, he is like only to change his prison, and have the grief of being a captive in the same place where he was born. Its true, his life will be safe; for tis presumed, that he will be confined only; because having once departed from *Clusium*, *Porsenna* fears, left his love should oblige him to do the like again. But in conclusion, to abridge my discourse, you may know, that the day of my departure being prefixed, I left *Clusium* accordingly to come hither. Scarce had I travelled six miles, but crossing a Wood, I met with the party of *Veientine* Horse which conducted *Aronces*, and I saw *Aronces* himself, who while something was redressing about his horses bridle, was alighted and walking in a musing manner. But when some of them came near and stopt me, I quitted my *Roman* speech (which I have pure enough, when I am minded to use it) and told them I was a stranger, and being of neither party was travelling through all *Italy*. This I spoke so loud, that *Aronces* hearing it, knew me, though I also somewhat disguised my voice; but because he judged by what I said, that it was not fit he should appear to know me, under the pretext of trying, whether he could still speak the Language of the Country, of which he said, he understood I was, and began to speak to me in my natural Language, which he did extreamly well. So that being assured by him, that the *Veientines* which encompassed him, were people not skilled in a strange Tongue, he told me what had happened to him. He enquired of me news concerning *Clelia*, all his friends, and *Celer*, whom he had left in prison by the *Tarquins*. After which I acquainted him with the resolutions of the King his father, at which he was much troubled. He charged me to assure you, and all his friends likewise, of the continuation of his friendship, and *Clelia* of his constancy. And then being obliged to remount his Horse, I beheld him depart with sorrow, observing an infinite discontent in his eyes, and took the way of *Rome*, where I am haply arrived, with intention of returning to the Princess of the *Leontines*, to do you all the service that I shall be able if you judge it fit. I was always of belief, (said *Valerius*) that *Porsenna* would assist *Tarquin*. And I ever thought, (added *Herminius*) that it would be a harder task to destroy that Prince than was imagined. As for me, (interposed *Amilcar*) I never trouble my self with foreseeing events too remote; for usually, fortune makes a mockery of humane providence; she brings that about, which was never thought of; and that which was confidently designed, sometimes never comes to pass at all. 'Tis better therefore to be prudently attentive to the affairs before us, and without hope or fear, to expect the future, with a resolution incapable of being shaken by any sort of accidents whatsoever. For though I deem it good, not to foresee any with perplexity; yet I account it very important, to have ones mind prepared against all adventures, that so it may be surprised with nothing.

To begin to put *Amilcars* advice in practice, (answered *Valerius*) it is requisite to avoid expressing to the people, any fear of *Porsenna*, when they come to know, that he undertakes the quarrel of *Tarquin*, for which reason, we must dextrously conceal a part of the extream sorrow, which we resent for the death of *Brutus*, and indeavor to infuse a kind of confidence into the peoples minds, which may serve to them as a presage of victory. And indeed *Valerius*, who had began to build a stately house upon the Mount *Velia*, encreased the number of his workmen that were about it, that it might appear he did not fear the success of the War, seeing he employed himself about a business that requires plenty and peace. He contrived also, for the same reason, to institute the Plays, called the *Secular Plays*, because they were celebrated but once in an Age, conceiving that these several devices would have a good effect, both amongst the *Romans*, and amongst the enemies. *Zenocrates*, mean while leaving *Valerius*, accompanied with *Amilcar* and *Herminius*, went to visit *Sulpitia*, who was at that time with *Octavius*, where *Clelia* was also: To whom after some little time, he addressed (for *Octavius* being too sick, permitted him not to be spoken to) and represented to her all the obliging blandishments, which that Prince had encharg'd him with. He informed her, that *Horatius* was at *Ilerii*, and *Aronces* at *Clusium*, that the first of them was slave to a *Veientine*, and the other prisoner in the Isle of *Saule*. Whereby *Clelia* being a person of a most extraordinary capacity, well understood the unpleasing consequences, to which this adventure would expose her. Yet she had some consolation, that *Horatius*, was separated from her. But being endued with a rare generosity, notwithstanding the tenderness she had for *Aronces*, she thought she offended against the obligements of honor, to what *Zenocrates* related of that Prince, before she were satisfied of her doubting, whether it was he that had wounded *Octavius*. So that she changed colour, and durst scarce enquire any thing of *Zenocrates*, how ardently desirous soever she was to do so. But *Octavius*, overhearing some part of *Zenocrates*'s discourse to *Clelia*, though he spoke sufficiently low, and notwithstanding his sickness taking notice of the sentiments of this virtuous Lady, No, no, Sister (said he generously with a low voice) do not fear to inform your self of *Aronces*, if the wound which I have received was given me by his hand, he is not culpable for it to *Octavius*, but it is the Prince of *Numidia* that was hurt by him; 'tis his Rival, and not your Brother: and if *Clelius* were of my opinion, he should not hate *Aronces* for it, though it should prove fatal to me. What you say is so generous and noble (cryed *Herminius* that heard him) that I assure my self the gods will preserve the life of a person that retains equity in an occasion wherein it is sufficiently difficult to be equitable. *Clelia* was glad that *Herminius* had answered him, because being very discreet, it would have been something troublesome to her to have answered in a way wholly to her own content. But it behoved her to interpose something, had not *Clelius* entered into the room, whose presence altered the discourse. This afflicted Father having first demanded of his Son how he found himself, turned to *Zenocrates*, to enquire of him what news he had brought. *Zenocrates*

Aronces, who now understood that 'twas believed *Aronces* had wounded *Ottavius*, and that *Clelius* had told him for it, without considering that if he did it, it was innocently, found himself extreamly perplexed. Nevertheless, he told him what obliging speeches that Prince had commanded him to express in his ear to him and *Clelia*, that so he might intimate to him, that *Aronces* was not so conscious to himself of having done any thing against him. How *Zenocrates*? (cryed *Clelius*) I will hear nothing from a man that has dyed the Sword which I had given him, in the blood of my Son, and should he have wounded him as his Rival, yet I will never see him during my life; and therefore I am glad he is not in a possibility of returning to *Rome*; for I should forbid him my house in case he should come again to the City. *Clelia* with unspeakable grief heard what her Father said; *Sulpitia*, knowing the humor of *Clelius*, presumed not to oppose him therein; and *Ottavius* being turned towards the other side, after he had expressed himself so generously, heard no more what was spoken in his chamber. But that which compleated the sorrow both of *Sulpitia* and *Clelia*, was, that *Clelius* no sooner understood that *Horatius* was prisoner at *Veii*, but he declared he would endeavor to deliver him by the assistance of an illustrious *Veientine*, that was one of his ancient friends. Being *Horatius* was a brave person, and one that might be very serviceable for supporting the Liberty of *Rome*, neither *Herminius* nor *Amilcar*, nor *Zenocrates* contradicted his intention, as indeed they could not with honor do, though they were *Aronces* friends. So that there was none but *Sulpitia* and *Clelia*, who testifyed enough by their silence, that the liberty of *Horatius*, was not the object of their wishes. But the visit of *Zenocrates* being at length ended, he and his two friends went to spend the remainder of the day with *Valeria*, with whom they found *Collatina*, *Cesonia* and *Plotina*, for as for *Hermilla*, she was continually so afflicted, that she vouchsafed not to see any person whatsoever. *Zenocrates* addressing to *Plotina*, asked of her, what news there was since his departure. I assure you, (said she to him) I know none worthy your knowledge, but only that *Spurius* who is the most vindicative person living has lately renewed his friendship to *Valeria*, only because he hates his Rivals, and would do them all the injury he is able; at least I have heard so this day from one of his friends. But is it not he (replyed *Zenocrates*) that sometimes counselled *Mutius* to become a Lover of *Valeria*? Yes (answered *Plotina*, pleasantly) but being he sees *Mutius*, does not endear himself, and cannot dispossess *Herminius* out of the heart of *Valeria*, and that *Amilius* also is more interessed in her favor than he, he is so resolved to attempt that glorious adventure once again. So that *Valeria* has now four Lovers at once. In good time (said *Valeria*) who overheard this discourse of *Plotina* to *Zenocrates*, (though she spoke not very lowd) but I had almost as good have four Enemies. You do well (replyed *Plotina*) to make use of the word [Almost] in this occasion; for I am confident, there is at least one of the four, which you would not have to hate you. I confess it (answered she) but to speak sincerely, I account nothing more vexatious, than to be obstinately beloved by persons that I can never affect. I know many Dames interposed *Amilcar*, (who was discoursing with *Herminius* and *Collatius*) that are not of your humor and who esteem it an extraordinary delectation to be followed by a crowd of Suppliants, for whom notwithstanding they have no particular affection. As *Herminius*, was ingaging himself in this conversation, *Themistus* and *Meleagenes* came into the room, who appearing more sad than ordinary, gave occasion to *Valeria*, to enquire the cause of their discontentment. I deplore the death of so honorable a person (answered *Themistus*) that I cannot but require some lamentations of him from you, and especially from *Amilcar*, to whom he was well known at *Syracuse*. And I am confident (added he) that though you never saw but only the portraiture of him that was shewn you when you had the curiosity to know my adventures, yet you will not cease to bewail him. Oh good Gods! (cryed *Amilcar*) let me not hear that *Meriander* is dead, for I should resent it most passionately. I am sorry (replyed *Themistus*) that I must impart that grief to you; but it is too true that the illustrious *Meriander* is no longer amongst the living, but left the world three days since. How! (replyed *Valeria*) he that had all good qualities, none bad; who was both gallant and prudent, who knew all things of excellence, loved all noble acts, passionately affected Musick, that loved the whole World, that was so acceptable in it, so sincere, so faithful a friend, so constant and so generous, does he no longer live? He does not most certainly (answered *Themistus*) and the pensive *Meriganes*, who arrived yesterday in the evening, tells me *Meriander* hath been universally bewailed, as never any before in the Court of *Syracuse*. Not one Beauty but has lamented his fate, nor man of quality, but expressed their resentment with sighs and complaints: those that excel in any good Arts do almost abandon them, since he is no longer their Protector, and in brief, all the World deplores him as a person that could alone introduce civility, virtue, and gallantry into the Court, and serve for a model to those that propose to themselves the perfection of honorable persons. I assure you, (replyed *Herminius*) such as have all the rare qualities *Meriander* was owner of, cannot be sufficiently regretted; and if *Amilcar* would acquit himself well, he should compose an Epitaph worthy of his own Wit, and the merit of the illustrious Deceased. I protest to you (said *Amilcar* hastily) that I would have one made, but I must withall declare to you, that I will not be the Author; for in short, this kind of composure is the rack of good Wits, and I know nothing more difficult to make well. Yet I believe the cause why so few Epitaphs please those that read them, is, that generally praises and sadness are displeasing to almost all the World. So that all Epitaphs that are composed, being sad, and usually full of commendations, it is hard to please and gain approbation. Besides that, to speak judiciously, it being requisite that an Epitaph be short and clear, and exactly congruous to the person for whom it is intended, that it be between a plain Inscription and an Elogium, that there be some touch of Morality by the way, and that it excite tenderness and compassion, it is not much to be wondered at, that there be so few well made. Moreover, I assure you, that unless some Burlesque or

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Feſtivous Epitaphs, I have not ſeen many excellent; for they are uſually too plain, or too eloquent; Thoſe that expreſs too little, ſtop paſſengers for nothing; thoſe that are too long, and have more words than matter, make them loſe too much time; thoſe which commend exceſſively, give occaſion of contradiction and calumnies againſt the dead, and the perſon that commends him; and thoſe which do not extoll at all, when they are intended of people that merit to be praiſed, excite generous Readers to indignation and choler.

Wherefore I conclude, that it is not fit to adventure lightly to make Epitaphs; and I cannot reſolve to make one for the noble *Meriander*, though his memory be very dear to me. Then *Valeria* demanded of *Themiſtus*, whether *Merigenes* was ſent to him by the Princeſs *Lindamira*. I am not ſo happy (anſwered he) but *Merigenes* being much my friend, thought meet to come and adverti ſe me, that he underſtood the young Prince of *Meſſene* was gone into *Italy*. 'Tis true, I received news by him of *Lindamira*, which gave me great ſatisfaction; and had not he inform'd me of the death of the generous *Meriander*, the intelligence brought me of the voyage of the Prince of *Meſſena*, would not have much troubled me. But by what I underſtand, (ſaid *Plotina*) you and *Merigenes* have interchanged ſighs for ſighs; for if he acquainted you with the death of *Meriander*, you have informed him of that of *Liſydas* and *Alcimedes*. In truth (anſwered *Themiſtus*) he much deplored their fates. But I muſt tell you (interpos'd *Amilcar*) that ſorrow of this nature is a thing very unprofitable, at leaſt to the perſons lamented; for to thoſe that expreſs it, it is honorable, making them eſteemed compaſſionate and conſtant, and gains them the reputation of bearing their friendſhip beyond the Urne, But to ſpeak unfeignedly, there is nothing more rare than true grief. I muſt confeſs (added *Plotina*) I am of *Amilcar*'s opinion, and believe that there are feigned tears, tears of cuſtom, and tears of decorum. For my part, (ſaid *Amilcar*) I remember I ſaw a very excellent perſon dye at *Carthage*, who was not griev'd for by half thoſe that lamented him. But can one lament without grief (ſaid *Valeria*?) I could not do it, for my part (ſaid *Collatina*.) I have ſeen it done more than once (replied *Amilcar*) and if you would obſerve the general practiſe of the world, you would be of the ſame belief with me. For when people behold the death of ſome one, whom they conceive themſelves oblig'd to ſorrow for, they bewail him, and extoll him, and make ſhew of going to condole with, and comfort his Relations; but in the mean while, if during the viſit, ſome one in the company relate ſome pleaſant ſtory, it is liſtned to, paraphras'd on, and laught at; after which, the mourners walk abroad, make viſits, and are altogether after their ordinary manner, till beholding the particular friends or kindred of the deceaſed, their tears are renewed, and their ſighs and melancholly acted over again. And becauſe when this is paſt, he is never ſpoken nor thought of more; I cannot but believe that they which do things that have ſo little affinity with grief, can have no true grief at all. For to return to that perſon of great worth, whom I beheld die at *Carthage*, and who was ſo much regretted, I aſſure you I ſaw Women, who were ſcarce known to him in his life, out of vanity, and to make it believ'd he was their great friend, that habited themſelves careleſſy for two or three daies, and went from houſe to houſe, asking if they did lament him; ſpeaking of him with a certain familiarity, full of tenderneſs, ſufficient to deceive ſuch as had not the ſpirit of diſcernment, which is ſo neceſſary to live well in the world. And which was rare, theſe fair Mourners, the ſame day they ſpoke thus pitiouſly, went at evening to hear Muſick, and to make Collations and Revels. They pretended indeed, that they went thither only to divert their mind from their ſorrow; for truly (ſaid they, with a languiſhing voice) ſhould not we ſee ſome body and conſtrain our ſelves, we ſhould die of grief. And will not you now conſent with me, that griefs are ſometimes very ſuſpitious, and ſeldom true; and that to ſpeak things as they are, there is as little true Grief, as there is true friendſhip. The meaſure of the one (anſwer'd *Herminius*) is without doubt the meaſure of the other, for only their loſs is much reſented, who were much belov'd; but above all, there is nothing more excellent than to preſeve the memory of ones friends. I intend not to ſpeak of thoſe mournings, which do nothing but pour forth ſtreams of tears, which are rather an effect of the weakneſs of their reaſon that ſhed them, than of the exceſs of their regret: But I mean them that retain a long and prudent ſorrow, who during their whole life, do all they are able to do for their dead friends, in the condition they are in; that is, by ſpeaking alwaies of them with eſteem, defending their paſt actions with zeal, ſerving them whom they would have ſerv'd, had they liv'd; loving thoſe whom they lov'd, and never forgetting them. That which you ſay (replied *Plotina*) is, without doubt, very excellent; but if there are few people, that can deplore their friends in this manner, there are few friends that deſerve to be lamented ſo. All the company aſſenting to the opinion of *Plotina*, ſhe took leave of them, becauſe it was now very late. The next day *Valerius*, in order to executing the deſign he had, to intimate to the people, that he did not miſdoubt the ſucceſs of the War; after he came out of the Senate, went to ſee his workmen, which he employ'd in finiſhing his houſe on the Mount *Velia*, where he dwelt already; for there was more than half of it compleated. And to execute his purpoſe, he added half as many more to the workmen, that had hitherto laboured in his ſtructure. So that there was ſeen nothing but burthened ſlaves along the way leading to it, going and coming continually, to carry things neceſſary to the builders. *Valerius* alſo judg'd it not fit, in the conjuncture of affairs, to motion ſo ſoon the election of a new Conſul, in the place of the illuſtrious *Brutus*, for fear leſt giving an occaſion of a conteſt in the Senate, there might be ſome commotion, which might be attended with dangerous conſequences, when it ſhould come to be known, that *Porſenna* protected *Tarquin*. He adviſed with the moſt prudent of thoſe, that underſtood affairs, and did nothing but what they counſelled him to. But as the rules of prudence can never be infallible, when the deliberation is concerning what the people will, or will not do; the wiſdom and virtue of *Valerius* were not powerful enough to hinder, but that what

what he did with the best and most innocent intention in the world, was interpreted to his disadvantage. Within five or six daies after the arrival of *Xenocrates*, the news of the return of *Aronces* to *Clusium*, and the alliance of *Tarquin* with the King of *Etruria*, was known by all the people; who, instead of taking heart from the tranquillity that appear'd in the mind of *Valerius*, and the several Orders he had given, that the forces should be in an expedite condition, began to repine very loudly. 'Tis true, some of *Tarquin*'s creatures served secretly to irritate the minds of the multitude. Some said, 'twas easie to observe, that *Valerius* minded himself more than the publick good, in that he built so magnificent a House, in a time, wherein the new-born Republick stood in need that all the *Romans* should contribute a part of their Estates, towards sustaining the charge of the War. Others, That it appear'd enough, that he hated the King more than Royalty, since it appear'd he had a design of reigning like a Sovereign, in that he spoke nothing of making an election of another Consul, and that he caused more than ordinary diligence and haste to be used about a house, which might become an impregnable Citadel, when he would fortifie it, by reason of its advantageous situation. In fine, said these Mutineers, What serves it to commend *Brutus*, and yet imitate *Tarquin*? to speak of Liberty, and yet aspire to Tyranny? So that within four or five days, a great part of the people began to believe, that *Valerius* aspir'd to make himself King.

At first, all his friends did what they could to undeceive them; but the more they spoke, the less they were believed, and came themselves to be suspected of intending to be subservient to his ambition, out of hopes to be rewarded for it. Thus was the most virtuous of men suspected of intentions to betray his Countrey, and not to have expelled a Tyrant, but only to be Tyrant himself. This troublesome rumour afflicted *Valerius* very sensibly, when *Herminius* gave him notice of it; for he was not of those people, who content themselves with being virtuous, without care to appear so. Besides, should there have happened a sedition in *Rome* at that time, the safety of the Commonwealth had been greatly endangered. Part of his friends were of advice, that he should severely punish some of those, that had the boldness to suspect him so unjustly, to the end, others might be restrained by that example. The gods defend (answered *Valerius* to them that gave him this counsel) that, to secure my self from the suspition of attempting to be a Tyrant, I should commit an action that approaches near to Tyranny; for should I do it, the people would be incens'd, I should accuse instead of justifying my self, and I should expose *Rome* to return to her late servitude. Wherefore I resolve upon another proceeding, which perhaps will succeed better. And accordingly *Valerius*, without imparting his design to any but *Herminius*, who commended him highly for taking up so generous a resolution, caused the people to be assembled the day following in the spacious Court, where he was wont to speak in publick, when some important affair was in hand, to which the suffrages of the people were necessary. As their minds now were ill pre-disposed, part of the multitude believ'd, that *Valerius* caused the people to be assembled, only to make some unjust proposal to them. But when the place was full, all the Mutineers were astonished, when they observ'd the Consul, at his approach to the Tribunal where he was to speak, commanded the Axes, and the Fasces of Rods, which were the marks of Sovereign power, to be held downwards, intimating by this submissive action, that he acknowledged the power of the people to be above his own; a proceeding so remote from Tyranny, pleasingly astonished this multitude, who could not contain themselves from testifying their approbation of the fact with shouts and acclamations of joy. But at last, silence being commanded, *Valerius* beholding so favourable a beginning, lift up his eyes towards Heaven, and entring upon his Oration, with all the boldness that innocence inspires them with, who are accus'd unjustly; *I wish (said he) O* Romans; *it had been the pleasure of the gods, that I had undergone the destiny of* Brutus *in the last Battel, and obtain'd the same glory with him, of dying in defence of my Countreys Liberty, that so I might have escap'd the misfortune, of being unjustly suspected of the most horrible of all crimes, and that by them, for whose sakes I would have sacrificed my dearest bloud. Is it possible, O* Romans, *that no virtue can be pure enough to restrain you from suspecting it? Is it possible, I say, that I, who have ever been a declared enemy of the Tyrant and Tyranny, should be accus'd of aspiring to the Soveraign Power? How? No, no; I could never have imagin'd it, but should have believ'd on the contrary, that though I had been possest of the Capitol, it could never have been fear'd I pretended to the Royalty. But, as I perceive, all my fore-past management, and all my services, have not been able to hinder you from blotting and traducing my reputation: For it seems, upon the lightest pretext in the world, you accuse me with unparall'eld injustice, of the greatest of all crimes. Is it just, O ye inconsiderate* Romans, (*continued he*) *that ye should judge rather of me, by the place where I dwell, than by what I am my self? But since the matter is so, I declare to you, unjust* Romans, *that the house of* Valerius *shall never more cause umbrage to the City of* Rome; *and as it is easier to pull down than to build up, you shall soon see the ruines of my house to justifie my innocence. The Mount* Velia *shall be free for those that please to dwell there; and to testifie yet more submission, I shall begin to rebuild at the foot of that Mountain, if you please to assigne me a place, to the end those suspitious Citizens, who accuse me so lightly, may dwell in a higher seat than my self; for I consent, that they, in whom more confidence is put, than in* Valerius, *for the liberty of his Countrey, may build their houses in the same place, where he newly demolish'd his.* And accordingly while *Valerius* was speaking this, the great number of workmen which he had employed some daies before to build that magnificent structure, by the order of *Valerius*, pull'd it down with so speedy diligence, that it was absolutely raz'd before the day was done: And the first Consul, who had contributed so much to the liberty of *Rome*, saw himself constrained to go and lodge with one of his friends. Which great and unparallel'd deed having fully justifi'd *Valerius*, the same people that before murmur'd so much against him, conspir'd all with one voice to stile him *Publicola*, denoting by this name they gave him, his yielding and submissiveness

missiveness to the people. Whence after this famous day, this Consul was no longer called *Valerius*, but the appellation of *Publicola* remain'd upon him for ever. Himself was also glad that it continued to him, in regard the people could never name him, without remembring the cause for which they term'd him so, whereby he gain'd a greater stock of credit for the good of the Common-wealth. Four or five days after, to confirm the good opinion given of him, it was proceeded to election of a new Consul; and *Spurius Lucretius*, Father of the admirable and unfortunate *Lucretia*, was chosen in the place of *Brutus*; for being much elder than *Valerius*, whom I shall hereafter call *Publicola*, this virtuous Consul was willing *Lucretius* should have the precedence, and all the honours of the Consulship. But being desirous to gain the people more powerfully, during those four or five days that he was alone, he made several Constitutions, which were very favourable and advantageous to them. He plac'd several virtuous persons in the Senate, in the room of those that were slain in the last battel. He caus'd a publick Oath to be renewed, making it Treason in any that should dare to propose the changing of the Government; He decreed that Criminals condemned, might appeal to the people; He discharged the poor from contributing to the expence of the War; He enacted, None should be entrusted in any charge, but by the consent of the people: He also caus'd the Axes to be separated from the Fasces, and moreover constituted that what he had done the last time he spoke to the people, should be a president for the future, that is, that the Fasces should be held downwards as often as the people were assembled together. Thus, in seeming to lose a part of his power, this prudent *Roman* augmented his authority. That which much affected the people, was, the beholding *Valerius*; and all his family, enforc'd to sojourn at the House of *Racilia*, till he had one provided of his own. The noble-minded *Sivelia* did not omit in this occasion, to offer hers to this virtuous Consul; but he wav'd the acceptation of it, by reason of *Herminius*'s love to *Valeria*, and chose rather the same Lodgings which had formerly entertained the illustrious *Brutus*. Mean time, though these late transactions greatly took up those, who judg'd themselves interessed in the good of the Re-publick, *Clelius*, in the prejudice he had against *Aronces*, fail'd not to take care for *Horatius*, and sent secretly to *Veii*, to procure his deliverance; which soon after became more easie for him to effect, by reason of the death of *Spurius Lucretius*, which happened eight daies after he was created Consul. For an Uncle of *Horatius*'s, who was also of the Family of those first *Horatii*, whose Combat is so celebrated, succeeded in his place, and assisted *Clelius* much, in contriving ways to bring about his return to *Rome*. While matters were at this pass, *Clelia* was possessed with extream sorrow, the weakness of *Ollavius* encreased; she apprehended *Aronces* going to engage on his Fathers side, which he could not avoid with honor; for he must either remain a prisoner, or become an enemy to *Rome*. Besides, she was almost certain, *Horatius* would return speedily; she beheld one of his Relations in Authority; her Father passionately inclin'd to his alliance; and in brief, she could foresee nothing but perplexity and disquiet; and this brought her into a strange melancholly; yet though she was something pale, and extreamly sad, she was, notwithstanding, always the most beautiful person in the world. All the Ladies her friends, visited her very frequently, and *Valeria* among the rest, made it almost her business to comfort the afflicted Ladies; for she was almost ever with *Hermilia*, or *Collatina*, or *Clelia*. But by reason *Plotina* and *Amilcar* had a certain genius of pleasantness, which could not long consist with melancholly, the converse was always very agreeable at *Cesonia*'s house, whither generally persons of quality resorted more than usual, after *Sulpitia* was become a Mourner, and *Valeria* liv'd at the house of *Racilia*. So that there was scarce a day, but *Themistus*, *Meleagenes*, *Xenocrates*, *Herminius*, *Mulius*, *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, *Amilcar*, and several others went thither, where there were also many noble and beautiful Ladies. But as the conversations which are made amongst choice persons, whose number is not over great, are the most pleasing of all, there happened one in the chamber of *Plotina* one day, which was very divertising, and pass'd only betwixt that charming Lady *Cesonia*, *Amilcar*, *Æmilius*, and *Herminius*; the cause of it was sufficiently sad, for coming to speak of *Clelia* and *Aronces*, they resented their conditions with compassion, and foreseeing all the mischiefs which in probability would betide them, they entertain'd themselves at first after a very melancholly manner. But *Amilcar* not being able to talk long upon sorrowful subjects, without conforming them to his own humour; It must be confess'd (said he on a sudden) that such as are capable of great passions, are far more miserable than others; and it were better to love every thing that pleases, than to confine our affection to one single object: Besides, (added he) I look upon it as an injury done to nature, to love but one thing alone in the whole Universe. But you do not remember, (answered *Plotina* smiling) that you would have me think you love me, and yet what you say, does not altogether tend to make you be belov'd. You have forgot your self (replyed he) for your maxims are not much different from mine, and 'tis rather joy that unites us than love; or, to explain my self more clearly, the joy I resent in loving you, is that which maintains the passion I have for you; besides that, to speak sincerely, I was born a little too slothful, to adventure the experience of one of those great passions, which always oblige to the performance of great matters; and without question, I am more fit for a trifling, than for an heroical love. Methinks (said *Cesonia*) you attribute a quality to your self not very good; for I always lookt upon slothfulness as a defect. How? *Cesonia* (cried *Amilcar*) if you knew but what sweetness there is in a certain carelessness, which is the daughter of sloth, and how pleasing an employment idleness is to a man that hath some delicacy of mind, you would not speak as you do, but would conclude, that if diligence be sometimes more profitable, sloth is almost ever more agreeable. For if you consider'd it well, you would find, that they which are naturally diligent have scarce ever leisure to do nothing; because the same temperament which makes diligent, endues those that are capable of it with a certain activity, which obliges them to engage themselves into a thousand

thousand difficult matters. Such people undertake all, would be all, intermeddle with all; and so, by their incessant turmoiling, deprive themselves of that, which according to the intention of Nature, is the reward of all labours, and the end of all the actions of Life; Rest. For even Heroes, that resolve most to climb to glory, by arduous and untrodden paths, propose Rest to themselves at the end of their travels. Why therefore should any account it discommendable, that being able to obtain this happy Quiet by Idleness, which is so great a pleasure, I enjoy it with tranquility and peace? Why, I say, should I be blam'd for commending and loving, yea, preferring idleness before labor? for is there any thing so sweet as to have nothing to do, and to be able to do all what ever one pleases? I confess (said *Herminius*) 'tis very pleasing to have the power of doing all one will; but I deny, that 'tis oftentimes agreeable to do nothing I grant indeed, that there is sometimes a kind of sweetness in the serene enjoyment of honest leasure, yet that which chiefly constitutes the pleasantness of it, is not properly idleness, but the liberty and arbitriment a man hath to do what his own inclinations lead him to. Continual labour is a thing painful, but eternal sluggishness is so tedious and troublesome a quality, that I hate nothing more. For sluggishness (replyed *Amilcar*) it is as well odious to me as to you, but the idleness which I mean, I love it with all my soul; It seems to me (said *Cesonia*) there is no great difference between them. How? *Cesonia* (answered he) you seem not to consider what you speak; for a sluggard is properly a man either without virtue, or without courage, or without wit, or without address. But a gallant man idle, is a Philosopher, who does nothing, because there is nothing in the world worthy to employ him; or a man, who seeking wisdom by a different way from the common sort of men, pursues only pleasures, without intermedling with the publick good, and a thousand affairs, which cause all the turmoil of life, and finds himself happier, in being gently seated upon a hillock, by the side of a Rivolet, and entertaining himself with some young Shepherdess, than those ambitious heads which are always active and unquiet, in the midst of all the honors which they attain by their continual labours. And if you consider all things aright, you will find, as I said before, that Rest is the end to which all actions of men are directed. For men do not fight, but to the intent they may not always fight; nor aspire to glory, but to enjoy it in quiet; they do not learn, but that they may make an end of learning; nor travel, but that they may arrive to the place whither they design: and whosoever looks not upon Rest as the chief good, is like a man that should undertake to travel eternally, without ever arriving to any place wherein to abide. Your argument is pleasantly set forth with advantage, (replyed *Herminius*) but yet I hold, there can be no true sweetness in Rest, unless so far as it is judg'd a commodious estate, of being able to do what a man best pleases. For, that I may borrow the very examples used by you, do you think that those Philosophers, who put themselves in the way of discovering, that the world being wholly corrupted, hath no employment worthy to take them up, could be termed idle? Call you that doing nothing, to have learnt to be better contented with poverty, than the ambitious are with victories; to neglect all the delights which pleasure hath invented, and to be satisfied with the converse of their Books, the melody of Birds, the purling of a Fountain, and their own innocence? As for other kind of idle people, whom only softness posses, I confess they deserve the name which you have given them, and he that loves nothing but delights, may be said to be in continual idleness. Yet 'tis at least an idleness sufficiently sweet, (replied *Amilcar*, smiling:) But if it were allowable to be always idle, (replied *Herminius*) all men would be so; for it would be more convenient, than to seek glory by difficult ways, in which also the *Heroes* found it. Had this opinion been always approv'd, and idleness, sloth, and careleness ranked with the virtues, we should have had neither Cities, nor Laws, nor Monarchies, nor Republicks; but all the world would have been in confusion, all men would have lived in the fields like the Herds which feed there; the Arts would never have been invented; and the same pleasure which induces you to defend the cause of idleness and sloth, would want above half the charms which allure those to it, who have the blindness to prefer it before virtue; since it is true, that men have by their pains invented or perfected very many things which serve for pleasure, as Dancing, Musick, and several others. So that if Idleness had been Mistress of the world, the world would have been in a strange confusion and ignorance; and *Amilcar* himself, who knows a hundred things which he hath learnt with very much care, would have known nothing of what he knows, nor have been the same person in the world he is; he could have scarce had any thing graceful, nor even discoursed of idleness at the rate he now does; whence I assure my self, he does not speak according to his real thoughts. 'Tis true, (answered *Amilcar*) what ever I have said, I am neither sluggish nor idle; yet, to speak unfeignedly, I could wish I had leisure to be so, and were not all my life oblig'd to study to do things, which afford me no advantage, and little pleasure. For, to tell you freely, most of the labours of men, find nothing but ingratitude in the minds of those, for whom they are undergone; and every man, from the King to the Slave, hath at least met with one ungrateful in his life. For when a Prince is just and gracious, the people are apt to infer, that he is oblig'd to be so, that they are not at all oblig'd to him for it. Most Kings, because they are born Masters of others, imagine they owe no reward to their faithful Subjects, and that Tyranny is one of the Rights of their Soveraignty. They that govern Republicks, are expos'd to the ingratitude of the people, as well as Kings; and the persons of highest employment in States of this sort, imagining those whom they govern, can never obey them with blindness enough, never trouble themselves to give them any testimonies of acknowledgement: Masters believe their slaves born to do them service without reward; and slaves on the other side, think their Masters ought to recompence them for the least matters they perform, and that they are indebted to them continually. The friends which a man obliges, knowing 'tis the engagement of friendship to serve those we love, make no esteem of any thing; and they which ob-

lige others, require on the contrary; that all should be ascribed to them. A Father, because he hath given life to his Children, conceives, that they ought to be always as dependent on him, as they were while they were but in their Cradle; and giving them no thanks for all their endeavours to please him, does nothing at all for them: and Children for their part, knowing that their birth is not the greatest obligation they can owe to their Fathers, repine even for the life which they gave them, when they do not all for them which they think they are able to do. Husbands, whose authority is established by force and custom, conceiving their wives are too happy in obeying them, give them no thanks for their complacency; and Wives, who having either Beauty or Virtue imagining their Husbands too highly preferr'd by having married them, are not oblig'd by any thing whatsoever, but for the most part are impertinent when they are fair, and insolent when they are wise. Even Lovers are ungrateful, and the most of any other. For indeed (added *Amilcar* smiling) if you took notice of all the complaints they make, you would think a thousand mighty injuries had been done them, and never the least kindness. And it oftentimes happens, that a Lover, after he has received a thousand and a thousand favours; makes afterwards a thousand and a thousand repinings, only because he is something less favourably regarded than ordinary: so that forgetting all former kindnesses, he murmures and threatens to change his affection, and becomes perfectly ingrateful And as for the Ladies (continued he) I could cite an hundred Sonnets, wherein the title of Ungrateful is given them. For I remember one which begins with, *Ungrateful Fair*; another with *Ungrateful* Iris; a third with, *What strange ingratitude is this of yours*? a fourth with, *The ungrateful beauty which I serve*; and another which pronounces, *All that's handsome is ungrateful.* To conclude, Ingratitude is so general a thing, that a man would almost protest against obliging any person; and for fear of doing any thing for one that may afterwards prove ungrateful, resolve to do nothing at all, but to live so as only to live, without taking care of any thing. For Ingratitude, (said *Æmilius*, who all this while had been silent) I assent to you, that there is too much of it in the world. I am of your opinion, (answered *Herminius*) but there would be much less of it, if there were no slothfulness and idleness; for they are usually supine and negligent persons, who are most ungrateful, and who are willing to be oblig'd by all the world, without obliging any body. In truth (said *Plotina*) you have all a great stock of wit, and methinks you are in the humour to day, of expressing more than ordinary; and therefore I beseech you satisfie me of two things, which I am desirous to know: First, Which is most shameful, to be a sluggard for want of wit, or for want of courage? and Secondly, to examine well all the different ingratitudes the world is full of, and determine which is the greatest, for there are various kinds. For my own particular, I have a she-friend, who makes no account of the services which are done her, but forgets a thousand considerable good offices, without ever thinking of retribution; and who, because she is fair, and loves her beauty better than her self, if I may so speak, never forgets one flattery or commendation, but will do much more for them which deceive her, provided it be in her own praise, than for those who do her real services: What you speak of (said *Cesonia*) falls out very frequently, but before speaking of ingratitude, let us discourse a little concerning these idle persons, whose idleness has divers causes. I know some who are so, only because they are careless; for they have wit enough, and testifie also in some occasions, when they are forced to it, that they want no courage: and besides, it is not perceiv'd that they have any bad qualities: These people (answered *Herminius*) are culpable in the highest degree; for I know nothing more strange than to be unprofitable both to the world and ones self, to have wit and do nothing with it, and a certain indifferent mind, which causes a man not to interest himself in any thing, to have neither ambition nor love, and to live with a negligence that renders him incapable of all great pleasures. For my own part, I should almost like it better for a man to addict himself to something, not altogether good, than not to apply himself to any thing at all. As for me (replied *Plotina*) I am of *Herminius*'s mind, and I judge it more shameful to be an eternal idler, for want of having the Will to attempt something, than to do nothing for want of Will: For what reason is there to accuse a poor stupid person, who by engaging himself in action, would only manifest his stupidity? I affirm confidently, that they to whom the gods have been sparing of the riches of the mind, are happy, when they assign them an unactive life withal, so that they remain hidden in their own obscurity. This deficiency causes the same effect in them, which prudence does in others, by restraining them from appearing unbecomingly in the world. For there is none but knows, there are people which would not be spoken of, if they were not in great employments, of whom a thousand dispraises are rumour'd, because they acquit themselves ill of what they rashly undertake. Promote a hair-brain'd man to the management of State-affairs, and one faint-hearted to command an Army, and you will find it convenient there were more idle persons than there are. For idle persons injure none but themselves; but they which manage employments they are unworthy of, oftentimes overthrow the order of the world. They make war, when there is a greater necessity for peace; and contrarily, make peace, when 'tis more convenient to undertake a war: and not understanding the import of their own actions, it would be better they did nothing at all. For which reason, upon due consideration, I judge it more reasonable to censure impertinent busie-bodies, than those miserable lazy-backs who seek ease, and oftimes do better by indulging their own quiet, than by forsaking it to become active. Let us leave them therefore in their happy idleness, (answered *Cesonia*) and I repent me of my curiosity I had to know distinctly, the different degrees of contempt I ought to allot them in my mind. I cannot leave them yet, (replied *Herminius*) but I must tell you, that the most criminal of all idle persons, are they who addict themselves to nothing, when they are oblig'd by necessity to betake themselves to the employment which fortune has given them. For though all idleness is blame-worthy, yet when a man

man addicts himself to nothing, and chooses no profession, but out of choice, sloth, or incapacity, or some other reason, passes his life in so great sluggishness, that he might in a manner die, without the loss of pleasure, or benefit to any, and even without being sensible of it himself, it is sufficient to reprehend and slight him. But when we see a man, who by his birth and his own election, is instated in a great employment, which requires him to act, and he does not, he is to be hated and despised. According to my judgement (said *Amilcar*) ye have much reason for this; but yet there are people worse than those idle ones you speak of. I beseech you (interpos'd *Cesonia*) tell us who they are; for my part, I cannot comprehend there can be any such. They are those, (answered *Amilcar*) who being engag'd in a great employment, do not cease to forecast how to acquit themselves of it, that they may enjoy a certain quiet, which hath always some pleasure in it; yet having a kind of humorousness in their heads, which I cannot express, they do not the things they are obliged to, but busie themselves in matters which they might better dispense with, and neglect all their lives, and to which they have no engagement. For when I see a Priest omit the care of the Temple he ministers to, that knows nothing of the quality of Victims, and scarce the ceremonies of a Sacrifice; but yet discourses well concerning War, Musick, and Hunting, I am possess'd with the most pleasant indignation in the world; for at the same time I contemn him, I take infinite delight to mock and abuse him. When I observe a Senator with his grave aspect (which he sometimes sets off with a little constraint) ignorant of the Laws of his Countrey, and going about to play the Gallant with a Lady, who derides his bad courtship; I conclude, he will do better to keep in his Closet, than to meddle with an unsuitable indecorous Art, and neglect what is incumbent and proper to his place. On the other side, when I see a man, whose age and condition qualifies him for a Gallant, put on an awful Senatorious gravity, and dive into the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, and speak no smaller word than that of Transmigration, or Metempsychosis; I sigh, and exclaim, O gods! Why is not this man idle? So likewise when I behold a Captain, whom it behoves to be generous, and to understand his profession, that knows only the terms of the military Art he follows, and yet is well skill'd in that of Dancing, I wish he would do nothing throughout all his life. On the contrary, when I perceive a person, whose mean birth and abilities ought to withhold him from intermedling with any thing, who yet thrusts himself into all businesses, I am as much unsatisfi'd that this man is not idle too. Now if any offer to retort unto me, that idleness is good for nothing, I may at least presume to affirm, that it does hurt to none, and that there is no comparison between idleness and ingratitude. True, (said *Herminius*) ingratitude is the vilest of all vices, and most opposite to natural equity; for it is never found so much as amongst brutes, nor even the most cruel and savage of them. Benefits and kindnesses mollifie Lions; Men alone are naturally capable of ingratitude. The most remarkable enormity of this vice, is that it is directly opposite to Justice, and overthrows all Laws of Society, which among people endued with reason, ought to be nothing else, but a continual commerce of good offices. According to the Laws of Humanity, it behoveth to do good to whosoever stands in need of it; judge therefore, whether it be not just to do so to them, from whom benefits have been received. But there are people of such an evil heart, that when they are too much oblig'd, they decline those to whom they are engag'd, and by degrees grow to a pass not to endure them. 'Tis a strange humour in some (said *Plotina*) whom I know, that will not do any thing for those who have done all things for them, and yet render considerable services to such, as never did them the least civility. These people are much of their perverse natures, who love better to make presents than to pay their debts: But the best is, that nevertheless all the world declaims against this odious quality, and there is no ungrateful person but decries ingratitude. This proceeds (said *Herminius*) for that no person does justice to himself, and because the greatest part of men would appear what they are not. That which amazes me more (continued he) is, to observe, that this crime is so general, since 'tis the only one which is absolutely void of all pleasure. For a man who usurps the property of another, enriches himself by doing so; a Detractor has the pleasure of being easily believ'd; a Cheater has the satisfaction, of attaining to the end he designed to himself; a Vindicative person has the contentment of revenging himself, by committing acts of cruelty: but an Ingrateful man can never think of what has been done for him, without some kind of shame and regret. I assure you (answered *Plotina*) they which are arriv'd to the highest pitch of ingratitude, never think of that which has been done for them. But if they do not (replied *Herminius*) yet they have no pleasure in not thinking of it; and so you agree to what I asserted. I confess it really, (said she) for I love no contesting: But to compleat the satisfaction of my curiosity, tell me, I beseech you, which of all ingratitudes is the blackest? That (answered *Amilcar*) where the obligation is greatest. That is not directly the thing I enquire, (replied *Plotina.*) What is it then (said *Cesonia*) which you demand? I would know (said this lovely Virgin) in which profession of persons, ingratititude is most odious, whether in the mind of a King, or in those of his subjects; of a master, or a slave: amongst friends, or between a Father and his Children, or a Husband and a Wife, or a Lover and his Mistriss? Ingratitude is a thing so horrible, (answered *Herminius*) that it never found an Advocate which dar'd to defend it, or to confess himself capable of it. Some acknowledge indeed, that they are ambitious, cholerick, and revengeful; but none will own that he is ungrateful: Wherefore ingratitude must be absolutely condemn'd, whereever it is found. But yet there are several degrees, (replied *Plotina*) and I think I may almost confidently adjoyn, that there is no equality in any thing under the Sun. According to my apprehension, (said *Amilcar*) ingrateful persons may be divided into three orders; for some are so in point of Duty, others in relation to Friendship, and others in respect of Love. Those in point of Duty, are Kings, and Subjects; Fathers, and Children; Masters,

ſters, and Slaves; Husbands, and Wives: Thoſe in reference to Friendſhip, are Friends of both Sexes; And laſtly thoſe in relation to love, are Lovers and their Ladies. *Amilcar* hath ſpoken judiciouſly, (anſwered *Herminius*) it cannot be denyed; though among them, which he terms ingrateful in reference to duty, ſometimes there may be ſome, that merit a place too among thoſe that are ſo in matter of Friendſhip. But, ſpeaking generally, he hath well ranked theſe Monſters; and it remains only to examine, which are moſt culpable, For my part, (ſaid *Amilcar*) I believe they which are ungrateful in point of Duty, are the moſt criminal. But my opinion (ſaid *Ceſonia*) is, that their guilt is greateſt, who practiſe ingratitude in Friendſhip. Mine, (ſaid *Æmilius*) that the fouleſt aſpect of this vice is, when it appears among the Votaries of Love. I affirm ſo too, (anſwered *Herminius*) and you only prevented me in declaring this truth. If there were a fourth part to be taken, (ſaid *Plotina*) I would chooſe it: but being 'tis otherwiſe, I will attend what to reſolve on, till you have delivered your Reaſons. As for mine (ſaid *Amilcar*, ſmiling) I ſhall ſoon have done it, ſince I have nothing elſe to ſay, but only that Love cannot be plac'd, in compariſon with that kind of Duty we underſtand; for men, who have made Laws to teach Kings to Govern, and People to Obey, have made none to teach Gratitude in Love; and all the Morality of the goddeſs, ador'd in *Cyprus*, is no where to be found but in Sonnets. The ſame reaſon (anſwer'd *Æmilius*) which oblig'd *Numa* to make no Laws againſt parricides, has, without queſtion, oblig'd all Legiſlators to mention almoſt nothing concerning Love; becauſe, as *Numa* imagin'd, there could be no parricide, ſo they preſum'd it impoſſible ingratitude ſhould be in Love. But however it be (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I am not bound to ſpeak as the matter is, but only what I think. And therefore I ſay, looking upon Love as a piece of Gallantry, I do not account the ungrateful of this Order the blackeſt; but judge thoſe that are ingrateful in friendſhip, more criminal, though leſs than thoſe which are ſo in reſpect of Duty, which I ſpoke of. Certainly, if the conſequence of Ingratitude ought to be conſidered, in order to determining the greatneſs of it, it muſt be granted me, that ingratitude in Love produces divertiſement and pleaſure in the world, inſtead of diſturbing humane ſociety; for uſually, amorous Ingratitudes occaſion the compoſure of very excellent Verſes. As for that which happens between two friends, though it be horrible, yet at moſt it only cauſes hatred to ſucceed in the room of friendſhip, and ſome families to be divided. But the ingratitude of bad Kings towards their Subjects (if the reſpect due to them will permit ſuch language) is the occaſion of a thouſand injuſtices; and that of People towards their Kings cauſes ſeditions, revolts, and eternal wars. The ingratitude of Fathers to Children, and Children to Fathers, extinguiſhes all natural ſentiments; that of Husbands to Wives, and Wives to Husbands, occaſions almoſt all criminal affections, and tragical deeds. Judge therefore whether I was miſtaken, when I affirmed the ingrateful in Duty were the moſt dangerous. I know not whether they be the moſt dangerous, (anſwered *Ceſonia*) but I maintain that one ungrateful in friendſhip can never be a true honeſt man; and yet 'tis not impoſſible ſometimes for one ingrateful in Duty to be ſo. For, to inſtance, there may be Kings who will give no acknwledgement of the ſervices performed for them; who ſtudy more their own glory, than the quiet of their people, and will not be other than great Princes. Indeed, if all Kings really lov'd their Subjects, as a good Father ought to love his Children, and would take eſpecial notice of the ſervices which are performed for them, they would never make War, except to defend them, but peaceably permit them to till their native ſoil, and be induc'd by no ambition to make new acqueſts of Territory at the expence of their lives, who love and obey them. Perhaps there may poſſibly be ingratitudes in Ambition, of not ſo black a ſtain, as thoſe of friendſhip. All ſuch as have began a new dominion, have been ingrateful to their Countrey: yet whilſt in their climbing from mean Citizens to the heigth of grand Princes; Fortune juſtified their ingratitude, they have been placed in the ſame degree with *Heroes*. But as for an ingrateful friend, he hath been always ranked amongſt the baſe and treacherous. Fathers and Children, Husbands and Wives, ingratitude is not ſo odious when it is found amongſt them; but only becauſe there is a great duty of mutual love incumbent upon them. For though I am of opinion, it is always fit for children to reſpect and obey thoſe to whom they owe their lives; yet I hold, that when a man happens to have one of thoſe Fathers that are too much ſo, and who, acting perpetually by their authority, never do any thing with tenderneſs, he may in ſome ſort be excuſable, if he aſcribe not all imaginable acknowledgements to him; nevertheleſs I agree, that he ought always to honor and ſerve him. But there is a certain reſpect or decency, and an obedience proceeding from reaſon, very different from thoſe which are produced by a real acknowledgement. The ſame I ſay of Fathers and Children, is alſo applicable to Husbands and Wives. Moreover, there is another reaſon, which renders ingratitude between friends more deteſtable, than between thoſe I now mentioned. For Kings make no choice of their Subjects, and all Subjects do not elect their Kings; no more do Fathers chooſe their Children, or theſe their Fathers: Intereſt, for the moſt part, makes all Marriages, rather than Reaſon or Love. Wherefore when all theſe perſons are defective in acknowledgements, though they deſerve blame, yet 'tis in a leſs meaſure than ingrateful friends do; eſpecially, becauſe not loving at all, they leſſen the value of the obligations they have one towards another; for conceiving their duty leſs, it is not ſtrange if they diſpence with a part of what they owe. As for Lovers, though their ingratitude be horrible, yet it may be alledg'd, that ſince we love not whom we will, we cannot be oblig'd thereunto in ſpight of our inclinations; and beſides, as Love ſeiſes on one party firſt, when ſuch poſſeſſion ſeiſes on the one ſide, it commonly begins on the other; whence a Lover, whoſe intereſt is diſ-reſpected, believes not himſelf ſo oblig'd as he is to the perſon by whom he is belov'd. But for friends, they are choſen by us, we are voluntarily oblig'd to them, we ſue unto, and engage them, we readily admit of their ſervices, not being

being constrained to a confederate amity, either by the Laws, or any disordered Passion; and by consequence, nature, reason, justice, virtue, and glory, exact of us a correspondent return of good offices, and when it is not in a mans power to perform that, he ought never at least, to forget the obligation he hath to his Friend, but publish and own it with delight. For my part, I confess, I cannot comprehend how there should be ingrateful friends, or how there can be any people which endure those which are so. What assurance can there be in the heart of a man, who is wanting to his friend and himself? what sentiment is able to retain him, who despises friendship, justice, and glory, and makes himself apparent to be as imprudent as false? for indeed, the ingrateful ruines his reputation amongst all people of honor, and does himself more mischief than others, though perhaps he is not sensible of it. It were not impossible, but one ingrateful to his Prince may be grateful to his friend, and his Mistress, and also to the other Relations I mentioned; but I judge, an ingrateful Friend, may be an ingrateful Subject, Father, Child, Husband, and Lover, for friendship is a thing so sacred, that who so contemns it, is capable of violating all things; Wherefore I conceive my opinion more warranted by reason than that of *Amilcars*. You are highly ingenious, (answered *Herminius*) and I confess, all you have said in favor of Friendship is admirably well discoursed, and so much the more as it serves to prove, that the most horrible of all Ingratitudes is Ingratitude in Love. Which before I undertake, I must declare, that there is no kind excusable, but all ingrateful persons merit contempt and detestation. It is not material to examine whether a man loves or hates, to know whether he ought to be grateful. For upon the reception of a benefit, he is indispensably obliged to be acknowledged for it, not only to his friends, but also to his enemies, when he accepts a good office from their hands: And besides, I am not satisfied whether a man be not obliged to gratitude, even when he refuses the services they would do him.

The word [Acknowledgment] so clearly implies the necessary obligation of him that receives a favor from any one, that none can be ignorant of it. To acknowledge a good turn, is to be always in a propensity of doing what has been done for you; and whosoever feels not in his breast a continual desire of performing that towards another which has been done to serve him, is without question secretly ingrateful, and will discover himself upon the first occasion presented him, of serving those by whom he has been obliged. But to come to the particular design I have, to make it apparent, that Ingratitude in Love is more abominable than all others, I stand not in need of very many words to do it. For though there can be no small ingratitude, yet it is certain, it may be more or less great, according as the person is more or less obliged. For if a man owes his life to a friend, he is more oblig'd to him, than if he owed to him only his Fortune; and consequently is more ingrateful to him, than if he were accountable to him for a less engagement. Which being so, what doubt can be made of the question in hand, and is there any thing that may be placed in comparison with Love? A man serves his King, his Father, his Master, and his Friend; but a Lover gives himself to his Mistress, and a Mistress her self to her Lover; 'tis Love alone that has the power to make two hearts one. I know friendship boasts of being able to do it, but without reason. Two friends that are most intimately such, may have each his Mistress which will divide them, or at least render their friendship less considerable to them, because it will no longer afford them their greatest contentment. But when Love closely unites two persons together, whose breasts are tender, and minds intelligent, I defie all the power of Friendship to divide them. Therefore since Love is an union incomparably more strong and perfect than Friendship, and nothing can be parrallel'd with the obligation we have to a person who bestowes his whole heart, it is easie to conclude, that there is no ingratitude of a deeper dye, than that of a Lover towards a Mistress, or a Mistress towards a Lover. But when I mention Love, I am not to be understood of those triffling sorts of Love which wear a name they deserve not, for they who love at this rate, giving themselves only for the time which they spend in jollity, are engaged to nothing but to divert themselves as best they may, so long as they have a fancy to be seen, and loved. But I mean a certain ardent and sincere Love, founded upon esteem and virtue; in which is made a real commutation of hearts, where Desires are the same in two breasts, and seem likely to continue so eternally. For since there is nothing more precious in the world than an affection of this nature, therefore who ever is capable of Ingratitude after such a dearness, is the most perfidious and vile of all other ingrateful persons. Yet there is a certain interressed disposition in men, which almost generally induces them to detest one that is ungrateful, by forgetting a good office done him, in relation to his fortune; more than a criminal Lover, who extinguishes out of his mind all memorials and tokens of a great passion conferred on him. But to speak reasonably, there is nothing more unjust, nor even more inhumane, than to be capable of ingratitude towards a person, who has given all he was able, by giveing his heart. For in Love, the services which are received ought to be reckoned upon as in Friendship; because when two persons love perfectly, it must be supposed they are qualified to do and suffer all things one for the other, even to the loss of life. As soon as they love, they mutually owe one another all the offices which love can prompt them to; and this community of duty they ought to make reckoning of, as much as of services performed, since there is nothing requisite more but occasion, which depends solely on fortune. By this discourse of yours (replyed *Æmilius* coldly) it seems, that Gratitude in love belongs only to happy Lovers. I should be very glad it were so, (said *Plotina*, smiling) and that some distinction be made in reference to Acknowledgment; for otherwise I should be in a desperate case, if I apprehended my self obliged not to be ingrateful to three or four persons, which make semblance of loving me. There is without doubt, (answered *Herminius*) considerable distinction to be made in these sort of matters; for excepting in Love, it behoveth never to receive a good office, without an inclination of mind to repay it, and a resentment of the

the obligation. But the caſe is not the ſame in Love; and Acknowledgment, in order to being perfect, ought never to be againſt either Juſtice or Virtue. But it would be againſt both, if a Lady equally acknowledged the affection of four or five Lovers; for indeed Love cannot be divided. But what then ſhall become of the ſervices of unhappy Lovers, (ſaid *Æmilius*?) and why is not ſhe accuſable of ingratitude who receives and not acknowledges them? Impoſſibility (anſwered *Herminius*) gives bounds to all things, and it is eaſie to be underſtood. A Lady loves not whom ſhe pleaſes, and when ſhe loves ſome one, ſhe can have no other recogniſance for them which ſhe loves not and ſerve her, than that which obliges her to pitty them, and wiſh them cur'd of their Love; and moreover to ſerve them as generous friends, when ſhe finds occaſion to do it. The Virtues are never in hoſtility among themſelves; and one ſhould not be truly grateful, if he were ſo with injuſtice. It is not lawful to injure one friend, in order to doing ſervice to another; and when 'tis ſaid, We ought to acknowledge all good offices we receive, it is meant, after ſuch a manner as may with reaſon be done. Thus may a Lady not render Love for Love, without being ingrateful; and 'tis to ſpeak ſtrictly only reciprocal Love, that has reference to that black ingratitude which I account ſo monſtrous, and which amaſes me ſo much the more, in that it cannot be committed but againſt ſuch a perſon of all the World, as one is moſt loved by, and moſt ingaged to love. And now to ſpeak of Ingratitude in general, it can never be good for any thing. Ambition may produce good effects, Love oftentimes excites to atchieve great actions, Indignation ſerves ſometimes to uphold Juſtice; Cruelty, as terrible as it is, may be in ſome ſort profitable in the breaſts of thoſe who in order to ſaving a mans life are conſtrained to cut off his Arm, But Ingratitude is almoſt the ſole thing which is good only to do miſchief. On the other ſide gratitude, though a virtue which makes not ſo much noiſe as many others, is nevertheleſs compleatly heroical. in the breaſts of thoſe that underſtand it aright; and I cannot decide whether there be not ſometimes as much glory in the handſome acknowledgment of a Civility, as for a man himſelf to confer a favor. Whilſt they were thus arguing, *Themiſtus* arrived, who conducted the ſolitary *Merigenes* to *Ceſonia*'s houſe, by whom he was received with extraordinary kindneſs. *Plotina* alſo expreſſed to him all the civility his quality required; *Æmilius* teſtified much joy to ſee him, having known him before at *Eryx*; *Herminius* likewiſe made him many careſſes; and *Amilcar*, who was friend to all worthy perſons, was his as ſoon as he ſaw him. To ſignifie to him that he was not ignorant of his affairs, he demanded of him whether he were not weary of his ſolitude, and his rare Cloſet which was ſo excellently adorned, and inquired whether an Illuſtrious friend of his of near habitation to him, ſtood yet in need of all his conſtancy to undergo the many vexations which attend a decaying health; and then deſired that he would tell him news of the Princeſs of *Elis*, who was gone to *Eryx*, to implore *Venus* that ſhe might have the priviledge of kindling love in the breaſts of others, yet keeping her own inſenſible. You ask me ſo many things at once (anſwered *Merigenes*) that it is not poſſible for me to ſatisfie you ſuddenly. But I ſhall tell you, that *Rome* is a very fit place to comfort one of the Deſart, that the ſight of the Capitol is ſufficiently pleaſing to make me contentedly ſuffer my abſence from my Cloſet, that the illuſtrious friend you ſpeak of, is ever the moſt prudent and virtuous of all men, and withall the moſt miſerable through his unhealthineſs, and that the Princeſs of *Elis* having fallen ſick at *Eryx*, is diverted into my Deſart, to recover the perfect luſtre of her incomparable complexion. And now I have anſwered all the Queſtions, I beſeech you tell me why you ask me tidings of the fair *Eliſmonda*, and whether or no you know her. I know her, (replyed *Amilcar*, ſmiling) only by the report of *Æmilius*, who never ſaw her; but I wiſh I were ſo happy to know her my ſelf. For indeed I have a kind of curioſity to underſtand how that unjuſt perſon is compos'd, who addreſſes confidently to the Mother of Love, that ſhe would impower her to inflame others with that paſſion, and be exempted from it her ſelf. And becauſe you have ſeen her for ſome days in the Deſart, I conceive you will much oblige the Company by deſcribing her. Though I have no great skill in Peinture (anſwered *Merigenes*) yet I ſhall indeavor to repreſent her Pourtraiture to you, in caſe the Ladies before whom I ſpeak require it as well as you. For my part (ſaid *Ceſonia*) I am always very well contented, *Amilcar* ſhould have any thing granted him that may ſatisfie his curioſity; for he has ſuch an excellent faculty of uſing all he knows, that he can never know too much. And as for me, (ſaid *Plotina*) the ſentiment of the Princeſs of *Elis*, ſeems to me ſo gallant, that it gives me the ſame curioſity too. And I, (ſaid *Herminius*) were it for nothing elſe, but becauſe ſhe reigns in a place where the Olympick Games, which are the famouſeſt of all *Greece*, are celebrated ſhould not be unwilling to have ſome knowledge of her. Since 'tis thus, (ſaid *Merigenes*) I ſhall betake my ſelf to content your curioſity, though I muſt declare to you, that the Princeſs of *Elis* is a perſon, whoſe Picture is not ſo eaſily to be drawn as you imagine. For whatever diligence I may bring to effect it, I am aſſured I ſhall never make it perfectly reſemble her; but they who well know the fair *Eliſmonda*, will judge, that I have fallen ſhort in delineating her pourtract. But ſince 'tis impoſſible for me not to obey you, I ſhall tell you, that that young Princeſs is exactly of the ſtature which I would have the Mother of Love repreſented by, for I cannot approve of thoſe Peinters and Sculptures, who ſet forth *Venus* to us in ſuch an extraordinary ſize, that it cannot be imagined that *Cupid* ſhould be her Son, who if he had a ſiſter, it may be thought ſhe would without doubt reſemble the Princeſs of *Elis*. You underſtand by this, that *Eliſmonda* is not great, but from the firſt being of handſome perſons, there was never any whoſe ſtature was better proportioned, nor more ſutable to the ayr of her countenance and beauty, than hers; for were ſhe ſomewhat taller, or a little lower, any thing more thick, or a thought more ſlender, ſhe would infallibly loſe ſome part of that which renders her ſo lovely, ſo true it is, that ſhe is, ſuch as is requiſite for her to be, exactly ſhaped. *Eliſmonda*'s hair is flaxen, and ſo wonderfully comely, that Art only ſerves to com-

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...hood place it, though perhaps a careless disorder sometimes renders it more graceful. The shape of her countenance is Oval, her nose is well and regularly proportioned, her mouth curiously framed, teeth white, complexion very clear and smooth, the dye of youth diffus'd over all her face, cerulean eyes, sweet, smiling, sprightly, and yet a little languishing; and that which makes her infinitely charming, is her pleasing and attracting Aspect, which promises nothing but goodness and tenderness. Then *Elismonda*'s neck is so well made, that it appears handsome even after languishing tedious sicknesses. For her arms and hands, they leave all description beneath them, for whether it be by reason of their shape, whiteness, plumpness, or I know not what secret unexpressible charm, 'tis not possible but to forbear holding her eyes, how lovely soever, for some moments, and turn them to admire the beauty of the rarest hands and arms in the World, when the occasion of lifting up her veil, or rectifying something about her head-tire, or doing any other action, causes the discovery of their handsomness. Another greater loveliness in the Princess of *Elis*, is the freedom of her carriage, for though she loves her self enough, yet she is far from all ostentative affectation of seeming fair, she has ever the same natural neatness, nothing savoring of fantasticalness, her dress is not over finical, nor too much neglected, and her attire never too magnificent, yet 'tis very stately, and she wears it with a singular grace, she chooses with Art such colours as are most advantageous to her, and if she have especial care in any things 'tis in artificial and becoming bracelets, and to be always alike neat, whether she be dress'd or not. For Wit, without question *Elismonda*, has a plenteous stock of it, especially of such as enhances the power of Beauty. She speaks gracefully, she is gentle, civil, and even flattering when she pleases, though sometimes she puts on a colder air towards certain people, whom she does not much affect. And then for her disposition, tis extreamly even and uniform, especially towards her friends. Her temper is apparently something inclinable to melancholly, but she scarce ever discovers any in conversation, and only serves her self of it in the passionate singing of languishing ayrs; for *Elismonda*'s voice is infinitely pleasing, wherewith she repeats Love-verses after so affecting a manner, that you would judge she felt her self the passion which the Sonnets express, and take her for the Author, by her exact reach of their sentiments, who were inspired by Love in the composition. Moreover, *Elismonda* is merry when she is in company that pleases her, yet 'tis always a modest mirth, and never ascends to those excessive wantonnesses which are discordant to seemliness. On the other side, when she thinks fit, she puts on a more serious deportment, though without disgust to any. Nor is she like those fair ones, who ever resort to all great feasts; for she loves not a croud, and very seldom goes to a Ball, notwithstanding she dances with an excellent grace. As little is she of the humor of those, who would think their beauty undervalued, if it do not every year procure them great number of Collations, Treatments, and Serenades. For *Elismonda* is contented to conquer hearts, without desiring such testimonies of affection; and excepting some praises in Verse, which she sometimes suffers to be given her, she can never resolve to receive any thing, either from her Lovers or Friends of either sex. But *Elismonda*'s heart being great and noble, she loves naturally to give, and to make, handsome Treatments at home, not to seek them from others. She has moreover a quality very rare in a person fair and young, not to speak ill of any person living in the least, picquant and dangerous railleries are displeasing to her, and 'tis against her desire if any person whatsoever be injur'd. 'Tis not to be doubted but that *Elismonda* loves praises, and though she declare she will never love any besides the Prince of *Elis*, who alone has been able to make impressions on her heart, yet she takes it not ill that she is esteemed, admired, and adored; and if any thing of cruelty harbors in her soul, tis in having a general design to please, without caring to make some persons miserable, whom she never intends to render happy. Not but that she has reason to persist faithful to the Prince of *Elis*, for certainly never man was owner of more generosity and goodness than he, nor in whom all the qualities of a true person of honor may be more essentially found. He is well made of his person, has a lofty aspect, a noble heart, a just mind, a gentle nature, a tender soul, he is an ardent friend, and a more ardent lover, he is liberal, real, wise, and moderate; loves reasonable delights, and justice above all things. So that to speak according to justice, *Elismonda* has reason to make all her Lovers unhappy, though they may be pardoned for repining a little against her charms and beauty, when they suffer the tyranny of it. It's always just for one that suffers to complain, (answered *Amilcar.*) True, (said *Plotina*) for I should complain of my self, had I occasioned my own mischief; and we also see Men complain more or less, according to the different degrees of affection they have for those, who cause them to suffer. But to return to *Elismonda*, if I were assured her vows were heard, I would forthwith prepare my self for a journey to *Eryx*. Then you are afraid of being in love, (said *Herminius* smiling.) Indeed (replyed she) I am unwilling to entertain that passion; and for the present, I find it trouble enough, to be continually repressing the esteem which we have of honorable persons; it being hourly necessary, for our minds to be sentinels to our hearts, to observe carefully that Love enter not thereinto, under the disguise of tender friendship. One thing (said *Cesonia*) I am very confident of, that some persons known to me are in Love, and never think they are so. A mistake of this kind may sometimes fall out, (answered *Amilcar*) but 'tis not possible to be always deceived so. For my part, (interpos'd *Themistus*) I know other people very opposite to those you speak of; for they believe themselves in love, when they are only possessed with a kind of wanton folly, which scarce resembles love at all. Whilst *Themistus* was speaking thus, *Zenocrates* arrived, who being first made to understand the person of *Merigenes*, informed this noble company, that there was brought to *Valerius* a man of *Veii*, who had been taken and was found encharged with several important Letters. Was he coming to *Rome*, (said *Cesonia?*) *Zenocrates* made some difficulty to answer, but *Themistus*, judging it was because of the presence of *Merigenes*, engaged for his fidelity, so that re-

ſuming his diſcourſe; he was coming to *Rome*, (ſaid he) without queſtion, his buſineſs being to ſpeak with *Clelius* from a *Veientine*, called *Mamilius*, his antient friend, they ſay to whom *Horatius* is ſlave, though they of *Veii* know not his quality. You will find (ſaid *Herminius*) that 'twas to that very *Veientine*, *Clelius* ſent ſecretly, to endeavor the delivery of *Horatius*. 'Tis the very ſame, (replyed *Zenocrates*) and *Clelius* does his utmoſt to hinder the Conſuls from uſing him that is taken ſeverely. But what was his meſſage to *Clelius*, (demanded *Herminius*.) He came to tell him (anſwered *Zenocrates*) that *Mamilius* aſſured him, that though he were of a ſide enemy to his, he ſhould perſevere his friend, and ever expreſs teſtimonies of amity to him, as far as the intereſt of his party would permit. If this man be only charged with ſuch Commiſſions, (replyed *Herminius*) there is no cauſe to treat him hardly. Were there no more but this, (anſwered *Zenocrates*,) he would be out of danger, but Letters have been found about him from the Prince *Titus* to *Collatina* and *Hermilia*; which 'tis true, ſpeak nothing concerning affairs of State; but there is one from *Tarquin*, to the chief Pontiff, in which that Prince, exaggerating the exceſſive expence he made, to teſtify his zeal towards the gods, when he cauſed the Temple of *Jupiter* to be built, ſeems deſirous to engage him to recompence him for it, by embracing his intereſts, and cunningly inſinuating into the minds of his people, that 'tis fit he were recalled. But amongſt all thoſe ſeveral Letters, the man had ſome others which intimate, that having ended his negotiating at *Rome*, he had order to go into *Greece* to the Princeſs of *Elis*; for there is one from the *Veientine* we ſpoke of to the Prince of that Country. And that which is ſufficiently ſtrange, this *Veientine* ſpeaks to him with very much authority, and almoſt commands him to go in perſon to *Delphos*, to conſult the oracle concerning the ſucceſs of the War which the *Veientines* have determined to make againſt *Rome*. For whereas *Tarquin*, heretofore ſent the Princeſs his ſons thither, when *Brutus* accompanyed them, the *Veientines* obſerving lately, how true the Oracle they received has been found, by *Brutus*'s becomeing maſter of *Rome*, they would know what the event of their deſign would prove: And accordingly *Mamilius* writes, as I told you, to the Prince of *Elis*, to oblige him to conſult that Oracle, engaging himſelf to make a conſiderable offering to the Temple of *Delphos*, in the name of his Republick. There are alſo in the ſame Letter many other things, which cannot be underſtood. But is this Prince of *Elis* (ſaid *Plotina*, turning towards *Merigenes*) nothing to the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, whoſe Picture you juſt now gave us? He is her Husband, (anſwered *Merigenes*) and the perſon I mentioned after I had deſcribed the Princeſs his wife; and it ought not to be wondered at, if *Mamilius* ſpeaks to that Prince with authority, for he is his father. But how comes it to paſs, (demanded *Plotina*) that the ſon of a *Veientine*, is Prince of *Elis*? Fortune, who is capricious, (anſwered *Merigenes*) does things much more aſtoniſhing than this. But yet I can aſſure you, that ſince ſhe firſt made adventures of War, of Love, and of Generoſity, ſhe never made any more ſurpriſing than thoſe which have befallen the Prince of *Elis*. And truly, it ought not to be accounted ſtrange, that *Mamilius* is ſo ſtrongly perſwaded of a Power, foreſeeing things to come; for he has an example of it in the Prince his Son, which will not ſuffer him to doubt it. All the company hearing this diſcourſe of *Merigenes*, had great curioſity of knowing the Hiſtory of the Prince and Princeſs of *Elis*, but becauſe it was already ſufficiently late, and *Herminius* judged it important to let *Valerius* know, the Prince of *Elis* was Son of *Mamilius*, and moreover, was willing to go ſee *Valeria*, he ſaid, 'twas requiſite to refer the buſineſs to the next morning, and that *Valeria* ought to have her part in this pleaſure, and accordingly the company broke up and departed. But to the end *Valerius* might be better informed of what it was it he ſhould know, *Themiſtus* accompanyed *Merigenes* to the Conſul, to whom he declared very important matters; For, you know (ſaid *Merigenes* to *Valerius*) that the Family of the *Tarquins* is originally of *Corinth*, upon which account it would not be impoſſible, but *Mamilius* might engage the Prince his ſon to perſuade the *Corinthians* to embrace the intereſts of *Tarquin*. And being the Commerce of *Corinth* into *Sicily* is great, they might afterwards engage ſome of the Princes of that Iſland, which is nearer hither than themſelves, to intermeddle in this War. After which, *Merigenes* offered himſelf to negotiate with the Prince of *Elis*, whoſe virtue is ſo great, that he was confident he would be always on the ſide of Juſtice, aſſuring him, that there were alſo ſome matters in his life, which engaged him to be enemy to all Tyrants. *Valerius* thanked *Merigenes*, and without refuſing the offer which he made, of treating the intereſts of *Rome* with the Prince of *Elis*, he entreated him to inform him, by what adventure the ſon of *Mamilius*, who was believed loſt in a long voyage, came to be Prince of *Elis*. But *Merigenes* anſwering him, that the ſtory was long, and that there was at leaſt as much War as Love in it, *Valerius* ſmiling, gave commiſſion to *Herminius*, to learn the ſame from *Merigenes*, ſince the publick affairs did not allow him leiſure enough at preſent. Thus the Hiſtory of the Princeſs of *Elis*, which *Merigenes* was to relate only to content the curioſity of *Ceſonia*, *Plotina*, and *Amilcar*, became almoſt a neceſſary affair of State. But in order to it, the next morning, after *Herminius* had been to make a viſit to *Clelia* and *Octavius*, who was ſomewhat better to day, he went to *Valeria*'s houſe, where *Ceſonia*, *Plotina*, *Themiſtus*, *Amilcar* and *Merigenes* were alſo met. And *Merigenes* knowing he had many things to relate, after the firſt civilities were over, and *Valeria*, who received him very civilly, had intreated him to begin the narration he had promiſed, ſpoke in this manner, addreſſing himſelf to *Valeria*, to whom *Plotina* had already told all that ſhe knew concerning the Princeſs of *Elis*.

The

THE HISTORY Of the PRINCESS ELISMONDA.

YOU will perhaps judge me very presumptuous, Madam in daring to entertain you with the adventures of your Neighbors. and tell you of things done at *Veii*, which is not far from your Gates, as if I were a *Tuscan*, and not a Native of *Italy*: Tis true, Fortune has guided me into so many different regions, my habitation has so long been in *Sicily*, and my travels so universal all over *Italy*, that I can almost term every place my Country. To me, according to the genius I am of, all persons of honor are fellow-Citizens; and I never put real distinction between men, besides what virtue alone makes. Now Madam, I must acquaint you that the Prince of *Elis*, whose name is *Hortensius*, is of a most illustrious race. For his family is as antient as the City wherein he was born, which is, as you know, one of the most considerable of those twelve famous Cities, which share amongst them the Dominion of all *Tuscany*. But not to detain you with unprofitable particularizing all the several badges of honor which belong to that House, I shall only intimate, that it possessed the highest imployments in *Veii*, and that they report that one of the Predecessors of *Hortensius*, heretofore gave that famous Statue of *Juno*, whom they call *Queen Juno*, which they have plac'd in a stately Temple erected for it. For as the *Veientines* adore the Goddess represented by it as the tutelar Deity of their City, and are naturally superstitious; so they believe if this Statue should be taken from them, their City would be destroyed. I say this Madam, to the end that remembring the nature of the *Tuscanes*, you may not think strange that the Illustrious Father of *Hortensius*, has been capable of doing that which you shall understand in the sequel of my discourse. Which before I unfold to you, it is requisite you know, that that generous *Veientine*, who is called *Manilius*, was always virtuous from his first youth, that he loved his Countrey eminently more than all things, and glory as much as his Countrey, and that as it is the custom of those of this Nation to consult their Augurs, which are the most learned of the world in the art they pretend to, he consulted the most famous that he knew concerning the birth of his only son, *Hortensius*, whose life I am relating to you. But all he inquired of (first telling him that his son should be indued with a thousand great qualities) assured him it was the decree of fate for him to raign in the place where he should live, and that it was impossible but he should dye a Soveraign. This generous *Veientine*, instead of rejoycing was afflicted with this answer, for loving his native soil with an extream Passion, he judged himself the most unhappy of all men, in having a son, whom he feared would become Tyrant of his Countrey. Which perplexing thought not forsaking him, and being willing to find cause to doubt of what the Augurs of his City had told him, he went from City to City throughout all *Tuscany*, to consult all such as were in repute for skill in the art of Divinations. But the more he consulted, the more was his fear augmented, for all told him the same thing. Afterwards being not yet satisfied, he went to *Præneste* to the famous Temple of *Fortune*, which is upon the top of the Mountain, on which this City is built, to try whether the *Prænestine* Lots would agree with the Augurs which he had consulted. For which (you are not ignorant) there is in that place a kind of Oracle of Chance, which seems to decide the destinies of men. But at *Præneste* too, as well as at *Veii*, this generous Father found that his Son was born to rule, and that it was necessary he should render himself absolute Master of a Soveraignity. This being so decreed; his noble Father, whose virtue caused his affliction, returned to *Veii*, and without discovering any thing of his sorrow, provided for the education of his Son in the best manner he could, if possibly by industry and the flexibleness of his minority he might oppose the power of Destiny, which seemed to intend him for a Tyrant of his Countrey. But as the Child grew up in years, so was his inquietude augmented; by reason there ever appeared some Token of Superiority in all his actions. If he played with Children of equal age, he would be the master of them; he had a lofty aspect, lov'd not to obey his equals, and gave testimonies both of courage and wit, and lastly, was very lovely and excellently well made. *Hortensius* liv'd on this sort till the age of seven years, when being in the Temple of Queen *Juno*, where a multitude of people were assembled, because it was the day whereon they celebrated the

feast of that goddess, He went boldly to seat himself in a Chair raised three steps high, which was never us'd but by the chief of the Augurs who was Priest; and though they endeavour'd to make him go thence, he kept himself there immoveable, till the Augur came thither to perform the ceremony. Whose intreaties and commands were all ineffectual to perswade him from his seat, so that he was constrain'd to pull him out forcibly. Whereupon the Augur observing whose Child it was, and remembring what himself had foretold concerning him, transported with zeal to his Countrey, turning himself towards the Statue of *Juno*, and lifting up his voice and his hands towards it, O great goddess (cry'd he) be pleas'd to avert, that this dangerous Child become not the Tyrant of a place, where men adore you with so sincere devotion. He had scarce pronounc'd this, but there arose a confusion of voices amongst the people. During which, the generous Father of *Hortensius*, who was most zealous above all the *Veientines*, of the publick safety, being entred into the Temple, as things were thus, and understanding what had pass'd, stept forth, and with a generosity never parallel'd, took *Hortensius* by the hand, and addressing to the Priest, with an admirable constancy, bad him, Go and make a sacrifice of his Son to his Countrey. 'Tis not (added he) for that I believe I ought to deprive him of a life which the gods have given him; but I shall dispose of him in such manner, that *Veii* shall never be in fear of his ambition. Soon after, this afflicted Father, making choice of a friend he had of no great wealth, but virtuous, and who had all his life a very great desire of travel, requested him he would undertake the conduct of his Son, and become a father to him. And assigning him half his wealth, he conjur'd him to go and travel about the world with his Son, to instruct him constantly in virtue, to endeavour to cause him to forget of what Countrey he was, to make him rather choose *Greece* to live in, than any other place in the world, and never to return into *Italy*. This man, whose name was *Gentius*, accordingly accepted the bargain propounded to him by his friend, perceiving he had taken up an unalterable purpose to banish *Hortensius*, and a few daies after went to take ship at one of the Ports of *Tuscany*. Whence his first passage was into *Sicily*, and thence to *Corinth*, where he educated *Hortensius*, till he was twenty years old, and then dyed: But for that the wealth *Hortensius*'s Father had given him, had not been improv'd in his hands, but he had almost wholly spent it, either in travelling, or in causing *Hortensius* to be instructed, he left him a very small pittance, and dying suddenly, discover'd nothing to him of his fortune. For you must know, Madam, *Gentius* had us'd so much art to cause this Youth to forget of what Countrey he was, that he took himself to be a *Sicilian*. Not but that he still remembred *Veii*; but, being *Gentius* had told him that he was brought to that City at the age of six months, he was at a loss what to imagine; and there was so great a confusion in his memory, of what he had seen during his Childhood, that all he was able to conjecture was this, that there must needs have been something very extraordinary in his birth. Wherefore being excited with greatness of mind; he was loath to seek what he was unwilling to find, and only consider'd with himself, what behov'd him to do at that time. He had very many friends at *Corinth*, but this was of no advantage to him; and therefore hearing there was a War lately broke out between the *Thessalonians* and the *Opuntines*, he resolv'd to go thither to try what fortune would do for him, But, as curiosity is always inherent in the souls of brave persons, *Hortensius* in his journey into *Thessaly*, which is the fairest part of all *Macedonia*, purposed to go see that famous valley of *Tempe*, which is between the Mountains, *Ossa* and *Olympus*; the top of the latter of which is above all storms and tempests, and can only be sight it self be depriv'd of the Sun-beams. That *Hortensius*, having I know not what instinct which oblig'd him to trust to his fortune, he put himself into an equipage of a man of his quality (of which he was ignorant) who travels with no great train, leaving to his destiny the care of providing means to make it subsist. Wherefore accompanied with two slaves, he went directly towards *Tempe*, which I shall not stay to describe to you, though I have some desire to do it, because it is the most pleasing place that ever I beheld, and whose pleasant prospect occasion'd the endangering of the life of *Hortensius*. Hold, I beseech you (said *Valeria*, interrupting *Merigenes*) speed not so fast, but tell us something of the delectable site of that place, which all the world commends. For my part (said *Aurelia*) I was once design'd to go on purpose from *Africa* to *Thessaly*, to have the pleasure of walking there. Let us go thither presently (said *Plotia*) for I believe if *Merigenes* describe it to us, we shall know what excellency of contrivance, nature has shewn in it, as well as if we had been there. As for me (said *Cassonia*) I never was against walking. It needs (said *Herminius*) to be of a bad humour to break this off; and therefore I conceive *Merigenes* has nothing to do but to prepare himself to make a handsome description: for I take it as granted, *Æmilius* and *Themistus* will not disgust it. Both which answering like persons who wish'd whatsoever the company desir'd, *Merigenes* pursued his discourse in this manner. *Tempe* is situate between the Mountains *Ossa* and *Olympus* which are two the highest of *Thessaly*, in which there are about thirty four. The length of this famous Valley is four hundred furlongs: for the breadth, it is sufficiently unequal, for in some places it is broader, and in some more contracted. In the midst of this delightful Vale, slides the River *Peneus*, which being swell'd, by the accesse of four other pleasant Rivers is capable of bearing Boats of a considerable size. But that which is remarkable in it, is, that the River *Eurotas*, which *Homer* calls *Titaretis*, and which discharges it self into the River *Peneus*, does not mingle its own waters with his. For they are distinguishable by the difference of their colour. So that, as if the River *Peneus* bare disdain to the other, having passed some space together without mixing their waters, it casts the River *Eurotas* on one side, and they both separate without joyning streams. But the greatest Ornament of the valley of *Tempe*, is the intwining of Ivy about all the Trees that grow there, from their roots to the top, so that nothing is seen there but a lovely universal verdure: there is also an Herb admirably grateful to the eye, called

called *Smilax*, which climbs along the Trees, and reflecting downwards like a wild Vine, wholly covers the Earth. Whereby, as I said before, this pleasant valley becomes green all over. There are also seen by the Rivers side, both on the right hand and left, little Woods of Myrtles and Laurels, which offer their shadow to those which pass by. And that which renders this place yet more agreeable, is, that under these shades, several little Brooks purle along, the waters of which are not only pleasant to drink, but excellent for health. There is also a great multitude of Birds which delight in this rare Desart, both by reason of the number of Trees, Thickets, and Rivers, and for the calmness and quiet which perpetually reigns there. Moreover, the River *Peneus*, after having as it were precipitated it self at the entrance of this Valley, seems to be delighted in it, and slides so slowly, that you would think his stream were asleep. Many Islands appear in his Channel, which serve to embellish both the River and the Valley. As for the people thereabouts, they believing it a place particularly agreeable to the gods, make choice of it to perform sacrifices in, imagining their vows more favourably heard from thence than elsewhere. Which occasions that they which pass through this place alwaies find the air in it perfum'd, either by the incense of sacrifices which are continually offered there, or by the flowers which grow abundantly in this lovely Vally. The *Thessalonians* say, that *Apollo* having slain the Serpent *Pytho*, came thither to purifie himself by the commandment of *Jupiter*; after which he was crowned with Laurel, whereof the banks of the River *Peneus* are plentifully beset. They report also that after his having been crown'd, he took a bough of the same Laurel, and went to *Delphos*, and put himself in possession of the Oracle there, which is so universally celebrated. In proof of this truth, they shew strangers an Altar, where they affirm he was crown'd, and took that Laurel I speak of. But however it be, all the young people of *Delphos* go, under the conduct of a Captain, every year to offer a sacrifice at *Tempe*, in memory of *Apollo*, and return home crown'd with Laurel, singing Hymns and Pæans in celebration of his glory. They pass by the way which they call *Pythia*, that is to say by *Dagonia*, *Ethe*, the *Enians*, *Melians*, *Dorians*, *Lorians*, *Herperians*; all which several Nations accompany those *Delphick* youths with very much honour, as they of *Delphos* accompany those which come to *Tempe* from more remote regions. But that which renders this Valley yet more extraordinary, is this, That all those you meet with there, behave themselves reverently, as in a place consecrated to *Apollo*, and no unpleasing object offends the eye. Moreover, those two high Mountains which are at one end of the Valley, whose steepness is gradually diminisht as they come further distant from the mouth of the River *Peneus* where it enters into the Sea, serve to add more handsomness to it. For the place whereby they descend into it, is stony, craggy, unequal, rustical and wild; that the Valley appears more delightful by the rudeness of the entrance. The opinion of the inhabitants of the Countrey is, that these two Mountains were separated by an Earthquake, before which time the River *Peneus* having no out-let from this place into the Sea, overflow'd the whole Countrey. And thus you have the prospect of the famous valley of *Tempe* which *Hortensius* was desirous to see in his way to *Thessaly*. And he accordingly contented his curiosity, being so charmed with the delightfulness of the place, that he resolv'd to abide there three or four daies, that he might see the famous Assembly of *Delphos* I mention'd, which was to be precisely at the time of his being there. He understood also, that the Sister of the Prince of the *Messenians*, who was then at war with a neighbor Prince, was coming to offer sacrifice in the valley of *Tempe*, to implore victory for the Prince her Brother. But two days being to be staid out, *Hortensius*, who was dextrous at all sorts of exercises, and a great lover of hunting at that time, not knowing the Laws of the Countrey, betook himself to walk along the River *Peneus*, causing a Bow and Arrows to be carried by one of his slaves, with intention to make use of the same against some wild Beast, if he met any; for he was singular in the art of shooting. Going therefore one morning to walk in this manner, he perceiv'd something moving cross the reeds. And as they who love such divertisement are more curious than others in the like occasions, he drew near it, and saw it was a great Stork which had seiz'd on a Serpent. *Hortensius* being stirr'd up with the ardor of a young marks-man, who loves to shew his dexterity, took his Bow, and shot the Bird so fatally, that he deliver'd the Serpent from being devour'd by it. But he had scarce done this, when six arm'd *Thessalians*, who were reposing in a little grove of Laurel not far from thence, came forth suddenly from the place they were in, and set upon him, endeavouring to take him: For you must know, Madam, there is a Law amongst the *Thessalians*, which forbids the killing of Storks, upon pain of death, because *Thessaly* being subject to be infested with a prodigious multitude of Serpents, which are a delightful food to these Fowls, they look upon them as Sacred Birds sent them by the gods to deliver them from those Serpents and Vipers. But *Hortensius*, who had never heard speak of this Law, believ'd those which set upon him to be people that intended to rob him; for understanding not their language very well, which is different from the *Greek* spoken at *Corinth*, he observ'd not that they call'd him impious and sacrilegious; and therefore only betook himself to his defence. Which he stood to with a very Heroick courage: for though they were six against him, and he had only one slave unarm'd on his side, yet he wounded three of those that assaulted him, and fought a long while without being able to be taken. But at length four other *Thessalians* coming to joyn with the former, and his sword being broken, he was constrain'd to yield to the number, and render himself. Which he had no sooner done, but he found himself treated like a criminal, and was led by them to a City, which is at the foot of the Mountain *Olympus*, to the end, that upon their accusation (before him that administred justice in that place) of having seen him kill a Stork, which was eating a Serpent, he might receive sentence of death, according to the Law of the Countrey. Now it happened as they were leading him along with all the rigor superstition is able to inspire people with, representing cruelty to be zeal of Religon, they met

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a Chariot full of Ladies within a little distance from the Gates of the City, attended by several men on horseback. She who seem'd Mistress of the rest, was fair, and of a goodly aspect, having a kind of air in her face, bespeaking much goodness. This person, who was nam'd *Andronice*, and Sister to the Prince of the *Messenians*, beholding so comely a person as *Hortensius*, and so well cloath'd, led so rudely by ten men, three of which were wounded, desired them to stay a little, and give her the satisfaction of knowing what crime the person they led had committed. The *Thessalians* judging her a person of high quality, and of a commanding Beauty, told her the crime of *Hortensius*, adding that he should be cast headlong from a Rock the next morning. This they spoke more clearly than they had done when they assaulted *Hortensius*, who now understood, as well as *Andronice*, of what he was accus'd, and the danger impendent over him. Upon which understanding of his cause, addressing himself to the Princess, who seem'd so obligingly to interess her self in his fortune; I will believe, Madam, (said he; for she spake the same language with him) that the gods have sent you hither to save the life af a stranger, who knowing not the Laws of the Countrey, hath committed a crime innocently. For though I am habited in a *Grecian* garb, I am so far from being a *Thessalian*, that I was not born in any part of *Greece*. Therefore I have reason to hope you will take upon you my protection, in a Countrey where I am unknown to all. 'Tis not (added he with great resolution) for that I am much enamour'd on life, or have any great fear of death; but as I believe it a folly to despise the former too much, and a weakness to be over-apprehensive of the latter, so I believe it no disparagement to the greatness of courage, to beseech your protection; for though I know well you are not of this Countrey, nevertheless I presume, your condition and your beauty may easily gain you an interest wherever you desire it. *Hortensius* utter'd these words with so noble an air, that *Andronice*'s heart was much affected with it. But the *Thessalians* perceiving this discourse might obstruct their design, interrupted it, and forced *Hortensius* to follow them, especially they who beheld their bloud still flowing from the wounds which he had given them. Yet as Virtue sometimes finds admiration in the breast of the most brutish, there was one of these *Thessalians* who staid behind the rest, and approaching towards the Chariot of *Andronice*, told the Princess, that since the man was a stranger, she would do honorably to have commiseration on him, and assured her that he never met with a greater valour than his; after which, he went and joyn'd himself to his companions. In the mean while *Andronice*, who observ'd *Hortensius* had the aspect of a man of quality, and spoke well, that he was courageous and innocent, took up a firm resolution to save his life; and therefore she commanded him that drove her Chariot, to go to the same place whither those people went, which conducted the prisoner; and so she arriv'd at the house of him who was to pronounce the sentence on *Hortensius* at the very same time with him. Who causing it to be known who she was, she was received with respect, and spoke of *Hortensius*'s case, before those who brought him could be heard. Whose true relation of the matter to the Judge, sensibly affected him with the misfortune of *Hortensius*; but he told her that the Law he had broken was so rigorously observed in *Thessaly*, that it was hard to save him. *Andronice* answer'd him, that the quality of a stranger mitigated the fact; But he reply'd, it was suppos'd a stranger ought to be inform'd of the customs of the place whither he goes, and that as soon as a man enters into any Countrey, he becomes subject to the Laws of the same, adding, that it belonged to the people to grant this kind of grace, because they were most concern'd in the crime; and, in summ, that all he could do, was to suspend his judgement, and refer the business to the people. *Andronice* finding him so inflexible, us'd more mollifying language to him, and did it so effectually, that he promis'd to save the life of this stranger, and to handle the matter so, that the people should consent to it. Nevertheless it behov'd *Hortensius* to be in prison at present; but the next morning the Princess *Andronice* acted so happily, that the people pardon'd this illustrious criminal; and as the *Thessalians* are the least intelligent amongst the *Greeks*, they made him engage to bring or send another Stork into *Thessaly*, to the end he might be reputed innocent. As soon as he was free, he went to tender his remerciaments to *Andronice*, which he did with so good a grace, that she accounted her self well recompens'd for the service she had done him. But after she had imposed silence to his acknowledgements of the favour he receiv'd, she demanded of him, of what Countrey he was, whither he was going, what design brought him into *Thessaly*, and what he sought there. For the place of my birth, Madam (said he to her) it is not permitted me to tell you it; but for the other things you ask me, I shall inform you that I came to *Tempe* only out of curiosity, and my next purpose is to go to the War in *Thessaly*, to the end I may perform some action, which may render me worthy the protection which I have receiv'd from you. Since you seek nothing but glory (answer'd she) come and seek it in the Army of the Prince of *Messena* my Brother. It being for the happy success of his Arms that I am come into *Thessaly*, so I shall believe my vows have been heard, if I can bring him a person so courageous as you: for whereas being single you were able to keep your self from being taken by six men well appointed; and there needed ten to overcome you; when you come to be in an Army which hitherto has not been unprosperous, you will without question do things which shall be equally advantageous both to him that does them, and for whose interest they are exploited. *Hortensius* hearing these words of *Andronice*, was extreamly joyful at them; for having no particular design, he was highly pleas'd in finding so commodious an occasion as this, and therefore he receiv'd this offer with joy, and assured *Andronice*, that he should esteem himself absolutely happy in hazarding the life she had preserved to him, in the service of the Prince her brother. Accordingly he prepar'd himself to follow her so soon as she had dispacht the sacrifice she was determin'd to offer: And not to insist upon matters of small moment, I shall tell you in few words, that *Andronice* having perform'd what she ought to the gods, and seen all the excellencies of the Valley of *Tempe*, return'd from thence, accompanied by *Hor-*

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tensius. She had with her two persons of quality, with whom *Hortensius* soon contracted a friendship. During the journey, *Andronice* very much augmented the esteem she had conceiv'd of *Hortensius*, for she found him so full of spirit, so prudent, and so respectful, that he pleas'd her infinitely. *Hortensius* on the other side observ'd a thousand agreeable qualities in this Princess, besides her beauty, which was not mean.

But it fell out, that as they were crossing a Wood a little before Sun-set, they heard a great noise of horses, and within a moment after saw about fifty horsemen with their swords in their hands coming to surround the Chariot of *Andronice*. The Princess had scarce cast her eyes upon the people which inclos'd her, but she espied a Lover of hers, nam'd *Attalus*, whom she hated in perfection. So that not doubting but he intended to take her away, Ah *Hortensius*! (cry'd she, looking about for him) you may now render me more than the life you owe me, by hindring me from being taken away by the Traitor *Attalus*. At these words, *Hortensius*, who had already drawn his sword, went with ten or twelve other Horsemen, who attended on *Andronice*, directly towards *Attalus*, whom he easily discover'd to be maker of the rest. But for that this incensed Lover sought not to fight, but only design'd to carry away his Mistriss, *Hortensius* could not overcome him so soon as he would, by reason *Attalus* had contriv'd to order his followers to take *Andronice* out of her Chariot and put her into his Arms, that so he might carry her away, whilst they kept the Princesses attendants in fight. For he was determined to take sanctuary in that wood, where there stood an old Castle, of which the Master was his friend. But *Hortensius* being zealous to acquit himself to the full of what he ought *Andronice*, broke thorow those that oppos'd his passage, and having first slain one and wounded two, encountred with *Attalus*, whose valour was known to all that knew his person. There began a very sharp fight between these two Gallants, while those who accompany'd *Andronice*, defended themselves against the party of *Attalus*. By the number of which they had without question been overpower'd, if *Hortensius*, who was resolv'd either to conquer or dye, had not shew'd extraordinary courage, and made haste to dispatch the head of those people, who were twice as many as those they fought against. For the sense of glory and gratitude redoubled his natural valour, which being seconded by favour of Fortune, he wounded *Attalus* in three places, and the last pass that he made at him, running him through the body, he fell down as dead at his horses feet. Which his followers perceiving, some run to succor him, others set upon *Hortensius* to revenge their Master, and part of those who environ'd *Andronice*'s Chariot, fled. But the first victory elevating the heart of *Hortensius*, advantag'd him to a second, he soon ridding himself of those who assaulted him after the fall of *Attalus*, whom some of his own carried off, whilst the attendants of *Andronice*, seconding the courage of *Hortensius*, help'd him to compleat the conquest. Thus having put to flight or slain all that had attacked them, the Chariot proceeded again forward; and *Hortensius* marching still, to the end he might be first in fighting, in case they should be follow'd, was happy enough to come off in this adventure, without being wounded, though his cloaths were pierc'd in several places. 'Tis true, there were three of the Princess of *Messena*'s people so wounded, that it was requisite to leave them at the next village they came to. *Andronice* for more surety, would not stay at the place where she had purposed to lodge, but went on as far as the horses were able to go, that she might be as remote as possible from a place, where so cruel an adventure had befallen her. I omit to repeat to you, Madam, the Princesses discourse to *Hortensius* upon the way, and at her arrival at the place where she was to repose: for I have so many other things to tell you, that I ought not to trouble you with circumstances of no importance; and moreover, you may easily imagine, what a grateful Princess, and of much wit, might say in this occurrent, and what might be answer'd by a modest Cavalier, who still believ'd he had receiv'd more than he had return'd. But I shall tell you that *Hortensius*, who was ingenious, sought occasion to be instructed of the state of the Court whither he was going, to the end he might deport himself there with more prudence. The late accident encreased his curiosity much more; and therefore having contracted friendship with two persons of quality, who accompanied this Princess, especially with one, who was called *Eumenes*, and possess'd both Virtue and Wit, he began one evening a private Converse with him in this manner: Generous *Eumenes*, (said he, after several protestations of friendship) I beseech you, please to instruct an unhappy stranger, who already looks upon *Messena* as his Countrey, since he can hope to gain such a friend there as you. Being you are a person of much merit (answer'd *Eumenes*) I shall be very ready to inform you with sincerity; for the Court you are going to, is much more hard to be well understood, than you imagine; and the War in which the Prince *Melantius* is engag'd, more troublesome than you may at present conceive it: And therefore perhaps it will not be unprofitable to you to grant you what you request. But is it not the War (said *Hortensius*) which the Prince of *Messena* is engag'd in against *Elis*, which is a Countrey of no great extent? Yes, answer'd *Eumenes*, but for that 'tis a Countrey consecrated to the gods, the design of usurping it seems criminal to almost all the Republicks of *Greece*, and especially to those of *Peloponnesus*, as you may know, because you liv'd a while at *Corinth*. I know it well (replyed *Hortensius*) having not been so long at *Corinth*, without hearing people speak of *Elis*, *Pisa*, and the famous Temple of *Olympia*, and knowing all the priviledges of that Countrey, which was consecrated to the gods, after the antient War of the *Heraclida*.

I believe indeed (interpos'd *Plotina* pleasantly) *Hortensius* knew all this; but being *Valeria*, *Cesonia*, and my self knew nothing at all thereof, I beseech you make not so much speed, but tell us all you know of *Elis*, *Pisa*, and *Olympia*; for the confus'd talk I have heard of them, makes me desirous to be better inform'd, especially, since I know it is the Countrey of *Elismonda*. *Valeria* and *Cesonia* testifying they had the same desires with *Plotina*, *Merigenes*, resum'd his discourse in these terms.

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That which you would know, Madam, is undoubtedly worthy of your knowledge; and, to speak truly, almost as necessary to be known by you; for understanding the sequel of this History, as it was profitable to be known by *Hortensius*, in order to his being benefited by the counsels of *Eumenes*. Nevertheless I shall omit to relate to you all which tradition tells us, concerning the original of those Nations. For the *Messenians* themselves say, they were the Subjects of *Menelaus*, son of *Atreus*, and brother of *Agamemnon*, King of *Sparta*; that afterwards the Nephews of *Helle* were their Masters; and since, a Prince of *Cyparissa*, called *Melanthus*, drove out those which reign'd, and made himself Sovereign of the Country, whose successors ever since have rul'd in *Messenia*. For the Prince of *Messenia*, brother of the Princess *Andronice*, is named *Melanthus*, as he was from whom he pretends to be descended; and he might reign peaceably, did not ambition excite him to rush into the War he is engag'd in. For he might well enough have been contented with the Country of *Messena*, being so good and pleasant, that only *Laconia* is comparable to it: it is neither too cold in Winter, nor too hot in Summer; and the River *Pamisus*, which hastens rapidly to unite with the Sea, cuts so commodiously thorough the middle of it, that all the Inhabitants of the Country partake in the benefits which the River brings. This Territory is bounded on one side with the Sea, and on the other is environ'd with *Laconia*, *Arcadia*, and a small corner of Land called *Triphilia*, scited between *Pisa* and *Messenia*. But, Madam, because it is more important for you to be inform'd of the Country which the Prince *Melanthus* designed to usurp, than that of his own, I must be a little more large in describing to you the Principality of *Elis*, than I have been in that of *Messenia*. *Elis*, the principal City, and from whence the whole Province is denominated, is, notwithstanding, none of the most antient of *Peloponnesus*, for it was not in being in the daies of *Homer*; yet it is so famous for a hundred other respects, (as also are *Pisa* and *Olympia*, which lie very near together) that there is none more. As for the Princes of *Pisa*, they were heretofore very powerful; *Oenemaus* and *Pelops* his successor, who were Soveraigns thereof, are known throughout all the world for their glorious adventures. But I am not willing to trouble you with a long rehearsal of those antient Wars, which caus'd confusion in all *Greece*, and principally in *Peloponnesus*; I shall only unfold matters past so far, as may suffice to shew you the rise of those extraordinary priviledges, which the Countreys of *Elis*, *Pisa*, and *Olympia* have enjoyed for so many ages. You must know then, that after a long War of the *Heraclidæ*, who had the *Æsolians* on their side, against the *Epeians*; *Pyrecmenus* of *Æsolia*, who was General of the *Heraclidæ*, propos'd to the Commander of the enemies, whose name was *Degmenus*, that they might conclude their differences by a single and decisive combate, in the sight of their Armies. Which being accepted and resolv'd on, the day and place was appointed; the Troops were drawn up in battalia on both sides, and the Combat was performed by *Perecmenus*, General of the *Heraclidæ*, and *Degmenus* of the *Epeians*. This last came to the Encounter with no other Arms than his Bow and Arrows, but the first brought a Sling and Stones; for they had not agreed what weapons they would use. But at last *Pyrecmenus* kill'd his enemy, and therefore detetmin'd to possess himself of the Countrey in controversie between them, and drive out all the *Elæans* from *Elis*. But because the vanquisht pretended dissatisfaction of the victory of *Pyrecmenus*, in regard of the inequality of their Arms, the neighbouring people interposing themselves to accommode the matter, found out an expedient to do it, which was accepted with joy by both parties. The proposal was, That the Territory which they made War for, might be consecrated to the gods: And accordingly by the consent of both parties, and of all the neighboring people of *Elis*, *Pisa*, and *Olympia*, all this lovely Countrey, and particularly the City of *Elis*, was consecrated to *Jupiter*. But the better to signifie that it was under the protection of the gods, and needed not to be defended by men, it was resolved that it should never be wall'd about, and a declaration made, that whoever attempted to take it, should be held for a sacrilegious person; and in case it happened the *Elæans* were oblig'd to give passage to any Forces of the neighboring Regions, they should not go through this of *Elis*, with their Arms in their hands; but on the contrary, as soon as such Troops should come to the frontier of this Countrey, they should lay aside their Arms which the *Elæans* should transport for them in Carriages, and not render the same till they were arriv'd to the confines of their small State. On these conditions, *Pyrecmenus* was invested in the Soveraignty of the Countrey, and took care of the Temple of *Jupiter*, with consent of all the adjacent States, who engag'd themselves by oath never to violate the priviledges accorded to *Elis*. They report also, that at this time divers ceremonies in the *Olympick* Games were renew'd, and that thence-forward the people of *Elis* became rich and happy; for while their neighbors were at war, they enjoy'd a profound peace, and enricht themselves by others infelicities, so that they might have been judg'd the most happy people of all *Greece*, for their Countrey is the most sweet and pleasant that can be imagin'd. Two Rivers there are which extreamly imbellish it; one called *Peneus*, as well as that of *Tempe*, in the source of which, there is one thing very remarkable; for near the City of *Megalopolis* there are two Springs, each of which produce a River; the *Peneus* I speak of is one, and the River *Eurotas* the other. But after these two Rivers have pass'd for some space, without being much separated, they both hide themselves under the earth, where finding out ways unknown to men, the one issues forth again in *Laconia*, and the other in *Elis*. But besides the River *Peneus* which passes through the fair City of *Elis*, there is the River *Alpheus*, which coming out of *Arcadia*, passeth near *Pisa* and *Olympia*, on whose Banks the *Olympick* Games are celebrated, which are assuredly the most magnificent sports of all *Greece*. This great Festival is celebrated in a Wood of wild Olives, about three hundred furlongs from *Elis*. But this River which comes from *Arcadia*, and opens into the Sea towards the West, on the side of *Sicily*, and which is so known over all the World, for the love they say he bears to *Arethusa*, whom he hastens to find in the Island of *Ortygia*, without

without mingling his waters with those of the Sea, is not only pleasant but commodious; for being swelled up by a very great number of other Rivers, of which the most considerable are *Enipeus*, *Celadon*, and *Erimanthus*, it bears very great vessels, which serve for the commerce of the Country; which is so much the more pleasant, in that all the region which is inclos'd between *Achaia*, *Arcadia*, and *Messena*, is beset with a great number of small Temples, dedicated to *Diana*, *Venus*, and the Nymphs, in little Woods of Myrtle, all over embellish'd with Flowers, and irrigated with Springs and Rivulets. Almost all the great Roads have Temples dedicated to *Mercury*, and by the Sea-shore are seen many consecrated to *Neptune*. There is one also dedicated to *Pallas*, which is not very far distant from *Olympia*, near to which is the Mountain of *Philaceus*, which seems to separate *Arcadia*, and the Countrey of *Elis*; for the foot of it reaches near to *Pisa*. As for the Temple of *Jupiter*, being I shall have occasion to speek of it in another place of my story, I shall not now stay to do it, but tell you, to return where I was, that the *Eleans* after a long enjoyment of the priviledges which had been granted them, were twice invaded, but always to the disadvantage of those who made war upon them. For a Son of the Prince of the *Messenians*, named *Melanthus*, whose Mother was of the race of that *Degmenus* who was overcome, designing to renew that antient War, undertook the same to his own destruction; and another going about to attempt the like was as unfortunate as he. But to return at length to the discourse of *Eumenes*, with *Hortensius*; You shall know (said he) that the present Prince of the *Messenians*, brother of the Princess *Andronice*, being born with an ambition, which will never suffer him to live in quiet, though he should have conquer'd all *Greece*, has believ'd he shall be more happy than his forefathers, and that he could not find a more favourable time to invade the Country of *Elis* than this, wherein he is peaceful master of his own State. The Prince his Father, who di'd two years since, left him excessively rich, whereby he is sufficiently provided of Forces, Ships, and Ammunition for the design. He is young, gallant, sprightly, of a daring courage; and had he but something more humanity, and a little better conduct to manage the advantages which nature hath given him, he would be a very great Prince. But he hath defects so apparent to all the world, that it is not easie to determine what rank to give him. That which encourag'd him to undertake the War, was the great age of the Prince of *Elis*; who besides, had but one daughter, which is the Princess *Elismonda*, and having pass'd his whole life in peace, might be thought unfit to bear up against a War. And a greater inducement to undertake the same was, that a Prince under his dominions, a very gallant Person, called the Prince of *Cyparissa*, having been exil'd by the late Prince of *Messena*, was retir'd to the Prince of *Elis*, and according to report, was very favourably entertain'd by him. Whence, upon a jealousie that he might marry *Elismonda*, and a fear that one of his subjects should be his neighbor, his equal, and his allie, he resolv'd to denounce war against the Prince of *Elis*: which he did with the greater confidence, for that all the States of *Peloponnesus* being at that time accustomed to peace, he did not fear lest they would trouble their own quiet to intermeddle in the affairs of another, though the priviledges of *Elis* requir'd all the neighboring Provinces to take Arms for its defence. And thus he accordingly took up a resolution to make the War. The Princess his Sister, who is admirably prudent above the custom of her years, did all she could, out of a sentiment of piety, to avert him from invading a Countrey so particularly under the protection of the gods. But he smilingly answering her, that in *Homer* the gods took sides as well as men, and therefore he hop'd he should not be abandon'd by all the Deities, follow'd his design, and took no other care but to accomplish it happily. About that time *Attalus*, whom you lately fought with, and who is a person of the highest quality in *Messena*, became very amorous of *Andronice*. And believing if he serv'd the Prince *Melanthus* bravely in the War, he might more easily obtain his sister, he did his utmost to signize his zeal and his courage before him; which much afflicted *Andronice*, who had ever such an aversion against *Attalus*, as virtuous persons could not disapprove: for though *Attalus* wants no heraldry, nor courage, nor magnificence, nor wit, yet he is very odious because he hath neither goodness nor generosity. But to hasten to tell what you are desirous to know: The Prince of *Messena* began the War, upon colour of that antient quarrel I mention'd to you before; for you know, Policy will never suffer the ambitious to want pretences. At first the Prince of *Elis*, who desir'd only to dye in peace, and saw himself unfurnisht of requisites to maintain a War, because a rich and unmarshall'd people is fit only to be conquer'd, us'd all possible means to enter into Treaty with the Prince of *Messena*, and sent him word, that he would have offer'd him the Princess his daughter in marriage, if the Laws of *Elis* would have permitted him to give her to a Prince who is Soveraign of another State, or one who is not able to circumscribe his ambition within the bounds of *Elis*. The Prince of *Cyparissa* us'd all possible perswasions to hinder the Father of the fair *Elismonda* from making propositions of peace so advantageous to his enemy. But this virtuous Prince being already sensible of the approaches of death, and knowing that he could not longer practise any other virtues but those of peace, omitted nothing he believ'd conducive to avert the War. But all his endeavors prov'd fruitless; for *Melanthus* made no longer negotiation about peace, than serv'd to amuse him, whilst he was preparing for the War. Whereupon, the Prince of *Elis* perceiving no means of bringing his enemy to reason, provided for his defence, with all diligence the weakness of his age was capable of. The Prince of *Cyparissa* omitted nothing for his part, which lay in his power to do in behalf of a Prince, who had given him Sanctuary in his Court, and to which the love he had for *Elismonda*, whom he passionately serv'd, oblig'd him, though he had hitherto preserv'd his affection undiscover'd to her in his own breast. The Prince of *Elis* sent to the adjecent States to summon them to defend *Elis*, in accomplishment of the Engagements their Ancestors had made to do so. But whilst all those Nations had the matter under deliberation, *Melanthus* enters into *Elis* in the

head of a considerable Army: whereby the *Eleans* saw themselves invaded, and unprovided for such an invasion, and altogether succorless. Yet the zeal of their Countrey effecting that in them, which use and skill in War does in others, they defended themselves better than was believ'd, and the Prince of *Elis*, notwithstanding his age, put himself in the head of his Army, and fought in person. He had the advantage of his enemies at the first encounter of their forces, and beat them back; but at the second, this prudent Prince was constrain'd to retire into *Elis*, to endeavour to put the young Princess his daughter into the Castle of *Pisa* (for he had lost the Princess his wife awhile before) believing *Elismonda* would be there in greater safety. For this purpose he left the Prince of *Cyparissa* with his Troops, to give stop to the enemy, whilst he made his retreat, and took order to put *Olympia* into a condition of being defended. But this Prince being old, and of a crazy health, upon his arrival to *Elis*, he fell into an extream sickness, which within two days, ended his Life and Reign. During which, the young *Elismonda*, preferring being present with a dying Father, before providing for her own security, continu'd with him till he expir'd; and afterwards this fair and generous Princess, being unwilling to leave the body of her Father to the power of the Enemies (who approach'd nearer *Elis* every day, notwithstanding the valiant resistance of the Prince of *Cyrarissa*) caus'd it to to be plac'd in a Chariot, and taking another for her self and a Lady of high quality, and great virtue, she left a City destitute of Walls, and took the way towards *Pisa*. But as it fell out unhappily for her, *Melanthus* who had his spies in *Elis*, being inform'd of her departure, and of the death of the Prince of *Elis*, dispatcht *Attalus* with a body of horse to go and surprise her in the way: who march'd with such diligence that he overtook this young Princess before she could reach to *Pisa*: When being destitute of a Convoy to resist him, she saw her self abandon'd by all her attendants, and constrain'd to remain in her Chariot with the Lady which accompanied her, and that with the cruel necessity of beholding the fierce *Attalus* not only become master of her liberty, but also inhumanely commanding the body of the Prince of *Elis*, to be cast into the River *Alpheus* which ran hard by, to the end the sight of that dead Prince might not excite valour in the heart of the people by exciting compassion in them towards the Conquer'd and hatred against the Conquerors. The young Princess of *Elis* hearing this cruel command, made the most passionate Treaties to him in the world, and accompany'd her words with such a flood of tears, that she obtain'd at length, that the body of the Prince her Father, should be plac'd in a little Temple, not above six or seven furlongs distant from the place where they were, and order given to him that took care of it, to perform the last offices to that virtuous Prince. This done, *Attalus* put himself upon his march to conduct *Elismonda* towards the Army of the Prince of *Messena*: but upon the way he heard there had been a fight, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* had had the worst, having understood of the death of the Prince of *Elis*, and the departure of *Elismonda*, who had sent to advertise him of it, he thought himself to retire to the same place whither the Princess was gone, judging it necessary to abandon the City of *Elis*, and only provide to defend himself in *Pisa*. And moreover, that Love inciting this Prince to go where *Elismonda* was he had not demurr'd what he ought to do, but took way, in which it would be difficult for the Prince of *Messena* to force him to fight, by reason there were many streights in it; and having pass'd the first before, that Prince perceiv'd his retreat, there was no likelyhood he could follow him. *Attalus* also understood that *Melanthus* intending to possess himself of *Elis*, for the glory of his victory, had sack'd the City, the inhabitants of which having lately lost their Prince, seen the flight of the young Princess, and learnt the defeat of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, believ'd it the best course to surrender to the Conqueror, and so hinder their City from being pillaged. And accordingly they sent Commissioners to *Melanthus*, who promis'd them all they desir'd; but kept his promise not over-carefully; for they were very evilly and barbarously treated. This intelligence caus'd *Attalus* to change his course, to the end he might not meet with the Troops of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, but rather go directly where the Prince of *Messena* was. Yet he would not carry *Elismonda* into the City of *Elis*, without first knowing the pleasure of *Melanthus*. Wherefore he stay'd four furlongs off from the City, to expect the return of one of his followers whom he sent to him for that purpose. But this Prince having by promising the inhabitants of *Elis* to use them civilly, oblig'd them to deliver a Castle into his hands, which nature alone had impregnably fortifi'd, situate about fifteen furlongs from *Elis*, he sent order to *Attalus* to conduct the Princess thither, and to place as many men in the Castle, as was requisite to guard her safely. *Attalus* accordingly carried her to this Castle, together with that Lady of quality I told you she had chosen, and four women to attend on her, sending all the rest into *Elis*, and going thither also himself soon after, to give *Melanthus* an account of what had pass'd. Where after awhile, *Attalus* being a violent man, and the Prince of *Messena* not being able to endure any to resist him, at the Council of War that was held, the judgement of *Attalus* being opposite to that of *Melanthus*, each of both maintain'd his own with very great stiffness and pertinacy. The opinion of *Melanthus* was, That it was not fit to give the Prince of *Cyparissa* leasure tō fortfie himself in *Pisa*, and make use of the name of the Princess *Elismonda* to continue the War; but that it were requisite to go and set upon him without losing time. *Attalus* on the other side judg'd it necessary to put *Elis* into defence before going to expose his forces to a new battel with the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was too magnanimous to suffer himself to be inclos'd in *Pisa*, without having once again experienc'd the fortune of War: That his forces would be recruited by the Inhabitants of *Pisa* and *Olympia*; and in case it should happen the Prince of *Messena* had the worst, he would find that his enterprise was no advantage to him; whereas on the contrary, when he once had fortifi'd *Elis*, which was easily put into defence, in case he should be worsted in the battel he would still be master of the City which gives name to the Countrey he intended to conquer. *Attalus*, according to his violent humour and boldness, having express'd all these reasons, added some ambi-

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gious words, which being subject to be construed in a manner injurious to *Melanthus*, offended this Prince so highly, that being transported with choler, Hold thy peace *Attalus*, (said he to him) and since you are already so weary of fighting, that you have need of rest, go and take your rest at home, and depart this very day. Whereupon *Attalus*, who believed *Melanthus* very much obliged to him for having taken *Elismonda*, answered yet more insolently than before; which farther incensing *Melanthus*, he broke up the Council, and commanded *Attalus* to depart forthwith out of *Elis*. Who being a person much hated, there was none that interceded to make his peace; and so he went away without being observed out of the City. And it was not then known to any what was become of him; but when the Princess *Andronice* took her journey to accomplish the vow she had made to go and offer a sacrifice to *Apollo*, in the same place where they report *Daphne* was heretofore Metamorphos'd into a Laurel, there was spread a rumor at *Messenia*, that he had put himself into *Pisa*, towards which, the Prince *Melanthus* was upon the way at the time we left *Messenia*, to go to *Tempe*. But now (continued *Eumenes* to *Hortensius*) you have seen that that report was false, since had it not been for your valor, he had carried away *Andronice*, as well out of revenge as love. But lastly, generous *Hortensius*, remember I conjure you, when you come to be with *Melanthus*, that I have told you this day, that he is a Prince with whom 'tis the most difficult thing in the world to be in favor long together; because he is naturally distrustful, and easily suspects another of all things which he has the power to commit. As for the Princess *Andronice*, I have nothing but honorable to say of her, and I am so strongly linked to her interests, that I exhort you as much as I can to endeavor to ingratiate your self with the Prince her Brother, to the end you may be able sometimes to moderate part of the impetuousness of his humor. I know he is a lover of novelty, that you are a person fit to please him, and the action you have lately done against *Attalus*, will soon bring you into a condition of becoming his favorite if you please, and therefore I conjure you not to resist it, unless your affairs call you elsewhere, but to ingage your self in the interests of the Princess *Andronice*. I must be the vilest of men, (answered *Hortensius*) if I could separate my self from them; but I beseech you, generous *Eumenes*, (added he) make me a promise that you will always assist me with your counsels of which I apprehend I shall have very great need. While they were in this discourse, it was told them that there was one newly arrived, sent from the Prince of *Messenia* to the Princess, who brought her news which very much afflicted her. This caused them to go immediately to wait upon her, who told them *Melanthus* had sent some to meet her in the way she was to pass, and give her notice that she should not go by the ordinary way, when she came to the Frontier, because having been disadvantaged in two Battels as he advanced towards *Pisa*, he was enforced to make speed to a place of security near *Elis*, till new forces were levyed for him in *Messenia*. *Hortensius* had no sooner heard what the Princess told *Eumenes* and him, but he conjur'd her she would please to make hast to depart thence, that so having first conducted her to *Messenia*, he might go offer his Sword to the Prince of *Melanthus*. *Andronice*, who was before resolved upon that which *Hortensius* requested, and believed she could not too speedily go as far as possible from a place, where she was in danger to have been carried away, though she were already at a good distance from it, disposed all things to set forward immediately. But, in brief, Madam, not to mispend your patience, with exact relation of the way the Princess took, it suffices that you know *Eumenes*, who was no Stranger in the Countrey, conducted her so happily, that she arrived at *Messene*, without having met any Troops of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, or incurred any dangerous adventure. As soon as she was there, *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* took leave of her, to go to the Army of *Melanthus*. But though *Andronice* gave charge to *Eumenes* to represent handsomly to the Prince her Brother, the obligation she had to *Hortensius*, yet she omitted not to give this generous *Veientine*, a Letter to the Prince of *Messenia*, which ran almost in these terms.

The Princess *Andronice*, to the Prince *Melanthus*.

WHen you understand that this generous Stranger who delivers you my Letter, rescued me from being carried away by the precipitous Attalus, *and that his valor revenged you of the insolence of that ingrateful Subject, I assure my self you will receive him according to the greatness of his merit. For which reason I am not importunate with you to do so, the intention of my writing being only to tell, that I shall have an interest in all the favors which my Deliverer shall receive from you, and that if the Prayers I have made to the Gods for the prosperity of your Arms be heard, the Victory which you shall gain, will soon end the War, and speedily return you to* Messene, *where you are passionately desired by*

ANDRONICE

Hortensius, received this Letter from the hands of *Andronice*, for whom he had a very high respect, very great admiration, and much gratitude and tenderness without any mixture of Love, *Andronice* on the other side esteemed him infinitely, and felt in her heart a great inclination to prefer him above all the friends she had ever had to that time not excepting *Eumenes*, to whom notwithstanding she bare a very sincere friendship. So that the parting of *Andronice* and *Hortensius* was with as much kindness as if their friendship had been of a far elder date: The Countrey of *Messenia*, being of no great extent, and only a little corner of earth between it and that of *Elis*, named *Triphylia*, by reason it was sometimes inhabited by three different sort of people, before it was united to *Elis*. *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* were soon at the Camp of *Melanthus*; and they arrived there so happily to be well received, that *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* presented themselves before the Prince of *Messenia*, and the former delivered him the Letter of the Princess *Andronice*, just as he was coming

forth of the Council of War, where it had been resolved to fight the enemy the next morning, or force him to quit the Pass which he possessed. for the fresh Troops of *Messenia* had been joined to the Army of *Melanthus*, two days ago. *Hortensius* having a noble aspect, and magnificent garb, his presence easily confirmed the commendations which the Letter of the Princess *Andronice*, and *Eumenes* expressed of him. For *Melanthus*, after having read what the Princess his Sister had writ to him, and heard what *Eumenes* said to the advantage of *Hortensius*; This generous Stranger (said he, turning to *Eumenes*, and pointing towards *Hortensius*) could not arrive more opportunely for his own glory, and the benefit of my occasions, since I shall soon give him place to signalize his valor against a more worthy enemy than the insolent *Attalus*. *Hortensius* answered to this discourse with all the honorable confidence becoming a brave man, and together with all the modesty becoming an intelligent and discreet person. After which, *Melcanthus* taking him aside from the Multitude lead him into a Garden which was behind the Castle, wherein the young Prince of *Elis* was guarded, for it being seated just in the middle of the several quarters of his Army, he made choice of it as most convenient to assemble a Council of War, in though he returned back again at night to *Elis*. But he had not as yet seen *Elismonda* nor had any intention to see her at that time; besides that, this fair Captive having been sick ever since she came into his power, he thought not fit to give her the trouble of receiving a visit from him, though indeed naturally he had not so much humanity as a great Prince ought to have. For it was a kind of cruelty to hold a Council of War in the place where this fair Princess was, and to bring as it were before her eyes such a multitude destinated to the ruine of her Countrey. And this was really a strange augmentation of her sorrow; for as I understood afterwards from the mouth of that Lady of quality who was then with her, and whose name was *Cleontine*, *Elismonda* stood at a window looking directly upon the bridge of a Castle, at the time when *Eumenes* and *Hortensius* arrived there. So that both of them seeming of a noble aspect, and *Hortensius*, very richly cloathed, when *Elismonda* saw *Eumenes* present himself to *Melanthus*, who was in the Court of the Castle at their addressing to him, she judg'd it was some stranger that came to serve the Prince of *Messenia*. Alas! *Cleontine* (said she sighing) behold here for certain new enemies come against me, who have the appearance of brave men, and consequently give me terror enough to make me hate them. You are too just (answered *Cleontine*, who was a very discreet person and handsome enough, though past the glory of her first youth) to hate people which you know not, and they you as little. But *Cleontine*, (said *Elismonda*) do not these people know at least, though I am as unknown to them as they to me, that *Melanthus* makes an unjust War? and if they be not his Subjects, why do they not go and put themselves into the Army of the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who defends an unfortunate Princess unjustly oppress? Perhaps, Madam, (answered *Cleontine* they which you see are subjects to *Melanthus*, and if so, they may with Justice partake in an unjust side: for in my opinion, it is not lawful for subjects to dispence with themselves from going to the War when their Prince is there, though they be perswaded he has the wrong cause. For I remember I had a Father who sometimes discoursed thus to a Brother of mine, when he enjoyned him to be always faithful to his Prince. Ah! *Cleontine* (replyed *Elismonda*,) one of those two persons there is none of *Melanthus*'s subject, and therefore you ought at least allow me to hate him. In saying which, she pointed to *Hortensius*, whom the Prince of *Messenia* had taken apart from the rest which enviroued him, to lead him into the Garden I spoke of, towards which also *Elismonda* had grated windows jetting forth. But Madam, (said *Cleontine*, who only endeavored to amuse her,) He whom you would hate, is the man of the more noble air and gallant personage. That's it I hate him for, (answered she) for had I not a good opinion of him, I should wish less ill to him. But alass! (continued she sighing,) I am my self very unjust; for since the Gods seem to abandon the protection of a Countrey which is consecrated to them, ought I to wonder that men should be against me? ought I not rather to think it the Will of Heaven that I should be infortunate, and though apparently born to be happy, become the most miserable Princess in the World? for in brief, I have lost a Father who lov'd me tenderly; my Subjects look upon me almost as a Child, and since they are comforted after the death of the Prince my Father, they will assuredly make peace with the Usurper. So that my dear *Cleontine*, there is only the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who upholds my interests; though he does it not for my sake only, for he is banisht out of his own Countrey, and could not be better elsewhere. But Madam (answered *Cleontine*) you know it as well as I, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* loves you, though he has not yet discovered himself to you. I know it but too well (replyed *Elismonda*) and this is it, which renders me compleatly unhappy. For if he happen to be overcome, I shall remain prisoner to *Melanthus*, and if he be Conqueror, how shall I be able to give check to his pretensions? But Madam (said *Cleontine*) the Prince of *Cyparissa* is excellently shap'd, a man of courage, spirit, and birth, and if he should restore *Elis*, *Pisa*, and *Olympia* to you, and drive back *Melanthus* into his own Countrey, and put you in a condition of seeing peaceably the next *Olympick* Games that shall be celebrated, I conceive you would have no reason to complain of fortune, though you should be obliged to marry him. I confess you have cause to speak as you do (answered *Elismonda*) but yet I am not to be blam'd for saying what I do; for to discover to you the bottom of my heart, to this hour I never saw a person I could be inclinable to marry without some strange kind of regret. I know I am of a quality in which such persons are not wont to choose; but this is it which troubles me, and perhaps renders the Prince of *Cyparissa* less acceptable unto me. Yet I esteem him very highly, and had I a brother, I should not be displeas'd if he were perfectly such a person as he; but in the mean time should I be one day constrained to marry him out of gratitude; I should be all my life unhappy, and should have so much greater cause to complain in that I should suffer an unhappiness of which I should never complain, not even to you, my dear *Cleontine*. For in short, should my

destiny

destiny bring this to pass, I forbid you from thence-forth to mention it to me as long as you live Thus you see, Madam, in what temper *Elismonda's* mind was, whilst *Melanthus* was entertaining *Hortensius* with several matters. He constrained him, notwithstanding his modesty to relate to him the particular passages of his encounter with *Attalus*, so hereby, as *Eumenes* knew full well, that which he foretold *Hortensius*, did not fail to come to pass, to wit, his infinitely pleasing the Prince of *Messenia*, who made him an hundred obliging caresses, and to begin the testification of his gratitude, for having hindred his sister from being carried away by a man he hated, he gave him a very rich Sword, which he hath to this day, entreating him to serve himself of it, in hope it would prove more happy in his hands than it had done in his own. After which, *Melanthus* mounted on horseback went from quarter to quarter, being followed with many Officers, and *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, to give in person all orders necessary, to the end they might be better obeyed. But the morning following, *Melanthus* drew forth his forces out of their Entrenchments a little before day, and marching directly towards the Enemies, he set upon them a little before the Sun began to shew his first rayes. Were I to make this recital only to martial men, and had not a great number of things to tell you, in which Love has a greater share than War; I should describe to you all the particularities of a battel wherein victory many times changed sides, wherein death appeared in every rank, and valor was almost equally eminent in the overcome and the Conquerors, wherein the Prince of *Cyparissa* had *Melanthus* twice in his power, and wherein *Hortensius* with incredible valor gave him twice his liberty and once his life, and lastly wherein victory by the sole courage of *Hortensius* declared her self for *Melanthus*, and forced the Prince of *Cyparissa* (as courageous as he is) to quit the place and retreat in disorder. For had not the young *Hortensius* rallied those that fled the last time he rescued *Melanthus* out of the hands of those which had taken him, and cryed aloud from rank to rank that *Melanthus* was alive and free, the party of the *Messenians* had been destroyed, and this field alone had restored *Elismonda* to liberty, given her the Soveraign power, and brought her to hearken more favorably to the Prince of *Cyparissa*. But fortune disposed the event otherwise, and intended *Hortensius*, who two days before was unknown to the Prince of *Messenia*, should become his favorite, the next after this battel. For owing to him both the liberty of *Andronice* and his own, and moreover his life and victory, and the revenge of *Attalus*, he thought no measure ought to be observed in the favors which he designed him; so that he omitted no imaginable obligements towards him. He was pleased he should lodge in his Palace at *Elis*, and in one of his Tents in the Army. He gave him a magnificent train, made him one of his Council of War, and ordered there should be two Lieutenant Generals in his Army, to the end he might be one of them. So that from this day forward, *Hortensius* found he had a Court as well as the Prince, and he was become of high note in a place wherein he thought he should have been unknown. *Eumenes*, who saw Fortune, and the humor of the Prince had rendred his predictions true, was privately familiar with *Hortensius*, who being truly generous, was more solicitous of living happily with *Eumenes* in his rising favor than before. But when he remembred this generous friend had told him it was very difficult to keep in long with *Melanthus*, he looked upon the divers degrees of honor, to which he had rais'd him, as possible to lead him to a place from whence he might be cast down headlong, so that not knowing whether or no he ought to rejoyce for them, he received all the favors of the Prince of *Messenia* with so great moderation, that he was infinitely more esteemed for them and less envyed. In the mean while this happy success of *Melanthus's* Arms began to shake the fidelity of part of *Elismonda's* Subjects, both in *Elis*, *Pisa*, *Olympia*, and all the other Cities of that Territory. On the other side, the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was advertised of it, conceived a strange sorrow for this deplorable case; for all the sentiments which are able to excite valor in the heart of a generous man, were in his. He had ambition and love for *Elismonda*, and hatred for *Melanthus*. Whereby being carried on by such violent passions, he forgat nothing of all that he believed conducive to the design he had to satisfie them, and continually contrived in his mind how to effect the same. At the same time *Melanthus*, by the Counsel of *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, wholly changed his manner of acting with the Inhabitants of *Elis*, treating them now as gently as he had done before severely; he straightly commanded all his Troops to live orderly in Campagne, he caused reverence to be shewn to the Temples, and sharply punisht those of his Souldiers, who committed any insolent action, and lastly he put forth a Manifesto, wherein his Injustice was handsomly coloured over, and wherein he gave hopes of all sorts of felicity to those who would acknowledge his Power. All which things joyned together, made some impression upon the minds of the people. It hapned also that the Princess *Elismonda* fell extreamly sick at the same time, and *Hortensius* obliged *Melanthus* to have a great care of her. Who thereupon sent his Physitians to her, and yielded so exactly to whatsoever *Hortensius* counsell'd, that though this change was ascribed to the virtue of *Hortensius*, yet it also begat some favorable inclination for *Melanthus*. The Prince of *Cyparissa* understanding all these things, having first left his Army in a Pass where it was hard to be attaqued, went to *Pisa* to endeavor to confirm the minds of the Citizens, and sought continually how to oppose his Enemies as well by Prudence as by Valor; to which purpose he thought it requisite to endeavor to excite compassion in the breasts of the people, and even in those of the Souldiers towards the young Prince of *Elis*. But as an amorous man easily imagins that all others are taken with that which affects him, he bethought himself of a course of which never any other but a Lover could have had the apprehension. You may please to know, Madam, that the late Prince of *Elis* who bore an extream tenderness towards the young *Elismonda*, and was willing to gain the hearts of his Subjects to her, caused her Picture to be drawn by the skilful *Agerontus* of *Corinth*, whom he sent for on purpose, and had given her pourtraiture to almost all the persons of quality in his principali-

ty. He alſo cauſed the ſame to be placed in all the apartments of a very ſtately Caſtle which is at *Piſa*. Now the Prince of *Cypariſſa* having firſt publiſht a Manifeſto alſo in anſwer to that of the Prince of *Meſſenia*, cauſed to be made ſecretly in fifteen days, the greateſt number he could of Copies of this excellent Princeſs's Pourtrait, both in little, and in the full proportion After which, by ſome intelligence which he had in *Elis*, and even in the Army of *Melanthus*, by reaſon of being born his Subject, he contrived that ſeveral pourtraitures of *Eliſmonda* being hidden in great baskets of fruit, Soldiers in the diſguiſe of ſimple Gardiners, ſhould carry the ſame to *Elis*, and to the Camp of the Prince of *Meſſenia*, and deliver them to thoſe with whom he had intelligence, together with ſeveral Copies of the Manifeſto which he had ſet forth. He alſo ſent ſome to *Olympia*, and gave order the ſame thing ſhould be done at *Piſa*, which he cauſed to be done in the places I now mentioned. So that having been ſucceſsful in his deſign and ſerved with fidelity, one morning there was found both in *Piſa* and *Olympia*, and in *Melanthus*'s Army, and in *Elis*, and even at the Gate of the Palace wherein the Prince of *Meſſenia* lodg'd, ſeveral Pictures of *Eliſmonda*. She was drawn in a Mourning habit, (for I forgot to tell you that the Prince of *Cypariſſa* amongſt all the pictures of *Eliſmonda* which he found at *Piſa*, had choſen one to be an Original for the Copies, which had been drawn upon the death of the Princeſs her Mother) and beſides ſhe being fair and bright hair'd, and mourning beſt becoming her, it was thought fitteſt to draw her in that dreſs. Which was alſo otherwiſe ſutable to her preſent condition, and conſequently the Prince of *Cypariſſa* believed this Picture would be more proper than any other to incite compaſſion in the hearts of thoſe that ſhould behold it. Beſides, ſhe having been ſad the day on which it was taken, the pourtrait had a kind of lovely dejectedneſs in it, which ſeemed to implore aſſiſtance from thoſe which beheld it, for her that was repreſented by it. So that they were extreamly ſurpriſed, both in the Army of *Melanthus* and at *Elis*, upon ſeeing this extraordinary adventure. For ſome of theſe pictures were laid at the Gate of the principal Temples, ſome in the publick Piazza's, and moſt noted ſtreets, and as I ſaid before, at the Gate of *Melanthus*'s Palace. A thing yet more remarkable was, that the Prince of *Cypariſſa* had cauſed ſeveral things to be written at the bottom of theſe pictures, according to the divers places wherein they were to be layd. For under that which was found at the Palace Gate where *Melanthus* lodged, there were only theſe words;

Melanthus, *behold her againſt whom you make War, and if you are wiſe, fear leſt the Gods avenge her cauſe, and you repent of your injuſtice.*

Under thoſe which were taken up in the Piazza's of *Elis*, it ſeemed as if the Princeſs ſpoke to the people, in theſe words only;

Is it poſſible unjuſt Subjects, that you can endure an Uſurper in a City conſecrated to the Gods?

Thoſe which were at the Gates of the Temples were underwritten as follows (as if *Eliſmonda* had ſpoken to the Gods adored there.)

Since Men abandon me, I implore of you a Sanctuary againſt your own enemies.

Thoſe which were in the principal Streets, had theſe words;

Diſloyal Subjects, can you have the heart to forſake me?

And for them which were diſperſed in the Camp of *Melanthus*, they contained no more but this;

Valiant Soldiers, conſider whether it will be any great glory to you to overcome a Princeſs, who hath nothing but tears wherewith to reſiſt you.

But for them which were carried to *Piſa* and *Olympia*, I do not diſtinctly remember what was writ under them; but I know this invention which Love put into the mind of the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, had many extraordinary and different ſucceſſes, and that by a priviledge of beauty the Picture of *Eliſmonda* found reſpect in the minds of the leaſt faithful of her ſubjects, and in thoſe of the moſt inſolent Soldiers. But that which deſerves more Remarke was, that *Melanthus*, who roſe very early in the morning to go to the Camp, having been advertiſed there were ſeveral Pictures of *Eliſmonda* in divers places of the City, and one alſo at the Gate of his Palace, commanded it ſhould be brought to him. He had heard reports of *Eliſmonda*'s beauty, but had never as yet ſeen her; and the furniture and ornaments of the Palace where he lodged, having been removed from thence when there was a neceſſity of ſurrendring up the City, there was not left as much as one of *Eliſmonda*'s pictures in it. Beſides, his heart was ſo wholly taken up with ambition, that he never inquired much whether the Princeſs were fair or no. Hence it was that he became extreamly ſurpriſed, when he beheld the picture of *Eliſmonda*. *Hortenſius* and *Eumenes* were both preſent at that time, and were alſo charmed at the ſight; for there being but few Beauties of fair complexion in *Greece*, this of the young Princeſs cauſed in them the greater admiration. *Melanthus* without ſtaying firſt to peruſe the Manifeſto of the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, which was brought him at the ſame time, beheld this picture very attentively and ſilently. Till at length turning towards *Hortenſius*, I perceive (ſaid he) by this, I have a priſoner that is ſufficiently powerful to make Captives. 'Tis true, my Lord (anſwered *Hortenſius*) this picture is very handſome; but ſometimes painters are great Flatterers, and 'tis credible, the Princeſs of *Eliſmonda* has not been injured in the draught of the picture which you ſee. I aſſure you, my Lord (interpoſed an *Elean* Gentlemen, who ſided with this Prince) the Princeſs *Eliſmonda* is nothing beholding to the painters hand, for ſhe is fairer than he could make her Image. But preſently after this the

Prince

Prince of *Meſſenia* obſerving the words *I* repeated to you at the bottom of the Portraiture, he read them with an indifferent loud voice.

Melanthus, *behold her againſt whom you make War, and if you are wiſe, fear leaſt the Gods avenge her cauſe, and you repent of your injuſtice.*

Whereupon with a penſil he took off the Table, and which he had newly made uſe of to trace out the platform of the Fortifications which he intended to make at *Elis*, he writ theſe words beneath the other, as anſwering to the Prince of *Cypariſſa*;

I have ſeen her againſt whom I make War; but if you had been wiſe, you would never have ſuffered me to ſee her, ſince ſhe is too handſome ever to be parted with to you.

After which, the Prince, out of an impetuous humor, would have the picture carried back, and laid in the ſame place whence it was taken up, imagining that they who had intelligence with the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, would take notice what he had writ under it, and ſend it away to that Lover. *Hortenſius* and *Eumenes* endeavored to divert him from ſo doing, but without effect. In the mean time they conſulted together what was requiſite to be done in order to prevent, leaſt thoſe pictures might occaſion any commotion. *Melanthus* firſt propoſed, that courſe ſhould be taken to diſcover who had diſperſed them, that they might be ſeverely puniſht, in the ſight of all the Inhabitants of *Elis*. But *Hortenſius* repreſented to him that this would rather provoke the people, whom it were better to win by gentleneſs. For methinks (added he) I have juſt now thought upon an infallible way of cauſing this artifice to fall upon your Enemies, and principally upon the Prince of *Cypariſſa*. My dear *Hortenſius* (cryed *Melanthus*) I beſeech you declare it preſently, and tell me what is fitting for me to do. It is requiſite (anſwered he) to get all the pictures of the Princeſs *Eliſmonda* you can poſſibly, and cauſe them to be brought to you; and then you muſt declare, that you will keep them carefully, very highly extolling the Princeſſe's beauty; afterwards give her a viſit in perſon, and ſend a Herald to the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, to *Piſa*, and to *Olympia*, to publiſh that you are ready to marry the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, to reſtore peace in the Countrey of *Elis*, and render it more happy than ever it was before, provided they will lay down their Arms. By this means you will infallibly raiſe diviſion between the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, and the forces which he commands; as alſo between him and the Citizens of *Piſa* and *Olympia*. For you may well think, that being a paſſionate ſervant of hers, he will never conſent that you ſhould marry her. And on the other ſide, 'tis eaſie to imagine, that thoſe which ſhe commands, will never be all of his opinion, but the greater number being deſirous of peace, will force him to ſeek Sanctuary elſewhere, and quit his pretentions. *Melanthus* being very much ſatisfied with this project of *Hortenſius*, took no other care but to put it in execution. Not that he reſolved at that time to marry *Eliſmonda*, or believed ſhe would eaſily be brought to admit the match; but the conceit of ſpoiling the Prince of *Cypariſſa*'s ſtratagem, affected him with ſuch joy, that without farther conſidering he betook himſelf to follow the Counſel of *Hortenſius*. To which purpoſe, himſelf went into all the Streets of the City, attended by the whole Court, to quiet and ſettle the people, telling them he was intended to put an end to their troubles, by reſtoring peace, that the Princeſs *Eliſmonda* ſhould ſhortly be ſet at liberty, and that the only hinderance would be in the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, if tranquillity were not eſtabliſht throughout the whole Territory of *Elis*. To confirm theſe favorable expreſſions he did as *Hortenſius* had counſelled him to; for he cauſed all the pictures of *Eliſmonda* to be brought into his Chamber, and the next morning ſent *Hortenſius* to the Princeſs, to obtain of her the permiſſion to ſee her, reſolving nevertheleſs, in caſe ſhe ſhould reject this propoſition, to make a great ſecret of it, and give out on the contrary, that ſhe inclined to ſuch conditions of peace. *Hortenſius* accordingly went in the name of the Prince of *Meſſenia*, to the Caſtle in which this fair Princeſs was guarded, whoſe health at that time was ſomewhat amended, though her indiſpoſition had left a teſtimony behind of it ſelf, by a little more then ordinary paleneſs. It being known by thoſe who guarded the young Princeſs, that ſhe attributed much to the Counſels of *Cleontine*, *Hortenſius*, who was very prudent, and lookt no farther than to ſerve the Prince of *Meſſenia*, carefully deſired firſt to ſpeak with her, and cauſed his name to be told her, and by whom he was ſent. Upon which, *Cleontine* coming to him in the Antechamber of the Princeſs, preſently perceived him to be the ſame perſon, whom ſhe had ſeen in diſcourſe with *Melanthus*, when *Eliſmonda* ſaid ſhe was reſolved to hate him; and receiving him very civilly (his aſpect and comportment ſpeaking him a man of quality) ſhe attended to hear what he had to ſpeak to her. You will perhaps think it ſtrange, Madam *Cleontine*, (ſaid he to her) for a man that has not the honor to be known to you, to deſire ſecreſie of you at the firſt time he ſees you. But when you ſhall know that 'tis to ſerve the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, I have confidence you will pardon me. You have ſo much the ayr of a perſon of honor (anſwered *Cleontine*) that I am very inclinable to believe you can offer nothing but what is generous and honorable; and therefore you may pleaſe to tell me what your intent is of this addreſs, provided you alſo give me the liberty to anſwer you what I ſhall believe reaſonable. I ſhall tell you then, Madam, (ſaid he to her) that the Prince of *Meſſenia* having ſeen divers pictures of the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, hath an extream deſire to give her a viſit, and to expreſs to her for the future, all the Teſtimonies of generoſity, which the intereſt of his own glory will permit him to do. But to the end this interview may have a favorable conſequence, and produce peace to the whole Countrey of *Elis*, it will be your part, diſcreet *Cleontine*, handſomly to diſpoſe the Princeſs *Eliſmonda* not to receive the Prince of *Meſſenia* as an Uſurper, but as a generous Enemy, whom ſhe may more eaſily overcome by favorable reſpects, than the Prince of *Cypariſſa* can

can ever do by valour, notwithstanding he is a person of unquestionable magnanimity. And for the rest, I beseech you not to believe that the Prince's visit can be displeasing to the fair *Elismonda*, by any thing which he may say unto her; for he has no other design, but to honour her, and to testifie that he does so by all imaginable civility. When they who may command, request (answer'd *Cleontine*) and leave the liberty of a refusal, no question but they deserve to have their desire granted, if it may be done without injury to virtue; and therefore, if the Princess *Elismonda* does me the honor to believe me, she shall receive the visit of the Prince of *Messena*, according to your desire: but I fear much (added she) I shall have no small difficulty to perswade her to it. For, in brief, she is a prisoner, the Prince her Father is dead, ever since the beginning of the War. and she wears Mourning still for him, and sees not yet very well, how she shall ever be more happy. And to testifie to you (pursued she, with a half-smile) how much she is sensible of all this; I could almost constrain my self to tell you that she hates you, though she does not know you. Then I have sentiments very different from hers (answer'd *Hortensius*) for I honor her infinitely, although I never saw her. But if it please you (added he) I would know for what reason she hates me before she knows me.

Cleontine designing handsomely to gain upon the mind of *Hortensius* (whose quality and reputation she understood by him that inform'd her of his desire to speak with her) told him a part of the discourse between *Elismonda* and her self, whilst *Eumenes* was presenting him to *Melanthus*. For being this pretended hatred of *Elismonda* was only occasion d by her observing the noble and handsome aspect of *Hortensius*, she judg'd it would not be displeasing to him to know it. And indeed *Hortensius* resented some secret pleasure in this kind of hatred, and told *Cleontine* with much gallantry, he fear'd when *Elismonda* should see him nearer hand, she would no longer judge him worthy of her hatred. But at length *Cleontine* left him in the Anti-Chamber, and went to find *Elismonda*. And as soon as she saw her, would you think, Madam (said she to her) that the person whom you hate, because you observe him to be of a noble Air, desires to see you and comes from the Prince of *Messena* to demand permission to make a visit to you. How? my dear *Cleontine* (answer'd she) I will see neither the one nor the other; but if I must needs see one of the two, I had rather see him whom I hate without knowing him, than him whom I shall hate all my life. But Madam (replied *Cleontine*) you are a prisoner, and in prudence you ought not to incense your Conqueror; for the more he is unjust, the more is he to be fear'd, and therefore it is requisite, prudence suppress some part of your resentment. *Elismonda* blush'd at this discourse, and hiding the design she had from *Cleontine*, for fear lest if she should tell her what she intended to tell *Hortensius*, she would not approve it, only commanded her to cause the person she spoke of to enter into her Chamber. But Madam (said she to her) be very circumspect how you receive him; for a fair Princess prisoner, is oblig'd to act with much more prudence than a captive Prince. In truth (answer'd the young Princess) I cannot answer for my self in this occasion; but all I can do, is to assure you that I will as much as possible, endeavour to constrain my self. Upon which *Cleontine* caus'd *Hortensius* to enter. *Elismonda* hapned this day to be dress'd carelessly enough, so that her bright hair hanging down below a great vail of black Cypress which cover'd her shoulders, made her seem extreamly charming. Her attire though sad, had notwithstanding something of gallantry; her arms were half bare, with bracelets on them, and her hands so white, that she wanted no adorning though she were undrest. *Hortensius* also was much surpriz'd, beholding her infinitely more charming than her picture; he obsery'd the air of her countenance so gentle, and something so delicate in her beauty, that he commiserated her misfortune as soon as he saw her, and almost began to condemn in himself, the valour he had employ'd against those who fought for her interests. He saluted her very respectfully, and she receiv'd him with a civility which having not much of obligement, had also nothing at all of disdain. Though *Hortensius* had purposed to speak first, yet he felt a kind of reluctancy and restraint within him, when he came into *Elismonda*'s presence. But at length overcoming that obstacle, of which he understood not the cause, I come to you Madam (said he to her) in the name of the Prince of *Messena*, to desire your permission he may make you a visit. The persuasion I have (answer'd she, with a cold and dejected aspect) that generous Princes should never go to see such as are miserable, unless it be to relieve them out of their unhappinesses, makes me believe the Prince of *Messena* ought not to make me a visit. For I humbly conceive, he has no purpose to restore me what he possesses of my State, and return peacably to his own. Besides, though he should do this act of justice, he cannot return me the Prince my Father, whose death he has caus'd by the unjust war he made upon him. You know not, Madam (interpos'd *Cleontine*, who would moderate this resentment) what the Prince of *Messena*'s design may be. No, no, (answer'd *Elismonda*) he can have no reasonable design, and therefore it were best to save himself the trouble of coming to see me: for if it be only to perform a naked ceremony, I shall take his visit for an injury; if he have any good intention, he may please to let me first know it, that so he may be better receiv'd when he comes to visit me. Whilst *Elismonda* was speaking this, *Hortensius* beheld her attentively, and found such sweetness in hearing her speak, that he had not the power to answer her; till at length recovering from that pleasing amazement, he endeavour'd to serve the Prince faithfully that sent him, and address'd to her in these terms. When I enter'd into your Chamber, Madam, I had no other intention but that of obeying the Prince who sent me: but, within this short space I have had the honor to see you in, I have taken your interest into his; and therefore Madam, suffer me to conjure you not to refuse the Prince the favour which he desires of you, and which he may not intreat you to. Should he come to see me without my permission (reply'd she) I should perhaps be less discontented with it; for I should have the liberty of telling him whatever my just indignation suggested unto me. But if he comes hither with my consent, it will be necessary for me to disguise my

my ſentiments, and hide the hatred I have of his injuſtice, and ſhew ſome kind of civility to a Uſurper who keeps me in priſon, ſheds the bloud of my Subjects, deſolates the faireſt Countrey in the world, and violates all ſorts of rights without the leaſt reſpect or reverence of the gods. You have ſo excellent a capacity (anſwer'd *Hortenſius*) that you cannot but know, Ambition is no ſhameful crime; and that a Prince who is call'd an Uſurper by thoſe whoſe Countrey he has conquer'd, is oftentimes ſtiled a Conqueror, by all thoſe who have no intereſts in his conqueſts. Therefore Madam, without blaming or excuſing the Prince that ſends me, or acquainting you with his deſign or his intereſts, I only tell you that yours require you not to incenſe a Prince to whom Fortune is favourable. You have without doubt, Madam, all that is needful to cauſe the Arms to fall out of the hands of the moſt ambitious; for which reaſon, conſtrain your ſelf, if poſſible, I beſeech you, and conſider no inconvenience can follow upon ſuch an enforcing of your ſelf. I told you my dear *Cleontine* (ſaid the Princeſs, looking upon that generous Lady) that this Stranger was a terrible enemy: for indeed I had reſolv'd without telling you ſo, to refuſe a viſit to the Prince of *Meſſina*: but now I ſee this dangerous enemy will make me alter my determination. But yet I am deſirous to know (proceeded ſhe, turning towards him) what oblig'd ſuch an honourable generous perſon as you, to take the unjuſt ſide; is it becauſe it is more happy? No, Madam (anſwer'd he) but I embrac'd it out of gratitude; and therefore you would be unjuſt to hate me, though I am of a party oppoſite to yours, ſince honor would not permit me not to be ſo. After which *Hortenſius* imagining it behov'd him to juſtifie himſelf in the opinion of the Princeſs, was not unwilling to declare to her by what ways fortune had conſtrain'd him to be her enemy; and *Eliſmonda* being not loth to have cauſe to ceaſe hating *Hortenſius*, preſs'd him to inform her, how it came about that he was engag'd to ſerve *Melanthus*. *Hortenſius* therefore recounted to her in few words, his adventure in *Theſſaly*; He acknowledg'd ſo ingeniouſly that he ow'd his life to the Princeſs *Andronice*, he related ſo modeſtly his encounter with *Atalus*, and deliver'd all this ſo well and handſomly, that *Eliſmonda* her ſelf told him, he had reaſon to be of her enemies ſide, and promis'd him for the future, to b'ame him no more for it. Yet ſhe remained ſtill in the ſame irreſolution concerning what ſhe ought to do, till *Cleontine* and *Hortenſius* effected their perſwaſions of her, to ſuffer a viſit from the Prince of *Meſſena*, on condition he would ſay nothing that might ſtir up and augment her grief. Which granted, *Hortenſius* took his leave, and *Cleontine* follow'd him into the Antichamber, to exhort him to bring the Prince of *Meſſena* to a peace. Thus this firſt day begat a very great friendſhip between *Hortenſius* and *Cleontine*. As for *Eliſmonda*, ſhe ſo ſtrongly touch'd his heart, that he had never felt the like from any fair perſon, as he did from her. For he found I know not what kind of ſecret agitation within himſelf, which did not permit him to go to *Elis*, without rendring it perceivable, that he had a great diſpoſition to love *Eliſmonda*. Whence comes this commotion which I feel (ſaid he in himſelf, as he was returning?) and why am I ſo affected in behalf of a perſon whom I never ſaw but one hour? and with whom in all probabilities I ought never to have any particular friendſhip? The Princeſs *Andronice* ſeem'd beautiful to me at the firſt inſtant that I ſaw her, ſhe alſo teſtifi'd much prudence, ſav'd my life, is the cauſe of my fortune, and hath much more kindneſs for me. And yet neither her beauty, nor her wit, nor her good offices, nor her kindneſs, cauſe any agitation in my ſoul. I love her with a calm affection, and I conſider her without having my heart diſquieted; my reaſon is an ingredient into the tenderneſs I have for her; in a word, I love her as a man loves a Siſter. Nevertheleſs I feel a commotion I know not what to make of, for *Eliſmonda*; it troubles and diſquiets me, and almoſt tranſports me over to her ſide againſt the Prince whom I ſerve. But I ought (ſaid he, after a little muſing) to ſurmount this imaginary weakneſs, I ought to be faithful to the Prince whom I ſerve, and I ought to believe that what I feel is nothing but what I am able eaſily to overcome. *Hortenſius*, after this wiſe reflection, found really ſome tranquillity in his mind; but when he came to *Melanthus*, and the Prince demanded of him, whether *Eliſmonda* were as fair as her Picture, he was upon the point of ſaying, No, and the next moment was ready to ſay, ſhe was a thouſand times more charming; but at length, taking a mean between both, he ſaid, 'twas true, her Portraicture perfectly reſembled her. After which, making a great violence upon his mind, and being willing equally to ſerve both *Melanthus* and *Eliſmonda*, he told him moreover, that the Princeſs deſerv'd he ſhould treat her well, that ſhe had beauty, wit, and virtue, and that if he could really poſſeſs the Countrey of *Elis* in peace, by marrying her, he ſhould believe him very happy. How? Ah *Hortenſius* (cry'd he!) as often as any marriage is propos'd to me for reaſon of State, I always remember what the wiſe *Thales*, whoſe memory is ſo famous throughout all *Greece*, and amongſt all the *Aſiatick* people, anſwer'd one day to his Mother upon the ſame occaſion; For when in the flouriſhing years of his youth, ſhe propos'd to him to marry, he told her, It was not yet time; and when ſhe made him the ſame propoſal ſome years after, he anſwer'd her, That the time was paſt. So that to imitate ſo wiſe a perſon in ſomething, I anſwer you, dear *Hortenſius*, that 'tis not yet time for me to marry, and that I had rather owe the poſſeſſion of the Principality of *Elis* to my ſword than to my marriage. Yet I am willing to let the people believe I have a deſign to match with *Eliſmonda*; becauſe this will create diviſions among my enemies, and infinitely deſpight the Prince of *Cypariſſa*. But in ſincere truth, I affirm, that though I ſhould become amorous of *Eliſmonda*, I would never marry her by a Treaty; and I could not reſolve to do it, but when I ſhould be maſter of her State. For according to the humour I am of, I ſhould not care to be Husband of the Princeſs of *Elis*; but on the contrary, it would be more ſutable for him that is the Prince of *Elis*, to eſpouſe *Eliſmonda*. But after all, Marriage is not a thing ſo neceſſarily requir'd by policy, as 'tis believ'd, eſpecially for a Prince, who has ſome peculiar ſentiments in his ambition; for I am not ſolicitous of having ſucceſſors which may poſſeſs my Conqueſts: On the

contrary, ſhould Fortune make my deſtiny ſuch as I wiſh it, I ſhould not be ſorry if after having conquer'd many ſtates, there ſhould be no perſon found after my death who could only well govern the Nations that I had ſubdu'd. For which reaſon having a mind unaffected with that ſpecious *Chimera* which flatters the humour of thoſe Lovers of poſterity, who take pains for people that they can never know; and on the other ſide, equally fearing to have ſucceſſors which may prove unworthy of me or ſurpaſs me; unleſs I alter my preſent reſolutions, I ſhall paſs my whole life in ſaying, I will marry, without effectually doing ſo: and if my humour become not wholly oppoſite to that I now am in, I ſhall never be poſſeſs'd with any violent Love. For it becomes a Prince (added *Melanthus*) in order to being happy and gallant, to leave all the Ladies of his Court to hope they may conquer his heart, without affecting any one particularly; it becomes him alſo to make a meer pleaſure of Love, as men do of Muſick, Hunting, Dancing, and Converſation, and not to make himſelf ſlave of ſome fair coy piece, who, many times, without loving the Prince, loves only the greatneſs which ſhe hopes from him. *Hortenſius* hearing *Melanthus* ſpeak in this ſort, conceiv'd a ſecret joy in himſelf, of which he knew not the cauſe. And his heart was tender: he did not contradict him, though his thoughts were different from the Prince of *Meſſena*; he only thought fit to anſwer him, That it were not to be diſapprov'd, if a Prince quitted the courting Love only for the love of Glory. But, Madam, it was reſolv'd at the end of this converſation, that *Melanthus* ſhould go the day following to viſit the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, and that two days after he ſhould ſend to propound to marry her, and to withdraw his forces, provided the Prince of *Cypariſſa* would lay down his Arms, and depart out of the territory of *Elis*. *Eumenes* was of this privy Council; and the next morning *Melanthus* (being accompanied by him, *Hortenſius*, and his ordinary Guards) went to ſee the fair *Eliſmonda*, who that ſhe might be oblig'd to leſs civility and conſtraint upon her ſelf, made ſemblance of ſome little indiſpoſition. She was therefore attired in white this day, and her fair hair appear'd careleſly diſhevel'd under a kind of ſmall veil of white Tiffeny, which hung down from her head; her attire was faſtned together in ſeveral places with black Ribbons, ſhe was laid down upon her bed, and careleſly leaned on ſome black Cuſhions adorn'd with Taſſels of ſilver; but after ſo lovely a manner, that if one were to paint *Diana*, when, having been at hunting with her Nymphs, ſhe repoſes her ſelf upon a Bed of verdant graſs at the foot of a Tree, ſhe ought to be repreſented. *Eliſmonda* had both modeſty and dejectedneſs in her countenance together; and that which added new luſter to the beauty of her complexion was, that her Bed was over-ſhadow'd with a great Canopy of black Cypreſs, the corners of which being tied up with twiſts of ſilver, hung diſorderly about her. *Cleontine* and the two young Ladies which attended on her, were with the Princeſs, when the Prince of *Meſſena* came to make the viſit; for I had forgot to tell you, that thoſe who remain'd with her were Virgins, and of high quality, which would not forſake her, and none of thoſe which were ordinarily deſign'd to ſerve her. I ſhall not tell you, Madam, the particulars of this converſation, having too many beſide to acquaint you with; it will be enough to aſſure you that the fair *Eliſmonda* ſpoke nothing but what was generous, though ſhe ſhew'd no incivility to *Melanthus*, for whom her averſion was ſo great, that it was ſomething unjuſt; for ſhe eſteem'd him a much leſs generous perſon than indeed he was. Yet ſhe inforc'd her ſelf wonderfully; but *Melanthus* was ſo charmed with her beauty, and obſerv'd ſo noble a ſpirit in her, that it ſeem'd he began to be then in love, though he did not ceaſe to be ambitious. He deſir'd her pardon, in that he was oblig'd by the Laws of War, to cauſe her to be guarded in the Caſtle wherein ſhe was; he aſſured her ſhe ſhould receive all reſpectful ſervice there, and that he would omit nothing that depended on him to mitigate her ſorrows, till Fortune gave him opportunity to teſtifie better to her the reſolution he had to honor her all his life. *Eliſmonda* anſwer'd this diſcourſe with words which were rather handſome upbraidings for her misfortunes, than real remerciaments. But ſhe choſe her language ſo diſcreetly which ſhe us'd, that as I ſaid, without doing ought againſt the greatneſs of her mind, ſhe did not incenſe her enemy. *Hortenſius* nevertheleſs well perceiv'd the forcedneſs of her behaviour; for this fair Princeſs ſighed now and than, and ſometimes lift up her eyes towards heaven in ſo pathetical a manner, that ſhe cauſ'd much commiſeration in him. *Melanthus* finding many potent charms in her eyes, endeavour'd to fix his own directly upon them; which *Eliſmonda* avoiding as much as ſhe could, ſhe was conſtrain'd more frequently to caſt her aſpect towards *Hortenſius*, who was diſcourſing ſoftly with *Eumenes*. Whereby this generous *Veientine* could not hinder himſelf from being infinitely affected with the ſweetneſs of the fair *Eliſmonda*'s eyes, though ſhe look'd upon him only to avoid the wiſhly view of *Melanthus*. *Eumenes* taking notice, with what a gladſom attentiveneſs *Hortenſius* conſider'd the Princeſs, approach'd near him, and ſpeaking low in his ear, Have a care of your ſelf, *Hortenſius* (ſaid he to him) for if you be not cautious, you will ſoon become more a Captive to the Princeſs of *Elis*, than ſhe is to the Prince of *Meſſena*. You miſtake admiration and pity for Love, (anſwer'd *Hortenſius* a little ſmiling.) I know what admiration and pity are (replyed *Eumenes*) and to aſſure you ſo much, I declare to you, that they are very effective to beget Love in ſuch a heart as yours, Since 'tis ſo (anſwer'd *Hortenſius*) I thank you for the counſel you have given me, and ſhall endeavour to make uſe of it. After which, the Prince of *Meſſena* roſe up and return'd to *Elis*. But Madam, he return'd thither in a great muſing, which was perceiv'd by *Hortenſius* and *Eumenes*. As they were going along talking of his reſervedneſs, he ſuddenly turned about to them, and beginning to ſpeak fiercely, 'Tis true, (ſaid he, though without naming the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*) ſhe is handſomer than her Picture, and moreover, more lovely than handſome, though ſhe is fair in perfection. Than you may perhaps, My Lord, change your ſentiments (anſwer'd *Hortenſius* coldly) and believe hereafter, that Love is ſomething more attractive than Hunting. I confeſs (ſaid he to them (that I believe *Hercules* had ſometimes

not

not so great pleasure in Conquering, and carrying on his shoulders that furious Bore of the *Erymanthian* Forrest, as I should have in overtoming the hatred of the Princess *Elismonda* towards me; for in my judgement this hatred of hers, is as raging as that savage beast was truculent and implacable. Methinks, my Lord, (answer'd *Eumenes*) the Princess receiv'd you well. Yes, (reply'd he) when she would not vouchsafe to look upon me: but however, I will so bring it to pass, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* shall have no reason to hope ever to possess her; and though it be only to make him despair, I will make shew of being enamour'd of her, and of intending really to marry her, though I be uncapable of such a resolution. If you become amorous, My Lord (answer'd *Hortensius*) you will indeed change your sentiments. Though I should come to love her (replyed he) as much as I hate *Attalus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, yet I would never marry her, for reasons which I have told you at another time; but, in brief, to follow your counsels (added he) it is fit I send to morrow to *Pisa*, to *Olympia*, and to the Prince of *Cyparissa*'s Army, to make the Proposition we agreed upon; and to testifie further, that I intend to win the mind of *Elismonda*, it is requisite that the Princess my Sister come to *Elis*, and make frequent visits to her. *Hortensius* and *Eumenes* much respecting that Princess, approv'd what *Melanthus* intended, who the same evening dispatcht one of his attendants to *Andronice*, with such express order for her speedy coming to *Elis*, that she was oblig'd instantly to obey it, and begin her journey. In the mean time *Melanthus*, without losing time, sent to *Pisa* and *Olympia*, and to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was returned to his Army, to make the proposition I told you of. But, to perplex his enemy the more, he caus'd an offer to be made to him of returning to his Court, knowing well he would never accept it. He also publish'd a *Manifesto*, in answer to that of his Enemy, and declar'd his new Love which he pretended for *Elismonda*, so publickly, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* was soon advertis'd of it, and of what he had written underneath the picture of the Princess of *Elis*, and what he had said concerning her, and of the care he took of her since he had seen her. For after that first visit, he return'd thither very frequently, and sent every day; the Princess was permitted to walk in the Park of the Castle, all her Women were suffer'd to attend on her, and she was serv'd with the same magnificence, as if she had been absolute Mistriss of her own Principality. But withal, at the same time her guards were redoubled; which being known to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, put him into a strange despair, in seeing those Pictures of *Elismonda*, which he believ'd might occasion a commotion in *Elis* and in the Army, produce no other effect, than raising a curiosity in *Melanthus*, of seeing the Princess, and giving him occasion to become enamour'd on her. But that which compleated his despair was, that the proposition made by *Melanthus*, was wonderfully well received, both at *Pisa* and at *Olympia*, that he understood it was very well lik'd of at *Elis*, and himself perceiv'd the Officers of his Army did not disapprove it; and his Soldiers who serv'd in a war that could not enrich them, since it was only to defend their own Countrey, declar'd openly that if he were generous he would not oppose the peace. A further affliction to the Prince of *Cyparissa*, was a belief that *Elismonda* consented to the proposition made by *Melanthus*, and being weary of her prison, would have no great repugnancy to marry an enemy that would give her liberty. Alas! (said he to one of his friends, who was also one of mine, and named *Artimedes*) How unhappy am I in having been so discreet; for *Elismonda* was never inform'd by my own mouth, of the violent Love I have for her; and though I am confident she cannot be ignorant of it, yet she may make semblance, that I am her Servant, only because I would preserve the same Sanctuary for my self, which the Prince her Father afforded me. Perhaps she thinks, I fight rather by reason of the hatred I bear against *Melanthus*, than for the Love I have for her. But it is too true, I have no consideration but *Elismonda*, and without her I have no interest in any thing. Yet it shall never be said, that I will not do my utmost not to become miserable, to hinder mine enemy from becoming happy, and to effect also that that fair Princess commit not an action unworthy of her self. Hereupon the Prince of *Cyparissa* having consulted with *Artimedes* what was requisite to be done, assembled all the Officers of his Army, and spake to them with so much eloquence and courage, that he brought over a great part of them to be of his own sentiments. He laid before them the importance of the matter, the tender years of *Elismonda*, and the shame there would be in gratifying him that made an unjust War. For what more could be done (said he) in favour of a Prince that had hazarded his life a thousand times in opposing the enemies of this State, and gain'd many victories, than to give him the State that he had defended, and the Princess to whom it of right belongs? Think not but the gods will punish you severely, if you abandon the defence of a Countrey, consecrated unto them in so particular a manner. Withstand therefore such a dangerous design courageously, and know, that if the Prince of *Messena* believ'd he could take *Pisa* and *Olympia* very easily, he would never propound peace to you. 'Tis true (added he) he offers it on such shameful conditions that he seems desirous to be refus'd; and this proposition is only an Artifice to deceive the less intelligent people, who perhaps will presently murmure because the peace is refus'd. But in brief, important deliberations are not to be grounded on the murmurings of the people; for most usually a little constancy appeases them, and a little insinuation makes them change their opinions. In fine (added he) The honor of the gods, that of your Princess, and your own glory is concerned in the matter. Therefore consider well upon it, and believe not that I wil ever forsake you, as long as I see in you a purpose of making a generous resistance. But withal, think not that I will ever sign a Peace which cannot be accepted but with shame. For indeed I will rather choose to become a vagabond, and fugitive from City to City, to the end of the world, than to commit any thing unworthy of my self. This Oration made a great part of the Prince of *Cyparissa*'s Officers who were present at it, become of his judgement; but the rest opposed it, and declar'd that peace was a Good which could not

be bought at too high a rate, that the Prince of *Messena* was generous and fortunate, and they should be at last constrain'd to do that by force which they might now by Treaty, before the Countrey were totally destroy'd. Thus every one continuing in his sentiments, the Prince of *Cypariſſa* thought he had done very much, in having brought over part of them to his side. After which he went to *Pisa* and *Olympia* to endeavour the same thing. But as 'tis more difficult to induce the inhabitants of a great City to refuse peace, then Soldiers, it was not possible for him to effect his desires. The people were ready to make an insurrection in *Pisa*; and as he was going out of the City, news was brought him that half the Officers which he had won to his mind, were fallen off from him since his departure. It remained therefore only to seek how handsomely to gain time; in order to which, being very prudent, he told them which had the greatest power, both in *Pisa* and *Olympia*, that to testifie to them how much he attributed to their judgements, he consented that the proposition of *Melanthus* should not absolutely be rejected; but rather, to act with prudence, it were fit to demand a Truce for six months, during which time liberty might be had to speak with the Princess *Eliſmonda*, to the end her pleasure might be known. That which oblig'd the Prince of *Cypariſſa* to demand his Truce, was, that in the compass of these six months, the time of the *Olympyck* Games would be come: when the Prince hop'd that in that great Assembly which was to be at *Olympus* from all parts of *Greece*, he might engage the neighboring States in a League offensive and defensive, against the Usurper of *Elis*. But at last, there being much reason in what he requir'd, and the Truce seeming a good step to the Peace, he brought *Pisa* and *Olympia*, and his Army, to approve that which he propounded. But that which was rare, was, that *Melanthus* perceiving he could not obtain what he demanded, was not sorry that a Truce was insisted on; because he very much fear'd, left if the War should continue till the time in which the *Olympick* Games were to be celebrated, and they could not, by reason of it be celebrated, this great change might awaken the adjoyning States, and oblige them to ingage in a War, whose success might be not fortunate unto him, if others should intermeddle in it. Yet something troubled him to suffer any to speak with the Princess *Eliſmonda*, but not daring to refuse it, because it would have seem'd too great an injustice, he resolv'd to give way to it, and afterwards to draw out the business in length. It was therefore concluded, that the two Armies should remain in the same places which they possest, that all actions of hostility should cease, that four of the chief persons of *Elis* might have communication with the Princess *Eliſmonda*, that the Prince of *Cypariſſa* should have the same liberty during the *Olympick* Games, which were to be celebrated with all the accustomed magnificence, and that both parties should on either side, live as peaceably as if an absolute peace had been concluded. As soon as these things were agreed on, *Melanthus*, who was really so enamour'd on *Eliſmonda*, that none was more, except *Hortenſius*, commanded this generous Favourite to go to the fair Princess, and tell her, that she had caus'd his Arms to fall out of his hands, that he had accorded a Truce with the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, only to spare the bloud of her Subjects, to the end, she might be better dispos'd to hearken to something which he had resolv'd to tell her, as soon as he could have the happiness to kiss her hands. It may be, My Lord, (answered *Hortenſius* with some commotion, upon *Melanthus*'s sending him) when you grant a Truce to the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, you begin a War with your self. I acknowledge it, my dear *Hortenſius* (said he to him (for I have an extream regret, that I find my self inclin'd to love *Eliſmonda* more than I would. But in brief, before any of her Subjects have the liberty of speaking to her, I would inform her that I am at her service: go therefore, my dear *Hortenſius*, and prepare the mind of that charming Princess, in such manner that I may find her a little favourable; not only because its pleasing not to be unkindly treated, but also because I perceive if she reject me at first with disdain, her resistance will increase my passion in such sort, that I shall be the most miserable of men: I was of opinion (answer'd *Hortenſius* coldly) that, Great difficulty had been more proper to extinguish love than to excite it. It is not so in such a heart as mine (answer'd *Melanthus*:) for facility almost takes from me the desire of pleasing things, and on the contrary difficulty makes me sometimes ardently desire such things as ought to be indifferent unto me. This discourse ended, *Hortenſius* went to *Eliſmonda*, but by the way, What did he not think, and what did he not endure? Alas! (said he in his Breast) I am miserable, and destiny is cruel, in making me love a person, by whom I cannot be belov'd again, and whose servant I cannot desire to be, without betraying the fidelity which I owe to a Prince, who hath made all my fortune. But were there any other place wherein I could find any sort of establishment, and could I with honor forsake a Prince who is at War, I would fly from this charming person, whose beauty will lead me to betray my Master. I know not who I am, I am unhappy in all respects, and fortune which seems to be favourable to me in *Elis*, is yet more rigorous than any other-where, since she confers favours on me which I cannot enjoy in peace. Oh gods, into what a strange extremity do I find my self reduc'd! if I promote the War, 'tis against the person which I love; if the Truce be made, 'tis only a time of leasure, to employ me in the winning of her heart for another; if by my address I perswade her to be favourable, I render my self the most unhappy of all Lovers; if I cannot prevail with her, but she resist, it will only increase the love of that dangerous Rival, whom I am oblig'd to serve, to the prejudice of my own felicity. If I would fight against my self, I find *Eliſmonda*'s Beauty more powerful than my Reason; and if I yield to her charms, I am both a criminal and miserable. But besides, I am inconsiderate, and act without reason; for how dare I declare that I love *Eliſmonda*? what then must I do? infortunate as I am? My duty; (answer'd he suddenly, after sometime of silence.) But alas (added he sighing) how hard is this duty to be done? and how unreasonable a thing it is to betray my self, that I may not betray my Master? But it must be done however; honor is so great and powerful a reason in a generous heart, that perhaps I ought not to despair of

of the victory which I would gain over my self in so dangerous an occasion. *Hortensius* fixing himself in his generous sentiments, arriv'd at the Castle where *Elismonda* was, by whom he was well receiv'd: for as she lik'd his person and deportment, and knew he was no subject to *Melanthus*, she was much more contented to see him, than any other the Prince of *Messena* could have sent to her. But alas! the civility which the Princess shew'd towards him, augmenting his love, he was ready to repent himself of the resolution which he had taken. Nevertheless he persisted in his generous design, and us'd such address in his speech to the Princess *Elismonda*, for the interest of the Prince of *Messena*, as if he had not acted against himself, whatsoever he endeavor'd in his favour. He told her an hundred circumstances of the admiration which *Melanthus* had for her; and at length inform'd her that he had granted a Truce for six months, that he had sent for the Princess his Sister, to bear her company, that he intended the Victors in the *Olympick* Games should receive their Crowns from her hand; and lastly, that he was resolv'd to make her Reign more gloriously than ever she could have done, if the Prince her Father had liv'd. But *Hortensius* (answer'd *Elismonda*) if the Prince of *Messena* repents himself of his injustice, it is not needful to make a Truce, he may conclude the Peace forthwith. He hath nothing to do but to withdraw his Forces, return into his Countrey, and leave me my own. Alas! Madam (reply'd *Hortensius* to her sighing) you little know the power of your charm, if you think it possible to leave you after having seen you. But at present, Madam (proceeded he) suffer me to conjure you to receive favourably, what the Prince is purpos'd to tell you the next time he sees you, though it should happen that he tell you something which may cro's your inclination; for indeed, during the six months of Truce, in which you shall enjoy almost an absolute liberty, many things may come to pass which may be advantageous to your fortune. I know not what advantage may betide me (reply'd she;) but I know well it will never come to pass, that the Prince of *Messena* can please me. And therefore, generous *Hortensius* (added this fair Princess, with the most charming sweetness in the World, apparent in her eyes) I will conjure you, that if you discover in *Melanthus*'s mind, I know not what sentiments, which I perceive you would intimate to me, that you remove them from him, if you love his quiet; for were I to be eternally his slave, I should never have any thing for him but aversion and hatred. *Hortensius* knowing the Princesses resistance would more inflame *Melanthus*'s love, imploy'd all his wit to make her change her opinion, and even perswaded *Cleontine*, that he had reason on his side. I beseech you, Madam (said he to her) consider well the condition in which you are, and you will find it concerns you extreamly, not to incense the Prince of *Messena*. I do not urge, Madam, that you should love him more than you did ever any other; for it does not belong to me to give you such counsel; but I conjure you, Madam, not to reject disdainfully the tokens of affection which the Prince will express to you. For my part (answer'd she) I believe it a very great secret not to have any hope at first to those, to whom we have firmly resolved to refuse eternally what they desire. 'Tis a good course, Madam (reply'd *Hortensius*) for them who have a kind of spirit which is easily repell'd; I mean, for such people, from whom difficulties take away the desire of the most agreeable things, who have only calm pleasures, and who would not be possess'd of the greatest felicity of the earth, at the purchase of one hours sighing. But 'tis not effectual to an ambitious Soul, to whom difficult enterprises seem always more excellent than others, and who never have violent desires, but for such things as cannot be obtain'd without pains. And because, Madam, (added *Cleontine*) it behoveth not to act with a Prince, whose prisoner you are, in the same manner as if you were free; (for a greater restraint is to be us'd) and since *Hortensius* seems to me compleatly generous, I shall not fear to tell you in his presence, that I believe in the like occasion you ought to give neither hope nor despair: and there is a certain kind of serious civility, which neither causes to hope nor yet dejects into despair, which is proper enough to gain time, and to hinder many troublesome consequences which disdain might produce. Therefore, Madam, rather use that natural gentleness which the gods have given you; you may lay it aside when you please; and since *Hortensius* assures you, that four considerable persons shall have the liberty of communication with you during six months, and the Prince of *Cypariſſa* also during the *Olympick* Games; comply with the mind of a Prince, who is able to use more rude ways with you if he pleases. I promise you (answer'd *Elismonda*) I will do what I am able, to follow your counsels, though I dare not answer absolutely for my self. *Hortensius* hearing her speak thus, almost repented himself of having been so urgent to perswade her to gentleness: but at length, considering he could do nothing in his own behalf with innocence, but only to hinder *Melanthus*'s love from increasing to a greater ardor, he thought he had some ground of satisfaction in leaving *Elismonda* in the resolution of constraining her self, and more in being commended and intreated by her, and observing she had some esteem for him. All which caus'd him to think, he should return less discontented than he came. But as soon as he was upon the way, and beheld *Elismonda* no longer, he found himself as unhappy as before, and rather more. For he found his passion was augmented, and it came into his mind, that perhaps *Elismonda* lov'd the Prince of *Cypariſſa*. So that he perceiv'd himself possess'd, as well with jealousie as with love, if at least any separation can be made between these two passions. Alas! (said he to himself) does it belong to a miserable person that loves without hope, to be jealous? to an unhappy man, who is his Rivals confident, and serves him faithfully? 'Tis true, said he, but the Rival whom I serve is hated, and he that troubles my imagination, is perhaps belov'd. But what concerns it me, (answer'd he suddainly) whether *Elismonda* love or not, since Fate will never suffer me to make her know I love her. After which, *Hortensius* spoke no more to himself, but fell into such a profound musing, that he arriv'd at *Elis*, when he thought himself yet far from it. At his arrival he understood, it was not above an hour before, that the Princess *Andronice* entred into the City.

City. For whom having a very particular kindness, the news gave him much satisfaction. He went therefore with speed to give the Prince an account of his journey, and found him coming from the Apartment of *Andronice*. Whereby it was necessary for him to discharge his intelligence before he could see her; for this Prince was really extream amorous of *Elismonda*. *Hortensius* was now inconceiveably perplex'd: for though *Melanthus* had perswaded him, that difficulty was capable to encrease his love, he was so fearful of giving him too much hope, that he was troubled to choose words wherewith to express himself, and chang'd his order and manner of speaking many times involuntarily. For when he told *Melanthus* he did not find *Elismonda* had so great hatred against him, as he imagin'd, he beheld so much joy arising in his eyes, that he fear'd hope would augment his passion. But then again, to weaken the obliging sense of what he had said, he told him, he knew not whether Policy had not a great share in the civility of the Princess. With which *Melanthus* was so dejected, that *Hortensius* was forc'd to return to his first smooth language, for fear lest this passion should become too violent, both for the quiet of *Melanthus*, *Elismonda*, and himself: But at length, when the Prince had fully understood his success, he gave him liberty to go see the Princess *Andronice*, who receiv'd him with so great a goodness, that had not he been pre-possess'd with love, the testimonies of so tender a friendship would have given him almost as much pleasure as the favours of a Mistriss; but in the condition his Soul was, he only half gusted whatever was advantageous to him. *Andronice* being of a lively apprehension, immediately perceiv'd *Hortensius* had something in his Breast troubled him. And being there was none present saving *Eumenes*, their common friend, she demanded the cause of it with such obliging urgency, as the sadness of a friend induces a true friend to use. What is it *Hortensius* (said she to him) which hinders you from having as much joy in seeing me, as I have in finding you? But beware you tell me not, there is nothing troubles you; rather pretend some kind of sorrow or other; and tell me rather that you are fallen in love at *Elis*, than assign no cause of a kind of sadness which I observe in your eyes, for fear least I may suspect you of dissimulation. I am altogether oblig'd, Madam, (answer'd he) with the manner of your speech; but I beseech you, do not constrain me, to search my heart for every troublesome thing that is there, for this would but augment my melancholly. Be satisfy'd therefore, Madam, in that I assure you my eyes are deceivers, if they do not tell you I am uncapable of having a greater satisfaction than that which I find in the honor I have to see you. But, I beseech you, Madam, demand of me no further; for I cannot really tell you, what present oppression I have upon my mind, but tis true, I feel something which qualifies the pleasure I have really in the enjoyment of your presence. After which *Andronice* made him a thousand acknowledgements for the generous counsels which he had given the Prince her brother, since he came to him, desiring him to continue them; and being *Melanthus* had already discover'd to her part of his intentions, and told her in few words the state of affairs, she told him she should be perfectly oblig'd to him, if he could bring it to pass that the War might end in the marriage of *Melanthus* and *Elismonda*, and that there might be after the *Olympick* Games, a second Festival for their Nuptials, whereby their States might be united, and tranquility establish'd in the most delectable part of *Peloponnesus*. Fortune hath so great an influence in what you desire, Madam, (answer'd he, sighing) that you ought to expect so great an event from her rather than from me; And moreover, Madam, (proceeded he) since you are here, 'tis your address must effect what I am unable to do, and you need only have recourse to your self for that, for which you seem to await from another. *Hortensius* spoke this with so melancholly an air, that *Andronice* believ'd it was because he conceiv'd, what she desir'd was very difficult to be brought to pass. But she could not discover to him her conjecture, because the Prince her Brother came back into her Chamber, to desired her she would make a visit to the Princess *Elismonda*, as speedily as she could. But in the mean time, himself the day following went to give her one, and told her, he had caus'd the Princess *Andronice* to come to *Elis*, on purpose that she might entertain and divert her. But though he had resolv'd before to mention his love openly to her, yet he forbore to do it, and contented himself with giving her occasion to gues what he had in his mind, without positively declaring it to her. Whence it became more easie for the Princess *Elismonda*, to follow the counsel which was given her. And though she appear'd not very disdainful to *Melanthus*, yet she departed her self with such coldness, that according to the genius of his humor, he return'd much more amorous than before. Two days after, *Andronice* being accompanied by *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, made her a visit, which she receiv'd much better than that of *Melanthus*; for having heard this Princess much commended by *Hortensius*, when he related to her how she had sav'd his life, she was readily inclinable to esteem her. Besides that, foreseeing the love of *Melanthus* might occasion trouble to her, she was not sorry of gaining such a protection as this. So that this interview pass'd very agreeably on both sides. You know, Madam, (said *Andronice* to the Princess of *Elis*) that I am no partaker in the War, which the Prince my brother makes, and so you would be unjust to hate me, because I am his Sister. Tis true, Madam (answer'd *Elismonda* with a little smile) that you have made no War against me, but yet you are not without bearing a part in the victories of *Melanthus*, since as you know you have been as far as the famous Valley of *Tempe*, to offer Sacrifices for his conquest; so that I conclude, your prayers have done me as much mischief, as the valour of the Prince of *Messena*. When I was in *Thessaly*, (reply'd *Andronice*) I had no other design but to beseech the gods for peace: but, Madam, it appears my prayers were not well receiv'd, if I ask'd for victory; for during my journey, the Prince my Brother was not over successful. But in brief, Madam (proceeded she) since a Truce has been concluded, let us enjoy this image of peace, till we can obtain a real peace, which I hope you may easily effect if you please. If it depended on me, it had been already made (reply'd *Elismonda*) but in my judgement, 'tis in the power of the gods

gods only to give it. But in the mean to teſtifie to you that I am not unjuſt, I promiſe you not to look upon you as an enemy. After which, *Cleontine*, *Hortenſius* and *Eumenes* all ingaged in this converſation; and as the Princeſs of *Meſſenia*, is very grateful, ſhe exaggerated to *Eliſmonda* the obligation which ſhe had to *Hortenſius*, for hindring her from being taken away by *Attalus*; and *Hortenſius* in his turn did the like for her, extolling the generoſity ſhe ſhewed in ſaving his life without knowing him. To ſave your life (anſwered *Andronice*) I did not hazard my own, but you contrarily to reſcue me from being taken away, expoſed yours courageouſly to a danger which appeared inevitable by the in-equality of number. But Madam, (replyed he) not to do what I did, would have been ungrateful and diſhonorable; but as for you, you might have contented your ſelf, with having ſome ſlight compaſſion of a miſerable ſtranger, without being lyable to any reproach if you had done no more. Alaſs! *Hortenſius* (ſaid *Andronice*) I am not of your opinion; for I am perſwaded they who think they do enough in pitying the unfortunate without relieving them when they may deſerve no thanks for their commiſeration: and for my own part, if I beheld worthy perſons unhappy without intending to ſeek to ſuccor them I would make ſhew of not perceiving, either their merit, or their unhappineſs; for there is nothing more abſurd, than to behold ſuch unprofitable compaſſion in the breaſts of thoſe, who are able to give remedy to the misfortunes which cauſe it. In the mean time, the world is full of thoſe people, who bemoan others and do not help them. But to tell you my own humor freely, I ſhould rather chooſe to be ſome Illuſtrious unhappy One, that were able to ſupport the rigor of infelicity with conſtancy, and were known to be worthy of a better fortune; than to be one of thoſe tender hearted perſons without virtue which I ſpoke of, who at the ſame time, that themſelves do nothing for the miſerable whom they compaſſionate, yet count it ſtrange that others do as little; and who paſs their whole lives in bewailling the evils which they are ſometimes able to remedy, and blame people who do but imitate their very example. Nevertheleſs, thoſe people who make ſuch a noiſe with their compaſſion, and the blame they lay upon others like themſelves, think they have right to be eſteemed generous, and that this unprofitable pitty ought to be ranked amongſt the heroical virtues. But for my part, who am not of that mind, but believe my ſelf acceſſary to all the miſeries which I may, and do not hinder; I ſhould have condemned my ſelf a thouſand times of your death, if after having ſeen you in the hands of thoſe *Theſſalians*, ſo zealous for the laws of their Countrey. I had not done my utmoſt to ſave your life. What you ſay is very generous and juſt, Madam (anſwered *Eliſmonda*) and I am extreamly glad to ſee you have ſo excellent ſentiments; for as I am unhappy, I hope you will do all you can to hinder me from being ſo for the future. Doubt it not, Madam, (replyed *Andronice*) for I never blame that in another which I am conſcious may be reproached to my ſelf. All that you ſay is ſo nobly ſpoken, and ſo generous (ſaid *Cleotine*) that I think nothing can be ever be reproached unto you. All that ſhe does is ſo heroical (added *Eumenes*) that what ſhe ſpeaks is nothing comparable to it. I beſeech you (ſaid *Andronice*,) praiſe me not ſo ſuperlatively, leaſt I come ſhort of making good what you ſay; but rather acknowledge with me that I owe more to *Hortenſius* than he does to me. True (ſaid *Eliſmonda*,) for that matter I am of your judgment; for I had rather be left to dye, than left in the hands of a Prince, whom I ſhould hate if he offered to carry me away. For my part (ſaid *Hortenſius*) I cannot declare my own opinion in this caſe; all I can do is to aſſure you, I believe it impoſſible to be more obliged to any perſon than I am to the Princeſs of *Meſſenia*, for ſhe hath ratified the firſt good office ſhe did me by ſo many others, that I cannot believe ſhe repents of it. I owe to her (proceeded he) the honor I have in being known to you, which I put in the number of my moſt happy adventures. Unqueſtionably (ſaid *Eumenes*) you owe very much to the Princeſs *Andronice*, but alſo owe very much to your ſelf; for if ſhe had not known you to be a perſon worthy of her friendſhip, ſhe would never have given it you. *Hortenſius*, unwilling to ſuffer himſelf to be commended more, ſought to divert the converſation, by giving open notice that *Cleontine* was in a deep meditation, and it ſeemed on ſomething not unpleaſing. Upon which, the Princeſs of *Elis* turning towards her, demanded what it was that ſo deeply took up her thoughts. So ſmall a matter (anſwered ſhe) that if I could diſobey you, I would not tell it you. But as I am very preciſe not to refuſe you any thing, I confeſs the Princeſs of *Meſſenia* let fall ſomething in her diſcourſe, which makes me reflect upon the proceedings of very many women, which I know; and gives me cauſe of muſing, upon what ſhe well expreſſed, That ſhe would never blame any perſon for a thing for which ſhe might be blamed her ſelf. For indeed Madam, if you remember, you have ſeen at *Piſa* a woman handſome enough, who becauſe her hands are very ill ſhapen, hath brought her ſelf into a perſuaſion, that 'tis no great commendetion to have them otherwiſe. So that when ſhe commends any fair one, ſhe never takes notice of her hands, and only praiſes that in others, which ſhe believes moſt handſome in her ſelf, to the end the application may be returned to her own advantage. Thus there is found in a bad ſenſe a practice oppoſite to that of the Princeſs *Andronice*; for whereas ſhe blames not that in another, which ſhe believes may be faulted in her ſelf, this Lady praiſes only what ſhe believes commendable in her ſelf. I aſſure you (anſwered the Princeſs of *Meſſenia*) there are ſuch women every where, and I know ſome at *Meſſene*, who becauſe themſelves have very good hair, believe ſprightly eyes, a clear complexion, a handſome mouth, good teeth, and a graceful neck, not ſufficient to make a fair perſon, if her hair be of a very common brown, and who in the commendations of others, mention no other perfections but that of comely hair. On the contrary; when occaſion requires them to ſpeak of a handſome neck, and they have not ſuch themſelves, they only ſay in general, ſuch a one is of a good ſhape. But I am of opinion, 'tis a very reaſonable thing do render juſtice without taking in one's own intereſt. Not but that it's ſometimes allowable in prudence to omit mentioning a defect we are conſcious of in our ſelves: But notwithſtanding

ing, 'tis not modesty to commend that excessively, though in another, wherein our selves have a title to the application. At least, for my own part, did I know my self conscious of procuring, or insinuating my own condemnations, I should extreamly reproach my self for it. But Madam (answered *Elismonda*) you do not observe in the mean time, that you are guilty of what you decry by speaking so well, which turns much to your own commendations; Which, 'tis true, you may receive without blushing, since you deserve more than can be given you. The Princess of *Messenia* answered to this civility with a greater; and these two illustrious Ladies were so highly satisfied with one another, that this first days converse made a friendship between them. After which they both retired severally. As for *Hortensius*, the more he beheld *Elismonda*, the more ardent became his love; his reason opposed his passion in vain, which he found too strong to be surmounted; so that his only purpose was to use his best prudence to govern and conceal it, and to continue firm the resolution of serving *Melanthus*, with as much fidelity in relation to the Princess, as if he had been wholly indifferent for her. His virtue was indeed much supported by the little possibility he conceived there was to be so much as indured, in his pretensions, though the Prince his Master had not been his Rival. Upon the way towards *Elis*, *Andronice*'s discourse to *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, was altogether concerning the fair *Elismonda*, and when she came to the Prince of *Messenia*, she fell into superlative expressions in favor of that Princess, which served to inflame *Melanthus* more in his affection. For 'tis usual for such as are naturally ambitious to dote, in a manner rather upon the opinion of others than their own, and they are more guided by the commendations which are given to the persons which they love, than by the knowledge which themselves have of their merit. But in fine, to contract my relation as much as I may, it was resolved the Princess of *Elis* should be accommodated with betteer Lodgings during the Truce, than she was at present. Yet it was not thought convenient to carry her to *Elis*, and therefore choice was made of a very fair house for her reception, situated on the bank of the River *Alpheus*, and belonging to a Lady of great Quality and Worth, with whom *Hortensius* had contracted a great friendship, because he had protected her goods and estate from the disorders of the War. This place was so much the more commodious, for that the Quarters wherein *Melanthus*'s Army lay, secured it; and it was also near the place where the *Olympick* Games were wont to be celebrated. So that all the conveniences of the safety and delight being found in it, it was determined, the Princess *Elismonda* should be conducted thither; that the Princess *Andronice* should be there with her, that a small number of Women of Quality of *Elis*, should attend on the Princess *Elismonda*, if she pleas'd, and that *Hortensius* should choose whom he pleased, to be responsible to him for the Government of the Castle, to the end he might be obliged to have a particular care of it; who knowing not whom to confide in, so well as *Eumenes*, he gave him order to undertake the Guard of the Castle, whither the Princess was to be removed. Eight days after the Truce concluded (all securities necessary in the like occasions, given and taken on both sides) *Melanthus* went to visit *Elismonda*, attended with the whole Court, to whom the Princess *Andronice*, and several Ladies of Quality, were repaired early in the morning. The Prince of *Messenia*, made all protestations to *Elismonda*, which could be suggested by love and generosity to an ingenious person; and gave her the hand, to lead her to a magnificent Chariot, which he had caused to be provided for her. Into which the Princess *Andronice* accompanyed her; and *Clemine* with the other Ladies followed in other Chariots. *Melanthus*, *Hortensius*, *Eumenes*, and all the other persons of Quality mounted on Horse-back, and conveyed these Princesses to *Melisaris*, the place whither the Princess *Elismonda* was designed to go. At her arrival, the Mistress of it called *Elisenie*, received this Illustrious and Noble Company, with all imaginable State. Also the Ladies were lodged in this fair house: but the Prince of *Messenia*, *Hortensius*, and all the other men, saving *Eumenes*, return'd to the Camp, till the next morning. Such as by the Treaty ought to have permission to see the Princess *Elismonda*, were admitted to her in private; but she was seen by none else but in the presence of *Andronice* and *Eumenes*; the Prince of *Cyparissa*, having the liberty granted of seeing her only during the time of the *Olympick* Games, suffer'd more than can be imagin'd. And that which was something remarkable, was, that *Hortensius*, who believed that Prince was not hated, had nevertheless a great desire to know him, to the end he might the better judge what he ought to believe, and what not. Yet there were some moments, in which he was not displeased in imagining, that perhaps he loved the Prince of *Cyparissa* in some little measure, since that might be a means to hinder her from *Melanthus*. But the next moment after, repenting of this sentiment, he was jealous and inquieted, and had a curiosity of seeing his Rival, though full of regret, of which he understood not the true reason; for he believed he had so little interest in the affection of the fair *Elismonda*, that he passed his own doom, and condemned himself. In the mean time this Princess being young, naturally affecting conversation, company, and divertisement, injoyed this agreeable interval with great contentment. Not, but that in her inward thoughts, she resented very great discontent, in seeing that the Prince of *Messenia* pretended Love to her; because she was resolved never to make peace on condition of marrying him. But when the persons admitted to her, counselled her not to declare her self so openly while the Truce lasted, but to draw our matters in length, and to endeavor to take the benefit of the *Olympick* Games, to ingage the neighbouring States to side with her interests, she resum'd all her former pleasantness, and seem'd incomparably more charming than ordinary; which added new flames to *Melanthus* and *Hortensius*. Mean while, the time of the *Olympick* Games approaching, the Truce became generally known in other Countries, and that they should be celebrated, as was formerly accustom'd. So that an infinite number of considerable persons, came to *Elis* from all parts of *Greece*, either to bear a part themselves in the Games or at least, to be spectators of them. My curiosity hapning that time to lead me to *Sparta*, I took a resolution to go see this great Festival: but by the way thither, I fell into company with a man of

of *Corinth*, who told me he was not going to *Elis*, out of mear curiosity, but to know whether it were true, that the Favorite of the Prince of *Messenia*, were a person called *Hortensius*. For if it be so, (said he) I shall be glad to inform him of his own quality. What you say (answer'd I to this *Corinthian*) seems to me sufficiently strange; for, how can he be ignorant of his own descent, and you know it? since you are a *Greek*, and the name which you give him, is not of your own Countrey. This man who was naturally a lover of talk, began to tell me all that I have told you, concerning the birth of *Hortensius*; of the Predictions which were made, that he should be a Prince; of the resolution his Father had taken to banish him for ever; and in brief, all that I related of *Hortensius*, till the death of this person, to whose trust his Father had committed him. But how come you to know all these things, (said I to him, after he had given me the relation which I have repeated to you) and how comes *Hortensius* not to know them? I came to know them (answered he) by being an intimate Friend of his that was entrusted with him, who ingag'd not me to acquaint him with his Fortune, unless himself should happen to dye, without first having discovered it to him. Now this man being dead whilst I was absent upon a very long Voyage, at my return to *Corinth*, I understood that *Hortensius* was gone into *Thessaly*, and I have been since told that he is a Favorite of the Prince of *Messenia*. Wherefore desiring to satisfie the will of him that brought him up, who was determined to reveal his quality to him, as soon as he saw him in some setled condition, which might in probability, take away all desire of returning into his Countrey; I thought my self oblig'd to go, and deliver him from that discontent, I presume he suffers, by being totally ignorant of his Birth and Fortune. And I resolve upon this the rather, for that I have a Kinswoman with the Princess of *Elis*, whose name is *Cleontine*, and is in great favor with her. This discourse of *Agenor*, seeming to me very surprising, I had a curiosity to know *Hortensius*, and being I was going to that place, only to see whatever deserved to be seen, I intreated him to oblige me so far by the interest of his Kinswoman, that I might see the Princess *Elismonda*, who was reported for a great beauty. He promised me, he would endeavor to serve me, and accordingly performed his word. I shall not trouble you with relating the circumstances, how he brought it about, since 'tis not my own History, I am recounting to you. But in brief, I was so happy, that he made me known to *Cleontine*, and *Cleontine* presented me to the Princess *Elismonda*, and the Princess *Andronice*, by whom I was civilly received; that afterwards I became a friend of *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, who presented me to *Melanthus*, and going to *Pisa*, was civilly regarded by the Prince of *Cyparissa*. This Madam, I have told you, to the end you might give more credit to the things which remain for me to relate, and which are of greater importance. This man of *Corinth*, having discharged his intention, of discovering to *Hortensius* who he was, this generous *Venetine* was extreamly joyful to understand, that his Birth was very Illustrious, and not much troubled, to know that it was foretold, he was destinated to Rule. For as a Lover takes all occasions he can, to give himself hope, he imagin'd that perhaps he was destinated to rule one day in the heart of the fair *Elismonda*. But he condemned this thought in himself, the next moment, as unjust and void of reason; and continued firm in the resolution he had taken, to serve his Master with fidelity. 'Tis true, the rigor of *Elismonda* against *Melanthus*, afforded great support to his Virtue; for had he observed any inclination in her towards him, it would have been more troublesome to him, to have continued faithful. In the mean time, a great dearness grew between *Andronice* and *Elismonda*, notwithstanding their different interests. *Hortensius* also became particularly gracious with both of them, though he was a lover of the latter, and only a friend to the first. *Eumenes* also had a great share in the confidence of all these persons; and though none of them plainly spoke their true sentiments, yet there was a very great friendship between them. But I had forgot to tell you, that *Hortensius* being very glad it was known his Birth was illustrious, gave *Agenor* liberty to tell whence, and what he was; but intreated him to be secret in reference to those predictions, which designed him to Reign in some place, for fear left being Favorite to the Prince, it might render him suspected. *Agenor* assured *Hortensius* he would be obsequious to his desires, but did not tell him that he had already discovered the truth to *Cleontine* and to me, intending to intreat silence from us both. But when he went to find *Cleontine*, to make this request to her, it was already too late; for she acknowledged she had communicated it to *Elismonda*. Yet she promised to request that fair Princess not to take any notice of knowing it, and accordingly made good her word. So that *Elismonda* congratulating with him that he had learnt his descent to be very illustrious, gave him no occasion to think that she understood any thing farther of him; and *Hortensius* was secure in this regard. Not that he believed these predictions would ever have any accomplishment, but he knew *Melanthus* was inclinable to inconstancy, and being extreamly ambitious, matters of this nature might raise suspitions in him to his prejudice; though in his heart he only projected how to rule over his own passions, if he were able. But to tell you the truth, his love was too strong to be subdued; it grew more vigorous by the knowledge he had of his birth, and he lookt upon himself as in some sort more unfortunate. But though he lov'd infinitely, yet he continued firm in the resolution he had taken to be faithful to *Melanthus*, who for his part loved *Elismonda* as ardently as he was capable, though his passion was inferiour, both to that of *Hortensius*, and to that of the Prince of *Cyparissa*. *Elismonda*, who understood the affection of two of her Lovers, bore a hatred against *Melanthus*, and an averseness towards the Prince of *Cyparissa*, but had a great inclination for *Hortentius*, whose passion she was absolutely ignorant of. For though he testified all imaginable care and respect for her, yet she interpreted all, but as his civility and generosity, and proceeding from the desire he had to please *Melanthus*, and perhaps from some kindness he might have for her, but not at all from love. As for *Hortensius*, he was jealous of the Prince of *Cyparissa* without knowing him, because he knew not

that he was not loved; and he was his Masters Rival without a Crime, and without jealousie too, because he knew well that he was hated. The Princess *Andronice* was always possest with a violent hatred against *Attalus*, of whom no tidings could be heard, and had a great dearness for *Hortensius*. Behold therefore, Madam, the inclinations of all the persons I have mentioned, at such time as I had the happiness to be known, and not to be hated by them. But for that, whilst this interval of the Truce lasted, and especially during the *Olympick* Games, this Court which was composed of Friends and Enemies, Strangers, and Inhabitants of the Countrey, and whither were repaired the gallantest persons of *Greece*, was magnificent and splendid; I shall with your permission describe to you the delectableness of the House in which the Princess resided, and the merit of her to whom it belonged; Moreover, I shall pourtray to you some of the Ladies which added ornament to it, and in what manner they lived there, to the end you may afterwards receive more delight in understanding what passed at the *Olympick* Games, and in the strange events which followed them. *Melisaris*, therefore is situated upon the Bank of the River *Alpheus*, so much fam'd, both for the manner by which he makes his course, his wonderful passage under the Sea, and irruption again near *Syracuse* in *Sicily*. This place is extreamly delightful, and hath peculiar excellencies, not to be found in any other. *Melisaris* as I told you stands upon the Bank of the River *Alpheus*, and there being only the great Road which leads to *Olympia* between the River and the house; which hath three great Courts, in each of which is a Gate looking towards the River; that in the middle, is the chief, directly facing the body of the House, at each end whereof come forth two other sides, or wings of building which form the greater Court, and reach down to the Bank of the River. The two other, which are on each side of these two wings are more commodious than magnificent. But as this House is on the one side seated on the Bank of a River, on the other it is at the foot of a Hill of great steepness which bounds the Gardens behind the House. It is situated in such sort, that being arrived at the first story of stairs, the way is thenceforth even and direct into the Garden, in the middle of which is a handsome Fountain. But though it seems this high Hill may cause some inconvenient effect, yet the irregularity of the place hath some kind of rustick beauty which is not unpleasing. For though this Hill be sufficiently steep, yet it is all covered with Trees, which orderly rising some higher than others make a prospect, whose wildness and rudeness does not hinder it from being handsome and pleasant. Then passing from this first Garden, which is all beset with rare Fruit-Trees, into another on the left hand, which is raised higher like a Terrasse, and so out of several Orchards advanced still higher than others in manner of Terras-work, at length there is an entrance into a large Park, which is as high as the Mountain, and full of very stately Trees. I omit to tell you that there are also many Fountains in these several Gardens, that there is a Grotto in a Mount, and several Mounts about the Park; for these make not the principal gracefulness of *Melisaris*. I forbear also to tell you, that the apartments of this House are handsom and convenient, and only intimate to you that from a Balcony which is in the middle of the building, and two others at the end of each side, there is the most delectable prospect that can be imagined. For the River *Alpheus* is just before the House, and passes with a strait and even stream in this place. But that which renders this sight more agreeable, is, that there are several Islands in it, which contain handsome Meadows and Fields. They are incompassed round about the shores with Willows and Lote-Trees, which yet do not hinder a Great Plain from being visible beyond them; on the further side whereof, there arises a Mountain, on which is seated a very stately Palace, which is a wonderful ornament to the Country about: for besides that it is magnificent, there is a long Train of Woods, which reaching towards *Olympia*, Crowns all the highest Mountains which arise on this side, and inclose the Plain I speak of. On the right hand of *Melisaris* are several Villages and Temples, making the prospect yet more graceful and delectable. There is also another fair House not very remote, which appears beyond the Willows, and seems to be built only on purpose to be seen from *Melisaris*. On the side towards the right hand, the sight of the River is so much the more pleasant; for that looking upon it from the second Tarrassed Garden, there appears a little Islet lying in the middle, which is joyned to a little Village by a small rustick bridge, and makes a pretty show amongst so many various and handsome objects. There is also seen from this admirable House, another place, which though extreamly imbellisht by the number of rivulets that nature with the assistance of art hath scattered here and there, is much more remarkable in that it was sometimes the delight of an *Hero*, and *Heroesse*, who deserved the praises of all Nations and Ages, having heretofore belonged to the wise *Nestor*, who by his prudence, magnanimity, eloquence and virtue, surpassed all the *Heroes* that lived before him. It was afterwards possessed by a Lady, one of his descendants, the miracle of her Sex, and whose beauty was not to be surpassed by any other, whose wit transcended the capacity of all imagination, and whose virtue was yet above her beauty and wit. But to represent to you what was yet more remarkable at *Melisaris*, be pleased to permit me to describe a place to you, wherewith I was charmed: and let me oblige you to enter into a little painted and gilded Boat, and make a short voyage upon the River. Imagine therefore, that were you to take Boat before the house of *Melisaris*, you must go first towards the left hand, having on one side one of the Islands I spoke of, and on the other a Meadow bordered about with Willows, a little Temple, several rustick Houses, and a Mountain covered with Myrtles and Laurels. After having gone some time this way, you must turn towards the right hand between two great Islands, and enter into a distinct stream of the River, which may be resembled to a covered Alley, the Banks of which have a most lovely verdure, interspersed with several sorts of flowers, and are beset with great Willows, which advancing themselves one above another, and touching with their tops, make a kind of continued Arch or Cradle, the most graceful that can be imagined. The water of this little arm

ſtream of the River is clear and calm, and the Sand and Pebbles viſible at the bottom, the River being in this place not very deep. At the end of this Channel is a ſquare place between the Iſlands, which is as it were the Center, into which terminate four other Alleys of Water, ſuch as I now deſcribed to you, that is, their Banks are all covered with ſeveral ſorts of flowers, and beſet along with Trees, which make a very agreeable ſhade, and which being repreſented in the Water, amuſe and delight the eyes, even when they are no longer lookt upon. Having paſſed this rare place where the four watry Alleys meet, there are ſeen others alſo as pleaſant; for you would think you were in a Labyrinth, or Maze of waters, more admirable in its kind than thoſe which are ſo famed in *Ægypt* and *Crete*. For beſides, that the Banks of theſe ſeveral ſtreams are green, flowry, and ſhady, as I ſaid; they are alſo bordered about with young bull-ruſhes, amongſt which are ſeen ſeveral water-flowers, which grow in the water as they do. There are alſo ſeen ſeveral innocent animals, who enjoying the tranquillity of ſo pleaſant a place, ſcarce hide themſelves at all; the ſollitude is ſo ſtill and quiet. For ſuch a profound ſilence reigns there, that the noiſe of leaves ſcarce ever diſturbs it; the wind not being able to blow there by reaſon of the Hills, which incompaſs it on every ſide. And that which renders this handſome Deſart yet more lovely, is, that there is on one ſide a place to land in one of the Iſlands, which is the moſt pleaſant Meadow in the World, and another on the other, in a place belonging to the Prince of *Elis*, which preſents you with a great Wood, whoſe Trees ſeem to touch the Clouds, and which by the darkneſs of their ſhadow, and the great ſtore of thickets and coverts round about them, ſeem to be in a Countrey uninhabited. But to conclude, how excellent a place ſo ever this Deſart ſeems, ſhe that inhabits it renders it more illuſtrious by her virtue, than it is agreeable by its own handſomneſs. The wiſe *Eliſante*, whoſe ſollitude is ſo admirable, is a perſon of rare and extraordinary qualifications. She is of a diſcreet wit, a noble and firm Soul, a pleaſant humor, high ſpirit, and endued with all virtuous inclinations. None of thoſe weakneſſes are to be ſeen in her, which are ordinarily attributed to women. She is above all gawdy and trifling gallantry, her morality is ſolid without rudeneſs, ſhe retains the love of excellent things in her Deſart; and has a kind of generoſity in her deportment, which has not left her in her ſollitude, though ſhe be paſt the period of youth. She bears an ardent kindneſs to all virtuous perſons, and a natural averſion from all that are not ſuch; her friendſhip is ſo firm and ſo tender withall, that there is a mixture in her heart of love and amity, which hath produced a third kind of affection, accompanyed with the good qualities of the other two, without having their defects. But amongſt her friends of both Sexes, the admirable *Amalthea*, and the wiſe *Timanthus*, whoſe names I preſume are not unknown to you, hold the chief rank in her heart; for though ſhe inhabite in the Countrey of *Elis*, yet ſhe is originally of *Sicily*. *Eliſante* is in my judgment highly to be admired in one reſpect, which is, that loving ſociety naturally, ſhe has notwithſtanding attained the art to diſpenſe with the want of it. And conceiving that of all pleaſures thoſe which ariſe from agriculture are the moſt innocent, ſhe is become ſo perfect in this art, which is the moſt antient and neceſſary of all others, that the wiſe *Timanthus* who is her maſter in this kind of knowledge, is not her ſuperior in that wonderful skill, which conſiſts in well ordering of Land, and improving the advantages of ſeaſons, and which affords the moſt conſiderable delights of the Countrey to thoſe who underſtand how to uſe the ſame as well as *Eliſante*. Moreover, in the prudent management wherewith ſhe accompanies her induſtrious cares about her Gardens, Meadows, Woods, and Flocks, ſhe finds all the pleaſures of profit, imployment, and glory, this prudent retirement having ſuch a lovelineſs in all reſpects, that the virtuous *Eliſante* cannot be too much commended for it. She hath many Illuſtrious friends, writes handſomly, and ſpeaks with a certain vivacity, declaring both the accuteneſs and firmneſs of her mind. Then in reference to her Children, the deſire of ſeeing them virtuous ha ever been the moſt ardent of all ſuch as ſhe is capable of. In a word, *Eliſante* is the Soul of her Deſart, which as pleaſant as it is, is indebted to her for a great part of its luſtre and lovelineſs. But the better to give you the deſcription of the little Court of the two Princeſſes I was ſpeaking of, it is neceſſary for me to pourtray forth to you two Perſons, which made the principal ornament of it, one of which is named *Chryſilia*, and the other *Claricia*. The firſt is unqueſtionably one of the moſt lovely women, and the other one of the moſt charming Virgins in the world. *Chryſilia* is a perſon ſo amiable, that ſhould ſhe deſign to have her ſelf loved by all the World, nothing could reſiſt her. But ſince your ſilence ſeems to command me to draw you a picture of her without colours, and ſuch in which words alone give the ayr that makes reſemblance, and a little imagination animates; you may pleaſe to know, that *Chryſilia* is not tall of ſtature, nor yet of their ſize, who are accounted little; for if ſhe ſees ſome taller than her ſelf, ſhe alſo ſees others not ſo tall, and her ſtature is beyond exception well proportioned to the ayr of her whole perſon. Her hair is the fairſt black in the world, that is, the moſt bright and reſplendent; ſo that as her head is very gracefully tired, the neglected Rings which fall careleſly upon her cheeks or necks make the moſt pleaſing ſhow poſſible, with her mixt complexion of Lilly and Carnation, which is beyond all ſuſpition of artifice, and makes her ſeem both ſprightly and pleaſing. As for the form of her countenance, 'tis neither round nor Oval, but being between both, cannot well be defined but by ſaying, It has the perfections of each. *Chryſilia*'s eyes are not large, but ſo ſweet, ſo black, lively, and full of ſpirit, and glittering, that their beams are almoſt inevitable. She ſometimes moves them in a certain negligent manner that pleaſes infinitely, and on the contrary, ſometimes expreſſes ſuch a pretty haughtineſs in them, that makes her rather to be lov'd than feared. Moreover, *Chryſilia*'s mouth is extreamly graceful, and not like theirs whoſe lips ſeem ſhaped after ſo cloſe a manner, that one would think they had never ſmil'd in their lives. She hath little ſprightly glances, which ſpeak livelineſs, love, and cheerfulneſs, and her beauty has ſeveral charms, which are not ſud-

deatly, discovered at once, but appear more or less according to the temper of her mind, and the people with whom she converses. Yet *Chrysilis*'s aspect is extreamly graceful at the first view, though she has the happiness to deserve more than she promises. She has also white and small teeth, a neck admirably well shap'd, handsome arms, and fair hands. But to pass from the charms of her beauty, to those of her wit, I am to tell you she is infinitely ingenious; that she usually less discovers her self to be so, than she really is, though she always speaks very exactly, and never any thing but what is absolutely pertinent; and likewise agreeable. But having no ambition to be universally praised, she is not sollicitous to lay open the whole beauty of her mind to all sorts of people. So that sometimes she gives her self up to such a reservedness, when she happens in places where the persons do not please her, that if she be constrained to speak, the words fall from her mouth so carelessly, that you would think she were desirous not to be understood, for fear any should return her an answer, so faintly does she pronounce the last syllables of all her words. But on the other side, when *Chrysilis* is with persons whose conversation pleases her, her serious air is cleared up, and a cheerful grace appears in all that she does: She speaks alike handsomly upon all subjects, and there is elegancy, judgment, and all things which she expresses. She has a subtle way of raillery, and reasons exquisitely upon all occasions; in a word, she hath wit sufficient, that were her beauty less, she would notwithstanding be infinitely charming. Moreover, her heart is capable of great tenderness: but having a delicate spirit, which is not too hasty in making a choice, and being naturally slow to abandon her self to friendship and intimacy, she is sometimes reproacht for not being sufficiently endearing to her friends. But her Soul is noble, and which makes her yet more amiable, not haughty or ambitious of any thing. She writes also extream handsomly, though she does not make semblance of understanding so much as what handsome-writing is; to conclude, she is unquestionably so amiable, as I said before, that she may justly assure her self of being loved by whomsoever she pleases.

As for my part (interposed *Plotina*) I love her already, and I would not have you tell me, there was yet another more lovely than she with the Princess of *Elis*, and the Princess of *Messenia*, for I shall not accord with your opinion. Fear not, Madam, (answered *Merigenes*) that I will ever make my self a Judge between two amiable persons; 'tis enough for me that I make you their pictures, and leave you the liberty to follow your own inclinations. For indeed never any decision ought to be made between two beautiful and accomplisht Ladies. That which pleases one does not another; and there is a certain humerousness (of which I am to learn the reason) which sometimes apprehends defects with approbation, and finds pleasingness in things which are not taking. However it be in that respect (said *Amilcar*) I have great impatience to know *Clariclis*. I beseech you (interrupted *Plotina* agreeably, speaking to *Merigenes*) if *Clariclis* be a gallant Lady, forbear to draw her pourtrait, for if she happen to please *Amilcar*, the first time we chance to quarrel, he will fall to love her, and go to *Elis* to find her; therefore if you apprehend *Clariclis* may make some impression upon his heart, draw a curtain in this part of your Story, least by representing her picture I may have occasion to be jealous. Since you are a person (replyed *Amilcar*) to whom of all the world jealousie would be least troublesome, and who could best bear it, I should not be very unwilling to excite that passion in you, after having been constant half my life; and therefore I intreat *Merigenes* to begin forthwith the draught of *Clariclis*'s picture. And I also (added *Valeria*) joyn my requests to those of *Amilcar*'s; to which the rest of the company assenting, *Merigenes* pursued his Story in these words.

The lovely *Clariclis* is unquestionably one of the most charming persons in the world, and whose wit and humor have a particular genius; but before I engage my self in describing the same to you, I am obliged to speak something concerning her beauty. *Clariclis* therefore is of an extream handsome stature, and of an agreeable proportion, capable of pleasing all the world by a certain fine and natural air, which renders her infinitely graceful. Her hair is of the fairest Chest-nut-colour that ever was seen, her visage round, complexion lively, mouth handsome, lips very ruddy, with a little dimple in her chin, extreamly becoming, her eyes are black, sparkling, full of life, and the ayr of her countenance cheerful, pretty and spritely. Together with all these advantages *Clariclis* has also that of a very graceful presence, which is not always found in those that are debonair. *Clariclis*'s wit is undoubtedly excellent, and that in a peculiar way, of which few persons are capable; for it is pleasant, divertising, and compliable to all sorts of people, and chiefly to those of the vulgar rank. She speaks freely, and is much inclinable to laughter; she makes great mirth of a trifle, and loves to raise innocent quarrels amongst her friends; yet her raillery hath never any thing disgustful in it, she loves all kind of delights, writes very gallantly, never is discontented without cause, but is constantly sweet and complacent. She loves walking, conversation, handsom novels, jollities and divertisements of all sorts whatsoever. But in this temper of debonairity, it must be confest that this sprightly Lady hath all the good qualifications of those which are melancholick and ingenious too; for she has a tender and sensible heart, she is ready to weep with her afflicted friends, she knows how to renounce pleasures when friendship requires it, she is faithful to her friends, and capable of secrecie and confidence, she never makes a fewd with any person whoever; she is generous and constant in her sentiments; and in a word, is so amiable, that she is loved by the most honorable persons of the Court of both sexes; yea, even such as do not agree with her in reference to condition, humor, genius, interests, all acknowledg, that *Clariclis* is infinitely charming, that she is indued with wit, real goodness, and a thousand qualities worthy of the highest esteem.

I beseech you, generous *Merigenes* (interrupted *Plotina*) proceed no farther, for I find jealousie begin to seise me; Envy I know it cannot be having never been possessed with any, and I had rather a hundred times be jealous than envious, though neither of these two qualities be very sup-

ble

…ve one of honorable sentiments, as also not very pleasing, or commodious. But however it be, proceed forthwith to tell us how they lived there during the Truce, which was concluded only to give the Gallants leisure to attend their love.

I shall obey you, fair *Plotina* (answered *Merigene*, without giving *Amilcar* leisure to speak) and in the first place you may please to know that within a few days *Melantbus* being accompanyed by all his Court went to *Meliſaris*, that the two Princesses were there also, and that *Chryſilia*, *Claricia*, and three other Ladies of eminent beauty were with them, besides several others which went thither too, so that the conversation was every day very agreeable at the Princess of *Elis*'s Lodgings; that in fair weather they walked abroad sometimes in the tetrasted Gardens I told you of, other times they went in Coaches by the River-side on the way leading to *Olympia*; and that all this fair company frequently were in little painted and gilded Boats, amongst those Islets and close Alleys of water I described to you sometimes when the Sun was down walk'd in the Meadows of the greater Islands; sometimes landed to walk under those great and shady Trees, which are on the borders of the Forrests beyond those Islands, being for the most part diverted with Musick upon the water. So that during the Truce they may seem to have enjoyed all the pleasures of peace, especially after it had been publisht that the *Olympick* Games were to be celebrated within fifteen days. For this news caused a continual arrival of Illustrious Strangers from all parts of *Greece*. There were some of *Athens*, *Corinth*, *Thebes*, *Delphos*, *Sparta*, *Argos*, *Megalopolis*, and *Meſſene*; others came from all parts of *Macedonia*, and especially from *Theſſaly*. I saw there some of those people that inhabit at the foot of the famous Mountain *Pindus*, others that dwell on Mount *Parnaſſus*, and others near Mount *Helicon*, and that of *Hymettus*. There were some also that came from the streights of *Thermopyli*, and others from Countreys so remote, that their Language was not understood. So that of all sorts of people that resorted thither, there being none but had a curiosity to see the Princess of *Elis*, every day brought some new strangers, who were worthy persons, and contributed to the pleasures of the society. For though *Eliſmonda* was unhappy, yet she was young and fair, and feared least melancholly might be injurious to her beauty. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered if she gave her self to divertisement, notwithstanding the condition she was in; nor was any thing omitted that might afford her contentement, *Melantbus*, *Andronice*, *Hortenſius*, *Cleontine*, *Chryſilia*, *Claricia*, *Timeres*, and generally all that came to her, employing all their care thereunto. At other times, those four persons of high quality, who had the liberty to speak to her concerning her affairs, entertained her agreeably with the design they had of making some League during the *Olympick* Games. The Prince of *Cypariſſa* also, who had found out means to write to her, gave her great hopes of success; whence, though she had no affection for that Prince; yet she was well enough pleased with his Letters, because he presumed not to make the least mention of his love to her; and all these considerations rendered her more capable to receive with pleasure the divertisements which were intended to her. She came even insensibly to have a very tender kindness for *Hortenſius*, and was highly glad to understand that he was of an illustrious descent, and that so many predictions designed him for Empire, because she imagined they might perhaps be accomplisht in the principality of *Meſſenia*. But as she was one day discovering her thoughts to *Cleontine*, this Lady, who was not so well satisfied as *Eliſmonda* of the Infallibility of Predictions, recited several Oracles to her which had not been well understood: And believe me Madam (said this discreet person to her) I conceive 'tis a very great temerity in men to endeavor to penetrate into the secret counsel of the gods, who give us to understand by the obscurity of their answers, that they are unwilling to have them understood. For these Governors of the World might speak clearly, if they pleased we should be benefited by their Oracles. But there is so great a darkness in futurity (added she) that I will never undertake to pry into it. And besides, what advantage is it to anticipate the misfortunes which must befal us, by the knowledge we desire to have of them, or at least by the fear which such unprofitable curiosity produces to us, which can never render men either more wise, or more happy. The gods have given us prudence to conduct our selves, and also that of our friends to counsel us, when our own is dubious concerning any resolution we desire to take: let us not therefore be industrious to torment our selves by seeking to know things which we shall know soon enough if they be designed to befall us. But *Cleontine* (answered *Eliſmonda*) I have no curiosity in reference to what concerns my self, but I cannot refrain from musing on the fate of *Hortenſius*, finding some probability that he may come to rule. For without taking notice of the Predictions concerning him, Fortune has placed him in so great credit with the Prince of *Meſſenia*, that there seems scarce above one step more to advance him to absolute dominion. Alas! Madam (replyed *Cleontine*) that step is greater than you apprehend; and there is always a vast difference between a Prince and his Favorite. And besides, *Hortenſius* is so generous, that it cannot be feared he should ever commit an action contrary to virtue. But may it not fall out (said *Eliſmonda* blushing without knowing why) that the Prince of *Meſſenia* may die in the War, and the Princess *Andronice*, who knows how greatly he is beloved by the people, may marry him? She has both a great esteem, and dearness for him, and moreover is obliged to him; so that I cannot but think *Hortenſius* may possibly one day come to be a Prince. Well Madam, (answered *Cleontine*) I am of opinion if *Hortenſius* reign not one day in the heart of some fair person, and perhaps in yours, he will never reign in any place; for as for what you say may come to pass there is not much appearance that it should ever happen. *Melantbus*, as you see, is enamoured on you, and therefore I conceive he will use all means to end the War by your Mariage; and if during the *Olympick* Games, the League you are told of, which is your last hope, cannot be effected; I am perswaded your subjects will constrain you to procure their peace by yielding up your self to him that makes War against you. Ah! *Cleontine*

ontine (reply'd *Eliſmonda* paſſionately) I had rather continue my whole life in priſon, than ever marry the Prince of *Meſſena*. Time perhaps will make you change your reſolution (anſwer'd *Cleontine*:) but as far as I perceive (added ſhe ſmiling) you do not think it impoſſible, but that *Hortenſius* may reign in your heart, ſince you anſwer me nothing concerning that. I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe) I really believe it would be more eaſie for me to begin to love *Hortenſius*, than to ceaſe hating *Melanthus*, though he be very well accompliſh'd. But in brief, he has been the cauſe of my Fathers death, has made War againſt me, is violent and capricious; and there is ſomething in my heart which makes me ſo averſe from him, that though he had never done me any of theſe miſchiefs, I could never affect him. You ſee, Madam, what ſentiments the fair *Eliſmonda* had a little before the *Olympick* Games, which were this year celebrated with all the magnificence, that two amorous Princes could add to them; but though *Hortenſius* were not a declared Lover, yet he did not omit to contribute as much thereunto, as his Rivals. 'Tis true, he was ſo diſcontented in the bottom of his heart, that he was much troubled to conſtrain himſelf; for he lov'd *Eliſmonda* with the greateſt ardency poſſible, and yet was reſolv'd to continue faithful to his Maſter. An augmentation to his grief was, his perceiving the moſt obliging deportment of *Eliſmonda* towards him; and when he was not in his hours of jealouſie of the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, he believ'd it perhaps not impoſſible for him to be countenanc'd, did not fortune and his virtue place obſtacles to his Love. That which tormented him moſt was, that he wiſh'd *Eliſmonda* could have underſtood his paſſion for her, without his doing any thing contrary to the fidelity which he ought to *Melanthus*. Nevertheleſs he reproacht this thought to himſelf as a Crime, though he were unable to be free from it; and this conſideration tormented him more than the other. Things being at this paſs, preparations were made for the offering of a ſolemn ſacrifice in the famous Temple of *Jupiter*, which is at *Olympia*, before the commencement of the *Olympick* Games. At firſt there was ſome conteſtation about it; for *Melanthus* pretended it belong'd to him to offer it as Conqueror; and the Prince of *Cypariſſa* had the ſame pretenſion, as Commander of the Forces of the Princeſs of *Elis*: but at length an expedient was found to ſatisfie both, which was, that *Eliſmonda* ſhould offer it. Yet *Hortenſius* was the perſon to whom *Melanthus* committed the care of the magnificence of the ſacrifice; which I ſhall forbear to deſcribe particularly to you, as alſo that proud Temple of *Jupiter*, in which is ſeen a great Statue of Gold, which *Cypſellus* Prince of *Corinth* gave to it, together with divers other rich offerings. I ſhall tell you therefore, that this day being the firſt, in which the Prince of *Cypariſſa* had the liberty of ſeeing the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, he came very early to the Temple that he might ſee her when ſhe arriv'd there: for ſo was it concluded by the Treaty, though *Melanthus* affected not that Prince upon ſeveral accounts. Now was the curioſity of *Hortenſius* ſatisfy'd, who deſir'd to ſee this Rival that was unknown to him; but it was to his further torment: for the Prince of *Cypariſſa* appear'd ſo comely a perſon to *Hortenſius*, he found him ſo generous when he diſcours'd with him, he was ſo magnificent, and moreover, ſeem'd ſo amorous of *Eliſmonda*, that he could not hinder himſelf from hating him, and looking upon him with as great hatred as if he had been aſſur'd he was happy. But making uſe of the ſame reaſon, which aſſiſted him to conceal his paſſion for *Eliſmonda*, he overcame himſelf ſo much, as to diſſemble the hatred which he bore to the Prince of *Cypariſſa*. I wiſh, Madam, I were here able only to deſcribe to you the great number of honourable perſons which were preſent at this ſacrifice, and the multitude of people I beheld there; that ſo I might the better make you comprehend the infinite number of applauſes that were made of the beauty of the Princeſſes, and particularly of that of *Eliſmonda*, whoſe luſtre partly blemiſht the glory of the other fair ones In brief, I can aſſure you, that though there be three other ſorts of famous Games in *Greece*, yet never was there ſeen ſo much of the world together, either at thoſe which are celebrated in the Forreſt of *Nemea*, or at thoſe of *Apollo Pythius*, near *Delphos*, or at thoſe which are called the *Iſthmick* Games, near *Corinth*, as were ſeen about the Temple of *Olympia*: I ſay, about the Temple, Madam; becauſe, though that be very large and ſpacious, yet it could not contain the hundredth part of thoſe who came to be preſent at this ſacrifice. But this multitude ought not to be wondred at, for the *Olympick* Games are ſo antient, that they deſerve ſome particular reſpect, only for their Antiquity. Their original is ſo remote, that it is dubious; ſome attributing their inſtitution to *Hercules*, who, they ſay, firſt celebrated them in honor of *Jupiter*, to which others not agreeing, maintain the ſame to be more antient than his times. However, they are of great antiquity, and were this year moſt magnificent. After the ſacrifice, the Princeſſes and the Ladies who follow'd them, enter'd all into ſtately open Chariots, accompanied by the Princes, and all the men of quality on horſeback, to take one turn along the courſe where the *Olympick* Games are celebrated: for 'tis the cuſtom for thoſe who offer the ſacrifice, to go thither to ſee whether it be in a fit condition for the ſeveral ſorts of Combats and Races, which are to be perform'd upon it. And as this place is the faireſt in the world, ſo it may be ſaid, that this promenade was the goodlieſt appearance that could be ſeen. For, Madam before the proud Temple of *Jupiter* is a great Grove of wild Olive-trees, which, by reaſon of their great age, make a greater ſhade than the ordinary Trees of that ſort, which ſerves to refreſh thoſe that have run in the Carrier of the *Olympick* Games. This Carrier is ſo much the more goodly, in that it lies between four great rows of Trees along the River *Alpheus*, that at one end of it there is a large place like a ſemi-circle, in which ſtands an Altar with Statues, and at the other a Pyramid of white Marble, ſupported on four great Globes of red Marble, upon the point of which Pyramid (which ſerves for a Limit or Goal to thoſe who run) is a Statue of *Jupiter* unarm'd, whoſe Eagle holds a Crown of Olive in his beak. So that the proſpect of the City of *Olympia* from this place, the Mount *Pilacens* which is behind it, the Temple of *Jupiter*, of which the Dome is very magnificent, the grove of

of Olive-trees, a large place, in the middle of which is a ſtately Fountain, and that fair long Carrier beſet on each ſide with trees along the River *Alpheus*, makes it the goodlieſt ſight in the world; eſpecially when all theſe places are fill'd with as great number of fair Ladies and handſome perſons as I ſaw there on the day I am ſpeaking of. After this, they return'd to the houſe of the virtuous *Eliſante*, whither the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, according to the liberty permitted him went alſo, after having ſaluted *Melanthus*, who return'd him only four or five words, which he had determin'd of before. But the Princeſs of *Elis* ſhew'd him greater kindneſs; for being oblig'd to him, it behov'd her, though unwilling to give him thanks for having hazarded his life for her ſervice, and for his readineſs to hazard it again, in caſe the War ſhould re-commence. On the other ſide, the Prince obſerv'd her ſo tranſcendently beautiful this day, that his paſſion aſſum'd new force, which he was unable abſolutely to hide; and it was ſo eaſie to underſtand by his aſpect, his joy, his admiration, and by all his words and actions, that he was amorous of *Eliſmonda*, that there was none whoſe notice it eſcap'd. *Melanthus* in the mean while had become deſperate ſeeing him deſperate, ſeeing him ſo amorous, if the Princeſs *Andronice* had not aſſur'd him that *Eliſmonda* did not love him. And I beſeech, you my dear Siſter (ſaid he to her with a low voice) to calm my inquietudes, make an unfaithful Lover of the Prince of *Cypariſſa*. He is already a rebellious Vaſſal (added he:) and I have a great confidence, that if you pleaſe you may bring it to paſs, to deliver me from this dangerous Rival. You ſeem, my Lord, anſwer'd ſhe, to have too mean an opinion of *Eliſmonda*'s beauty, as you have too high of mine, if you believe it poſſible for me to withdraw a Lover from her: and beſides, what would you have me do (continued ſhe agreeably) after I have ſollicited him from her? You ſhould love him (reply'd he) to do *Attalus* a great ſpight and me a great ſervice. But, would you that I ſhould love a Prince whom you hate, (demanded ſhe.) Since I hate him (anſwer'd *Melanthus*) and fear leaſt *Eliſmonda* love him, he muſt needs be a perſon of merit; and moreover, according to the ſentiments I have at preſent, if the Prince of *Cypariſſa* lov'd *Eliſmonda* no longer, I ſhould alſo have no longer hatred againſt him, and I engage to love him, provided he love you. *Hortenſius* at this time came to them to tell *Melanthus* ſomething requiſite for him to be inform'd of; ſo that *Andronice* conceiving ſome pleaſantneſs in the propoſition that Love induc'd the Prince of *Meſſena* to make to her, ſhe told it ſimilingly to *Hortenſius*, who at firſt guſting ſome pleaſure to himſelf in this thought was very urgent with her to attempt to effect what the Prince *Melanthus* propounded to her, yet ſpeaking in ſuch manner as if he had had no other regard, than to the ſatisfaction of that Prince. But the next moment conſidering that if the Prince of *Cypariſſa* ſhould change his love, *Eliſmonda* might become more inclinable to liſten to *Melanthus*, he repented in his mind of the requeſt he had made: till at length the ſenſe of honor overpow'ring all other conſiderations, he continued his inſtance agreeably to *Andronice*, that ſhe would make the Prince of *Cypariſſa* her lover. I aſſure you (anſwer'd ſhe) that I ſhould find my ſelf much troubled to excite love in a new breaſt; judge then how I ſhall be able to do it in one prepoſſeſs'd with a great paſſion for one of the faireſt perſons of the world. At leaſt (ſaid *Melanthus*) treat him the moſt handſomely and obligingly you can, to the end he may not have the leiſure to ſpeak to *Eliſmonda*, and I the better opportunity of addreſſing to her. I ſhall obey you then (anſwer'd ſhe) and in order thereunto I ſhall return to the Princeſs of *Elis*. And accordingly, Madam, ſhe went to propoſe to the fair *Eliſmonda* to go and walk in that great Grove I told you was beyond thoſe Iſlands, which make thoſe fair watry cloſe Alleys I deſcrib'd to you. To which *Eliſmonda* conſenting all this noble company enter'd into twelve little Boats. Where *Andronice* in deſign to ſerve the Prince her Brother, acted with ſuch addreſs that the Prince of *Cypariſſa* was conſtrain'd to enter with her into a Boat, which ſhe took for her ſelf; for *Melanthus* giving the hand to the Princeſs of *Elis*, the Prince of *Cypariſſa* was engag'd to wait upon the Princeſs *Andronice*. So that in the Boat of *Eliſmonda*, there were with her only *Cleontine*, the charming *Claricia*, two other Ladies, *Melanthus*, *Hortenſius*, and my ſelf; and in that of *Andronice*, the virtuous *Eliſante*, the amiable *Chryſilia*, three other eminent Ladies, the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, and *Exmenes*: the ten other Boats were fill'd with all the other Ladies, and men of quality that were there. All theſe little Boats were adorn'd with little Canopies tuck'd up, which did not hinder the Ladies that fill'd them from being ſeen, who were ſeated upon rich and magnificent Cuſhions. But at length this little Fleet wafting gently along, arriv'd beyond the Iſlands where the Ladies deſign'd to walk on foot under thoſe great Trees, the thickneſs of whoſe umbrage makes a ſolitary, but the moſt delightful place in the world. For no houſes being within view, it ſeem'd a kind of pleaſant Deſart, no other living creatures being ſeen there but Birds and wild beaſts. When all this fair company was landed, and had walk'd awhile, they were very much ſurpris'd with a magnificent Collation, preſented there upon ſeveral Tables in the midſt of ſo great a ſolitude. All that were preſent began to extoll the Prince of *Meſſena*, for his unexpected gallantry; but he modeſtly diverted the commendation from himſelf to *Hortenſius*, whoſe contrivance it was, and to whom he had given the care of making it a ſecret. *Eliſmonda*, to whom it ſeem'd a ſurpriſing piece of generoſity, was glad ſhe had occaſion to aſcribe the acknowledgement of it to another than *Melanthus*. The Prince of *Cypariſſa* was of the ſame ſentiment, jealouſie effecting that in his mind, which hatred did in that of *Eliſmonda*: ſo that they both were forward in civil expreſſions to *Hortenſius*: the Princeſs of *Elis* not imagining that ſhe commended a Lover; nor the Prince of *Cypariſſa* a Rival. But it hapned at the end of the Collation, when they began to walk again, that the Princeſs *Eliſmonda* unadvertingly let fall a little Caſe, in which was her own Picture, which ſhe intended to give the next morning to the Princeſs *Andronice*, who requeſted it of her. My ſelf being ſufficiently near her, took it up, with a purpoſe to render it to her immediately; but *Eliſmonda* having gone a little diſtance from me, and the Caſe being opened with the fall, I had the leaſure to behold her Picture,

which

which I found perfectly resembling her. Viewing of it thus attentively, the lovely *Claricia*, who observ'd what I was doing, came to me, and began highly to extoll the portrait. The fair *Chrysilia* likewise approaching us, did the same; and our forwardness in commending it was so loud, that *Elismonda*, who was led by the Prince *Melanthus*, looking back, perceiv'd the little Case we were viewing was hers. But for that she would avoid giving occasion to *Melanthus*, to fall upon the subject of her praises, if he should have seen the Picture, instead of commanding it to be restor'd to her, she only desir'd *Cleontine* to take care of it, to the end, it might be retur'nd to her when the company had seen it sufficiently. Upon which, proceeding in her walk, all that were present came to behold it, till it pass'd through the hands of the whole company, excepting the Prince of *Cyparissa*, whom *Andronice* entertain'd very diligently to please the Prince her Brother. For, being extreamly desirous of peace, and not discerning any more compendious and sure way to effect it, than by the marriage of *Melanthus* and *Elismonda*, she conceiv'd a great obligation upon her self to promote their love with her utmost endeavors. *Melanthus*, whose mind was taken up how to discourse of his passion to *Elismonda*, was not at liberty for any other matter; besides that, the Prince of *Cyparissa* having not long since occasion'd him the possession of so many Pictures of *Elismonda*, the sight of one in her presence could not take off his mind. But as for *Hortensius*, whose passion was no less ardent, and who wanted the satisfaction of hoping it would ever be known he was a Lover, when he beheld *Chrysilia*, *Claricia*, and my self, attentively viewing this portrait, he approach'd to us, and joyn'd his praises with ours. And *Elisante* also with *Agenor*, who were discoursing together, coming to see this Picture which I had already sufficiently beheld, I desir'd *Cleontine* she would please to remember the charge the Princess of *Elis* had laid upon her concerning it. After which I betook my self to walk with *Chrysilia* and *Claricia*, without further thoughts of the Picture. But soon after *Elismonda* desiring to be freed of the particular conversation of *Melanthus*, and calling *Cleontine*, *Chrysilia*, and *Claricia* to her, the first of them desir'd those in whose hands the Picture was, that when they had sufficiently lookt upon it, they would deliver it to *Eumenes*, that he might render it to her self. But it happened that the Picture being left in the hands of *Hortensius*, *Eumenes*, who was not very solicitous about it, went to speak to some Ladies that call'd him; for the liberty in such conversations as these, being very arbitrarious, every one follow'd his own inclination. Whilst this fair company was thus dispers'd into several little parties, *Hortensius*, whose mind was possest with a thousand different thoughts, walk'd for some time alone, and that so carelessly, that he was gone a good distance from the rest before he took notice of his own solitude, when opening the little Picture Case, he felt such a violent desire in himself to keep it, and so to serve himself of it, that it might be an occasion of making the Princess *Elismonda* understand, there was one in the world enamour'd on her, that had never discover'd so much, that a thought coming into his mind he might make this advantage of it; he was not able to resist the temptation, but began forthwith to bethink himself how he might bring it about. He instantly perceiv'd all the consequences that could ensue upon his project, and in a moment seeking all the remedies to the inconveniencies which he foresaw, believ'd he had found them; and so only consider'd how he might effect his design. But in order to make it more intelligible to you, you must know that *Hortensius* writ two hands so different, that it could never be imagin'd they could both proceed from the same person. The cause of which was this, for that he to whose trust his Father had committed him at his departure from *Veii*, having learnt *Greek* in *Sicily* from one of *Pythagoras*'s Disciples, had at first himself taught him to write *Greek*; and afterwards going to live at *Corinth*, put him to a Master, who had perfectly made him change his Character. Now *Hortensius* conceiving he might both keep the Picture, inform *Elismonda* that he had a conceal'd Lover, and raise a jealousie in his Rivals if they understood the matter, and satisfie himself, took the picture handsomely out of the Case in which it was, and with a pastil which he always caried with him, writ four Verses in it, which he compos'd immediately, and I shall repeat to you by and by, and that in the Character which he had almost wholly dis-us'd; after which he return'd, and rejoyn'd himself with the company. He undertook this discourse the more confidently, for that night was drawing on, and therefore he believ'd that the picture would not be much enquir'd after, before he deliver'd it to *Eumenes*, and he to *Cleontine*, and *Cleontine* to *Elismonda*; whereby perhaps the Princess might not perceive the artifice that was put upon her before the next morning. However *Hortensius*, who had a great confidence in *Eumenes*, sought him out, and requested him to cause the picture Case, which he deliver'd him, to be render'd into the hands of *Cleontine*, without her knowing that it had been any time in his: which was very easie for him to do, by reason of the great number of persons which had taken the picture from one another to view it. *Hortensius* gave this charge to *Eumenes* with such earnestness, that he perceiv'd well it was not seasonable to enquire the reason which induc'd him to desire this of him; for he clos'd his hand in delivering the Case to him, and presently left him, to go and mingle with the rest of the company, who began now to draw towards the Boats, *Eumenes* was nevertheless resolv'd not to deliver this Case, without at least endeavouring to conjecture what had oblig'd *Hortensius* to speak to him in that manner; but *Elismonda* at the same time remembring her self of her Picture, call'd for it to *Cleontine*; upon which, *Cleontine* went to *Eumenes* to require the same from him. I assure you (said he, perceiving she saw it in his hands) that I much repent me of having accepted the Commission you gave me of taking charge of it; for since you went from me, I knew not what was become of it for an hour together, and 'tis but a moment ago that I believ'd it was lost; but at length a man whom I knew not, deliver'd it to me to restore it to you. *Elismonda* over-hearing these words of *Eumenes* to *Cleontine*, was in fear lest her picture might have been spoil'd, and taking the Case hastily, she told the Princess of *Andronice*, that it was for her interest that she was so anxious about it. For I have had

had a design (continued she) to give you this surprise, which is retriv'd after an hours loss. While *Elismonda* was speaking this, *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and *Hortensius* stood about her, and beheld how she opened the Case with precipitation: But though there was not much day light left, yet she soon spied that her picture was gone, and read these four Verses in the vacant place.

My theft no Crime, but Justice is,
First injur'd on your part:
I'll then return your Picture back,
When you restore my heart.

As *Elismonda* is uncapable to repress the first motions which she resents upon any surprising occasion, she could not conceal her astonishment, but declar'd the loss of her Picture to all the company. You may easily judge what a strange adventure this seem'd, and how much *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* were amaz'd at it. The Prince of *Messena* was also very much discontented at the loss, and *Elismonda* seem'd to be in such trouble for it, that it was sufficiently apparent she did not conjecture who had bereav'd her of her picture, and made the Verses which she found written in the place of it, the Character being wholly unknown to her. As for *Hortensius*, he carried himself so cautiously, that he was not suspected in the least. In the mean while the day being at an end, it was requisite for them to think of taking Boat. But *Melanthus* being excited by a jealous apprehension, to find out who it was had taken away *Elismonda*'s picture, and written the four Verses, commanded that all the persons of quality that were in that place, should not depart from him when they were landed, but follow him into *Elisante*'s house. For, (said he with a low voice to *Hortensius*) the presumptuous person that took away the picture, also made and writ the Verses we see here at the same time, and therefore it must of necessity be some one amongst us; so that when the Princess is return'd back, it will be a good way for her to command all that were of our company to write something in her presence, to the end, every ones hand may be compar'd with the Character of the Verses. By this means, we shall come to discover who 'tis has been so rash to commit such a bold extravagance: for if he write, he will be infallibly convicted; and if he refuse to write, his detractation will be an evidence against him; if he follow us not to *Elisante*'s house, his absence will speak him guilty; and if he go about to counterfeit another hand, the fraud will be apparent. I could if I were so pleas'd, cause a search to be made for this lost picture, but there are so many persons of quality present, that it cannot be done without disgust to the innocent; and moreover, it is so little, that it may easily escape the search, and the course would so prove ineffectual. *Hortensius* approving the intention of *Melanthus*, the Prince communicated the same secretly to the fair *Elismonda* and *Andronice*, who liking the expedient made haste to return to their Boats in the same order that they came. But by the prudent care of *Hortensius*, who nevertheless ascrib'd all the honor to *Melanthus*, they return'd in the most magnificent manner imaginable: for while this fair company were walking in the great Grove beyond the Island, Lamps were plac'd upon all the Willows which grew upon the banks; so that all these cover'd Alleys being illuminated by two rows of Lamps, the light multiplying it self in the water, irradiated the stream with Golden beams, which in some places resembling fluctuating flames, by reason of the agitation of the Water, made a shew, than which nothing could be imagin'd more resplendent and delightful, especially at such places where those Channels cross'd one another. For on what side soever they cast their eyes, these natural Canopies being enlightned by the Lamps, which reflected from either Bank upon the Water, caus'd a kind of admiration accompanied with pleasure, surpassing all expression. Which was further encreas'd by the hearing of a rare concent of voices on the right hand, as this little Fleet was passing between the two great Islands, and on the other side a concent of Instruments answering them. I cannot suddenly call to mind the verses which were sung there in praise of the Princess *Elismonda*, but I remember the invention was extream handsome; for it was feign'd that the River *Alpheus* boasted of being more glorious, by carrying *Elismonda* on its stream, than the Sea ought to be for the birth of the Mother of Love; all that *I* am able to tell you of it is, that there was a Song, of which all the Couplets ended with this Verse,

If it be not Venus, *'tis* Arethusa.

And another, which equally suted to *Melanthus* and *Hortensius*, and ended thus,

Go my hearts Envoys, tender sighs make haste,
And mix your breath with gentle Zephyr's *blast.*
Then near that fair one, if you chance to fly,
Whisper unto her, 'tis for her I dye.

But having at length ended so agreeable a voyage, the fair company landed before *Elisantes*'s house, into which, according to the order of the Prince of *Messena* all the persons of quality that had been of this Promenade, accompanied the Princesses. As soon as they came into a great Hall, *Melanthus* caus'd all the men to stand round a Jasper Table, near which were the two Princesses, and behind them *Elisante*, *Cleontine*, *Chrysilia*, and *Claricia*. The Prince of *Messena* having caus'd writing Tables to be brought, expected the commands of *Elismonda*; who to execute what was resolv'd on, told the whole company, and the Prince also, that it was requir'd every one should write something in those Tablets: Whereupon *Melanthus* beginning first, only to shew example to the rest, writ these words, which signify'd the impetuosity of his humor;

Whosoever my Rival be, I shall hate him.

And next the Prince of *Cyparissa* writ that which follows, in spight of the Menace of *Melanthus*;

The crime in question is so singular, that I wish I were the Author of it.

After whom, *Hortensius* making use of the Character he generally serv'd himself with, which was

not the same with that in which he had writ the four Verses, subscrib'd these words;

He must be very amorous and confident that has committed such a prank.

Eumenes next taking up the style, writ these words;

Whoever the Criminal be, he deserves to be pardon'd, provided he do not discover himself.

After him, I was call'd to the Tablet, and writ only these words;

Being incapable to love without hope, I care not for being the Criminal that is sought after.

I should be too tedious, if I should tell you all that was written afterwards, by the several honorable persons that were present; besides that, there were many of them who only writ their own names, or that of *Elismonda*. But, in conclusion, it was found, that none of all these hands resembled that in which the four Verses were written; and which was strange, the character which *Hortensius* writ at this time, was less like that of the Verses, than any of all the rest, though he was the person that had written them; for that in the Picture Case was a very small hand, and the other which was his ordinary way of writing, sufficiently great. So that all the company, excepting *Hortensius* and *Eumenes*, were in a strange perplexity. But perhaps (said *Andronice*) 'tis a trick of some of the Ladies, or possibly some of these noble Personages may have caus'd one of them to write the Verses; for there are some Women whose hand is not distinguishable from that of men. To omit no inquiry then, (said the Prince of *Cyprissa*) it is requisite that all the Ladies present write too, as well as the men. *Elismonda* approving what *Andronice* said, all the Ladies writ also, together with the Princess *Andronice*; but when it came to the fair *Claricia*, she thought to amuse the company, and being of a debonair and pleasant humor, she look'd upon the four Verses as they lay upon the Table, and subtily endeavour'd to imitate the hand. Upon which, *Elismonda* immediately perceiving some imperfect resemblance between the two Characters, believ'd it was she that had plaid this prank, and conceiv'd the difference there seem'd between them, proceeded only from her endeavouring to disguise her own. And this caus'd a very pleasant contest for about a quarter of an hour: till at length upon viewing the writing more curiously, and *Claricia*'s sincere protestation, and writing without counterfeiting, none could imagine the least conjecture of the truth. Thus being wholly at a loss, there was such a pleasant confusion among them, that they all beheld one another with amazement. If *Eumenes* had been suspected by the Prince of *Messena*, he might have question'd him whether he knew not something more concerning this accident than he had declar'd; but he had no suspicion at all of him; and moreover, none of the persons of quality that had been at the walk in the Grove, were found missing from the company. Whence *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyprissa* concluded they had a Rival in the same place they were in, whom yet they could not discover. *Elismonda*, for her particular, had so great a curiosity to know who had taken her Picture, that she could not conceal it; but though this curiosity of hers was reasonable, *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyprissa* were something dissatisfy'd, because it seem'd to them, she appear'd not sufficiently in choler for the loss. As for *Hortensius*, he was very glad to perceive how desirous she was of knowing who this hidden Lover should be: but his generosity coming to the assistance of his reason, he would rather have dy'd than that *Melanthus* should have known he had *Elismonda*'s Picture, and it may be he would not that the Princess of *Elis* should have understood it with certainty. But he ardently wisht, she would at least have suspected him a little in the secrecy of her thoughts, without discovering it to any person. There were also some moments in which he accus'd himself of folly; for having taken such an odd course for consolation to his infelicity. But at last the excess of his passion made him apprehend some kind of pleasure in thinking *Elismonda* understood she had another Lover beside the Prince of *Messena* and the Prince of *Cyprissa*; and he was not very sorry for the perplexity and inquietude he occasion'd to those two Princes, though he was resolv'd always to serve the first of them faithfully. In the mean time, this adventure was so cruelly tormenting to *Melanthus*, and rais'd in him a curiosity so full of jealousie, that he made it his chief business afterwards to observe diligently the deportment of all the honourable personages that had been in that days entertainment. For though he believ'd none of them could pretend to the possession of *Elismonda*, yet he bore no small hatred to this unknown Rival, and discover'd as much to *Hortensius*, not imagining that the object of his hatred and his friendship, were united in one and the same person. For being *Hortensius* serv'd his interests faithfully in his Courtship of *Elismonda*, he found no cause to suspect him. That which caus'd *Hortensius* to act in this manner, with the less scruple, was, that he apprehended reasons of State might require *Elismonda* to marry *Melanthus*. But though he acquitted himself with fidelity of whatsoever trust that Prince reposed in him, in order to the success of his design; yet he was glad to see that according to all appearances, the Princess would never be brought to comply with his desires; and he accounted himself happy in knowing she had both esteem and friendship for him, and seeing himself equally endear'd to two Princesses so accomplish'd as *Elismonda* & *Andronice*. But when *Eumenes*, after they were retir'd in private, spoke to him of the adventure of the Picture, he reprov'd him friendly; And, What intended you to your self (said he to him seriously) in exposing your self and me also to danger? Had I believ'd I should have brought you into danger (answer'd *Hortensius*) I would never have committed this odd prank. And since, my dear *Eumenes* (continued he) you know the secret of my heart, and have understood I lov'd *Elismonda* before my self, having discover'd it before I knew I did so, you may easily conjecture how unhappy I am, who have taken so strange a course for my consolation.

But,

But I beſeech you do not ſuſpect me of intending ever to betray my Maſter. No, *Eumenes*, I will betray my own love for his intereſt, and rather loſe my life than commit an unworthineſs. If the War did not detain me here, and I could with honor forſake my Prince ſo long as he has his ſword in his hand, I ſhould undoubtedly do it, rather than be engag'd in ſuch a difficulty as doing ſervice to a Rival with his Miſtreſs. But for that this cannot be, I ſhall ſerve him faithfully in the pretenſions he hath to *Eliſmonda*, in ſpight of all the paſſion I have for her. If this Princeſſes rigor towards *Melanthus* ceaſes, I confeſs ingenuouſly, I find not my ſoul firm enough to be a witneſs of his felicity; but as ſoon as I ſhould ſee him in a condition of being happy, I ſhould betake my ſelf to wander about the world, as the moſt unfortunate of men. I ſhould together forſake my Maſter and my Miſtreſs, and my Fortune; and giving over all care of my Love, go ſeek my death, without diſcovering the cauſe of it to any other but your ſelf. But if *Eliſmonda* continue firm in her reſolution of not marrying *Melanthus*, I ſhall then endeavour to do the Princeſs ſervice with him, to the utmoſt of my power, leſt he changing his Love into hatred, treat her rigorouſly; and I ſhall adore her all my life in ſecret, without knowing what courſe to take with my paſſion. Thus, my dear *Eumenes* (continued he) you ſee the naked ſentiments of my Soul, which I intreat you not to endeavour to alter; for I well know your reaſon will not be able to do that, to which my own has been ineffectual. Whilſt *Hortenſius* was reaſoning in this manner with *Eumenes*, *Eliſmonda* being retir'd at night, call'd *Cleontine* into her Cloſet, and began to ſpeak to her about the adventure of her Picture, ſeeking to conjecture who might have had ſuch boldneſs to detain it. For my part (ſaid *Cleontine* to her) I love not to ſeek that which I cannot find; but I would only know, Who you would be contented were the thief. But, *Cleontine* (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) if I were to wiſh any thing, I would wiſh this accident had never fallen out. I have told you, Madam, already (replyed *Cleontine*) that I care not to have ſuch an unprofitable curioſity; and ſo you may judge, I as little affect a wiſh or deſire, that ſerves to no purpoſe. Therefore take matters in the ſtate they are in, and do me the favour to tell me, whether you would have this prank committed by *Melanthus*, or by the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, or by *Hortenſius*, or by ſome other. I hate the firſt too much (anſwer'd *Eliſmonda*) and I have too great an averſion from the ſecond, to wiſh him guilty of this fooliſh deceit; and perhaps I love the third too well to deſire he were my Lover. For indeed I would not that *Hortenſius* were unhappy; and he muſt aſſuredly be ſo, in caſe he loves me. If he could know what you ſay concerning him, Madam (reply'd *Cleontine*) he were not much to be pitied. I aſſure you (ſaid the Princeſs bluſhing) that though I am not over well skill'd in love, I believe that friendſhip is no great conſolation to a Lover. You ſpeak ſo well what you are minded (anſwer'd *Cleontine*, ſmiling) that I believe you underſtand more in Love than you imagine. Alas *Cleontine*! (reply'd ſhe, ſmiling alſo) who do you think ſhould have taught me? He that teaches Nightingals to ſing ſo well in the Spring (anſwer'd ſhe) may perhaps have taught you to ſpeak after the manner you do. However it be (reply'd *Eliſmonda*) I find it ſufficient that I am *Melanthus*'s priſoner, without engaging my heart to be no longer free at all; but I have a confidence 'tis ſtill my own, and will be ſo for ever. This, Madam, was the converſation of *Eliſmonda* and *Cleontine*. But the next morning when the Prince of *Meſſina*, and the Prince of *Cypariſſa* were buſied in the choice of Judges, which were to preſide at the *Olympick* Games, *Hortenſius* being deſirous to gain a glory abſolutely unintereſſed, would not concern himſelf in the affair. And therefore he went to ſpend part of the afternoon with the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, who had then no other company but *Cleontine*, the other Ladies being gone to the apartment of the Princeſs *Andronice*, or that of the virtuous *Eliſante*, with intention to come back ſoon after to the Princeſs of *Elis*. Now the adventure of the preceding day being yet too freſh to be ſilenc'd, *Eliſmonda*, after the firſt civilities, ask'd *Hortenſius*, Who he ſuſpected to have taken away her picture, and made thoſe four Verſes, For, in brief, (ſaid ſhe pleaſantly, retorting them upon the inſtant)

Knew I what Criminal hand it was
Did this injurious part;
If he'd reſtore my Picture back,
I'd render him his heart.

Ah! Madam (anſwer'd *Hortenſius*) did I know that unhappy perſon who loves you, without daring to diſcover himſelf, I think I ſhould conceal him from you, after what you have ſaid; for I look upon him as ſufficiently puniſht for the boldneſs he has to love you, and to love you aſſuredly with very little hope, without beſides endangering him to be conſtrain'd to take back his heart, and reſtore you your picture. And moreover, Madam (continued he) becauſe there is no appearance this Lover can do any prejudice to the Prince whom I ſerve, I conceive the compaſſion I have of him is not criminal. I aſſure you (anſwer'd ſhe haſtily) Whoever that Unknown be, he is more in favor with me, than the Prince *Melanthus* can ever be, in quality of a Lover. But, Madam, ſaid he, would you be contented that Unknown knew what you ſay concerning him? What I have ſaid, (anſwer'd ſhe) being rather an effect of my hatred againſt *Melanthus*, than kindneſs towards him, I ſhould not much care if he did. But, truly if I knew who he were, it would be another caſe, and I ſhould keep my ſelf to the four Verſes, which I retorted but now almoſt, without thinking what I was ſaying. *Hortenſius* fearing to ſpeak more of the matter than ſhe was willing, handſomly chang'd the diſcourſe, and demanded of the Princeſs, why ſhe hated a Prince ſo reſolvedly, who had ceas'd being her enemy, and was become her Lover, who treated her ſo reſpectfully, and with whom alſo ſhe liv'd in terms of great civility. As for the civility I have for him, anſwer'd ſhe, he owes it to my prudence, to the counſel of *Cleontine*, and to yours: but for my hatred, it proceeds from his injuſtice. For if he repent of what he has done, why does he not return into *Meſſena*? why does he not reſtore me to my liberty, and put *Elis* into my power, and

leave me in peace? But Madam, (reply'd *Hortenſius*, who in the bottom of his heart, gave her thanks for this her rigor) if you ſpeak at this rate while you are in the power of the Prince of *Meſſena*, how would you ſpeak if you were free? And you ſeem not to conſider, that the intereſt of his Love is a more powerful inducement to make War upon you, retain his conqueſts, and keep you under guard, than his ambition it ſelf. Ah *Hortenſius* (ſaid *Eliſmonda*, without anſwering to what he had ſpoken) as often as I think how inſenſibly you have engag'd me to bear a friendſhip towards you, and conſider, that at the end of the truce you will become my enemy, and draw your ſword againſt thoſe that defend my intereſt, I am even ready to die, under the neceſſary deſire of hating you, as well as *Melanthus*. But Madam (anſwer'd *Hortenſius*) I ſhall never be your enemy. 'Tis Fortune apparently, that hath caſt me into the intereſts contrary to yours; but nevertheleſs, I ſhall not forbear to aſſure you, that I make a vow to honor you all my life, and to reſpect you in a manner ſo full of zeal, that even when I ſhall be in the Army of your enemies, I ſhall have more thoughts of veneration for you, than all your Subjects and Friends too, can ever be capable of. *Hortenſius* ſpoke theſe words with ſo paſſionate an air, without deſigning to do ſo, that *Eliſmonda* bluſht at them; and *Cleontine*, who had all this while been ſilent, ſeeing the Princeſs a little perplex'd what to anſwer, interpos'd, and without diſſembling, Madam, ſaid he, you may be ſaid to be happy in your enemies; for *Melanthus* treats you, as if you were not ſuch, and *Hortenſius* expreſſes as much dearneſs to you, as if he had been born your Subject, and always your Friend. *Hortenſius* was going to anſwer *Cleontine*, when *Andronice*, accompanied with the fair *Chryſilia*, the lovely *Claricia*, *Eumenes*, and my ſelf, enter'd into the Princeſs of *Elis*'s chamber, and interrupted that converſation to begin another more general, yet very agreeable: for you muſt know there had been born a conteſt between the Princeſs *Andronice*, *Chryſilia*, *Claricia*, and me, which could not be determin'd: So that it was agreed to refer the ſame to the judgement of the Princeſs of *Elis*, *Cleontine*, and *Hortenſius*, who we knew were with her. *Andronice* was no ſooner in the chamber of the fair *Eliſmonda*, but ſhe told her, there was a great diſpute between *Claricia* and me. I conceive (anſwer'd the Princeſs) thoſe two perſons minds are ſufficiently concordant; but becauſe I cannot doubt of what you ſay, be pleas'd to tell me the ſubject of their conteſtation. Though the Princeſs of *Meſſena* (ſaid *Claricia*) be an impartial perſon, and ſpeaks very equitably without prejudice againſt me, yet I ſhould be deſirous to tell you the cauſe of their diſpute my ſelf. For indeed (proceeded ſhe ſaying) ſhe may perhaps make ſome ſmall diſtinction between a very accompliſht man, and one of the contrary Sex, not wholly uningenious, which would not be to my advantage. It would be requiſite to have more merit than I dare own (anſwer'd I) to induce the Princeſs of *Meſſena* to do you an injuſtice. However it be (ſaid *Andronice*) I am willing that *Claricia* tell the Princeſs *Eliſmonda* the ſubject of her diſpute. Be pleas'd then to know, Madam (ſaid *Claricia* pleaſantly) that the *Olympick* Games being now as univerſal a matter of diſcourſe, as great cold in winter, or great heat in ſummer, I began to ſpeak concerning them as others do; for ſince 'tis the cuſtom, it ought to be follow'd. But for that I conceiv'd a little pleaſantneſs alwaies enlivens converſation, I ſaid, upon occaſion of the *Olympick* Games, that not doubting but there were very many Lovers, amongſt thoſe who aſpire to win the prize, I pitty them for the inquietude they would be poſſeſs'd with, by their anxious incertainty of victory. This leading me to ſpeak concerning hope and fear, it was contented that of theſe two paſſions, hope afforded more joy than fear does ſadneſs. Upon which, the difference was examin'd between a hope proceeding from Ambition, and a hope proceeding from Love, to know which was the moſt ſweet and pleaſing. But after ſome debate it was concluded, that theſe two ſorts of hope were more or leſs ſweet, according to the inclination of the perſons poſſeſs'd by them, and that an ambitious man, was more delighted with the hope of making a great Fortune, than with that of being lov'd by his Miſtriſs; but that one without ambition, and very amorous, was more pleas'd with hoping to be lov'd, than with hoping to be rich. It was alſo agreed, that a Lover without ambition, who hopes to be lov'd again, reſents a ſweeter delectation: and an ambitious perſon without Love, a pleaſure more unquiet and leſs charming. But paſſing eaſily from one thing to another, we came at length to enquire which gives the greateſt pleaſure, either the remembrance of favours paſt, or the hope of favours to come; and this was the point, upon which *Merigenes* and I could not agree. For I confeſs, the remembrance of any thing that has been offenſive, is troubleſome to me, and that of a paſt delight gives me nothing but regret, becauſe I no longer taſte the pleaſure of it. As for hope, it flatters and charms me; and to ſuch as know how to uſe it aright, it gives a ſatisfaction in hoping pleaſures which never come to effect; judge therefore what a lover muſt do in compariſon with me, who have no other object of my hope, but ſome delightful entertainment of walking, a converſation that pleaſes me, Muſick, a Collation, or ſome other like divertiſement. For my part, (ſaid the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*) I declare my ſelf for Hope. You give your judgement too ſoon for an equitable perſon (anſwer'd I) for you have not yet heard my reaſons. If after I have heard them (reply'd *Eliſmonda*) you make me change my opinion, you will have the greater glory: therefore I deſire you to declare all you have to ſay in defence of your ſentiment, and I alſo requeſt the whole company to pronounce their judgements upon the queſtion. I deſire your excuſe, Madam, (ſaid *Hortenſius*) I never had any delightful paſſage in my whole life to remember; at preſent alſo I have no hope, nor ever ſhall, and therefore I am unfit to ſpeak in this caſe. How can you know (demanded *Claricia*) that you ſhall never hope for any thing while you live? If it be ſo (added the Princeſs *Andronice*) *Hortenſius* believes he ſhall never love during his life; or elſe he muſt place his affections ſo high, that he cannot think Love will ever render juſtice to his merit. *Hortenſius* bluſht at the diſcourſe of the Princeſs of *Meſſena*, which *Eliſmonda* obſerving, bluſht likewiſe, without knowing what reaſon caus'd her to

do

do ſo. However it be, (anſwer'd *Hortenſius* recollecting himſelf a little) I ſhall not decline telling you what I imagine, though I have experienced neither of theſe two ſentiments, and love has never given me but deſires without hope, fear, and ſadneſs. I thought (ſaid the charming *Chryſilia*, with a modeſt but admirable graceful ſmile) it was not poſſible to have deſires without hope. For my part, (anſwered I immediately) I am of opinion, we may deſire things we hope not for, though ordinarily deſires and hopes are inſeparable. But that which I undertake to defend, is, that nothing is ſo ſweet as the remembrance of a favor received from a perſon whom we love; for to diſtinguiſh things aright, when I ſpeak in this manner, I am not to be underſtood of a limited and finite love, ſince indeed, though the memory of all pleaſures has ever ſomething of ſweetneſs in it, yet this kind of delectation has nothing in it of life and picquantneſs, nothing that moves the Soul, and nothing that tranſports the heart. But when the mind is poſſeſſed with the remembrance of a favor received, and that may ſtill be received, I hold that if a Lover does not reſent more joy in remembring it, than when he did but barely hope it, he loves not with a ſufficient ardency. But do not you obſerve (anſwered *Claricia*,) that according to your own words, 'tis the hope of the future that makes you reſent the pleaſure of what is paſt, ſince you ſay your ſelf, that when you can no longer enjoy the ſame favor which you call to mind, you have not the ſame tranſport of joy as when you have in your memory a thing which is arrived to you, and which may ſtill be continued hereafter? But that which cauſes this to be ſo, (replyed I) is, that as Life capacitates the body with ſenſe, ſo Love animates the Soul and the mind, and gives it as it were another life, which cauſes us to apprehend all things with a quicker ſenſe, ſo that we may affirm a man to have a paralytical Soul (as I may ſo ſpeak) when he is abſolutely devoid of Love; ſince 'tis moſt true, he has but a half ſenſe of things which a Lover perfectly apprehends. For my part (ſaid *Hortenſius*) as ignorant as I am, by my own experience both of the pleaſures arriving from hope of the future, and of theſe which are guſted in the remembrance of what is paſt, I accord with the opinion of *Merigenes*, that a Lover who finds more pleaſure in hoping a good, than he does afterwards in remembring the good which he has already poſſeſſed, is abſolutely deficient in Love. For otherwiſe, 'tis as much poſitively to affirm, that he has found leſs than he expected, than he fancied a ſatisfaction to himſelf which he has not met with, that the poſſeſſion of what he deſired has leſſened the paſſion which lead him to deſire it; and that he loves that better which he has not, than that which he enjoys. But in my opinion, in a perfect affection a favor obtained by a Lover, ought to be more dear and agreeable to him, than while he only deſired it, and the remembrance more ſweet, than the hope. Nor is it neceſſary, that he have a poſſibility of obtaining the ſame favor a ſecond time, 'tis ſufficient that he has a perpetual intereſt in the heart of her that granted it to him, to make the memory of it agreeable. For I believe that a man who has the happineſs to be loved where he loves, and to have received ſome dear teſtimonies of that affection, may boldly defie Fortune, ſince he is ſecured of a Megazin of pleaſures, which he may enjoy when he pleaſes, upon which ſhe has no power. Hope, as ſweet as it is, promiſes nothing but doubtfully; pleaſures to come, are uncertain; preſent fruitions, may be diſturbed by a thouſand accidents; but pleaſures paſt, are truly our own. We enjoy them in all places; the priſon it ſelf cannot hinder a Lover, from recalling ſome of thoſe happy moments, which making a powerful impreſſion in the memory, are eternally indelible. Theſe innocent delights are taſted even in the preſence of Rivals; and to ſpeak the verity of the thing, the remembrance of pleaſures multiplies them, and in multiplying them cheriſhes the Love that produces them, and augments the felicity of him that loves, ſince the greateſt pleaſure of this paſſion, conſiſts principally in loving. I grant you, (ſaid *Claricia*) that the remembrance of pleaſures multiplyes them, but you muſt alſo acknowledge with me, that hope encreaſes them; that the Idea of a favor is a thing that appears ſomewhat greater than the favor it ſelf, and that a Lover who hopes, and has a little of imagination, fancies ſome great pleaſure in entertaining his Miſtreſs ſolely to himſelf, than ſhe can bleſs him with when he comes to entertain her.

I once knew a man who after having loved an amiable perſon for a long time, took up a conceit of obtaining the favor of her, to give him a private audience. He was a ſufficient long time before he could oblige her to it, till at length when ſhe had promiſed it him, and there needed no more, but to find out means for a converſs with freedom, he began to enjoy all the ſweetneſs of hope; for you may well judge that a Lady who condeſcends to an aſſignation of this nature, does not hate him to whom ſhe grants it. But at laſt, it was reſolved this Lover ſhould meet his Miſtreſs in a Garden, in a cloſe walk, and by the ſide of a Fountain, where there were ſeats of green moſs; he was two days entertaining himſelf with this ſweet hope, during which he enjoyed a thouſand pleaſures. He imagined a hundred things to tell this fair perſon whom he loved, and made himſelf the pleaſing'ſt anſwers in the world; he believed the two hours this audience was to laſt, would be infinitely too narrow a time for him to expreſs all his thoughts. And yet afterwards I brought him to confeſs, that when he was with his Miſtreſs, he ſcarce knew what to ſay to her, and their diſcourſe was very ſparing and barren. But lovely *Claricia* (anſwered *Eumenes*, who had not yet ſpoken) if this Lover was truly ſuch, his ſilence was far better than his words, and the confuſion of his mind abundantly more ſweet than all the order of his diſcourſes could have been. I ſhall not ſcruple to affirm, in preferrence of that ſweetneſs which the remembrance of favors affords, that not only this kind of pleaſure is a more perfect one than that of hope, which is oftentimes diminiſhed by fear; but that ſometimes the remembrance of a favor that is ſomething particular, gives a more real contentment than the favor it ſelf, at the very time it is received. For a Lover, who after a long ſevere treatment, comes of a ſudden to underſtand from the mouth of his Miſtreſs that he is loved by her, and to receive

receive some kind testimony of that affection, will resent a joy so surprising, that his Soul not being able to support it, he cannot but imperfectly embrace it. Transport in Love, is a thing that so confounds the sentiments of the heart, and so disorders the imagination and reason, that we sometimes apprehend things which we see not; and indeed we may think an amorous Transport has something of distemper or madness in it, which through the excess of Love that causes it, takes away a part of the sweetness that fills the heart of a Lover. And to tell you all I think, I am of opinion, that as there are sorrows which we feel more sensibly sometime after we have began to endure them, than when they afflict us first; so there are also pleasures, of which we are more sensible by the remembrance we have of them than in the first perception. For great sorrows, and great joys, oftentimes intercept and suspend the use of reason, and even the use of sense too. As for hope, (added he,) I look upon it as some young giddy headed girl, that believes all that is said to her, provided it sooth her up, that has only imagination and no judgment, which is diverted with chimera's, which takes true for false, and false for true, which upon slight probabilities, foresees a multitude of pleasures that are impossible; and lastly, to a passion which though it be bold to promise it self all in the future, does not cease to be timerous, and abandons the heart of a Lover to fear, and a misdoubting of the least concernments. A Lover thus qualified knows not whether he ought to smile or weep, and incertainty, which is the faithful companion of hope, oftentimes disturbs the joy which that gives him. You have well made this Picture, *Eumenes* (cryed the fair *Elismonda*) like a person that understood the nature of hope experimentally. 'Tis true, (replyed *Chrysilia*) 'tis very agreeable, and I think this pourtrait well resembles hope. Alass! (said *Claricia*) I fear it resembles it but too well, and that the company believes *Merigenes* has the advantage in our dispute. Yet I conceive, were I minded to speak all I think, I could make him acknowledge, that hope may be considered as the Spring time of Love: and that as the season is more delightful than Autumn, although it have nothing but Flowers and the latter fruits; so it will be no error to maintain, that the hope of a favor is more sweet than the remembrance of one past can possibly be. For if fear sometimes diminishes its pleasure; desire redoubles and enlivens it, and I am so perswaded of what I say, that though I should want reasons to make good my opinion, yet I should not change my judgment, because I should conceive the disadvantage would be in the greatness of their wit, against whom I contend, and the meanness of my own, not in the justness of their cause. As *Claricia* was speaking this, the prudent *Elisante* came to tell the Princess, that the Judges were at length chosen which were to preside at the *Olympick* Games, and that it was concluded the Princess *Elismonda* should be the person, by whose hands the Victors heads should be crowned with the Olive wreaths. For 'tis remarkable in all the several Games of *Greece*, that the desire only of glory animates all that go thither. The reward of those that carry the prize at the *Olympick* Games, is, as I told you, only a Crown of Olive; that in the *Isthmick* Games, of Pine, in those of *Nemea*, one of Smallage, and in those that are celebrated near *Delphos*, Fruits consecrated to *Apollo*. 'Tis true, there are signal priviledges for them that carry the prise at the *Olympick* Games three years together: for he that gains this glory, has a Statue erected to him, and at *Sparta*, a man that has overcome but once, has the honor to fight in the first rank, in the head of the Battallion, and in sight of the King. So that glory being that which excites all those to encounter who go to the *Olympick* Games, it may be undoubtedly affirmed, there are seen the bravest persons of the World. I forgot to tell you Madam, another remarkable thing; which is, that while the *Olympick* Games are celebrated, all the several Nations of *Greece* have liberty to resort thither, Friends and Enemies are equally admitted; no person during that time can be arrested for any crime passed, none may revenge himself of an injury, or disturb the ceremony by committing any violence, unless upon such as do disturb it; for in this case, such persons are punisht as offend irrespectfully during a ceremony that relates to Religion. As for the exercises of these Games, they are of several sorts, and in every one the Victor is crowned, but I shall omit to tell you of the Racing, Wrastling, and some others, and contest my self only to inform you of the Races of Horses and Chariots; the description of which, is more proper to be made to Ladies than all the other exercises, which are extreamly violent. But I must acquaint you, Madam, in the first place, with a ceremony which is observed after the Combattants are chosen, and to that end, you must know, that the next morning after this conversation concerning Hope, the Princesses came again before the Temple of *Jupiter*, where this ceremony is performed. I conceive you remember I told you, there is there a Grove of wild Olive trees, and a large vacant place in the middle of it, where there stands a magnificent Fountain. On the day designed to match the Combattants, scaffolds are erected, where the Judges sit on one side, and the Ladies on the right hand of them; and in the middle is a half circle, where all the Combattants stand, having their faces towards the Temple, and being attired with all possible magnificence. About this plate are Lists or rails erected to hinder the confusion of the people; at the foot of the Scaffold of the Judges, are the Heralds, who order the ceremony. Now, imagine, Madam, all things in this posture, and conceive *Elismonda*, *Andronice*, *Cleontine*, *Chrysilis*, *Claricia*, and all the other Ladies richly dress, upon a stately Scaffold, covered with a great Pavilion, fastned to great Trees, and tucked up on the sides, Represent to your self also, that you saw the goodliest Men in the World, most magnificently cloathed, and standing in that half-circle without any order of condition. For *Melanthus*, who after the example of *Hercules*, would be one of the number of the Combattants, stood near a *Laconian*, who only of all the company was meanly habited; The Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was another, stood near a man of *Athens*, who was of no great quality; and *Hortensius* above *Melanthus*, on the other side of the *Laconian* I spoke of. For my part, being not born in a Countrey where these Games are in use, I was of the number of spectators.

spectators. All the Combattants being thus ranged, they made a prayer to *Jupiter*, but though it be the custom to look towards the Temple of that god, yet *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cyparissa* and *Hortensius*, did not observe the ceremony exactly, for in making the Prayer, they all three turned a little towards the fair *Elismonda*, as if to demand victory from her. It seemed as if *Melanthus* prayed to be chosen by lot, to combat against the prince of *Cyparissa*, for he beheld him with sufficient fierceness, after the ending of the Prayer, which is but of little length. As for *Hortensius*, he desired of the gods he might not encounter with *Melanthus*, lest being his servant, he might be obliged to restrain part of his dexterity, or lest being amorous he might be constrained to overcome his Master in presence of his Mistress: for this ceremony hath this hardness in it, that friends are necessitated to dispute the Prize one against another, whether they be willing or not. But observe how Fortune decided it, They now no longer make use of leaves of Laurel to draw lots with, as they did in the time of *Hercules*. One of the Heralds therefore took an Urn, into which he put as many little Balls as there were Combattants, each of which was masked with a Greek letter, every pair with the same letter, saving one, which was markt with a particular letter, for the number of the Combattants being odd, it could not be fellowed. After all these little Balls were put into an Urn, the Herald presented it to all the Combatants, one after another, who every one took out a Ball without looking into the Urn or upon the Ball, till every one had chosen. After which they advanc'd in order towards the Judges, and each of them delivered their Balls. And as they who hapned to have the same letters, advanc'd, the Judges put them one by another, and separated them from their Companions. It fell out so, that the Prince of *Cyparissa* and *Hortensius* had the same letter, and were destinated to dispute the prize of the Victory. *Hortensius* was highly joyed he had such an illustrious Enemy, and that he was not matcht with *Melanthus*. But when he saw that Prince had hapned on the single letter, he was as much perplexed; for you must know, that according to the Laws of the *Olympick* Games, he that has that letter, which is not fellow'd, because the number of the Combattants is odd, must wait to combate against the Victor of all the rest; which is no small advantage to him. Thus *Hortensius* saw himself endangered to be overcome by the Prince of *Cyparissa*, or in case he were not, to dispute the Victory against his Master and his Rival together. But the order of Combat could not be changed and it behoved him to dissemble what he thought, and to make a complyment to his enemy, according to the custom. Which being done, a warlike harmony was heard, which made the ayr ecchо from all parts. After which, all the Combatants being conducted by the Heralds, and marching two and two, passed before the Scaffold of the Princesses, whom they saluted very respectfully. *Melanthus* marcht alone after the rest, without being able to conjecture who might hap to be the person, against whom he should be to dispute the Victory, not knowing which of them might prove the most dextrous and happy. When the Combattants had passed before that Scaffold, being preceded by the Heralds; the Judges followed them to the Temple, whither the Princesses also went, to be present at the Sacrifice that was offered in the name of all those that were to combat. This ceremony ended, every one retired, to the end to prepare themselves to celebrate the Games three days after. During which space, they who had Mistresses there, did all they could to obtain some favor from them, believing it would conduce to make them carry the victory. In order to which, during this little interval, *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, spoke more of their passion to *Elismonda*, than they had ever done before. But *Hortensius*, who durst not mention his, did notwithstanding all he could to obtain favors of friendship, since he presumed not to desire any of another nature; and accordingly pleading for *Melanthus*, he obtained for himself what he could not for that Prince. For as he was urging *Elismonda* that she ought in reason to give the Prince of *Messenia* something, which he might wear the day of that great Festival; As for *Melanthus* (said she to him) I give him the chains which he made me wear, provided he take them off me; but for you (said the Princess) I will give you a Scarfe, to the end to let you see, I grant that to a generous Friend, which I refuse to unacceptable Lovers. *Hortensius* was unquestionably ravish'd with this success: but for that *Melanthus* probably would be offended at it, he employed all his intreaties to oblige her to do the like for him, but without effect. Nevertheless, *Hortensius* to mollifie the mind of the Prince of *Messenia*, told him that the Princess of *Elis* had without doubt refused to do it out of policy, and that he had more share in the favor which he had received than himself; and to comfort him yet more, he assured him that *Elismonda* would not grant the Prince of *Cyparissa* what she had refused to him. In brief, Madam, *Hortensius* acted with such address, that he repressed part of *Melanthus*'s resentment. Indeed this Prince had another inquietude this day, that greatly discontented him. Which the better to declare the occasion of, I must inform you, that during those three days which were allotted the Combattants to prepare themselves, it was lawful for them to substitute another in their place if they pleased, in case they found themselves indisposed, or some urgent affair befell them, or that they changed their minds. And for these reasons, the *Olympick* Games are seldom celebrated without some change or other. According to this custom, it was known, that a Stranger was come thither, who offered great civilities to that *Laconian* I told you was so meanly clad, if he would yield his room to him; and it was reported the *Laconian* absolutely refused to resign it, although he was very poor. But it seemed this must be some man of quality, since he offered the *Laconian* so advantageous a bargain. The Lovers surmis'd this adventure to concern them; and *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* imagined, that he who made this Proposal, was that unknown who had taken away *Elismonda*'s picture. But my Lord, (said *Andronice* to *Melanthus*) he who took away that Picture, was infallibly at the walk where you were, and 'tis probable he who makes such offers to the *Laconian*, is some Stranger that happens to arrive here, and will not make himself known, unless

he be one of the Combattants. As there were some persons whom I knew not at that walk, (answered *Melanthus*) how is it possible for me to know, but there may be persons of greater quality than they appear? And therefore I have a conceit, he that makes this proposal is that Unknown, who will not discover himself till the prize is to be contended for; and I will endeavor my self to persuade the *Laconian*, to the end I may know this reserv'd Rival. And accordingly he sent to enquire him out, and out of a capricious jealousie, which *Hortensius* did not withstand, he added to the offers made him by the Stranger all that he thought capable to mollifie the most ambitious mind, without being able to make him change his resolution. But what great advantage (said *Melanthus* to him) do you apprehend from getting a Crown of Olive, in the condition you are in? The glory of fighting in the first rank, (answered he) and in the sight of the King whom I am to serve in the War; and being a Native of a City where glory is preferred above Riches, I affect such a Crown of Olive more than all your Gold. But perhaps (replyed *Melanthus*) you will not win it, and by resigning your place you will become rich. The pusillanimity I should be guilty of in yielding my place (answered he) would make me die with shame; and therefore I had much rather die poor, than commit any thing unworthy of my self. Then at least, tell us (said *Melanthus*) what you know concerning him that is so importunate with you to resign your place. I know no more of him (answered he) but that he is a person of quality, who newly arrived on the other side of the River *Alpheus*, upon the Frontier of *Arcadia*, and will not discover himself unless he make one in the Combat. This discourse of the *Laconian* augmented *Melanthus*'s curiosity, and he was pleased with his constancy, though he was sorry he could not move him from it; so that *Hortensius* minding *Melanthus* to make him a Present, he readily consented to it. But when he told the *Laconian* his intention; The gods forbid, (answered he with a very noble air) that I should accept a thing which would be unprofitable to me, from the hand of a Prince, to whom I refuse one that would be well pleasing to him; and indeed it was impossible to make him change his resolution. This generosity of the *Laconian*, and the urgency of the unknown person that desired to Combat, made the discourse of the rest of the day. But the next morning it was known that one of the Combatants, whose Mistress was sick at *Pisa*, had received a Letter from her, which absolutely commanded him to quit his place to the Master of him that delivered it, which was the unknown person; and Love accordingly effected that upon the mind of this Lover, which all the offers of Fortune could not work upon that of the generous *Laconian*. 'Tis true, he quitted it only for the race with horses; for being one of great activity, he aspired to all the Crowns of the *Olympick* Games. But *Hortensius*, who had continually greater love to *Elismonda*, and fidelity to *Melanthus*, after having deliberated of the matter in his mind, resolved if he were Victor of all the rest, to suffer himself to be overcome by his Master, believing a man that had been Victor of many others, might without shame suffer himself to be overcome by a great Prince, and by a Prince to whom he owed all his fortune. A sentiment of Love a while encountered with his generosity; but at length he continued firm to his determination. As for *Elismonda*, when she was alone with *Clearius*, she wished *Hortensius* might carry the glory of all the *Olympick* Games, that so (said she) *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* may not have the joy to be Crowned by my hand. *Andronice*, on the contrary, what ever friendship she had for *Hortensius*, wisht *Melanthus* might become victorious, and all the Ladies who had Lovers among those that aspired to the victory, made vows in secret contrary to those of the Princesses. But at length, Madam, not to weary you unprofitably in recounting to you the particularities of the *Olympick* Games which last for some days, I shall tell you nothing of what past the four first, because the Ladies use not to be there; and 'tis only on the day of the Chariot-races, which is the last, that all the Victors are Crowned: besides that, *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, to preserve some State, were only in this last days exercises, which are the noblest of all. *Hortensius* also could not be in those of the preceding days, because he was matcht with the Prince of *Cyparissa*, who was not. This last famous day being come, each of the pretenders offered a sacrifice in the morning upon the Bank of the River *Alpheus*, along the Course. But that which surpris'd them was, that, seeing preparations for a sacrifice, they knew not who was to offer; for there stood a magnificent and admirably contrived Chariot, near the place where the sacrifice was prepared, but there was no person in it. Upon inquiry from those that belonged to it, it was known that this Chariot was the Strangers, to whom a Lover had quitted his place out of obedience to his Mistress. In fine, Madam, this day so famous throughout all *Greece*, was more remarkable than ordinary, by that which hapned afterwards, as you shall presently understand. To tell you in order all that passed in it, you may please to know, that all the several sacrifices being made, except that of the Unknown, all the Scaffolds erected under the umbrage of the Trees, growing on each side the Course, which is upon the Bank of the River, were filled with an incredible multitude of Spectators of all sorts and conditions. Those of the Judges and Princesses being prepared to receive them, and all the rails beset with people, and the adjacent places thronged with multitudes that came to see and could not; all those of the pretenders that had offered their sacrifices, came and ranked themselves at the end of the Carriere with their Chariots, in a large place designed for that purpose, expecting the hour for the race to begin; to the end the great number of spectators who were assembled in this place, might have the satisfaction of beholding those the longer that were to run. And indeed, nothing can be imagined more delectable than to see the great number of goodly persons magnificently attired, every one according to the mode of his Countrey, with stately Chariots painted and gilded, and adorned with several Impresses according to the different interests of the masters of them. But that which rendered this object more pleasant, was, that all these Chariots were drawn by the handsomest horses in the World. Those of *Melanthus* were of the goodliest

last black that ever were seen; those of the Prince of *Cyparissa* were bright bay with black Manes, those of *Hortensius* were griesley; and those of the generous *Laconian*, white; so that this variety of handsome horses contributed still more to the splendor and gallantry of the day. Those of the rest of the Chariots, if you please, I shall omit; because it is not important, and my memory has not retained them very exactly. But at length, when the Musick which is us'd to animate those which are to run, began to be heard, and all the spectators were raised to a sudden expectation of the races, there was seen a Boat coming from the other side of the River *Alpheus*, and in it a man very magnificently attired. At the same time the Judges being ascended upon their Scaffold, and the Princesses accompanied by all the Ladies upon theirs, they all took notice of this Boat; and seeing it coming towards the place where the empty Chariot stood, it was not doubted but the person in it was he that was to possess the room of the departed Lover. This raised an universal curiosity in the minds of all the Spectators, and consequently they waited for him, though it was before intended to begin the Games forthwith. When he was in the middle of the River, those who had prepared a sacrifice for him, offered it, to the end to lose no time; and as soon as he came ashoar, he mounted into his Chariot. All this time, *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cyparissa* and *Hortensius* had an extream curiosity to know who this Stranger was, though *Hortensius* less than the two others. *Elismonda* and *Andronice* were also very desirous to see this Unknown; and all the other Ladies no less: and generally the whole multitude had no other object in their thoughts but this Stranger. This universal curiosity was yet more augmented when they beheld him nearer, because they saw they could not discover him by reason of a kind of Vizard he had disguised himself with, such as the famous *Thespis* used in his Comedies at that time; but all the rest had their countenances uncovered. This unknown was of a very handsome stature, and fierce action, and he had something in his gesture which spoke him to want no boldness; his Chariot was rich; his Horses were grey, dapled with white specks, and his attire very magnificent. But that which made him be more wondered at was, that when his Chariot was according to custom to pass between the *Pyramide*, which serves for a Bound or Goal to the Racers in the *Olympick* Games, and the Scaffolds of the Judges and Princesses, and so to go along the Course; and range himself at the other end, among these that were to run, this Unknown stopt before that of the Princesses to salute them respectfully, and suffered a Banrol that was fastned to a Javelin, which he held, to wave in the wind, in which were written these two Verses in a great Character.

Since that your Beauty once has Conquer'd me;
If Conquer'd now, unknown I'll ever be.

You may judge Madam, how much these two Verses which were seen in the Banrol, confirmed the opinion of those who believed him the contriver of *Elismonda's* picture; and you may also imagine how incensed the jealousie of *Melanthus*, and the Prince of *Cyparissa* was. *Hortensius* himself was not free from suspition; and as Lovers are very forward to believe others affect their Mistresses, he believed the person he beheld was a Lover of *Elismonda*, although he knew him not to be that Unknown, whom *Melanthus* took him for. But *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, (who in this conjuncture had no more power in what concerned the *Olympick* Games than the meanest of the pretenders) could not repress their desires of knowing him, but sent to desire the Judges they would constrain this Unknown to to discover himself, or otherwise to exclude him from pretending to the victory. But after the Judges had debated the matter, they answered, that since the Unknown had ingaged to discover himself, by the two Verses in his Banroll, in case he were Victor, it would be unreasonable to force him to declare himself if he were overcome; and it was to be believed he had some particular reason to conceal himself, which concerned not them to examine; and moreover, that the liberty of the *Olympick* Games ought not to be infringed, during which it is not lawful to commit the least violence upon any pretence whatsoever. Whence it behoved *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cyparissa* and *Hortensius*, of necessity to repress their curiosity, and only to take care they might not be overcome by the Stranger. I shall forbear to tell you all the thoughts of these Lovers, and the discourse of the Princesses and the other Ladies with them; it being easie to imagine what they were. Nor shall I describe to you in particular all the several Races that were performed, having more important matters to acquaint you with. You may please to know then, that by the order of Lot which matches all the Combattants (except him that happens to have the single Letter, who runs always the last with the Victor of all the rest) the Unknown ran first against a man of quality of *Thessaly*, and the Judges gave him the honor of the first course; for he ran swiftly, and with a good grace out-stript his Enemy, and handsomly declined the *Pyramide*, making his turn with much dexterity; after which he began a second Course with him that was to follow the vanquisht *Thessalian*, in which he had more advantage than in the first. I need not tell you how his address and good fortune discontented those, who lookt upon him as their Rival; but I shall proceed to his third Course, which he managed with more applause than the two former, and all the people made acclamations in his praise. But at length, *Hortensius* his turn being come, he prepared himself to overcome this victor of others. The Stranger beheld him more fiercely, than he had done the others whom he had vanquisht, and seemed to prepare himself to make a greater attempt to overcome him. This caused the Spectators to redouble their attention; for *Hortensius* being very much esteemed, and likewise beloved by both parties, because he was the cause that *Melanthus* changed his manner of treating the *Elaans*, which was something Tyrannical, the whole multitude was in fear least he should be overcome by the Stranger. *Elismonda* became pale with fear, and *Melanthus* and the Prince of *Cyparissa* beheld him not as a Rival, but made vows for his success, as well as the Princess *Andronice*. But in brief Madam, *Hortensius* being at the end

of the Carriere, with the Unknown, they made their Courses with very unequal success, for *Hortensius* performed his with such vigor, grace, exactness, and swiftness, that he far surpassed him that had surpassed those which preceded him. But that which enraged the Unknown, was, that apprehending in the middle of his Course *Hortensius* would overcome him, he endeavored to speed his horses with an impetuosity which was natural to him, who feeling themselves urged on too suddenly, reared up, and had overturned his Chariot, if he had not been dextrous and strong, but himself confest he was overcome at the end of his Course. But as *Hortensius*, having finisht his, was returning gently, very glorious with his Victory; the Stranger, who stopt in the middle of the Carriere, to redress some discomposure in the reins of his horses, could not repress his regret, but told him with a low voice, 'Tis too much to be overcome twice. At which words *Hortensius* stopt also to consider this disguised person, who observing his intent, fell into such a fury, that on a sudden changing his purpose, he bowed down on one side, as if he desired to speak to him. *Hortensius* judging he did so, advanced towards him, and heard these words from him distinctly. Since you desire to know me (said he to him) meet me to morrow morning at Sun rise behind the Temple of *Diana*, which stands upon the way to *Pisa*, where you shall find me with an unmaskt countenance, and my sword in my hand: you will there learn, that he whom you have surpassed rather by good fortune than address, deserved perhaps to overcome. If you are truly courageous, you will not fail at this assignation; and come thither with one slave only. I shall be there infallibly (answered *Hortensius* without being moved) and whether soever it be by good fortune or courage, I hope my second victory will cost you dearer than the first. After this, these two Enemies separated themselves asunder. *Hortensius* went to prepare himself at the end of the Carriere, to begin a Course with the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and the Stranger went out at a Bar which is opened for those that are overcome, to the end they might not disorder the Lists. But instead of going to rank himself behind the rest, which were to run, according to the custom, he returned towards his Boat, into which he cast himself with precipitation, like a man in despair. He left his Chariot also abandoned upon the Bank of the River, and caused those that had guarded it, to enter into his Boat, least they should be compelled to discover who he was. In the mean time, there was no person in all this great Assembly, but believed *Hortensius* knew who this Stranger was, and hoped he would declare it at the end of all the Courses. But being it was then no time to speak to him, every one suspended his patience. The Prince of *Cyparissa*, who himself had made vows for *Hortensius* against the Unknown, resolved now to Conquer him if he could; and accordingly made so handsome a Course, that *Melanthus* blusht at it with despight, *Elismonda* was not very glad of it, *Andronice* for the interest of the Prince her Brother, could have wisht it less handsome; and as well for this reason as the affection she bore *Hortensius*, feared least the Prince of *Cyparissa*, might have the better. But her fear did not last long; for *Hortensius* notwithstanding the perplexity his adventure with the Unknwon might have raised in his mind, appeared with so noble a boldness, and took up so strong a resolution to outdo so considerable a Rival as the Prince of *Cyparissa*, that he performed this last Course with much greater honor than all the rest which he had made. Yet the Prince of *Cyparissa*, came not off without glory; because excepting *Hortensius*, none had run so well as he. At least he had the satisfaction of being rather overcome by a person whom he believed not his Rival, than if he had been so by *Melanthus*. He had also the consolation of seeing all those that ran after him, worsted by *Hortensius*, without excepting the generous *Laconian*, who had got the victory in all the exercises of the preceding days. Now *Hortensius* finding himself in a strait, either to overcome his Master, or to be overcome in the presence of his Mistress, Ambition prompted him to suffer himself to be overcome, Love urged him to aspire to the Victory, and his reason which should have decided the matter, was sufficiently perplexed. Not but that *Hortensius* before he began to run, resolved to yield to the Prince, but coming to the point to execute his purpose, he became very unsatisfied. At length, not knowing whether Course to prefer, he prepared himself to undertake the Course with *Melanthus*, who in the bottom of his heart much feared to be overcome by *Hortensius*. Nevertheless, being generous, and unwilling to have a victory given him, he turned toward *Hortensius*, and speaking to him like one that would be obeyed, Remember *Hortensius*, (said he to him) that I will not owe a Victory to your respect; and if you do not your utmost endeavors to overcome me, I shall think my self more dishonored than if I were fairly overcome. *Hortensius* was going to answer *Melanthus*, but the Prince as soon as he had spoken these words, went to range himself in the place where he ought to begin his Course. Now was the time that *Elismonda* and *Andronice* made contrary vows, for though the Princess of *Messenia* had a great dearness for *Hortensius*, yet not thinking him amorous of *Elismonda*, and the interest of her brother prevailing upon her mind, she wished *Melanthus* might be Victor, conceiving moreover, *Hortensius* might be surpassed without disgrace, after having overcome so many others. But *Elismonda* made secret vows for *Hortensius*, both because he was the man she esteemed most in the World, and *Melanthus* him whom she hated. At length both these Rivals made their course, but with so equal a justness, that it was impossible for the Judges to determine the advantage to the one, in prejudice of the other. *Hortensius* was willing to yield the prise to *Melanthus*, but this Prince would not admit it to be so, and after the matter had been debated a while, the Judges ordered they should make a second course, in which (to dispatch my narration of the *Olympick* Games) *Hortensius* was declared Victor. He had an intention to have restrained part of his dexterity, and suffer *Melanthus* to get the better; but the Prince endeavoring too much to set off his own,, could not make any advantage of his enemies generosity, and run much worse the second time than the first. So that *Hortensius* was presently declared Victor, by the acclamations of all the multitude, notwithstanding the

the greatneſs of *Melanthus*, and afterwards by the Judges of the *Olympick* Games. The Victor being deſcended from his Chariot, was preſented by them to the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, who gave him the Crown that he had ſo well merited. But he receiv'd it with ſuch reſpect and ſubmiſſion, that if his action had been taken notice of, it would have been eaſily perceiv'd, that he preferr'd the fair hand that crown'd him, before the Crown which he receiv'd from it. I aſſure you (ſaid the Princeſs of *Elis* to him, ſmiling obligingly, as ſhe put her hand upon his head) that if I had in my power, all the Crowns that are in the diſpoſal of Fortune, I would give you one more durable than that which you receive this day. And I proteſt to you Madam, anſwer'd he, that as I can never receive one more glorious than this, ſo my ambition will be fully ſatisfi'd, provided you believe the admiration I have for you, ſurpaſſes much more that of all others that admire you, than my dexterity has ſurpaſs'd that of all thoſe that I have overcome. *Hortenſius* could not ſo conceal the paſſionateneſs of the air, wherewith he ſpake this, but that it was obſerv'd by *Eliſmonda* and *Cleontine*. But at length after he was riſen up (for he bended one knee to the ground to receive the Crown) he mounted into his Chariot; and all thoſe which he had overcome, marching two and two, follow'd him, and the Prince *Melanthus* among the reſt; and in this order, with the noiſe of Muſick which ſounded at the beginning of every act, *Hortenſius* went to the Temple of *Jupiter*, to aſcribe thanks to that god, for the advantage which he had gotten. The Princeſs *Eliſmonda* at the ſame time, diſtributed al the other Crowns, to thoſe which had overcome in the other exerciſes of the preceding daies, although ſhe was not preſent at them; after which ſhe went to a ſolemn ſacrifice, which was offer'd in the ſame place where the combatants had been matcht.

I ſhall forbear to deſcribe to you the Feaſt that follow'd this ſolemnity, and only tell you, that to end the day as it began, there was a conteſt between thoſe that had made the Muſick in the *Olympick* Games, who ſhould carry the prize: but for that, this did not hinder converſation, and all the company was in a large vaulted Hall, not far off from the place where the Feſtival was ſolemniz'd, whither the Princeſſes alſo went to hear the conteſt; Some made compliments to the Victory, others encourag'd thoſe that were overcome, and all preſs'd *Hortenſius* to tell them who the Unknown Gallant was, that he had overcome; but he alwaies anſwered, that he knew him not, without giving the leaſt ground to ſuſpect the truth. So that it was thought by the cheerfulneſs of *Hortenſius*'s deportment, that what they had ſpoken together, was nothing but generous civilities. There were ſeveral agreeable converſations, in which he was always preſent, and diſcours'd to *Melanthus*, with all imaginable ſubmiſſion; who as vex'd as he was with his being overcome, did nevertheleſs receive all civilly from him, that he ſaid to him; though in the bottom of his heart, he reſented much perplexity that he had not won the prize. But at length night ſeparated the whole company; for the Princeſs of *Elis* would not admit there ſhould be a Ball, both becauſe ſhe did not affect dancing, and for that ſhe conceiv'd it leſs ſutable to the condition ſhe was in. Wherefore ſhe return'd to the houſe of the virtuous *Eliſante* whither *Melanthus*, the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, and *Hortenſius*, conducted her with the Princeſs *Andronice*, and the Ladies that were uſually with her; but all the reſt continued at *Olympia*. When the Princeſſes were arriv'd there, the converſation laſted ſome time; and *Hortenſius* had the happineſs to entertain *Eliſmonda* a ſhort ſpace alone, while *Andronice* was ſpeaking apart with her brother *Melanthus*. But he was much perplex'd what he ſhould ſay to her; for being reſolv'd to continue firmly faithful to his Maſter, he was loth to diſcover any ſigns of his affection: though on the other ſide, he knew not how to ſpeak to her with the wonted coldneſs of one that is indifferent. This perplexity continued not long, *Melanthus* having ſoon diſpatcht his diſcourſe with the Princeſs his Siſter. At length, Madam, the Princeſs betook he ſelf to her chamber in this fair houſe, where it is reported the wiſe *Neſtor* once liv'd; the Prince of *Cypariſſa* went to another not far diſtant; and *Hortenſius* having taken leave of *Melanthus*, took no other care, but how he might quit himſelf from the obſervation of his attendants a little before day, and meet at the aſſignation which the Unknown had appointed him. And accordingly, as a brave perſon eaſily ſurmounts all obſtacles that hinder him from doing a courageous action, *Hortenſius* got forth very early in the morning, attended only with one ſlave, and having no other arms but his ſword. The goodneſs of his Horſe, and his deſire not to give his enemy the advantage of ſtaying for him, brought him thither before him. Beſides that, this Unknown being to croſs the River, he needed more time than *Hortenſius*, to reach the place appointed. But he had not ſtayed there long, before his enemy arriv'd. The Temple of *Diana*, near which the Unknown oblig'd *Hortenſius* to meet him, ſtands in a very ſolitary place, and it was yet very early; ſo that there was no fear of being diſturb'd in their fatal deſign, not ſo much as by thoſe that were at the Temple, becauſe there's a little Wood on the backſide of it, in the middle of which is a lage vacant place, whither none ever reſort, but upon the daies of open Sacrifice; and here it was *Hortenſius* attended the coming of his enemy, according to appointment. When he ſaw him arrive with an unmasked countenance, at firſt he thought he knew him not; but a moment after, he remembred 'twas the ſame *Attalus* he had wounded, as he came from *Theſſale* with the Princeſs *Andronice*, whom he attempted to carry away. You may imagine, Madam, how greatly *Hortenſius* was ſurpriz'd: but he had not much time to muſe upon the adventure; for the fierce *Attalus* (who, beſides the impetuoſity of his nature, had the regret of having been overcome, and the apprehenſion that *Hortenſius* was amorous of *Andronice*, and mutually lov'd by her) no ſooner beheld him, but he commanded the ſlave that follow'd him, to go aſide with him that attended *Hortenſius*, and drawing his ſword, and advancing towards him that had overcome in the *Olympick* Games. Let us ſee (ſaid he to him with a fierce and piquant raillery) whether *Mars* will be as favourable to you as *Jupiter*, and whether you know as well how to manage a Sword, as to drive a Chariot. You ought not to make any doubt

of that (answer'd *Hortensius*, drawing also his Sword) for I have overcome you elsewhere than at the *Olympick* Games: but you shall soon be resolv'd of a thing, your curiosity of which, if I am not mistaken, will cost you something dear. Upon which, these two valiant men engag'd, and fought together with such courage and dexterity, that their combat lasted longer than they with'd it. *Hortensius* was first slightly wounded in the shoulder, but soon after wounded his enemy in the right side. I will not amuse my self, Madam, to tell you the particular circumstances of this encounter for (besides that Ladies love not very well these kind of relations, when they are too long) it is also true, that having been inform'd of the particulars only, from the mouth of the two slaves that beheld it, and that of *Hortensius*, who is too modest to exagerate any thing that is glorious to himself, I am not able well to describe it. 'Tis enough to let you know, that having fought with heroical resolution, and wounded one another in several places, *Hortensius* pass'd his sword through the body of his enemy, who fell down dead between his Horses feet. But at the same time *Hortensius*, who had receiv'd four great wounds, and by the great onset he made to dispatch his enemy, lost much blood, fell down in a swound, near him that he had slain. Upon which, the two slaves ran forthwith to their Masters, without taking care of their Horses, being loose, which galloped away about the fields. But Madam, as chance has a share in every thing, *Melanthus* having had a desire to go a hunting this day, was surpris'd when he was inform'd (by those he sent to enquire) *Hortensius* could not be heard of, only that he went forth before day. Nevertheless he held his purpose; and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, and all the persons of quality that were with these two Princes, accompanied him. I was one amongst others, of this hunting-match: but it fell out strangely, that we went to begin our chase on one side of the Temple of *Diana*: So that the Horses of *Hortensius* and *Attalus* being got loose, that of *Hortensius*, which was very remarkable, and had been given him by *Melanthus*, hapned to pass by him, to approach to one that belong'd to the Horse of that Prince, who was wont to dress him, and at such times us'd to make him follow without the bridle. This Horse was presently known to belong to *Hortensius*; so that *Melanthus*, who lov'd him very dearly, though he resented his having been overcome by him, beheld him with so much the more inquietude, for that he perceiv'd many sprinklings of bloud upon him, though he were not wounded. In which perplexity he commanded the company to divide themselves, and seek out tidings of *Hortensius*. The Prince of *Cyparissa* went one way with five or six of his Friends, and *Eumenes* another; *Agenor* who seem'd in despairing affliction, went wandring about the fields, and *Melanthus* being follow'd by a great number, went directly to the backside of the Temple, as if the gods had guided him by the hand: I was at that time with him, and thereby came to be well inform'd of what had pass'd in that place. When we arrived there, we found that these two slaves I told you of, instead of rendring their Masters what succor they were able, believing them both dead, had quarrel'd and were fighting together with their swords. The appearance of the Prince parted them; he that belong'd to *Attalus* would have escap'd away, but he of *Hortensius* came before *Melanthus* who commanded they should stop the others flight; which was soon done. *Melanthus* advancing further, was very much surpris'd, to behold *Hortensius* all cover'd with blood, and to see *Attalus* lye dead by him. Which spectacle melting his heart more towards *Hortensius*, who he perceiv'd had kill'd a man he hated, he alighted from his Horse, and went himself to see whether *Hortensius* had yet any life left in him, uttering the most passionate expressions in the World. At the noise which was made about him, *Hortensius* began to come to himself a little from his swound, sending forth a faint sigh, and half opening his eyes, which he shut again the next moment. *Melanthus* perceiving he was not dead, sent to a Priest who dwelt near the Temple, to prepare a bed for him: and then caus'd him to be carried by his servants to it. After which, calling for *Attalus*'s slave, he understood from him, that 'twas he that run against *Hortensius* at the *Olympick* Games, and would not discover his countenance. Wherefore no longer doubting, but that he engag'd *Hortensius* to meet him in that place, when he spoke softly to him in the middle of the Carrier after his victory, his principal care was of succoring *Hortensius*. Yet he generously commanded the Priest, to whose house he had caus'd this illustrious wounded person to be carried, to take care of the Sepulture of *Attalus*, but his mind was more solicitous to get *Hortensius* cur'd. To which purpose, he gave order for some to go and fetch Chirurgeons, while himself in the mean time, assisted those that endeavour'd to stop the blood, which began to flow afresh, as soon as *Hortensius* was recover'd from his swound, by some remedies given him. But when *Agenor* with strange regret beheld *Hortensius* in this condition; violent grief being a thing, which when it surprises of a sudden, makes those that resent it to utter something many times contrary to their judgement and intention; he cry'd out two or three times, Is this the manner, O ye gods! that ye cause the unfortunate *Hortensius* to reign? These words were twice noted by *Melanthus*; but for that he was very much afflicted, he made no reflection upon them at that time. At length the Chirurgeons arriv'd, and betook themselves to search *Hortensius*'s wounds. But whilst they were resoning among themselves, and the Prince was walking about the chamber, with a strange impatience, to know what he might hope concerning life of his Favorite, the slave of this illustrious wounded person, taking away the cloaths of his Master, which the Chirurgeons deliver'd to him, pass'd hastily, out of respect, by *Melanthus*, to carry them from thence. But as he pass'd by, *Melanthus* beheld *Elismonda*'s picture fall down, which was miss'd at their memorable Walk. For you must know, Madam, that *Hortensius* ever after carried it about him. You may easily judge, how strangely *Melanthus*, who knew it, was surpris'd at it, and what trouble this accident excited in his mind. He took up the Picture without the slaves taking notice of it; and I, who had seen the picture before, was very much amaz'd. But now the same Prince, Madam, who a moment before desir'd *Hortensius*'s life as his own, and consider'd

ſidered him as a man to whom he o w'd his conſtitution, and who had newly ſlain the perſon he had moſt in the world, did no ſooner ſuſpect that he was his Rival, but he believ'd alſo that he had betray'd him with *Eliſmonda*; that he not only lov'd her, and was lov'd by her, but that he had likewiſe ſome ſecret Intrigue of Ambition beſides: for at the ſame moment he call'd to mind the exclamations he heard utter'd by *Agenor*. Wherefore without inquiring of the Chirurgeons what they thought concerning *Hortenſius*'s wounds, he went into another chamber, where he walk'd without ſpeaking a word, teſtifying ſufficiently by the trouble of his countenance, he had ſomething in his breaſt which extreamly tormented him. But at length, making great violence againſt his reſentments, he ſuffer'd the Chirurgeons to come and tell him, that though *Hortenſius* was very dangerouſly wounded, yet he was not abſolutely to be deſpair'd of. After which he made them a ſign to retire; and the Prince of *Cyparissa*, *Eumenes*, and all the reſt being come, *Melanthus* ſeem'd to them, to be more poſſeſs'd with choler than grief; but at length, having determin'd in his mind what to do, he went away without approaching to the bed where *Hortenſius* was. But at his departure, he left half of his Guards with him, with order to hinder *Hortenſius* from being remov'd to any other place without his commiſſion. *Agenor* being ignorant what reaſons obliged *Melanthus* to this, was deſirous to abide with his friend; but the Prince commanded him to follow him, without giving him any reaſon for it. *Eumenes* alſo was deny'd to ſtay behind, though he requeſted it; and it was in vain, that I offer'd my ſelf to take care of this Illuſtrious perſon, during the danger of his wounds: ſo that there remain'd with him only a ſlave, the Chirurgeons, the Prieſt, the Prince's guards, and he that commanded them. At this time alſo the Prince of *Cyparissa* having purpos'd to return to *Piſa*, after the hunting, took leave of *Melanthus*, and departed with his own followers: The Prince of *Meſſena* being left now in greater liberty, appear'd more tormented than before; by the way, he gave order to ſome of his Attendants to look well to *Agenor*, and without more diſcourſe went ſilently to the place where he lay the preceding night. As ſoon as he was arrived there, he commanded *Agenor* to follow him, having ſomething to ſpeak to him; after which, he order'd *Eumenes* to redouble his care in the guard of *Eliſmonda*, and ſent to ſeize upon the Cabinet of *Hortenſius*, which he caus'd to be brought to him, imagining he ſhould find ſome Letters in it from the Princeſs of *Elis*. As ſoon as he had broke it open, inſtead of finding what he ſought for, he unhappily found a memorial written in the ſame character, with that of the four Verſes in *Eliſmonda*'s Picture-Caſe. For Love and Jealouſie had ſo deeply engrav'd that hand in his imagination, that he ſcarce knew his own writing better than he did that. And now no longer doubting, that *Hortenſius* had taken the Picture, that *Hortenſius* had made the Verſes, and that *Hortenſius* was in love with *Eliſmonda*; he alſo queſtion'd not but that he was lov'd by her, that he had betray'd him, that he was ingrateful, and that he had ſome hidden deſigns, wherein ambition bare a part. He therefore cauſ'd *Agenor* to enter into his Cloſet; but, inſtead of receiving him well, as he was wont, for *Hortenſius*'s ſake, he beheld him very fiercely, and demanded of him what he meant when perceiving *Hortenſius* wounded, he cry'd out, asking the gods if this were the manner, in which they would cauſe *Hortenſius* to Reign. *Agenor* at firſt was a little amaz'd, and anſwer'd not directly. So that *Melanthus* confirming himſelf in his opinion, and letting looſe the impetuoſity of his humour, No, no, *Agenor*, (ſaid he to him) ſeek not to diſguiſe the truth, I muſt reſolve this obſcure Riddle, and know thoroughly, all that the perfidious *Hortenſius* has complotted againſt me. Alas, my Lord (anſwer'd *Agenor*!) *Hortenſius* is the moſt faithful ſervant you have. *Hortenſius* (replyed *Melanthus*) is ungrateful and unworthy; and I ſhall know how to puniſh his ingratitude and unworthineſs, if he die not of his wounds. *Agenor* found himſelf ſtrangely perplex'd at this; for *Hortenſius* had forbidden him to diſcover any of the Predictions which had occaſion'd his baniſhment out of his own Countrey, for fear he ſhould Reign there. But after having a while defended himſelf, he fear'd he might injure his friend inſtead of ſerving him, by being obſtinate not to diſcover the cauſe of his exclamation; for there was no other means to put a good conſtruction upon what he had ſaid, but by laying open the truth of it. *Agenor* therefore declar'd it ingenuouſly, thinking to juſtifie *Hortenſius*; and ſo in few words recounted what had been the occaſion of that which *Melanthus* heard him ſpeak. But jealouſie poſſeſſing his mind with a great diſpoſition to interpret all things to the diſadvantage of *Hortenſius*, this information of *Agenor* perfectly incens'd him, there ariſing a mixture of divers ſentiments in his mind, which put him into extream confuſion. He felt in himſelf the violences of jealouſie, choler, deſpight to have been oblig'd by *Hortenſius*, regret for having lov'd him, and ſome ſlight reluctance againſt ill treating him: a great deſire to ſee him die, and ſome fear of ſeeing what was foretold concerning him, come to paſs, though he was not accuſtom'd eaſily to give credit to Predictions. Thus love, hatred, friendſhip, glory, and jealouſie dividing his mind, he continued ſome time in a great incertainty; but at length not being able to contain his grief in his breaſt, after he had commanded *Agenor* to be taken into cuſtody, he went to find the Princeſs *Andronice*. When he came to the Apartment of this Princeſs, it was told him ſhe was at that of *Eliſmonda*; but inſtead of going thither according to his cuſtom, he ſent to tell her he expected her at her own. This proceeding amaz'd the Princeſs ſo much the more, in that they were newly told, ſome great accident was fallen out, though they could not learn what it was. Yet *Andronice*, as ſhe was going from *Eliſmonda*'s Lodgings to her own, underſtood *Hortenſius* had ſlain *Attalus*, and was himſelf very dangerouſly wounded. So that ſhe believ'd *Melanthus* deſir'd to ſee her only to communicate to her the grief he reſented for the danger *Hortenſius* was in. I come, my Lord, (ſaid ſhe to him) to help you to commiſerate the generous *Hortenſius*; for though I have reaſon to be glad of the death of *Attalus*, yet the ſorrow I have for his wounds that overcame him, renders me uncapable to taſte the ſweetneſs of revenge. Alas! my Siſter (cry'd the Prince) you ill underſtand my thoughts, if you commiſe-

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rate the most unworthy, perfidious, and ingrateful of men. But, my Lord, (reply'd *Andronice* all amaz'd) 'tis not *Attalus*, but *Hortensius* that I commiserate. I mean him also (answer'd he) 'tis *Hortensius* that has betray'd me, 'tis *Hortensius* that is my Rival, 'tis *Hortensius* that projects to Reign in *Elismonda*'s heart, and in my dominions, and in a word, *Hortensius* is he that I hate, as much as I have lov'd him, and whom I will punish so severely, that he shall serve for an example of Ingratitude to posterity. But my Lord (said *Andronice*) I confess I know not *Hortensius* according to the description you make of him. Have you forgot, *Hortensius* was he that hindred me from being carried away by *Attalus*, and that you owe part of your Conquests to his valour and counsels, that he had the good fortune to save your life in the last battel, that he has done his utmost for you with *Elismonda*, that he was unwilling to dispute the victory with you at the *Olympick* Games, and has newly slain *Attalus* whom you hated? 'Tis true, (answer'd the Prince fiercely) he has done all that you speak of; but since he loves *Elismonda*, I ought to hate him more than I hated *Attalus*. After which, he told her all he had discover'd; and then declar'd to her all he thought, and at last intimated that he doubted not but that *Hortensius* lov'd *Elismonda*, and she him; that he had betray'd him, and complotted to Reign in some place or other, either in the Countrey of *Elis*, or that of *Messena*. This discourse of *Melanthus* seeming grounded upon very strong presumptions, *Andronice* knew not what to answer. She had great kindness and gratitude for her Deliverer, but yet was at a loss what to conjecture concerning the adventure of the Picture. She call'd to mind, she had upon divers occasions observ'd *Hortensius* had a very tender affection towards *Elismonda*. Nevertheless, she had so great an opinion of his virtue, that she could not believe him capable of perfidiousness. But though she desir'd to excuse him, she could find nothing to say in his defence, in reference to his love of *Elismonda*, of which the Picture was a convincing testimony; but as for the design of Reigning, she told the Prince there was no appearance *Hortensius* ever had a thought of it. But on the contrary (answer'd *Melanthus*) I believe he is in love, only because he is ambitious; and to speak without prejudice, it must be confess'd, Fortune has in a manner forc'd him to be so; for that which he did in acknowledgement of the obligation he had to you, was the cause I receiv'd him at first with an extraordinary goodness. After which, his valour proving Fortunate, he saw himself in a short time become more powerful than my self, by the credit I gave him in my heart. In the mean time, this unworthy person, as he is, betraies me in the most cruel manner in the world. Of all that I have conquer'd, and of all that I can ever conquer, (added he) I desire only the heart of *Elismonda*, which he deprives me of, under pretence of gaining it for me; and by a most horrid perfidiousness, uses the permission I give him to see *Elismonda*, to draw her to love himself, to make her hate me, and to contrive with her without doubt, how to possess himself of the principality of *Elis*, and perhaps to poniard me. But, my Lord (reply'd *Andronice*) if there had been any intimacy between *Hortensius* and the Princess *Elismonda*, he would not have committed the prank of the picture. Not, if he had had discretion (answer'd *Melanthus*) but love and ambition blinded him; and believing it impossible I should discover it was he, he made himself pleasant at my cost. In short, (added he) to understand more clearly, whether he be as much lov'd as he loves, I will go my self and inform *Elismonda* of the danger *Hortensius* is in, and dissemble my choler at first, if I can, to the end it may not hinder her from manifesting her sorrow, and I may the better sound the secret of her soul. But, my Lord (answer'd *Andronice*) do not seek to torment your self; give me commission to discover the sentiments of the Princess of *Elis*, and go not about to judge of her by deceitful conjectures. For is it possible, she should be otherwise than afflicted with the danger *Hortensius* is in, though she had seen him only twice? No, no, (reply'd the incens'd Prince) I will be the spy my self, and if I discover that *Elismonda* loves *Hortensius*, as I scarce doubt it, I will then redouble all the revenge I am preparing for that ungrateful person, who has so horridly betray'd me. Having spoken this, he went immediately to the apartment of the Princess of *Elis*. *Andronice* would have been glad he had not gone thither without her, but he would not permit her to accompany him. When he enter'd into *Elismonda*'s chamber, she was speaking to *Cleontine*, and wondring she had not seen *Hortensius* all the day; and speaking this something aloud, *Melanthus* overheard the name of *Hortensius*. At which he blusht with indignation, and changing his resolution of dissembling his sentiments, approach'd towards the Princess of *Elis*, and looking upon her attentively, He that you mention Madam, (said he to her) is not in a condition to make you a visit; for he is wounded very dangerously in several places. Oh gods! (cry'd *Elismonda* hastily, turning pale with fear) into what mischievous adventure is the generous *Hortensius* fall'n? You give him a title that so ill befits him, Madam, (said *Melanthus*) that to prevent your over-much commiserating him, I must declare to you that he is the most temerarious and perfidious person in the world. I have alwaies found him so respectful (replyed she) and I know he serves you so faithfully, that I can scarce believe he merits to be styl'd perfidious and temerarious. When I shall tell you (answer'd he) that he is amorous of you, that it was he that stole your picture, and made the four Verses, which gave you such curiosity, you must necessarily agree with me concerning his audaciousness: and when I shall moreover add, that I know, that instead of endeavouring to promote my interests with you, he has only contriv'd to serve himself, notwithstanding whatever hatred you bear against me, you will be oblig'd to confess, that in reference to me, he is a perfidious person, which deserves a thousand punishments; and in relation to your self, an audacious one, that is unworthy of the goodness you have for him. I know not, my Lord (replyed she) who has mis-inform'd you, that *Hortensius* is my Lover; but I can swear to you with truth, that if he be so, he has made a great secret of it to me, and has spoken a thousand and a thousand things to me in your favour, which a Lover uses not to speak in behalf of his Rival. And as for the Picture you mention, if *Hortensius* took it away, could

could he be ſufficiently imprudent to ſhew it, or tell it to any. No, Madam (anſwer'd he) but he has been unhappy enough to loſe it, after he was wounded in killing *Attalus*, with whom he fought. Yes, Madam, with my own eyes I ſaw the Picture fall, and I was he that took it up without his knowing it; and to compleat the conviction of his perfidiouſneſs, I have caus'd his Cabinet to be opened, and have there found divers things of the ſame hand he made uſe of to write the four verſes. So that, Madam, 'tis beyond all doubt, that *Hortenſius* is an unworthy, and an ungrateful Traitor; and the queſtion is only to know, whether you be a complice of his Crimes. If I believe him concerning the rigor you have againſt me, (added the Prince) you not only know that *Hortenſius* loves you, but you love him: and I know not, whether after he inform'd you of the pretended predictions which ſay, He muſt reign one day in ſome place, you have not complotted ſomething againſt me, in hope he might reſtore *Elis* to you, and hinder me from taking *Piſa*. My Lord (anſwer'd *Eliſmonda*, with extream prudence) I ſhall not ſtand to deny that *Hortenſius* is amorous of me, for I confeſs to you ſincerely, I know nothing of it; though I ſhall withal tell you, that it ſeems to me not impoſſible, becauſe he has appear'd really to intereſs himſelf obligingly in all my concernments: but that which I am able to ſwear to you with ſincerity, is this, If *Hortenſius* be a Lover of mine, you are a thouſand times more oblig'd to him, than if he were not; ſince 'tis the greateſt truth in the world, that he has omitted to do nothing that might induce me to receive your affection in the way you deſire. And therefore, my Lord, if *Hortenſius* be amorous of me, it concerns me to take it ill, and not you. Leave me then the care of puniſhing him for this crime, and if you have no other to charge him with, be cautious how you diſmiſs him of your friendſhip. For, my Lord, I ſwear it to you once more, There is nothing which *Hortenſius* has not done to oblige me to treat you better: and to ſpeak with the greateſt ſincerity I can poſſible, 'tis neither to your affection, nor to my prudence, that you owe the ſmall complacency I have ſhewn towards you, but to the perſwaſions of *Hortenſius*. Ah Madam, (reply'd he roughly!) I will owe nothing to *Hortenſius*. That perhaps, would be ſufficiently difficult (anſwer'd ſhe;) for being what is paſs'd cannot be alter'd, you will always owe too many things to him. I underſtand you well, Madam, (ſaid he to her) you would intimate that I owe part of my victories to him; but, to let you ſee, I am able to overcome without him, if he die not of the wounds he has receiv'd, I will return him into the ſame condition he was in when he came to my Court, that is, I will ſend him to wander again about the world, without fortune and ſubſiſtence, provided you perſuade me effectually that you do not love him. For if you treat me ſo (added this violent Prince) that I have cauſe to believe you do, nothing ſhall be able to reſtrain me from putting him to death. I have already told you (anſwer'd *Eliſmonda* in great amazement) that I know nothing of *Hortenſius*'s love, and that he alone induc'd me to treat you more reſpectfully than I ſhould have done, if I had follow'd my true ſentiments; but that which I ſhall tell you at preſent is, that had you put *Hortenſius*, to death, I ſhould never look upon you but with horror. Ah! Cruel perſon that you are (cry'd *Melanthus*) what is this that you make me hear? For if you have known the Love of *Hortenſius*, which I ſcarce doubt of, I am the moſt unfortunate of men, and he the moſt criminal; and if you knew it not before, why does not the diſcovery I now make to you of it, incenſe you againſt him: Is it a uſual thing (added he) for a great Princeſs to take it well to be lov'd by ſuch a man as *Hortenſius*, who dares not return into his own Countrey, becauſe 'tis fear'd leſt he one day become the Tyrant of it? If *Hortenſius* be not amorous of me (anſwer'd ſhe) I ſhould be very unjuſt in taking away any friendſhip from him; and if he be, as you ſay, I ought to redouble my eſteem towards him, ſince he does the moſt generous, heroical, and difficult act in the world, which is to ſerve his Rival, and to have ſo much reſpect, as to be in love and not declare it. But, though it were true, Madam (reply'd *Melanthus*) that *Hortenſius* has conceal'd his paſſion from you, is it not enough to make him Criminal againſt me, that he is enamour'd on you? Why did he not oppoſe that paſſion when it firſt ſprung up in his heart; and if he could not do that, why did he not betake himſelf to ſome place where he might never ſee you during his life? But, my Lord (anſwer'd *Eliſmonda* coldly) if Love be voluntary, Why do not you ceaſe to love a perſon that cannot love you? or, if you be unable to do ſo, Why do you not remove her far from your ſight for ever? Ah! Madam (cry'd he) you love *Hortenſius*, and you would not ſpeak as you do, if he were indifferent to you. I have without doubt (anſwer'd ſhe) all the eſteem for him imaginable, and the moſt tender friendſhip that any heart is capable of; therefore, my Lord, preſerve his life, if you love me. *Eliſmonda* ſpake this after ſo paſſionate a manner, though ſhe did not deſign to do ſo, that *Melanthus* well perceiv'd ſhe had at leaſt a very ſtrong inclination to love *Hortenſius*; and being infinitely ingenious, drew a conſequence that gave him very great torment. For after having ſpoken of the Predictions which occaſion'd *Hortenſius* to be baniſh'd from his Countrey, and *Eliſmonda* not requiring of him the clearing up of a thing ſo extraordinary, ſhe thence conjectur'd that ſhe had underſtood it from *Hortenſius*. So that his jealouſie redoubling, he became ſtrangely tranſported againſt that generous *Veientine*. Nevertheleſs, there were ſome moments, in which he ſpoke to *Eliſmonda* with an extream tenderneſs; I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid he to her) excuſe my tranſport: it is ſo difficult to have very much love, and very much moderation at the ſame time, that if you would conſider the fury that poſſeſſes me as an effect of the greatneſs of my affection, you would not condemn me for it, but pity me. But alas! it is eaſie for you to oblige me to pardon *Hortenſius*. Yes Madam (added he) I have ſo high an opinion of your virtue, that if you render me happy, I will not baniſh *Hortenſius*. I will even do what I am able, to reſtore him to my friendſhip; at leaſt I will change nothing in his fortune, nor attempt any thing upon his life. The deſtiny of *Hortenſius* therefore is in your hands; and if he has not diſcover'd to you his love, and you have none for him, reſolve, Madam, to end the War and my miſeries, We are ſoon at the end of the

the Truce; conſider therefore ſeriouſly upon what I propound to you. Your quiet is concern'd, *Hortenſius*'s life and all my felicity. Do not incenſe a Prince, who is not maſter of his reſentment when he is affronted, who requires nothing of you, but what is advantageous to you, and who, notwithſtanding your being a priſoner, is more ſubject to your pleaſure than any other Lover ever was. If it were ſo (anſwer'd ſhe) you would not act as you do. But, in brief, my Lord, (added the Princeſs) I have long ſince given you to underſtand, that ſo long as I continue a priſoner, I would never think of marrying; that it's requiſite firſt to make a peace, and after that I ſhall conſider what reſolution I ought to take. Perſiſt, if you pleaſe, in theſe terms; and in the mean time forget not what I told you, that if you ſhould put *Hortenſius* to death, I ſhould never ſee you but with horror. I ſhall remember it, Madam, I ſhall remember it (reply'd *Melanthus*, as he was riſing up) and ſince all I have now ſaid to you, does not oblige you to change your ſentiments, we ſhall ſee whether *Melanthus* incens'd, will be more pleaſing than *Melanthus* ſubmiſs and reſpectful. You love *Hortenſius* (ſaid he to her) but before long you ſhall repent your having lov'd him. *Eliſmonda* was going to anſwer him, but he went forth roughly and would not hear her. Being violent in all his reſolutions, and having at that time no perſon near him, to repreſs part of the impetuoſity of his humour, he immediately, without conſidering *Hortenſius*'s condition, ſent order to have him carried to *Elis*. He alſo commanded *Eumenes* to convey the Princeſs *Eliſmonda* thither about evening, and prepar'd himſelf to follow them. *Eliſmonda* as yet ignorant of this order, was entertaining her ſelf with her dear *Cleontine*, to whom ſhe related in few words all that *Melanthus* had ſpoken; for *Cleontine* retir'd out of reſpect, when *Melanthus* came to the Princeſs. But after having repeated to her this long converſation; Well, *Cleontine* (ſaid ſhe) What ſay you of this hard adventure, and what do you think of *Hortenſius*'s virtue? For he never made the leaſt mention to me of his paſſion, but contrarily, did all he could for *Melanthus*. I confeſs I have oftentimes ſeen in his eyes ſome tokens of his love, but it was againſt his will. And perhaps alſo Madam (anſwer'd *Cleontine*) he has perceiv'd in yours, againſt your Will too, that you have a very great inclination for him; for I have obſerv'd it upon a hundred ſeveral occaſions. I confeſs, *Cleontine*, (anſwer'd *Eliſmonda*) I have for *Hortenſius* not only eſteem, but admiration, not only friendſhip, but dearneſs, gratitude, and inclination; and I doubt not but if his fortune and mind had ſo much reſemblance as our affections, we ſhould love eternally. But *Hortenſius* ſhall never know what I have now told you, and, as he never declar'd to me he lov'd me, both out of a ſentiment of reſpect, and fidelity, he reſolv'd to preſerve for *Melanthus*, though I ſhould ſee him again, he ſhould never know how advantageous my thoughts are of him; for I would never betray my ſelf; and virtue is not leſs powerful in my heart than in his. But, alas! (added ſhe, ſighing) I ſhall never ſee him perhaps while I live; for *Melanthus* will baniſh, or put him to death, if he eſcape the danger of his wounds: Thus I ſee my ſelf expos'd to the violent humor of a Prince, whoſe jealouſie may prompt him to ſtrange enormities. As *Eliſmonda* was ſpeaking thus, the Princeſs *Andronice* enter'd, who told her with very much ſorrow, that ſhe came to give her notice that ſhe muſt return to *Elis* at that very hour. This news ſurpriz'd and afflicted *Eliſmonda*; but it was neceſſary to obey, and *Andronice* and *Cleontine* comforted her the beſt they could. But to the end, the departure of *Eliſmonda* might not be ſo ſoon known to the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, who was return'd to *Piſa*, *Melanthus* thought fit *Andronice* ſhould continue ſtill all the next day at the houſe of the vertuous *Eliſante*, who beheld *Eliſmonda* depart with very much ſorrow. On the other ſide, *Melanthus* caus'd *Hortenſius* likewiſe to be remov'd, though the Chirurgeons told him it could not be done without danger. So he was by order to be put into a Chariot, without being acquainted with the cauſe of this change; for they which were about him knew nothing of it. But having a very ready reaſon, he judg'd that being he was remov'd in the night, and in ſuch a condition, there muſt needs be ſome extraordinary matter, eſpecially not ſeeing the Prince, and receiving no meſſage from him. Yet he imagin'd at firſt, *Melanthus*, perhaps, had diſcover'd that the Prince of *Cypariſſa* plotted ſomething towards the end of the Truce, which was almoſt expir'd, and therefore thought fit to remove him further from *Piſa*. But when it behov'd him to dreſs himſelf, that he might be put into the Chariot that was provided for him, he call'd the Slave which was left to ſerve him, and demanded his Cloaths. His firſt thought was to ſee whether *Eliſmonda*'s picture were in the place where he had hid it. He was much aſtoniſh'd when he did not find it there, ask'd the Slave whether he had not ſeen it, who anſwering No, he caus'd him to ſearch all about, without telling the Guards what he ſought for: but at length it behov'd him to depart, without knowing any thing of the picture. *Hortenſius* then demanded where *Agenor* was, but 'twas told him the Prince had commanded him to follow him; he then began to wonder that none of his attendants had been with him ſince they knew he was wounded. But at laſt, the Prieſt believing it reaſonable to let him know the truth, acquainted him, that the Prince of *Meſſena* appear'd at firſt very much afflicted for his wounds, and had himſelf aſſiſted to carry him; but while he was dreſſing, he chang'd his ſentiments, went away very ſad, put guards upon him, prohibited any of his ſervants to come to him, commanded *Agenor* to follow him, and that he lately heard he had caus'd his Cabinet to be ſeiz'd. O gods! (cry'd the unhappy *Hortenſius*) is it poſſible I ſhould be ſo innocent, and ſo miſerable? after which he was ſilent, and ſuffer'd himſelf to be liſted into the Chariot which attended him. One of the Chirurgeons who had dreſs'd him, being unwilling to forſake him, took horſe with the Guards to follow him; and this Illuſtrious wounded perſon, notwithſtanding his late victory in the *Olympick* Games, and the glory he had gotten in ſeveral Combats, particularly in that freſh one with *Attalus*, found himſelf the moſt unfortunate of men: Great griefs of mind, oftentimes cauſing forgetfulneſs of thoſe of the body, *Hortenſius* felt little pain in his wounds, by reaſon of his perplexity, in imagining *Melanthus* might perhaps believe he had betrai'd him, and *Eliſmonda* be offended with him, if ſhe came to

to understand this adventure. Yet there were some moments in which he trusted in his own innocence towards his Master, and the respect he had had to his Mistriss, hoping he might appease *Melanthus*, as soon as he could speak with him: but he always believ'd he should be forc'd to quit his former commerce with *Elismonda*, and be at least depriv'd of the contentment of seeing her, if he desir'd to cure *Melanthus* of his jealousie. *Hortensius* entertain'd himself after this sad manner in the Chariot he was put into; the diversity of objects did not divert him from such melancholly musing, it being night when he set forth to depart. But as it is not possible to travel with much speed at such hours, day began to appear, when he was yet sixty furlongs from *Elis*; besides, his being wounded, occasion'd him to go very gently. The first rayes of the Sun beginning now to break forth, and all objects becoming easily discernable, *Hortensius* perceiv'd he was in a Valley, at the end of which, where he was to pass by, he beheld a Chariot broken, two Women standing at the foot of a tree, and several men on horseback about them; but drawing nearer, he discerned that those two women were *Elismonda* and *Cleontine*. This sight amaz'd him, and made him almost forget that he was wounded. He put forth his head, and respectfully saluted the Princess of *Elis*; who was not less astonish'd than he: and turning pale, and casting a languishing look upon *Cleontine*, Alas! (said she to her, sighing) behold the unfortunate *Hortensius*! As she spoke these words, he that commanded the Guards, seeing this Chariot, and understanding it was going to *Elis*, thought he might conveniently leave *Hortensius* in a cottage of Shepherds that was hard by, and make use of his to carry the Princess of *Elis*; for the axel-tree of hers was broken, and her Ladies by the Prince's order were left behind with *Andronice*, as well as the fair *Chrysilia*, and the charming *Claricia*. He whose design this was, intended to send the same Chariot back to *Hortensius*, as soon as the Princess should be arriv'd. But for that the Commander of *Hortensius*'s Convoy, had express order to carry him to *Elis*, he oppos'd the proposal of the other, to leave him in that Shepherds cottage, alledging, it behov'd him to do what was commanded him, and the most he dare do, was to give way for the Princess and *Cleontine* to go into *Hortensius*'s Chariot, though usually decency does never allow men to be in the same Chariot with a Princess of that rank. During this contest, *Hortensius*'s Chariot stay'd right against *Elismonda*: But though this unhappy Lover was not ignorant, all she said would be related to *Melanthus*, yet he could not contain himself from speaking to the Princess. I desire your pardon, Madam (said he to her) If I do not pay you all the respect I owe you: but the condition I am in, ought to oblige you not to hate me. I wish to the gods (answer'd *Elimonda*) you were in the same condition you were in the first day I knew you; you would be less miserable, and I more happy. For I fear all things (added she) from the Prince of *Messena*, since you are no longer with him. Upon these words, the two Commanders, who had contested civilly together, told the Princess what they had concluded on, which when *Hortensius* heard, he endeavoured, as wounded as he was, to get out of the Chariot, but his weakness hinder'd his purpose, the Princess also commanding him not to stir from his place, adding with very great prudence, that prisoners having more caution to use than others, she had rather expect till another Chariot were fetcht from *Elis*, than to enter into that where he was. As she was speaking this, the generous Lover beheld her in such a manner, that *Cleontine* well perceiv'd, he passionately lov'd *Elismonda*. Who on her part, look'd upon him with so obliging a compassion, that it rather deserv'd the name of tenderness than pitty; but neither of them dar'd to express all their sentiments. At length *Hortensius* speaking, I beseech you Madam, (said he) command me to be left in that Cottage I see there, and serve your self of the Chariot I am in, since 'tis perhaps the last time of my life, I shall have the honor to do you a small service. *Hortensius* had scarce spoke this, but *Melanthus* appear'd and broke off their discourse: his presence equally surpriz'd *Elismonda* and *Horensius*, and himself was not a little amaz'd to find them together. He that was incharg'd to conduct *Elismonda*, went to him forthwith, to inform him of the accident of the broken Chariot, and the meeting that of *Hortensius*'s: but as he was going to tell him the proposal he had made, to oblige *Elismonda* to use *Hortensius*'s Chariot, he seem'd very much incens'd, and before he approach'd near the Princess of *Elis*, he commanded they should carry that illustrious wounded person to *Elis*, adding, that he would give convenient orders for conducting the Princess thither too. And hapning to have met two Chariots of Ladies passing by, who after they had seen the *Olympick* Games, staid at *Olympia*, and were then returning to *Elis*, he caus'd one of his followers to go to the place where he had overtaken them, and desire them to come and take up the Princess of *Elis*; which in a little time accordingly they did. In the mean time *Hortensius* was very desirous to speak to *Melanthus*, notwithstanding he much fear'd it, but he had not opportunity: for they speeded his Chariot away so fast, that all he could do, was only to say to one of the Princesses guards: I beseech you, (said he to him) do me the favor to tell the Prince, I am not more unworthy of the honor of his friendship, than I was the next day after the last battel, wherein I had the good fortune to fight near him After which he put forth his head to salute *Melanthus*, though he was far behind, and then turning towards the Princess, with more strength than he seemed capable of; I wish to the gods, Madam, I may at least understand you are happy, before I dye. And I wish to the gods (answer'd she, beholding him passionately) you be not yet more unhappy than now I see you, though at the present, you are worthy of all my compassion. *Hortensius* being after these words hurried away, *Melanthus* alighting from his Horse came towards her, expecting the Chariots which were now in sight, to come and take her up; I perceive you are very sad, Madam (said he to her) and the miseries of *Hortensius* affect you very sensibly. If you find me very sad (answer'd she) I find you very unjust and inhumane, in accusing an innocent person, and being so little sensible in the miseries of a man, who was not wounded but in overcoming your most mortal enemy. He has offended me more replyed he with a tone sufficiently fierce) in loving the Princess of *Elis*, than he has served me in

killing *Attalus*. For, in brief, he fought only to ſave his own Honor and Life; but in loving you, Madam, he has done all he could to cauſe my death, ſince I doubt not, but his affection induced you to contemn mine. I have already told you (anſwered ſhe) that if *Hortenſius* loves me, you ought to redouble your affection towards him, ſince he has ever imployed all poſſibilities, to induce me to love you, and you alone by your injuſtice have forced me to hate you. Ah! Madam (cryed he) do not undertake to deceive a jealous and unhappy Lover, who is more quick-ſighted than others. *Eliſmonda* was about to anſwer *Melanthus*, but the arrival of thoſe two Chariots of Ladies hindred her, for being deſirous to be free from him, ſhe took the occaſion, and entered into one of theſe Chariots (the Ladies of both which alighted to leave her the choice) *Cleontine* following her, and the Ladies crowding into the other, becauſe *Melanthus* would not permit any to be in that of *Eliſmonda*. They who had order to conduct the Princeſs, went forward, and *Melanthus* taking his Horſe, rid more ſlowly than he had done before, regulating his Horſes pace ſo, as always to have *Eliſmonda*'s Chariot in his eye: In the mean time, they who conducted *Hortenſius*, carried him into a Tower, where the Princeſs of *Elis*, uſed to put Priſoners of State. *Eliſmonda* as ſoon as ſhe arrived, was very diligently guarded in the Palace, where no perſon had liberty to ſee her beſides *Cleontine*, and ſome women to attend on her.

But although *Melanthus* had left *Andronice*, at the houſe of the virtuous *Eliſante*, on purpoſe to deceive the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, and *Enmenes* had done all he could by his Maſters orders to keep the Princeſs of *Elis*'s departure from coming to his knowledge; yet he was advertiſed of it by a ſlave belonging to *Andronice*, whom he cauſed to be corrupted by one of his followers. Underſtanding therefore that *Eliſmonda* was carried away to *Elis*, and the Princeſs of *Meſſenia* was to ſtay a day longer at the houſe of *Eliſante*, he believed he could not better ſerve *Eliſmonda*, as affairs ſtood, than by taking away the Princeſs *Andronice*, for whom *Melanthus* had as great a friendſhip as he was capable of. He communicated his deſign to two or three of the moſt conſiderable Officers of his Army, who were with him, and to two men of principal quality in *Piſa*. At firſt they told him, that the truce being to laſt ſome days longer, this action would be a publick breach of it. But the Prince of *Cypariſſa* repreſented to them, that the ſecret conveying away of the Princeſs of *Elis*, and the diſgrace of *Hortenſius*, ſignified *Melanthus* not very ſollicitous about a peace, that he had ſome great diſcontentment upon his mind, and therefore it would be beſt to provide for the Princeſs of *Elis*'s ſafety. Yet they with whom he was thus urgent, would not have yielded to his propoſal, had it not fallen out, that preciſely at the ſame time, news came that there had been a Skirmiſh between ſome horſemen of *Melanthus*'s Army, and ſome Troops of that of the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, with aſſurance alſo that it was began by the forces of *Melanthus*. So that this firſt act of hoſtility ſerving for a pretext, they no longer diſallowed the Prince of *Cypariſſa*'s deſign, which he betook himſelf immediately to execute: To which purpoſe he put himſelf in the head of three hundred horſe, and went to take away *Andronice*, at the Caſtle of *Meliſaris*. At his firſt coming, *Enmenes* endeavored to make reſiſtance, but being preſently wounded, he became a priſoner. The fair *Chryſilia*, and the charming *Claricia*, had the ſame deſtiny with the Princeſs of *Meſſenia*: but as for the virtuous *Eliſante*, ſhe remained free in the middle of two Enemy-Armies, and was alike favoured by both parties; ſo greatly is Virtue reſpected by all the World. But the Princeſs of *Cypariſſa*, who only fought *Eliſmonda*'s ſafety, and infinitely honored the Princeſs *Andronice*, treated her with all imaginable reſpect, and all the Ladies of her Train with extream civility. He deſired pardon of the Princeſs of *Meſſenia*, for the violence he did to her, he aſſured her, it was only to ſerve a Princeſs whom ſhe loved, and who loved her, and to reſtrain part of the impetuoſity of the Prince her Brother. *Andronice* being very diſcreet, and eſteeming the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, pardoned the violence he did her upon the account of his exceſſive paſſion, and told him that he was without doubt in a wrong courſe, for that ſhe could have done the Princeſs *Eliſmonda* better ſervice, if ſhe were with the Prince her Brother, than he could do by keeping her at *Piſa*. But the thing being already done, there was no remedy left. *Enmenes* alſo ſaid the ſame to the Prince of *Cypariſſa*, at his going to viſit him, when he was at *Piſa*, which occaſioned this Lover the regret of thinking that perhaps what he had done, might rather prejudice than advantage the Princeſs of *Elis*. But that which compleated his affliction, was, that the day following he was advertiſed of that which till then he had been ignorant of, namely *Hortenſius*'s love to *Eliſmonda*, and *Melanthus*'s jealouſie and belief that *Eliſmonda* loved *Hortenſius*; for his Maxims having always been, to ceaſe to love, as ſoon as he believed his Miſtreſs favored another, this incertainty into which this news brought him, gave him greater torment than can be imagined. But if the Prince of *Cypariſſa* ſuffered very much, *Melanthus* alſo ſuffered all the inquietudes that Love, Jealouſie, and Ambition could afflict him with; eſpecially, when he underſtood the Prince of *Cypariſſa* had carried away the Princeſs *Andronice*, with all the Ladies that were with her, and that *Enmenes* was a Priſoner. That which perplexed him beſides infinitely, was that he perceived the Inhabitants of *Elis*, murmured very much at the impriſonment of *Hortenſius*; for having ſeen, that 'twas he that hindered *Melanthus* from continuing to treat them Tyrannically, as he had done before his coming, they vehemently feared leaſt he ſhould quit the moderation he had uſed ever ſince that time, and treat them worſe than ever. And indeed their fear was not without grounds, for this Prince reſumed his former violence. At length War broke out again between both parties; yet the Prince of *Cypariſſa* ſent Propoſitions of Peace to *Melanthus*, offering to deliver the Princeſs *Andronice*, provided he would reſtore *Eliſmonda*: but he derided the propoſition when it was made him, and contented himſelf to anſwer fiercely, that he would go to *Piſa*, to fetch the Princeſs his Siſter, as ſoon as he had marryed *Eliſmonda*, and put *Hortenſius* to death. In the mean time the wounds of this Illuſtrious *Valentine*, notwithſtanding his unwillingneſs, did not grow worſe in Priſon, though he was the moſt unhappy of all men, chiefly becauſe he was the moſt

generous,

gerous; for having always loved without hope, he was throughly accustomed to be miserable in reference to his Love. But his virtue having never been immaculate, he could not suffer his Master should believe he had betrayed him. Besides that, fearing also, least he should be transported to some violence against *Elismonda*, his perplexities were beyond all conception. He found some consolation in thinking he perceived a very tender pitty towards him in the eyes of his dear Princess; but this comfort was overwhelmed, with so many different sorrows, and these moments of sweetness followed with so many tormenting hours, that he moved compassion in those that guarded him. Upon which, he prevailed with him that commanded his Guards, to desire urgently the favor of the Prince, that he might speak to him once more during his life. *Melanthus* refus'd it at first very roughly; but the next day a jealous sentiment induced him to desire what he refused. So when the unfortunate *Hortensius* least expected him, he beheld this violent Prince enter into his chamber, but with so much fury in his eyes, that he had cause to think the Prince came himself to denounce to him the sentence of his death. Yet he seemed not moved at it, but on the contrary, being very glad of the opportunity to speak to him, he half rose up to salute him, the most respectfully the condition he was in permitted him. And beholding him with submission, I give you thanks my Lord (said he to him) for granting me what I desired of you; for I should have dyed with despair, if I had left you in the opinion that I had betrayed you. I doubted not, (answered this violent Prince) but you desired to speak with me, only to tell me things contrary to truth; and being ignorant that I had discovered your crimes, would dare to deny, you are in love with the Princess of *Elis*. No, my Lord, (replyed *Hortensius* generously) I will not owe my justification to a lye, but only to my own Virtue. I confess to you therefore, that in spight of all my reluctancy, I became enamoured on the Princess *Elismonda*, and that whether I will or no, I shall love her, perhaps, eternally. Ha! unworthyness! (cry'd *Melanthus*, transported with fury) call you it being innocent, to become Rival to your Master? Is it possible to love, without desiring to be loved again? and can you desire to be *Elismonda*'s, without being willing to render me unhappy, and without being the most criminal of all men? If Love were a thing voluntary (answered *Hortensius*) I should be ungrateful, and unworthy in becoming amorous of a Princess whom you love; but it not being so, my passion ought not to be ranked with my crimes, but only the effects of it considered. Thus my Lord, (added he) I can confidently say, that I am not only innocent, but that I have merited something in relation to your interests. For in brief, I have encountred with my passion, as much as I could, and when I found I could not overcome it, I imployed the utmost powers of my reason, not to do any thing that might injure you. I have not only loved without hope, but I have given bounds to my thoughts, and my most secret desires never prejudiced the fidelity that I owe you. No, my Lord, I have not desired to be loved again, I have done all I could to promote the interests of your affection, and never attempted to make the least discovery of my own. Why then (demanded *Melanthus* roughly) did you write those four amorous Verses, in the place of *Elismonda*'s picture? I know no reason for it my self, my Lord, (answered *Hortensius*) and that action, as criminal as it seems to you, is but an extravagance, and no such crime as you imagine it. For sincerely, I believed I should never be discovered, and concealed my self so well, in disguising my hand, that unless you have acquainted the Princess of *Elis* of it, she is still ignorant that 'twas I who took away her Picture; so great a truth is it, that I have been faithfull to you. But what design had you then, in doing this rash piece of gallantry? (said *Melanthus*) I have already told you, my Lord, (answered *Hortensius*) that I know not my self; and all that I am able to say is, that I could not hinder my self from doing it, but that at that instant, an excess of love made me imagine, some light consolation, in thinking the Princess of *Elis* would understand, there was a person loved her, who she did not know. I believed also, that she would not open the Picture-case, till she were returned home, and that as she is very reserved, she would not tell the adventure to any person, and so without endangering any, I should procure my self a delectation, that would not prejudice you, and indeed never could; for the Princess could not prefer an Unknown Lover, and whom she was never to know, before a great Prince, accomplisht with a thousand excellent qualities. But in fine, My Lord, (added he) to justifie to you, what's past by what's to come, if I dye not by your indignation, and you will please to give me my liberty, I declare to you, that I will depart from you, never to return; and though I have no hope to be able to extinguish my love to the Princess *Elismonda*, yet that violent passion shall torment only my self, and never cause me to do any thing, either against her or you. Perhaps the same courage, which made me find a Sanctuary in your Court, may make me find another in some place whither I shall go, but as I shall seek nothing but death, when I have forsaken my Master and my Mistress, let Fortune work her pleasure upon me, I shall never repine. To conclude, my Lord, as I am not inconsiderable, so I shall not accuse you of injustice, though you are in some sort unjust towards me, for I know how extreamly difficult it is, to be equitable when we love ardently. Therefore all the favor I desire of you, is, never to use any course but gentleness, to oblige the Princess *Elismonda* to render you happy. If you do otherwise, you will cause her to hate you; and if you take the sweeter course, 'tis possibly you may at length induce her to love you. Ah! *Hortensius*, (cryed *Melanthus*) the counsel you give me, has more regard to *Elismonda* than to me. However it be (answered he sighing) the counsel I give you is faithful, and I have no interest in it. After this, there was a sufficiently long silence between these two Lovers, *Melanthus* betook himself to walk in *Hortensius*'s chamber, *Hortensius* leaving himself to be transported by his musings, fell into such a profound cogitation, that he took no longer notice that *Melanthus* was in his Chamber. But though *Melanthus* came to see *Hortensius* with all the indignation that a jealous and incensed Rival is capable of, part of his choler was now appeased.

It seemed to him, that *Hortensius* spoke with sincerity, and was not so culpable as he had believed him. Nevertheless, though it were so, and he was not ignorant, what great need he had of his valor and counsel, and the credit he had gained among the Souldiers, and the People, he could not resolve to keep *Hortensius* with him. For he had informed *Elismonda* himself, that *Hortensius* was amorous of her, and observed that she had very favorable inclinations towards him; and then he imagined, that if *Hortensius* had believed himself as much as in her favor as he was, he could not have contained himself in the terms he now found him in. So that considering he could not put *Hortensius* to death, and indeed now not desiring it, he looked upon his banishment as a necessary course to his own quiet, though very prejudicial to the good of his State. But as an amorous Prince is most sensible of the torment of his own mind, and desires rather the peace of his thoughts, than that of his people, he immediately resolved to give *Hortensius* liberty, on condition that he would retire himself out of that Country forthwith. As soon as he had made this resolution, returning to *Hortensius* with a different air, from that he came first with, I will believe (said he to him) all that you tell me, but in believing it, (I confess to you *Hortensius*) I can no longer confide in your Virtue; and I think I may also add, that you would be to blame, if you confided in it your self. I have without doubt, more obligation to you, than you have to me, since I have not so much as recompensed your services; but after all, I can never consent that you see *Elismonda*. Your worth and your love joyned together, give me much fear; and though you were even capable to speak to her always in my favor, and never for your self, yet you would not cease to prejudice me by that very virtue. But on the contrary, the good offices you would do me, would ruine me in her mind, and establish you there. Therefore necessity enforces me to deprive my self of all the services I might receive from you, to prevent my self from becoming perfectly miserable, and perfectly criminal. For in truth I declare to you, 'twas injustice in me to desire your death, and I know not what I shall think of, the next quarter of an hour, so much has jealousie disordered my reason. After this *Hortensius* spoke many affecting things to the Prince, insisting always to oblige him to take no other course with *Elismonda*, than that of sweetness. *Melanthus* having heard *Hortensius* with sufficient calmness, departed, after having resolv'd *Hortensius*, should be dismissed, as soon as his wounds would suffer him to travel. In the mean while, *Melanthus* to appease the people, who repined much at the imprisonment of *Hortensius*, conceded permission to several persons to see him; so that, during this interval, which was between liberty and imprisonment, many propositions were made to him, that he would take part against *Melanthus*, which he rejected with a generosity worthy of his great heart. But what satisfaction soever there be in doing what we ought, and being contented with one's self, *Hortensius* was notwithstanding very miserable; for he was deeply in love, and every instant that his health mended, hasted on his exile, and reduced into his mind, that he should never see *Elismonda*, whom he loved a thousand times more than his life. On the other side the Princess of *Elis*, who every day more hated *Melanthus* and compassionated *Hortensius*, understanding it was reported, the Prince of *Messina* would banish him, as soon as he was cured, was very much afflicted at it, thinking she lamented him only as her Protector, though without doubt her heart considered him as her Lover. In this condition she imagined, that if *Hortensius* could go over to her side, *Melanthus* would soon be overcome; she considered also, that *Hortensius* not being born a Subject to *Melanthus*, and *Melanthus* having ill treated him, he might go and put himself into *Pisa*, and turn the balance of Victory, and she was so much the more pleased with this thought for that she hoped the valor of *Hortensius*, would diminish the luster of the Prince of *Cyparissa*'s actions, whom she did not affect. This being firm in her mind, her only care was, what course she might take to come to speak with *Hortensius*, before his departure. She communicated therefore her thoughts to *Cleontine*, who at first did not approve her design; but at length remembring that *Hortensius* drew victory with him, when he came to *Melanthus*, she believed that in the desperate estate wherein the affairs of the Princess were, it behoved to neglect nothing. For though during the *Olympick* Games the Prince of *Cyparissa* had endeavored to engage several people of *Greece*, in the interests of this Princess, yet his Negotiations were unprofitable, and ended only in propositions full of difficulties. But at length (to shorten my relation as much as I can) *Cleontine* consented to what *Elismonda* desired, and by means of one of the Officers who commanded those that guarded the Princess, they brought it about that a Letter was delivered to *Hortensius* when he was cured; for being to depart within two days, *Melanthus* kept him no longer in guard, but he went whither he pleased. This Prince was then so affected with a sense of *Hortensius*'s generosity, that in spight of his love and his jealousie, he felt the friendship which he had for him, to revive in his breast. In the mean time you must know that the Princess having absolutely gained him to her that had procured *Cleontine*'s Letter to be delivered to *Hortensius*, (for *Elismonda* would not write it) that he promised to bring him to her, if he would come. You may judge, Madam, in what condition *Hortensius* was when he was offered to be brought to the sight of the sole person of the World, whom he loved and could love. *Cleontine*'s Ticket was almost in these terms.

THere is a person that desires to bid you Adieu, having a service to request of you, and esteeming you sufficiently, to be willing to be obliged to you.

You may easily imagine what agitation *Hortensius* felt in his breast. He had resolved never to see *Elismonda*, and resented an incredible grief for it; and he was preparing himself for his departure to go and seek his death. For in this condition a Lover always believes he cannot live. And now this afflicted Lover finds beyond his expectation the person he loves desires to see him, and requests a service from him; his heart was moved and

troubled at it; and though he changed not his Sentiments, and resolved to be always faithful to his Master, yet he had not the power to refuse what which his Mistress, yea and himself too desired. He knew well that he could not go see the Princess without exposing himself to a great danger, and that if *Melanthus* should discover it, he were utterly lost: but after all, he had too much love to be afraid to die in obeying *Elismonda*. He engaged himself therefore, to come one night to one of the Gates of the Garden, where this Officer promised to let him in, and to lead him into *Cleontin*'s Chamber by a back staits. And accordingly, the evening before the intended departure of *Hortensius*, this generous Lover went to the place where he was expected, and without being perceived, was conducted into *Cleontine*s Chamber, whither *Elismonda* came also. Never did *Hortensius* feel so great trouble in his Soul as at that time. *Elismonda* on her part appeared fearful, and trembling, and though she had no Criminal intention, there was nevertheless some confusion in her eyes. *Cleontine* her self also was extreamly apprehensive, least this interview should be discovered, and therefore not to loose such precious moments, seeing the Princess of *Elis* answered not to the first Complement *Hortensius* made to her, he urged her to tell him what she desired of him. Is it possible, Madam (said *Hortensius* then) that an unfortunate exile should be able to render any service to the person in the World he honors most? Yes *Hortensius* (answered *Elismonda*) you are able to do me a great service, since you need but go and put your self into *Pisa*, to cause me to reconquer my State, and regain my liberty, and crown your self with glory; for I conceive after the ingratitude *Melanthus* has shewn you, you are not restrained by honor from bearing Arms against him. Ah! Madam, (cryed *Hortensius*) what do you demand of me, and how rigorous a trial do you put my virtue upon? But, in brief, Madam, (said he) before I answer directly to what you command me, I must acquaint you with the true condition of my Soul, though I had resolved never to discover it to you. But I beseech you, Madam, what presumption soever you apprehend in my words, be pleased to permit me the liberty of speaking. You shall afterwards punish me for my boldness as you please; and to oblige you to grant me this request, consider Madam, that this is the last time of my life I shall ever have the honor to speak to you, that I am departing to morrow morning never to see you more, and so I shall tell you but once that I love you more ardently then ever any person loved; and that 'tis only for that reason that I am forsaking you never to see you more. How! *Hortensius*: (interrupted *Elismonda*) I did not desire you to come hither to lose the respect you owe me; and if you continue to speak to me in the strain you have begun, you will force me to repent of the favor I do you. In the name of the gods, Madam (answered *Hortensius*) do not repent of it, consider once more that you will never see me again, and since I must of necessity refuse what you desire of me, it is very just that you hear my reasons. But if what you say were true, (replyed *Elismonda* blushing) you would not refuse it, since a perfect Lover never refused any thing to the person he loves. Yet once more, Madam (said *Hortensius*) permit me to speak what displeases you, to the end I may afterwards tell you that which justifies me. Speak it then (answered *Elismonda*) but if it be possible, do not force me to hate you as much as I esteem you. If you should hate me, Madam (replyed *Hortensius*) it would be with very great injustice; for I am really worthy of all your compassion. If you will call to mind how zealous I have been with you in behalf of the Prince of *Messenia*, you will easily conceive what I have suffered, since 'tis certain, I never spoke a word to you for his advantage, which cost me not a thousand sighs. 'Tis true, the impossibility of ever becoming happy assisted my virtue in this difficulty, and to tell you yet something more considerable, 'tis also true that seeing nothing more advantageous to your interests than to marry *Melanthus*, I pressed it still rather for your own sake than his, and at present though I love you even to adoration, I still exhort you to resolve to marry him. But what do I say? (recollected this transported Lover.) No, no, Madam, I counsel you nothing; and I conjure you only to consider that what you desire of me, would dishonor me unprofitably both to your self and me, if I should obey you. For you are in *Melanthus*'s power; perhaps I could make a shift to defend *Pisa*, without delivering you out of his hands; and on the contrary, I am perswaded, there is nothing more effectual to induce that Prince to the extreamest violence, than to render him more unhappy than he is. And besides, Madam, suppose I should deliver you, I should do it only for the Prince of *Cyparissa*, whom I am informed you love; and the unfortunate *Hortensius* after having done an action unworthy of a man truly generous, should not render you happy, and withall see himself still an exile. For in truth, I love you enough, to be able to love you all my life without being happy; but I love you too much ever to be Spectator of the felicity of one of my Rivals. Withall, Madam, since the condition of your Fortune requires you to marry a Prince whom you love not, it would be better to marry *Melanthus*, in order to setling peace in the whole Countrey of *Elis*, (if you must marry one of the two) than by continuing the War to be obliged to marry the Prince of *Cyparissa*. Thus Madam it is necessary that the miserable *Hortensius* depart from you with the consolation of having done nothing that renders him unworthy your esteem. *Melanthus* received me generously into his Court, and as unknown as I was to all, and my self too, placed me above all the persons of quality in his Dominions. He confided in me, and has not treated me ill, but only because he loves you, and I adore you. Ha! *Hortensius* (answered *Elismonda*, blushing) *Melanthus* is greatly mistaken in believing you amorous of me; for if you loved me, you would consider, that not being born a subject to him, you might with no injury to your honor, change your side, and do what I desire. Alas! Madam, (replyed *Hortensius*) you little know what a contest rends my Soul, and what torment I suffer in denying you. Yes Madam, (added he) whatever passion I have for glory, I would not answer for my virtue, if I saw any thing in your eyes that would allow me to hope, and If I could forget that the condition of your Fortune and mine is an invincible obstacle to

my

my happiness. Therefore, Madam, if you would put my generosity to the utmost tryal, you must let me understand that my respectful passion does not displease you, and that it would not be impossible but I may be loved. Ha! *Hortensius* (answered she) you desire too much, and that which you request of me is much more against my glory, than what I request of you is against yours. Go therefore, go where your destiny calls you, and leave me to dye in restraint. While *Elismonda* was speaking this, there was heard a great noise upon the stairs, and a moment after, *Melanthus* was seen enter into *Cleontine*'s Chamber; but with such fury in his eyes that never any man seemed so incensed. He immediately gave *Hortensius* the most sharp language that choler could inspire the most furious with: he also spoke with great indignation to *Elismonda*, and without hearing the excuses of either, commanded *Hortensius* should be remitted into prison, and the Princess of *Elis* confined so close, as not to go out of her chamber. She offered more than once to tell him, that *Hortensius* was not culpable, that it was her desire to speak with him, and that he had refused all she had requested of him, but he would understand nothing but his own fury. So his orders were obeyed, and *Hortensius* and *Elismonda*, saw themselves now more unhappy than ever. At their separation they beheld one another in so tender a manner, that they both understood at the same instant their love was attained to the highest pitch of ardor possible. This last misfortune of theirs was caused by that Officer, who introduced *Hortensius* into the Palace, which he did only out of an intention to destroy him; for that having been sometimes bred up under *Attalus*, whom *Hortensius* had slain, he was glad of an opportunity to revenge his death by such a treachery, and accordingly went and advertised *Melanthus*, that *Hortensius* was entred into *Cleontine*'s Chamber. But in brief, Madam, I must pass over in few words this turn of the Fortune of these Illustrious persons, to tell you, that *Melanthus* heeding neither policy, nor humanity, nor gratitude, thought no other but to put *Hortensius* to death; whom he then lookt upon as the most unworthy and perfidious of men. And that which caused him to regard him with the greater hatred, was, that this generous Lover, out of an excess of affection to *Elismonda*, would not go about to justifie himself in the manner he might have done, by producing *Cleontine*'s Letter; because he feared, least if he did so, the Princes fury should be turned against the Princess of *Elis*. Thus, though he were perfectly innocent in reference to *Melanthus*, yet he was apprehended by him as most Criminal. Hereupon he kept no measure in his revenge, and without observing any form of solemnly condemning *Hortensius*, only commanded he should be put to death. But this generous prisoner being extreamly well beloved, there was no haste made to execute that order; but some rumor of this bloody design being spread abroad among the people, they made an insurrection. There were also some persons of quality that put themselves in the head of the people, and endeavored to break open the prison. *Melanthus* was soon advertised of this; but instead of minding to appease this tumult by changing his orders, he rather resolved to hasten the death of *Hortensius*, believing when things was done, the people would be appeased of themselves. But as the gods protected the innocence of this generous prisoner, he was rescued so opportunely, that had they who endeavored to force the Gates of the Tower, been but one quarter of an hour longer in becoming Masters of it, he had been lost. For they who were designed to put him to death, being entred by a back door, were already at that of his Chamber, when the incensed people seized on that of the Tower. So that he was delivered very happily which being done, the most considerable of his deliverers told him this was not enough, but it was necessary to go and deliver *Elismonda* too. Yet *Hortensius*'s generosity being always the same, he thanked them for having saved his life, and conjured them not to oblige him to draw his sword against a Prince who was his Master, exhorting them only to send to him, and require *Elismonda*'s liberty; for in the disorder things then were in, he feared if he should appear amongst *Melanthus*'s Enemies, that violent Prince might be so enraged as to put *Elismonda* to death. This answer did not wholly content his liberators, though his virtue occasioned their admiration. Therefore they left him under the Guard of a small number of people, and were carried with an ardor, of which they were no longer Masters, to set upon the Princes Palace. Then it was, that fury wholly ingrossed *Melanthus*'s mind, and understanding *Hortensius* was saved, he apprehended being destroyed himself. Yet being courageous, he put himself in a readiness for defence, but as he was marching in the head of his followers, he commanded aloud two or three of his attendants, that in case himself were slain, they should the same hour kill *Elismonda*, to the end *Hortensius* might be deprived of the seeing of her after his death; and after this fatal order, he went to the place where the fight was sharpest. In the mean while this hideous news being brought to *Hortensius*, this generous Lover no sooner heard it, but out of fear least *Melanthus*'s death might cause that of *Elismonda*, he took up a resolution to defend his life, who so lately endeavored to put him to death; in order to which, he quitted himself from those that guarded him, and went to the place where the fight was. *Melanthus* having at first repelled the people, was then in a large place before his Palace, when *Hortensius* arriving with his Sword in his hand, broke through the multitude, and getting near the Prince of *Messenia*, I come (said he to him) to defend the life of *Elismonda* by defending yours, and to force you to repent of your cruelty. This courageous action so astonisht all that beheld it, that it suspended the hatred and fury of both parties; after which, *Hortensius* addressing to those that had delivered him, my dear Liberators (said he to them) save *Melanthus*'s life, to save that of *Elismonda*. *Melanthus* instead of being mollified by these words, was yet more enraged, and beholding *Hortensius* fiercely, Ha! Caitiffe (said he to him) I will not owe my life a second time to you; and since you have taught me to be ungrateful, receive the death I give you. In saying which he made a great blow at *Hortensius*, who avoided it by drawing back, not willing to return it, as he might have done. 'Tis true, he had nothing now to do, but to mind his

his own revenge; for *Hortenſius* being beloved by both parties, and the action he did, being extreamly noble and generous, they which were on *Melanthus*'s ſide defended him more faintly, and they of the other environed him with ſuch precipitation, that he was taken and carried to the Tower, where *Hortenſius* had been priſoner, who was not able to hinder it from being otherwiſe. Yet telling thoſe that guarded the Prince, that it behoved them to preſerve his life, for the ſafety of *Eliſmonda*'s, who was in the hands of people that depended on him, he went in the head of the party of the ſeditious to the place where *Eliſmonda* was priſoner, whither alſo the Miniſters of *Melanthus*'s cruelty already were come. But as they beheld the party coming againſt them, and *Hortenſius*, in the head of thoſe that were going to beat down the gates, they were ſtruck with amazement, and believing *Melanthus* dead, inſtead of betaking themſelves to obey the orders he had given them, ſought to eſcape away, and ſaved themſelves by a poſtern gate. But the Officer who had betrayed *Hortenſius* and *Eliſmonda*, coming to this place, made all the reſiſtance he could with ſome of his Souldiers; but *Hortenſius* having ſlain him, the reſt fled, and this Illuſtrious *Veientine* preſently ſaw the fair *Eliſmonda* in his power. Yet his Virtue continued firm in this conjuncture, between what he owed to *Melanthus*, and what he owed to *Eliſmonda*; for without attributing any thing to himſelf in this action, you ſee, Madam, (ſaid he addreſſing to her) your Subjects are faithful to you; but I beſeech you remember, if they reſtore you to liberty, the Prince of *Meſſenia* has well treated you, and that owing my life to the Princeſs *Andronice*, I ought to take care for the preſervation of that of the Prince her Brother. Send therefore your orders, Madam, (continued this Illuſtrious *Veientine*) to thoſe who have carried him to the Tower, where I was priſoner, to the end they do him no violence. You ſhew me ſo great an example of generoſity (anſwered ſhe) that I am unwilling to contradict you; but *Hortenſius* (added the Princeſs) ſince I may believe I am free——As ſhe was ſpeaking this, they heard the noiſe of a thouſand confuſed voices after which, one of the principal Inhabitants of *Elis*, came to inform *Eliſmonda*, that the Prince of *Meſſenia* was reſcued, as he was leading to the Tower, where they intended to put him; that he had routed thoſe that guarded him, and maugre the valor of thoſe that had taken him, one of his attendants having given him a Horſe, he had ſaved himſelf, and took the way towards the Camp, followed with a ſmall party of his own, the Inhabitants of *Elis* having, in this ſedition cut the reſt to pieces. So that (continued this Citizen) there are no more enemies at leaſt left in the City; and provided the valiant *Hortenſius* will not forſake us, we hope notwithſtanding our City being deſtitute of Walls, to defend our ſelves courageouſly againſt ſo furious an enemy. *Eliſmonda*, who knew what *Hortenſius*'s ſentiments were, beheld him as a perſon that dared not anſwer. But this generous Lover, after having made a great violence upon himſelf, If you ſhould be defended, Madam, (ſaid he ſighing) only by a Traytor, the gods would abandon you, and therefore 'tis better I ſhould abandon you, and betake my ſelf to my duty. For *Melanthus* has had grounds to believe me culpable, and his cruelty is innocent towards me: ſo that if you pleaſe, I muſt follow my reſolution, and go find that Prince *I* leave you at liberty, in a City that is yours, and if the action I am going to do, reſtore me to any favor with *Melanthus*, I will employ it only to oblige him to make peace with you, and leave you in tranquillity. *Hortenſius* ſpoke this with ſo ſad an aſpect; that all that beheld him, had their hearts much affected with it; *Eliſmonda* her ſelf, admired the generoſity which excited indignation in her, and was ſo aſtoniſhed at it, that ſhe was not able to ſpeak half her thoughts. But at length, *Hortenſius*, notwithſtanding all *Eliſmonda*'s importunities to divert him, went to find *Melanthus*; but as he was going, he found him ingaged in a very unequal fight, againſt a party of the Prince of *Cyparisſa*, who was there in perſon, and by his exemplary valor redoubled the courage of his Soldiers. The arrival of *Hortenſius* cauſed an alteration in the face of things; *Melanthus* was already wounded when he arriv'd, and his forces put to the rout. But *Hortenſius* joyning with the Prince of *Meſſenia*, who was infinitely amazed at this grand action, diſ-ingaged him from five or ſix that environed him, encountered with the Prince of *Cyparisſa*, wounded and took him priſoner, and turned the Victory to the party of a Prince, who had intended to take away his life the ſame day. 'Tis true, *Melanthus* was not in a condition to enjoy his own, for through the extraordinary agitation and heat of his ſpirits, and rage of his mind, his wound though not very great of it ſelf, became mortal by reaſon of the bad temper of his body at that time, ſo that the next morning his life was deſpaired of. But for that his reaſon was ſtill free, this action of *Hortenſius* inclined him to believe what he alleadged for his innocence; and this Prince, as violent as he was, expreſſed a thouſand obligations to him, and deſiring to underſtand the truth of his condition, he no ſooner was told the approaching of his fate, but he cauſed *Hortenſius* to be call'd, who being come, jealouſie remaining in his heart, even to death, he conſtrained him to promiſe him, never to deliver the Prince of *Cyparisſa*, but on condition; that he ſhould not marry *Eliſmonda*, and then told him, that he would declare him his Succeſſor, provided he would marry *Andronice*. *Hortenſius* whoſe great ſoul was never at a loſs, told him, He would undoubtedly do his utmoſt, to hinder the Prince of *Cyparisſa* from marrying *Eliſmonda*, but as for what related to the Princeſs *Andronice*, he conjured him to leave the Soveraignty to her; as for himſelf, he was reſolved to dye a thouſand times for her ſervice, and content himſelf with the glory he ſhould have in ſerving her. *Melanthus* then knowing, that *Hortenſius*'s love to *Eliſmonda*, was that, that hindred him from accepting his offer, was deſpighted at it; ſo that he turned away rudely to the other ſide, and continued ſome time without ſpeaking. The approaches of death changing nothing in the ſentiments of this exaſperated Lover, he cauſed the Commanders of his Forces to be aſſembled (for they had carried him to the Camp) and told them,

that

that he commanded them to obey *Hortenſius*, and acknowledge him for their Prince, in caſe he would Marry *Andronice*, hoping Ambition at length would tempt his Rivals mind, and call him off from his love to *Eliſmonda*. After which, his reaſon failing him, he dyed the night following. You may judge Madam, what a change his death cauſed in affairs; the Princeſs of *Elis* ſaw now, that her ſafety depended on *Hortenſius*; for the Prince of *Cyparisſa* was a Priſoner, and ſhe had none to defend her intereſts, if the *Meſſenians* would carry on their Conqueſts. But when ſhe was informed of the declaration *Melanthus* had made to *Hortenſius*, ſhe reſented extream trouble at it, becauſe, knowing of all the predictions, which aſſured he was to reign in ſome place; ſhe doubted leaſt he would accept what was offered him, and to be a Soveraign, marry *Andronice*, and renounce his love to her ſelf. So that the ſecret inclination ſhe had for him, excited a perplexity in her heart, that ſufficiently reſembled a violent love, though ſhe concealed her ſentiments. After *Hortenſius*, to whom all *Melanthus*'s Army ſubmitted without ſcruple, had performed the laſt duties to the Prince of *Meſſenia*, he aſſembled the Officers of the Army, and declared to them, that he would be the firſt to obey the Princeſs *Andronice*, and ſo would accept the glory of commanding them only, till ſhe were at liberty. After which, he ſent to the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, to requeſt her permiſſion to ſpeak with the Princeſs *Andronice*, conjuring her, not to refuſe him a thing which might poſſibly produce peace. This propoſition augmented the jealouſie of *Eliſmonda*; but the generoſity of her heart not ſuffering her to diſcover it, ſhe granted what *Hortenſius* deſired. Accordingly this interview was made in a Temple dedicated to the Nymph *Genniades*, which ſtands between *Piſa* and the place where *Hortenſius* was incamped. I ſhall omit to tell you, Madam, all that was ſpoken in this interview, becauſe it would be too tedious. At firſt *Hortenſius* comforted *Andronice*, for the death of *Melanthus*, he related matters to her as they had paſſed, and acknowledged to her the love he had to *Eliſmonda*; and then coming to the declaration *Melanthus* had made in his favor, I proteſt to you, Madam, (ſaid he) though I were not poſſeſſed with an affection to the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, and had a whole heart to give you, the reſpect alone I have for you, would cauſe me to ſerve my ſelf no farther with this declaration, than to ſettle the Soveraign power in your hands, without ever deſiring to oblige you to do for me, more than your own inclination ſhould induce you to. But ſince I am unfortunate, and born only to be ſo, it is fit Madam, you would pleaſe to appoint me what I ought to do, in relation to your liberty; I know I owe my life to you, and conſequently ought to do all for you; but Madam, if you continue the War, I ſhall be the moſt miſerable perſon in the World; for I have as great a love for *Eliſmonda*, as I have friendſhip for you, if the reſpect I bear you may permit me to ſpeak ſo. Judge therefore Madam, in what a condition I am. Withall, as you are good, equitable, and generous, give your ſelf the trouble of conſidering the State of my Soul and my Fortune, and then command ſoveraignly, what you would have me do; and be aſſured if it prove ſuch as my heart cannot obey, I ſhall have recourſe to death, for I ſhould hold my ſelf unworthy to live if I were able, not to do a thing you deſired of me. *Andronice* heard this diſcourſe of *Hortenſius* calmly, and having only a friendſhip for him, and that very tender and generous, ſhe judged of his proceeding without prejudice, and found it perfectly noble and gallant. So that ſhe gave great teſtimonies to his merit, and conjured him to deliver her without making War, and negotiate an Interview for her with *Eliſmonda*. Accordingly, *Hortenſius* being returned to the Camp, and deſiring the ſame of the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, ſhe went to *Piſa*, where ſhe was received with many ſignifications of joy. Aſſoon as ſhe was there, ſhe went with all ſpeed to viſite *Andronice*, out of a deſire to know *Hortenſius*'s reſolution. But when *Andronice*, who was deſirous to ſerve *Hortenſius*, told her, the love he had for her, reſtrained him from accepting what the late Prince of *Meſſenia* had offered, and that her ſelf well approved the action, ſhe reſumed her former dearneſs to the Princeſs of *Meſſenia*. Thus peace was ſoon concluded between theſe two fair Princeſſes, excluding the Prince of *Cyparisſa*, whoſe friends they judged would croſs their deſign. Yet *Andronice* told *Eliſmonda*, it depended on her to alter the Prince of *Cyparisſa*'s ſentiments; for (continued ſhe) when he viſited me very civilly, after my coming to *Piſa*, I have heard him ſay a hundred times, that if he firmly believed you loved ſome other, he ſhould not love you more, being perſwaded 'tis poſſible to love eternally, even without being loved again, provided the Lady who is loved, loves none at all, but that love ought to be given over, when 'tis known ſhe does. So that it needs only to make him believe you love *Hortenſius*, in order to curing him of his paſſion. The remedy is ſomething difficult (anſwered *Eliſmonda*, bluſhing,) and 'tis requiſite to endeavor the finding out ſome other. But not to amuſe you longer, Madam, they began to propoſe a peace; the Prince of *Cyparisſa*'s friends at firſt oppoſed it, deſiring *Eliſmonda* would promiſe to marry him when he ſhould be free. But to finiſh this adventure gloriouſly for *Hortenſius*, the Inhabitants of *Elis*, *Piſa*, and *Olympia*, remembring the obligation they had to *Hortenſius*, having underſtood his high deſcent, and the advantageous predictions made of him, believed they could do nothing more advantageous for their Country, than to oblige *Eliſmonda* to marry him; wherefore they ſent Delegates to her, to importune her to give them *Hortenſius* for their Soveraign; but though what they required was very acceptable to her, yet ſhe would not grant it to thoſe Delegates, becauſe ſhe would leave her ſelf to be perſwaded only by *Hortenſius*. So there was a ſufficiently long negotiation, at the end of which *Andronice* went to reign in *Meſſenia*, the Prince of *Cyparisſa* had liberty to return into his own Country, whither he went cured of his paſſion, when he underſtood *Hortenſius* was loved, and as for *Eliſmonda*, by the conſent of the people of *Elis*, ſhe married *Hortenſius* in the Temple of *Olympia*, in which, ſome days before the peace had been ſworn. Since that, the Prince of *Cyparisſa*, who had

high esteem of *Andronice*, and was also much esteemed by him, has marryed her, and contracted Alliance with *Hortensius*, though he was his Rival. Thus the Son of the wise *Manilius*, came to reign in *Elis*, and reigns there still with very great satisfaction and glory; and the fair *Elismenia*, who at present is at the age in which beauty is at perfection, accounts her self absolutely happy in having marryed a person whose affection is alike ardent and durable.

Mevigenes held his peace after this, and it being late, the company told him they would thank him the next day for the pleasure he had given them by his Relation, and that in the mean time, *Herminius* should be encharged to uniform *Valerius*, of as much as was necessary for him to know, of the adventures of *Hortensius*.

The end of the First Book of the Fourth Part.

CLELIA.

A

Romane Hiſtory.

The Fourth Part.

The Second *BOOK.*

Herminius, who was the moſt exact of all men, did not fail to go and give *Valerius* an account of what he had learnt, concerning *Hortenſius*. At which time he found him imployd in attending to a Spie, who had been ſent to *Veii*, and reported that the *Veientines*, being naturally ſuperſtitious, and credulous to the dictates of their *Augurs*, had conceiv'd great hopes their City ſhould one day become Miſtreſs of *Rome*, if they could but preſerve a Figure of Earth, of admirable workmanſhip, which *Tarquin* had heretofore caus'd a famous Sculptor of *Veii* to make, with deſign to place the ſame on the top of *Jupiter*'s Temple, when it ſhould be finiſh'd. This Superſtitious opinion was occaſion'd by a pretenſion of the Artiſt that made that excellent Figure, who affirm'd, that it was become greater than he had form'd it, ſince it was out of the Mould wherein he caſt it; of which increas'd extenſion he was able to comprehend no reaſon. He proteſted alſo, that it was become as hard as Marble, without the aſſiſtance of fire: upon which event the *Augurs* reaſoning according to their manner, aſſur'd that they who had this Figure in their power, ſhould become Maſters of their neighbors. This information being given *Valerius*, who had caus'd the Temple of *Jupiter* to be finiſh'd, ſince the ejection of *Tarquin*, he determin'd to ſend a Herald to *Veii*, upon pretext of demanding that Figure, and offering to pay the price of it, for which *Tarquin* had agreed with the Sculptor that made it. Not, that he believ'd the happineſs of *Rome*, depended on an Earthen piece of work, but he was glad of the occaſion to ſend to *Veii*, to procure the deliverance of *Horatius*, who was capable of doing *Rome* conſiderable ſervice; which likewiſe having been recommended to him by *Clelius*, he was unwilling to neglect any thing in order to it: for though he were friend to *Aronces*, yet he judg'd he ſhould not diſoblige him by delivering his Rival, ſince himſelf had been generous enough not to diſcover him to *Tarquin*. Nevertheleſs, he firſt conſulted with the other Conſul, touching his deſign, by whoſe approbation it was ratifi'd. So a Herald was diſpach'd to *Veii*. with inſtructions how to effect the buſineſs; but whatever offer he made to purchaſe the Figure he deſir'd, he was abſolutely refus'd. On the contrary, the City payd the Artiſt that made it, his full reward, and declar'd that that Figure having been made by *Tarquin's* order, ſhould be deliver'd to none but that Prince, and that when he ſhould have conquer'd his Kingdom. After which the Herald, according to his inſtructions, gave them to underſtand, that he whom they had ſent to *Rome*, and order'd to go from thence to *Elis*, was taken priſoner; which very much ſurpris'd them, and they were ſo vehemently deſirous to deliver him, that they offer'd to exchange ſeveral priſoners for him. The Herald taking advantage of this occaſion, and the friendſhip *Mamilius* profeſs'd to the father of *Clelia*, acted with ſuch dexterity, that he procur'd the ſlave of *Mamilius*, and three others to be deliver'd for that *Veientine*, who had been ſeiz'd at *Rome*. And this too with ſuch diſpatch, that in three daies the exchange was made, and *Horatius* return'd to *Rome*, with more joy than he durſt have hop'd for; for upon his arrival there, he underſtood that *Clelius* was perſwaded, *Octavius* receiv'd his wound from the hand of *Aronces*, that this generous Rival was priſoner in the Iſle of *Sanles*, that the affection of *Clelius* towards himſelf reſum'd new ſtrength, and that the ſecond Conſul was his Relation. Indeed his joy abated upon his firſt interview with *Clelia*, for he found her deportment ſo cold towards him, that it was eaſie for him to underſtand his return afflicted her. For after he had been to wait upon the Conſuls, and render them thanks for the care they had to deliver

him, he went to the house of *Clelius*, who expressing his satisfaction to see him by affectionate embraces, conducted him to the chamber of *Sulpicia*, and there left him, not judging it meet to lead him to that of *Octavius*, who, he knew well did not affect him, for fear of augmenting his distemper, which then began to decline. But *Sulpicia* likewise having no great kindness for *Horatius*, testifi'd no excessive gratulation to him for his liberty; though out of her respect to *Clelius*, she receiv'd him very civilly; but as for *Clelia*, her discontent appear'd in her eyes, as soon as she beheld him. Within a few moments after, some Ladies being arriv'd there, who diverted *Sulpicia*, he approach'd this fair Lady, and addressing to her, I perceive, Madam, (said he to her) my liberty is not very acceptable to you, and that if your vows had been heard, *Aronces* should now have been here, and I still at *Veii*: But however when you shall know that I owe my life a second time to my Rival, you will perhaps, be generous enough not to desire my death. To teach me generosity (answer'd *Clelia* coldly) it would be requisite you were generous your self, and having so many obligations to *Aronces*, would courageously resolve to pretend no longer to my affection; since I have already given it him for my whole life. If it were possible to love without desiring to be belov'd Madam, (reply'd *Horatius*) I protest I would not detract the doing of any thing whatsoever, to follow your counsels; but being the affection of a person belov'd, is desir'd with indispensable necessity, it is not possible for me to renounce yours, and testifie such a kind of gratitude to a Rival, who can never attain to be happy; all I am able to do, is to continue in the bounds I have prescrib'd my self, to endeavour to surpass him only in virtue: and to manifest that I act not like a fierce enemy, but as a generous Lover obliged to his Rival; I declare to you, that he is worthy of the glory which he possesses, that he loves you with as high an ardor as he is capable of, though in a degree inferior to mine, and that if Fortune were favourable to his Love, you ought to prefer him above all the rest of the world. But in the present State of affairs, it is obvious for you to judge, that though you should have absolutely resolv'd to suffer me to die miserable, he is never likely to live happy. No question, but I am ignorant of what *Aronces* destiny will prove (answer'd *Clelia*) but this I know, that if I cannot be his, I will never be any other persons in the world. Ah! Madam (said he to her with extream resentment) leave the future in the secret of the gods, content your self with telling me that you love me not, and adding moreover cruelly, that you love *Aronces*; but pronounce not so severe a sentence against me in favour of a Rival, who, as I have already said, can never be happy, though I should be perpetually miserable. For, in brief, Madam, you are too intelligent not to know that *Clelius* will never give his Daughter to the Son of a Protector of *Tarquin*, though *Porsenna* himself should consent to the love of *Aronces*, of which nevertheless there is no appearance. Wherefore then will you bereave of hope an unhappy person that adores you, that repents himself of his first violences, and who persists in a resolution he has taken, never to injure his Rival, but in aspiring to be, if possible for him, more virtuous than he. If you are really intended to approve your Love to me by the greatness of your virtue (reply'd *Clelia*) promise me you will draw no advantage from the kindness my Father has for you, and that if he should become so minded, as to be willing to enforce me to marry you you will never consent to it. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Horatius*) you improve your cruelty too high; and though I believe not I can ever be capable to suffer that you should be constrain'd to render me happy, yet I cannot obtain of my self to promise you to resist *Clelius*, if he desire I should be so. Then never speak to me henceforth (answer'd *Clelia*) but in the presence of *Clelius*, and prepare your self to be as hated by me, as you were formerly upon the Lake of *Thrasymene*. Well, Madam (said he to her) I promise you, I will never be happy against your pleasure; but promise me likewise that you will permit me to endeavour to perswade you, that 'tis an extream injustice to repell me from the injoyment of a happiness, he that is most worthy of it can never possess. I have already at another time told you (answer'd *Clelia*) that 'tis impossible any thing should ever arrive to render you happy, as long as my affection is necessary to your felicity. But I will again repeat it to you, with all the sincerity of a generous person. Be confident therefore, that should *Aronces* dye, or prove unfaithful, or should ambition dispossess me out of his heart, I could never be capable of a second affection. Perhaps I might hate him if he had betray'd me, or at least have some sentiments of hatred against him, (for those are two different things) but to love any other besides him, is to be reckon'd amongst impossibilities. I am of opinion, that without prejudice to innocence, Love may be once in our Lives entertain'd of that nature, wherewith I affect *Aronces*, but as for second affections, I confess to you *Horatius*, I look upon all those with contempt that are capable of them. Prepare your self therefore courageously never to be lov'd by me, if so be you are not contented with my esteem and friendship, which are things I can dispense amongst all persons worthy of them. Ah! Madam (said he to her) wherefore must you give me so great cause of admiration at the same time you wound me with so deep a sorrow? but 'tis in vain, (added he) that you require me to promise you any thing, since I am not Master of my own sentiments, and I cannot perform to my self the promises that I make. I change my resolution a hundred times in an hour, I will love, I will hate, I will forget; and after all these agitations, I find that all I resent is nothing but love, which disguises it self to aggravate my torment. Let us therefore leave the care of the future to those that are Masters of it: for your self know, Madam, what you have formerly wish'd, and what you now desire, but yet you cannot warrant what you may desire one day. There somtimes happen Revolutions, which in spight of our selves carry us whither we never thought of going; and to speak according to universal experience, we can never foresee any passion with certainty. Hatred, love, jealousie, anger, and ambition, arise in our breasts when they are not expected; they always surprize all those of whom they become absolute Mistresses; and 'tis principally for this reason, that it is a matter of so great difficulty to defend our selves from them. Do not therefore so firmly assure

assure your self, Madam, of your own sentiments, and give me leave at least to believe that it is not absolutely impossible, but that I may one day be happy; for should I not believe so, perhaps virtue would abandon me at the same time with hope: *Clelia* was going to answer, when a great noise was heard in the street that led towards the *Sublician* bridge, which was within the prospect of *Clelius*'s house. Whereupon, as in time of War, every kind of noise excites curiosity, the Ladies who were with *Sulpicia*, desiring to see what the cause of it was, interrupted *Horatius*, and forc'd him to look out with the rest, to discover the occasion of so great a stir among the people. The windows were no sooner open, but they beheld a magnificent Chariot upon the *Sublician* bridge, (in which was a man of a very graceful aspect, richly cloath'd with a wreath of Myrtle upon his head) which in spight of all the resistance of him that manag'd it, came with such violence that it overthrew every thing that obstructed its passage. For hurrying impetuosly before the Guards which stood at the end of the Bridge, it pass'd rapidly till before the Gate of *Clelius*'s house, where it overturn'd; but by good fortune, he that was the Master of it, receiv'd no hurt, and got clear from the fall of the Chariot, the Axel-tree of which broke in that place. As soon as *Horatius* beheld him, he knew him to be a Nephew of *Mamilius*, at whose house he had been captive at *Veii*, and who was an especial friend to *Clelius*: So that not being able to divine what this adventure meant, nor to behold the relation of a person, by whom he had been favourably treated, in that condition, without offering to do him some good office, he inform'd *Sulpicia* what he was, and went to embrace him very obligingly; for, during the few days he had been at *Veii*, he was very familiar with him. When *Horatius* had made himself known to this young *Veientine*, whose name was *Telanus*, he led him to *Sulpicia*, who receiv'd him very civilly. Being a person of much gallantry, he desir'd pardon of the Ladies, for appearing before them with a Crown upon his head; and to satisfie the curiosity of the company, who requested it of him, he told them that the people of *Veii*, the better to testifie their averseness, to deliver to the *Romans* that rare Figure which *Tarquin* had caus'd to be made, with intention to place it upon the top of *Jupiters* Temple, had propos'd it for the principal Prize, at a magnificent race of Chariots, which they appointed without their City. The race being accordingly ended, and he having gain'd the prize, which was set up at the end of the Course, to excite those that were to run, as he was going to receive the guerdon of his Victory, after he had been crown'd, his Horses were terrifi'd in such sort, without any apparent cause of that affrightment, that they hurried him, maugre all his reluctance, to the place where his Chariot was overturn'd, nor could he tell, by what miracle it was not broken before he arriv'd at *Rome*. But in conclusion (added *Telanus* at the end of his relation) I do no longer complain of my adventure, since I am arriv'd in a place, where I find so many fair persons, with so great civility. As he was speaking thus *Clelius* enter'd, who understanding the person he beheld was Nephew to *Mamilius*, receiv'd him with great expressions of civility. He desir'd him that he would make his house his residence, and gave order to his domesticks, to take care of his Chariot. In the mean time, for that it was important the Consuls should be inform'd of what had happened, *Horatius* took that charge upon him; but the next morning there came a Herald in the name of the *Veientines*, to offer the *Romans*, to deliver the Figure demanded by them; for their *Augurs* being consulted, concerning all the accidents that befell them, the adventure which was arriv'd to *Telanus*, who could not enjoy the prize of his victory, caus'd them to think that the gods would be provok'd against them, if they did not deliver it. But it being resolv'd *Telanus* should not be deliver'd till the Figure were brought to *Rome*, he for some time encreas'd the noble company, which was every day at the house of *Valeria*, whither *Horatius* led him. Being young and gallant, the humour of *Plotina* pleas'd him infinitely, from the first hour he saw her, and as if there had been some project of Fate to bring it so to pass, that this amiable Virgin should see all her Lovers together, *Persander*, who went to *Ardea* some daies before, return'd back, and brought two of his friends, who were her passionate adorers. There arriv'd also at *Rome*, a man of *Metapont*, named *Damon*, who extreamly lov'd her, and who was become amorous of her, during a residence of six months, he had made at *Ardea*, But as for this last, though he was a person of ingenuity, probity, and honour, yet he was one of those well-meaning people, whose conversation affords not much divertisement. He was likewise one of those, who in matters of Religion affect all novelties, or extraordinary singularities; who rather believe that which seems impossible, than that which is profitable, and are very zealous in defending what they do not understand, only because they imagine they do. For this man had so ardently embrac'd the opinion of *Pythagoras*, that he accounted those extravagant, who did not believe, that souls continually transmigrate out of some bodies into other bodies. *Amilcar* now beholding four Rivals at once about his Mistris, was not remiss, but acquitted himself better than any other from this perplexity, which contributed to render the conversation, much more agreeable than usual; for one of *Plotina*'s Lovers named *Acrisius*, was a person more loquacious than ever any other was; *Sicinius* spoke almost not at all, *Telanus* discours'd agreeably of every thing, and *Damon* extreamly affected to speak of his own Sect. Whereby, when *Amilcar* found all his Rivals with *Plotina*, there was none of them, whose conversation was not divertising, as *Amilcar*'s pleasant humour order'd it: and when they were not there, he diverted himself yet more admirably, sometimes imitating the silence of the one, sometimes by speaking too much as the other, and sometimes pleasantly examining all the opinions of the new Sect of *Pythagoras*. By which means, he prejudic'd his Rivals, and pleasantly entertain'd his Mistris, without vexation to himself. One day amongst the rest, *Acrisius* talkt so much, and to so little purpose; and *Sicinius* spoke so little, that both of them were extreamly tedious, for they were with *Plotina* one after the other, who complain'd agreeably of them to *Amilcar*, who came to wait upon her after they were departed. I be-

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ſeech you (ſaid ſhe to him) promiſe me two things I have to requeſt of you; one, that you will not ſpeak ſo much, but that I may have liberty to interpoſe a word if I deſire it; and the other, that I may not be oblig'd to ſpeak continually, but that you will ſometimes partake in my diſcourſe; for I have ſeen two men to day, of which, one would not permit me to ſpeak one word, and the other did not ſpeak four to me. I eaſily conjecture (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) that *Acriſius* and *Sicinius* came to wait upon you; but amiable *Plotina*, ſince you have experienc'd both thoſe imperfections, tell me, I beſeech you, which is the moſt inſupportable, to the end I may know which moſt to avoid, I aſſure you (reply'd ſhe) that both of them were very troubleſome to me; for 'tis a thing very diſguſtful, to ſee a converſation ſtifled every moment, As for my part (added ſhe ſmiling) I ſhould as ſoon chooſe to attend the ſacred fire of the Veſtals, as to be oblig'd to entertain ſuch people, who ſupply nothing to converſation, which always requires new arguments, and who are profeſt enemies to long ſentences, and ſcarce ever ſpeak any thing more than Yes or No, and ſometimes to ſpare the pains of pronouncing a ſyllable, make a little ſign with their head, to teſtifie that they underſtand you: In good earneſt (continued *Plotina*) I know nothing more tedious than that kind of profound ſilence, which happens every moment between two perſons, of which one is mute and reſerv'd. Silence in all other occaſions, is not without ſomething of pleaſingneſs. but in this it is faſtidious, and there is no noiſe ſo diſagreeable but ſatisfies me better. Seriouſly (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) the noiſe of thoſe inceſſant ſpeakers, is as troubleſome, as the ſilence of thoſe that ſpeak but little; and, if you will conſider it, you will find it as inconvenient. For is there any thing more irkſome, than to hear the great number of falſities and impertinences, uttered by thoſe perpetual diſcourſers; ſince 'tis not to be doubted, but they who ſpeak exceſſively, are not over-ſcrupulous of relating untruths, or at leaſt, ſuch matters as do not countervail attention. But the inconvenience is, that theſe people, at the ſame time they make their long Narratives, which might perhaps be diſpenc'd with, hinder others from ſpeaking ſuch things, as are deſir'd to be known. For *Acriſius*, *Sicinius*, *Telanus*, and my ſelf, were yeſterday together upon the banks of *Tiber*: and as the curioſity of *Telanus* induced him to enquire of me exactly, in what place the Founders of *Rome* had mark'd out the firſt Trench of their City, when I was going to anſwer him, and began to tell him, *Romulus*——*Acriſius* interrupted me; and ſeven times one after another, like the beſt ecchо in the world, I attempted again to ſpeak, and pronounc'd only *Romulus*, not being able to continue my anſwer to *Telanus*, who could not refrain from ſmiling at my obſtinacy and my patience. But at length it was neceſſary to yield to *Acriſius*, and reſolve to hear him, though his diſcourſe might well have been ſpar'd for all his life-time; for, beſides that, as I ſaid before, they who ſpeak too much, are ſubject to ſpeak untruths, or impertinencies: the ſubjects of their diſcourſe are frequently faſtidious and diſguſtful. The means to avoid theſe defects, by thoſe who have not ſufficient judgement, is, to permit them to ſpeak who are in preſence, to underſtand that ſociety ought to be free, that tyranny is inſupportable in converſation, that every one has his part and right to ſpeak in his turn; and laſtly, that this can never be, without the attention of thoſe that hear, and unleſs they who ſpeak well, may have the privilege to ſpeak more than others. As *Amilcar* was ſpeaking this *Valeria* and *Ceſonia* enter'd, and a little while after *Herminius*, *Horatius*, and *Zenocrates*, *Plotina* ſeeing preſent ſo many capable Judges of the ſubject of her diſcourſe with *Amilcar*, told them the diſguſt ſhe had in the entertainment of *Acriſius*, who was too full of words, and of *Sicinius* who was too reſerv'd; deſiring them to deliver their opinions upon theſe two defects, For my part, who am an un-active perſon, (ſaid *Valeria*) I think I ſhould rather chooſe to ſpeak too little than too much. You have reaſon (added *Ceſonia*) for though Women are generally charg'd with being exceſſively loquacious, yet I look upon a great talker of our Sex, as more troubleſome than one that is ſo of the other. For when women are given to affect much ſpeaking, their diſcourſe is uſually nothing but a maſs of trifles, and ſuperfluous words, which are very diſguſtful to ſuch as have any meaſure of judgement and underſtanding: For my part (ſaid *Amilcar* ſmiling) I am not of your opinion; for when ſuch a great talker is young and fair, and makes not uncomely faces in ſpeaking, but on the contrary, ſhews her white teeth, and ruddy Lips, I hear her with leſs pain than over-talkative men, whoſe audacious and inſolent aſpect as much offends the eyes, as their long-winded diſcourſe the ears. As for me (ſaid *Herminius*) who do not condemn ſilence at all times, I confeſs I would not be a great Speaker; but in others, I ſhould better comply with a man who was always ſpeaking, than one who muſt always be ſpoken to. I aſſure you (ſaid *Horatius*) that though all the world ſpeaks, few people know how they ought to do it. You have reaſon, without doubt (anſwer'd *Herminius*) and I dare maintain, there is ſcarce any thing, about which men univerſally agree, unleſs it be that Health is a Good; Beauty it ſelf is not exempt from conteſtation; Riches are lookt upon as noxious inſtruments; the Arts and Sciences are placed by ſome, in the rank of things uncertain and dubtous; Phyſick, whoſe object is the reſtitution of health, and prolongation of life, is yet accounted by ſome people a dangerous Art, that does more miſchief than benefit; ſo true, is it, that weakneſs and uncertainty reigns in the minds of mankind. Some approve the ſame that others condemn, and there is ſcarce any thing extoll'd and commended by one, but is as much decry'd and deprecated by another. For ſome believe, that ſpeaking little is a defect, others, that ſpeaking very much is a perfection; ſome, that to ſpeak eloquently, is to ſpeak bombaſtick words; others, that to ſpeak well, is to ſpeak naturally, and with facility; ſome affirm, only choice and ſelect words ought to be us'd, and others, that we ought to ſpeak negligently in avoidance of affectation; without conſidering that affected negligence is the worſt of all. There are ſome likewiſe who are of opinion, that to ſpeak well, it is requiſite to ſpeak with the ſame exactneſs that Books are written in; whilſt others on the contrary, to avoid this defect, ſpeak as impolitely as the

the Vulgar; without obſerving, that all exceſs is equally condemnable; and that if it be dangerous to ſpeak too well, it is no leſs to ſpeak extreamly ill. But as I underſtand, there is a thing in Language generally and deſervedly blam'd by all the world, namely, a fuſtian dialect and obſcurity; ſince 'tis true, that whoſoever attends, deſires to comprehend what is ſpoken to him; and whoſoever ſpeaks, is oblig'd to make himſelf intelligible. No doubt, *Herminius* has reaſon (anſwer'd *Zenocrates*) when he ſaies, the Coyners of bombaſt words are condemn'd by all the world. Yet there are abundance of that profeſſion (ſaid *Plotina*) but, which I wonder at more, I know ſeveral ſorts of people addicted to it, and ſome amongſt them not abſolutely un-ingenuous. That is not to be doubted (anſwer'd *Herminius*) and hence it proceeds, that there are divers ſorts of gibbriſh. But can you give any reaſonable cauſe (ſaid *Plotina*) why people that have ſome meaſure of wit, do not expreſs themſelves purely and clearly without intricacy? Moſt certainly (anſwer'd *Herminius*) they are ſuch people whoſe thoughts ſometimes, come near to the underſtanding of matters, but their words ſo intricate their conceptions, that it cannot be conjectur'd, what they would have underſtood: There are others, (added *Zenocrates*) whoſe expreſſions are bad, only by reaſon they do not underſtand themſelves; and they are not only put to ſeek the words they would utter, but the things they would apprehend. You ſee then (reply'd *Herminius*) I am not deſtitute of reaſon, when I aſſert the multiplicity of bad language and gibbriſh. For the people I mentioned firſt, are obſcure in their diſcourſes, only becauſe they chooſe not out the words which might expreſs their thoughts; and the ſecond mentioned by *Zenocrates*, are ſo, only becauſe their thoughts being confus'd, there is no expreſſion that ſutes with them, and can make them intelligible. There are alſo ſome ſorts of innocent gibbriſh, (if I may ſo ſpeak) of which ſome are capable of being amended. For I know ſome perſons, who to ſhow the vividneſs and promptneſs of their fancies, give not leiſure to thoſe that ſpeak to them, to finiſh what they intended. Whereby endeavouring to make unſutable ſupplies by conjecture, they interrupt the courſe of them that were ſpeaking; and ſpeaking themſelves with precipitation, they ſeem to anſwer before any thing is perfectly propounded to them; ſince a perſon, who has not wholly ended what he was about to ſpeak, has as yet ſpoken nothing upon which to ground a pertinent anſwer, the laſt words of a diſcourſe not rarely overthrowing the beginning of it. Thus it almoſt always falls out, that theſe people who interrupt others ſo peremptorily, and interpoſe their unſeaſonable ſupplements, ſpeak things without ſenſe, and cauſe a ſtrange intricacy, though otherwiſe their apprehenſions be ſufficiently clear. For my particular (ſaid *Valeria*) I know ſome obſcure clouded ſpeakers, the occaſion of whoſe fault is, that their minds are diſtracted; for not attending well to what is ſpoken to them, and through cuſtom, not awaiting to anſwer, they uſually acquit themſelves after an ill manner. There are likewiſe certain gibbriſh ſpeakers, who become ſuch out of an affectation to ſeem ſubtle, and imagine, that not expreſſing themſelves clearly, is the way to be accounted owners of deep judgements and great abilities. For my part (ſaid *Amilcar*) I know there are perſons of both Sexes, from whom ſometimes diſcourſes proceed not warrantable in ſenſe, and that only becauſe they deſire to be the firſt that uſe thoſe new-coyned words which chance introduces, and the humor of the world makes currant for a while, and which ſometimes are authoriſ'd by time and cuſtom; for theſe people not knowing the true ſignification of the new modiſh words, place them impertinently, and oftentimes ſpeak the contrary to what they intend to expreſs. There are alſo others (anſwer'd *Herminius*) who underſtand not what they ſay, becauſe having reſolv'd to ſpeak confidently of every thing, they venture with a very mean wit, to ſpeak of certain things, which can never be rightly ſpoken of, unleſs they be well learnt before. In the mean time, 'tis much a greater ſhame to pretend a ſufficiency without reality, than to be judiciouſly ſilent, and to confeſs ignorance of the things that are debated of. I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina*) let us leave theſe gibbriſh ſpeakers, who are unworthy the notice and minding of ſo many perſons, that ſpeak ſo handſomely and clearly; and let us only conſider thoſe who ſpeak either too much or too little; for as for my ſelf, I confeſs the latter ſeem ſo troubleſome themſelves, by occaſioning the trouble of others, that I ſhould chuſe rather to ſpeak too much than too little, ſince, at leaſt, by importuning my friends, I ſhould divert my ſelf. Though it ſeem not poſſible (anſwer'd *Hortenſius*) to be of an opinion contrary to yours, without undertaking a bad ſide, yet I ſhall not forbear to declare once more, that I like rather to ſpeak too little than too much, that nevertheleſs, I ſhould ſometimes fancy the converſation of a loquacious perſon, more than that of one that ſeem'd almoſt perpetually tongue-ty'd. For it may indeed happen oft-times, that a man who ſpeaks not much, may have a good capacity, but it can ſcarce ever happen that one who ſpeaks too much, is indu'd with a tolerable judgement. True (ſaid *Amilcar*) but withal it does not often happen that thoſe who almoſt wholly decline ſpeaking, are owners of much wit; and on the other ſide, it is frequently enough ſeen, that a great talker is ſufficiently ingenuous, for 'tis my opinion, that wit has a reſemblance with fire, and ſo cannot but diſcover it ſelf in ſome manner or other, where ever there is any of it. Yet great men have been ſeen (anſwer'd *Horatius*) that have not affected ſpeaking. 'Tis true (reply'd *Herminius*) but then they have manifeſted their wit in their writings or actions, if not by their words; for I concur with *Amilcars* ſentiment, that wit cannot abſolutely be conceal'd, but muſt of neceſſity make it ſelf apparent. Yet we may ſee great Princes, great Philoſophers, great Poets, great Painters, and excellent Artiſts, very ſparing of their ſpeech; but their actions, or their works will ſpeak for them, and convince all that know them, that their ſilence is not a ſilence proceeding from ſtupidity. The caſe is not the ſame in thoſe people whoſe wit reſides in their tongues, and whoſe utmoſt performance and imployment is only the multiplication of words, for I am confident their actions for the moſt part, are wholly dumb to their advantage. Nevertheleſs (anſwered *Zenocrates*) all perſons indu'd with judgement,

judgement are not ſo reſolv'd friends to ſilence. I do not affirm (reply'd *Herminius*) that all thoſe who ſpeak very much are deſtitute of judgement, for I ſhould therein commit an injuſtice againſt many worthy perſons; but only that ſuch as ſpeak too much can have none. Believe me (ſaid *Plotina*) there is oft-times very little difference to be found between ſpeaking very much, and ſpeaking over much. Liberality and Prodigality have ſome kind of reſemblance together (anſwer'd *Herminius*) and yet 'tis very well diſtinguiſh'd that the latter is a vice, and the other a virtue; So 'tis eaſie enough to diſtinguiſh him that ſpeaks very much and well, from him that ſpeaks too much and ill, or at leaſt ill to the purpoſe. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Valeria*) are there not ſome who ſpeak too much, and nevertheleſs fail not to ſpeak well? No doubt there are (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and I knew a *Greek* in *Sicily*, whoſe language, though eminent for the moſt exquiſite *Attick* purity, was notwithſtanding faſtidious, becauſe he ſpoke more than he ought. For the deſcription of a man too loquacious, is chiefly taken from the thin number of things, and prolix ſeries of words, wherewith he uſeth to comprehend the ſame; he is Characteris'd by the little neceſſity he has for endleſs ſpeaking, by his forwardneſs to deliver his judgement of every thing, to interrupt the ſpeech of every one, and ſnatch all occaſions to ſpeak, to talk perpetually, without taking notice ſometimes, whether he be liſtned to or no, and not to be able to hold his peace, though in the preſence of perſons of greater quality, or capacity than himſelf. Not but that I believe thoſe very great ſpeakers are not ſometimes obnoxious, (though they ſpeak well too) to be adjudg'd pragmatical by thoſe who love to ſpeak as themſelves; but, for that this do's not always happen, the pleaſure of a ſmall number of perſons ought not to authorize the condemnation of thoſe who ſpeake very much and well, and afford a thouſand delights by their converſation, becauſe they never ſpeak any thing that is not either neceſſary or agreeable. For when a man loves to ſpeak, only becauſe nature has given him a facility of expreſſion, a capacious mind, a quick fancy, a memory ſtor'd with choice and rational notions, when his judgement is maſter of his wit and fancy, and his converſation perfectly accommodated to the genius of the World, no doubt, 'tis poſſible for him to ſpeak much, without being chargeable for exceſs; for I am confident, that if this man be ſuch as I have deſcrib'd, he will be able to hold his peace as often as he pleaſes, he will yield a liberty of ſpeech to all that deſire it, and will not do like a grand talker I met with at my firſt arrival at *Syracuſe*, to whom I was, at his own requeſt, going to repreſent a great danger I encounter'd with at Sea, by reaſon of a ſtorm that ſurpris'd us; I had ſcarce begun to tell him that the Sea was agitated by a ſudden commotion, but cutting me off, This makes me remember (ſaid he) that the like caſe once befell me when I was making a voyage at Sea. For you muſt know (added he, without remembring what he had requeſted of me) that after I was embarqu'd at *Tarentum* in a very good ſhip, the Pilot of which was a Native of *Cuma*, and which was fraighted with ſeveral ſorts of merchandiſe (for *Tarentum* is a potent and rich City, and much frequented, by reaſon of the great Traffique of all kind of Commodities exercis'd in it) the wind changing of a ſudden, the ſhip was conſtrain'd to ſtay yet fifteen days longer in the Port of *Tarentum*, where there befell me a ſufficiently pleaſant adventure. For when embarqu'd, I took my leave of a woman of no contemptible beauty, with whom I had been gracious for ſome time, and who, for my ſake, had baniſht from her houſe a Lover which ſhe had, before I was hers. But for that ſhe believ'd I was departed over night, the next morning when I returned aſhore, and went to her to let her know I ſhould have the pleaſure of ſeeing her ſome days longer, I found her laughing heartily with my old Rival, though ſhe had bid me adieu with tears. Whereupon, choler incenſing me, I fell to quarrelling with my Rival and my Miſtriſs; which fit of indignation cur'd me of my love; and at my going from this viſit, I made another, at another houſe, where I became amorous of a brave Girl, to whom I addreſs'd Courtſhip, and was ſo paſſionate a ſervant of hers, that I ſuffer'd the Veſſel to ſail away without me, in which I had embarqu'd before with intention to depart. But, (ſaid I to him, taking occaſion to interrupt him) when you interrupted me, I thought it had been only to repreſent to me ſome tempeſt reſembling that which you deſir'd me deſcribe to you; yet it ſeems after you took ſhip, I find you again upon Land, and engag'd in a Love-deſign. Give your ſelf a little patience (ſaid he to me) we are not come to it yet. And indeed I ſtood in great need of it; for out of his prodigious eagerneſs of perpetual ſpeaking, and ſilencing all others, he recounted to me every particular circumſtance relating to his new affection; he caus'd me to read the Letters of his Miſtriſs, he repeated Songs to me, he took ſhip once again, and made a voyage without a Tempeſt, before he came to tell me of that, where indeed he was in danger of periſhing: Thus this man, who had a purpoſe to know the manner of my hazarding and eſcaping ſhipwrack, knew nothing at all of it, but inform'd me of a hundred matters wherewith I was wholly unconcern'd. In the mean time his language was commendable, and ſuppoſing it had been material for me to have known all that he told me, the man would have ſpoken admirably well: but being I had nothing to do with any of his ſtories, and had not related the danger I incurr'd above once or twice, (all the world naturally delighting to recount a Tempeſt, or ſuch like iminent dangers from which they are eſcap'd) 'tis beyond your imagination what I then ſuffer'd; and his eloquence was ſo offenſive to me, that had I not reſolv'd with my ſelf to deride him ſecretly, I ſhould have had but a very odious divertiſement. You have made this relation ſo pleaſantly (anſwer'd *Plotina* laughing) that it would have been ill, if there had never been people that affect much ſpeaking, and the beſt is, (added ſhe in raillery) that in imitating a man that ſpeaks very much, you ſeem not to enforce your ſelf as much as another. 'Tis true (reply'd *Amilcar*), beholding her with infinite affection) I ſpeak ſometimes freely enough; but to prove to all the company that I know how to reſtrain my ſelf from ſpeaking when I pleaſe, I need only inform them, that I have lov'd you more than eight days without declaring it to you, though

I had

I had a deſire to do it every moment. I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina*) let us not ſo ſoon change the diſcourſe, and amuſe our ſelves with ſpeaking of follies, which are no more neceſſary to be known to the company, than the relation of the adventures of your *Greek*, were to you, But for that I am no very great hater of ſpeaking, and 'tis one of the things in the World we moſt frequently practice; I ſhould not be unwilling to be inform'd what are the requiſites to ſpeaking well. In the firſt place (ſaid *Amilcar*) it is requiſite to have a good wit, ſufficient memory, and excellent judgement. Next, it behoves to ſpeak the language of the better ſort of people of the Countrey where we reſide, and equally to avoid that of the low and courſer Plebeians, that of fantaſtical wits, and that which certain people uſe, which having a ſmack of the Court; a mixture of the vulgar, ſomewhat of the former age, a little of the preſent, and very much of the City, is the moſt confus'd and various of all. But yet (ſaid *Plotina*) I do not account this ſufficient; for you well diſtinguiſh how we ought not to ſpeak, but you do not not expreſs directly how we ought. I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Hiratius*) it is neceſſary only to ſpeak as you do, to ſpeak exactly and agreeably. Verily (added *Herminius*) the amiable *Plotina* ſpeaks as a brave Lady ſhould, to ſpeak agreeably; for all her expreſſions are both noble and natural together, what ſhe ſpeaks is not far fetcht and elaborate, there is no conſtraint in her words, her diſcourſe is clear and facile, there is gallant ſprightlineſs in her manner of ſpeaking, no affectation in the ſound of her voice, very much liberty in her actions, and a wonderful reſemblance between her eyes and her words, which is a grace that contributes to render ſpeech infinitely more agreeable. But how can all you ſpeak of (anſwer'd *Plotina*) be competent to me, who ſcarce ever premeditate of what I am to ſay. Should you ſtudy more attentively, Madam, (reply'd *Zenocrates*) you would not ſpeak ſo agreeably as you do; for when we are ſo ſolicitous and conſiderative, we never ſpeak any thing commendably. But I would deſire to know (interrupted *Ceſonia*) what muſt the difference be which is requir'd between a man that ſpeaks well, and a woman that does ſo too; for though I certainly know, there ought to be ſome diſtinction, yet I do not fully underſtand wherein it conſiſts. The ſame words are us'd, the ſame things ſometimes ſpoken of, and the minds of both are frequently poſſeſs'd with reſembling thoughts; yet, as I ſaid before, it does not always become an ingenious woman to ſpeak in the ſame manner as an ingenious man; and there are certain expreſſions, which either Sex may ſutably enough employ diſtinctly, but cannot be promiſcuouſly us'd by the other with decency. There are certain things indeed (ſaid *Plotina*) which ſeem extremly uncowth in the mouth of a Woman, and yet are not at all ſurpriſing in that of a man. As for example, if I ſhould go to ſwear by the holy Fire, or by *Jupiter*, I ſhould frighten thoſe that heard me; if I ſhould offer to judge deciſively of ſome difficult queſtion, I ſhould be accounted ridiculous; if I ſhould only affirm that which I ſpeak, with ſomething too ſtrong and fierce a tone of my voice, it might be doubted whether I deſerv'd the name of a Virgin; if I ſhould ſpeak of War like a Military Tribune, all my friends would deride me. Nevertheleſs it behoves us to ſpeak commendably, as alſo to take care from falling into another defect, namely that of ſpeaking with a certain affected ſimplicity, which reliſhes of Childhood, and is very unbecoming. In the next place we ought not to ſpeak heedleſly, but yet leſs ought we to attend to our own ſpeech, as ſome woman do, who really liſten to the ſound of the words, which they pronounce, as they would do to a Harp when they are tuning it; and who with a certain tone of ſatisfaction, oftentimes cloath very bad things in very gay expreſſions, That which the amiable *Plotina* ſpeaks (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) is admirably well ſpoken; but to mention a defect that agrees equally to men and women, it is requiſite to avoid diligently a certain vulgar pronunciation which renders the moſt excellent ſenſe diſagreeable. For I aſſert, that it would be incomparably better that I had ſomething of *African*-accent in ſpeaking the language of *Rome*, than if I ſhould uſe that odd accent which is peculiar to the meaneſt ſort of artiſans. I dare confidently maintain, there is ſcarce a place in the world, where there is not a difference between the pronunciation of the better rank, and that of the vulgar; and I add moreover, that a ſtranger is not blameble for preſerving that of his Countrey; but a man or woman of quality are, if they ſpeak like their ſlaves. For my part, having a nice and delicate guſt, in reference to all things whatſoever, I am ſenſibly affected with the ſound of the voice, with a pure and ſweet accent, and an unexpreſſible kind of nobleneſs, that I find in the pronunciation of certain perſons whom I know, and chiefly in that of the charming *Plotina*. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Ceſonia*) tell me what they muſt do, who ſpeak not like *Plotina*, to attain the gracefulneſs of her ſpeech, and loſe the ill-becommingneſs of their own. Love people of the better rank (anſwer'd *Herminius*) and converſe with few others; for it does not belong to Books to teach to ſpeak, and they who content themſelves with reading, to become fit for converſation, ſtrangely delude themſelves, and underſtand not the advantages of familarity with good Writers. Reading is, without doubt, neceſſary to adorn the mind, to regulate the manners, and to compoſe the judgement; it may likewiſe ſerve to learn a tongue, but as for the handſomeneſs of language, it is attainable only by converſation, which withal, muſt be a converſation of people of the World, whereof Women make the greateſt part otherwiſe it will be too ſublime and learned, dry, rude, or affected, by thoſe who endeavour to regulate their faſhions of ſpeaking according to what they read. For, as Books for the moſt part ſpeak not as men do in converſation; ſo it does not become men to ſpeak in converſation, after the ſame manner they read in Books. Verily (ſaid *Plotina*) I wonder all the world does not addict themſelves to learn to ſpeak well; ſince, methinks, nothing is more eaſie than to be always in the company of worthy perſons; for the caſe is infinitely otherwiſe in all other things that we deſire to learn. It is ſometimes tedious enough to attend the directions of thoſe that teach to ſing, to paint, or to dance; but ſince to ſpeak handſomely, there needs nothing more than to converſe with people of the

World, and with those too that speak gracefully and agreeably, I make a vow to learn to speak during my whole life, and never willingly to converse with any others. Others ought rather to apply to you, Madam (said *Zenocrates*) than you to others. You have reason (answered *Amilcar*) but there is another kind of thing which the amiable *Plotina* has need to learn, which is to hear a little more favorably what I sometimes say to her. As for that (replyed she) 'tis learnt but too soon, but there is another which I would have all them taught who know it not, which is to consider what is spoken to them, and not to wander into unseasonable fancies from the purpose, in company. A little distraction (added she) I can pardon, but for that multiplication of continued extravagant fancies some people are addicted to, who never are present where they are seen, and are scarce ever in any place, I think it fit they were reformed of it. For he that has so many things to muse of, better than those he intends to speak, ought to abide in his Closet, and entertain only himself, since 'tis undoubtedly an incivility, not at all to attend to that which is spoken in the place where you are present, and to make no account of the company; and for my part, I am perswaded there is nothing but the murmur of a rivulet, or the prilling of a Fountain that can be civilly heard while we are meditating. What ever you are pleased to say (answered *Amilcar*) the liberty of musing is infinitely pleasing; and you are not ignorant that there are certain houses in all places which are accounted more agreeable than others, only because the Masters of them lay no constraint upon any person. There a man may be either pensive or sociable, he may either laugh or sing, entertain himself with whom he pleases, come in, and go forth without speaking any thing, and in a word enjoys a liberty in such houses, attended with so much sweetness, that they are deservedly preferred before all others. However it be (replyed *Plotina*) I consent to what *Herminius* affirmed; for without learning so many several things, it will be most convenient for me only to converse with persons of ingenious accomplishments, and therefore I am resolved to consort with no others hereafter, if it be possible. You had reason to add those last words (answered *Amilcar*) for according to the course of the World it is sufficiently difficult to converse only with such persons as you speak of. He had scarce ended these words but one came to advertise *Herminius*, that *Valerius* enquired for him concerning some urgent affair. Another also came at the same time to tell *Horatius*, that the second Consul, who was his Kinsman, had some occasion for him, so that this honorable company broke up; for *Valeria* having a curiosity to know what her fathers business was with *Herminius*, departed presently after him, and afterwards *Amilcar* and *Zenocrates* retired, and left *Cesonia* and *Plotina* alone together. Those two gallant persons were no sooner in the street, but they met *Æmilius*, who told them there was a man come from *Clusium*, that had brought some intelligence which obliged the Consuls to assemble the Senate extraordinarily. And indeed it was a Messenger sent by *Artemidorus*, who advertised *Valerius*, that they were already about raising forces in the States of the King of *Hetruria*, and preparing to advance the Troops of the *Veientines* and the *Tarquins*. It was also informed that the Queen *Galeritia*, accompanyed by the Princess of the *Leontines*, was gone to the Island of *Saules*, where *Aronces* was confined, with intent to perswade him to yield absolute obedience to *Porsenna*, and that it was not doubted but he would be won to it, there being no appearance that he could refuse to bear Arms against all those whom the King his father declared, and adjudged for enemies. *Valerius* receiving this intelligence, judged it important to seize upon a considerable Passage, and cause a Fort to be built there, before the enemies had time to perceive how necessary it would be for them to be masters of it.

But the second Consul being as much a favorer of the interests of *Horatius* as *Valerius* was of those of *Aronces*, though both of them sought the publick good, there became a kind of disposition to discord between them. *Valerius* knowing of how much concernment it was, there should happen no breach between them, desired to avoid a contest which might prove prejudicial to the publick affairs. To which purpose being to act two important matters at once, one of which was to know which of the two Consuls should go Commander of the forces designed to fortifie that difficult passage between *Rome* and *Clusium*, and the other to know whether the Consul *Horatius* or *Valerius* should be the person that should Dedicate the Temple of *Jupiter*, *Valerius* propounded to refer the decision of it to the event of Lot, perceiving the urgency of the matter; for the people imagined all would go ill if the Temple were not dedicated, and intelligent persons foresaw it was necessary to seise of a place that might hinder the enemies from coming so suddenly to besiege *Rome*, and consequently allow leisure to fortifie it. And it was to consult of this affair, that *Valerius* sent to seek *Herminius*, and the second Consul desired to speak with *Horatius*. *Valerius* would rather have stayed at *Rome*, where he believed his presence necessary, but the Dedication of the Temple of *Jupiter* being an honor desired with immence passion by his Collegue, he put the matter into the power of Lot, which decided it in favor of the second Consul. So that *Valerius* was obliged to go and command the Army for that secret expedition, which was judged so necessary. *Horatius*, as amorous as he was, resolved to accompany him, and would not remain behind a peaceful Spectator of the Dedication of a Temple, while there were Forces in the Campagne. *Themistus*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Æmilius*, and all the other friends of *Valeria* would have done the same, but he judged it necessary for himself that his true friends should continue at *Rome* during his absence. And moreover his attempt requiring to be executed by surprise, he did not deem it needful to carry so many brave persons with him for such a purpose. Nevertheless, he consented that *Mulius* should go with him; for knowing his imperious honor, and what his passion was for *Valeria*, he was not unwilling to separate him from *Herminius* and *Æmilius*, whom he very highly affected. As for *Spurius*, he remained at *Rome*, to importune *Valeria*; and *Themistus* likewise continued there for fear, lest if the Prince of *Messenia* should come thither to seek him

him, he might imagine he intended to flye away, *Melanges* ſtayed with his friend, *Galianus* follow'd *Valerius*, and *Merigenes*, ſtay'd behind for the ſame cauſe with *Themiſtus*. The ſecond Conſul, though he had but one only Son, ſent him to the Army, which in three days was ready to depart. When it was marcht away, the Conſul *Horatius* only prepared for the Honor to dedicate the Temple of *Jupiter*. In order to which it was purified, according to the cuſtom, with the moſt ancient ceremonies of *Rome*: all the people left their works this day, Sacrifices were offered in all the other Temples, that which was to be dedicated, was adorned with above a thouſand magnificent Lamps; all the perſons of quality of either Sex were preſent in it, the chief Veſtal, and the Salian Prieſts repaired thither, and it was not ſuſpected any obſtacle could happen, to obſtruct the accompliſhment of the Ceremony. When the time came, that the ſecond Conſul was holding the Gates of the Temple half open, and, according to the antient cuſtom, was ready to pronounce the ſolemn words, in which conſiſted the dedication of the Temple, a Brother of *Valerius*, who ſtood directly againſt the gates, lifting up his voice, Know (ſaid he to him) that your ſon is dead in the Army, and therefore being obliged to take care for his Funeral, it is not meet for you to do what you are going about; for it is a profanation to ſhed tears the ſame day a Temple is dedicated to *Jupiter*. If my ſon be dead, (anſwered *Horatius* without being moved) he is dead for the cauſe of his Countrey, and it being ſo, the gods preſerve me from lamenting his loſs. Let the *Romans* then take care for his Sepulture, (added he) for he was more *Rome*'s than mine; and ſince he is dead in defence of his liberty, I ought to rejoice for it, and finiſh the ceremony. *Herminius*, who was on the other ſide of the gate, knew well, that what the Brother of *Valerius* ſaid, was but an artifice excogitated by him, to impede the ceremony, imagining the Conſul would be ſo troubled at the news of his only Sons death, that he could not proceed and finiſh it. He apprehended alſo that he had been inſtigated to this artifice by *Spurius*, who was his Friend: wherefore underſtanding how greatly it would diſpleaſe *Valerius*, who was a declared enemy to untruth, as well as himſelf, he could not contain from ſpeaking aloud, that this intelligence was not ſent by *Valerius*. However, the Conſul, whether that he knew what was ſpoken to him to be untrue, or had a reſolute and conſtant Soul, or that the deſire of glory rendred him inſenſible, teſtified no ſign of grief, and finiſhed the ceremony. But juſt as it was almoſt ended, *Horatius* and the Son of this Conſul arrived from *Valerius*, to advertiſe that the Paſſage of ſo conſiderable advantage was eaſily ſeiſed on, and that he would return as ſoon as he had cauſed it to be fortified. Whereupon, *Herminius*, beholding him to arrive, who was ſaid to be dead, and knowing from him the intelligence he brought, would himſelf conduct him to the Conſul *Horatius*, to the end he might clearly manifeſt, *Valerius* and he had no part in the artifice which was made uſe of, to diſturb him in the ceremony. And indeed it was eaſie to diſcover who were principals in the fraud; for the Brother of *Valerius* and *Spurius*, withdrew themſelves, but *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrate*, and all the other Friends of *Valerius*, remained to congratulate with the Conſul, for the return of his Son, and the news he had brought. In the mean time *Clelius*, who was ſufficiently joyful, becauſe he was aſſured of the recovery of *Octavius*, underſtanding it was believed *Aronces* would be obliged to bear Arms againſt *Rome*, called *Clelia*, and ſpeaking to her with the authority of a Father, and a *Roman* whoſe Virtue was ſevere, Daughter, (ſaid he to her) you are not ignorant, what hatred I ought to bear againſt *Tarquin*; and your ſelf have been ſufficiently perſecuted by him, to hate him in perfection, and not to ſcruple to forget a Prince, who has bathed his Sword in the Blood of your Brother, and who apparently is going to put himſelf into a condition to kill him and me too, if it be true, as 'ts reported, that he is obliged to make War againſt *Rome*. But my Lord (anſwered *Clelia* dejectedly,) if *Aronces* has wounded my Brother, it was by reaſon he knew him not; he ſerved *Rome* importantly againſt *Tarquin*, in the laſt Battel, and if it be true that he changes his party, no doubt 'tis only becauſe the King his Father, having embraced that of *Tarquin*, honor will no longer permit him to fight for *Rome*, ſince he cannot do it, without fighting againſt him, to whom he ows his life. Therefore I acknowledge to you, without violating the reſpect incumbent on me by duty, that I think, after your ſo frequent commands to me, to look upon *Aronces* as my deſigned Husband, and who had effectually been ſo, had not that dreadful Earthquake interrupted your intentions, I cannot ſo eaſily forget *Aronces* as you require, for it is not in my power, not to remember all thoſe obligations I have to him. I perceive well (interrupted *Clelius* roughly) you would intimate to me, that I ought alſo to remember thoſe you pretend I have to *Aronces*; but without amuſing my ſelf to anſwer all you have now ſpoken, I declare to you, that I revoke all the commands I layd upon you in favor of *Aronces*, and that I now lay more powerful ones upon you in favor of *Horatius*, whom I intend you ſhall marry at the end of the War. I would cauſe you to marry him to morrow, (added he) were it not that *Valerius* inſtructs me by his example, that it is unfit to be ſollicitous about accompliſhing Mariages, whilſt our Countrey is in War; ſince he has deferred that of *Valeria*, for this only reaſon. And withall, being unwilling to treat you ſeverely, I conſent that you take ſome time, to reſolve to obey me with a good will. But my Lord, (replyed *Clelia* modeſtly) what ſhall become of the promiſes which you have made to the unfortunate *Aronces*? I promiſed all things to the unknown *Aronces* (anſwered he) but I promiſed nothing to the Son of *Porſenna*, and the Protector of *Tarquin*, and moreover, (added *Clelius* fiercely) to tell you my ſentimens, you are not to imagine that *Aronces* is the ſame at *Cluſium*, that you ſaw him heretofore at *Carthage*, and more lately at *Rome*. His example will perhaps ſoon teach you to obey your Father, as he will do his own: and therefore it is better, that you endeavor to prevent him. Reſolve then upon it, for it will be unprofitable for you to reſiſt me, I am going to publiſh the reſolution I have taken in ſuch a manner, that it ſhall be ſufficiently difficult, but ſome of *Aronces*'s Friends will diſcover it to him, as ſoon as he ſhall be at liberty. No queſti-

on my Lord, (anſwered *Clelia*,) you may publiſh your reſolution to all the World; but you can never alter that which I have made, never to be poſſeſſed by any perſon, if I cannot be by *Aronces*. *Clelius* was tranſported with very much violence at theſe words, and left *Clelia* in incredible ſorrow. 'Tis true, *Sulpitia* comforted her with extream goodneſs, for being ſhe loved *Aronces* and hated *Horatius*, ſhe intereſſed her ſelf in the affliction of *Clelia*, and omitted nothing conducive to her conſolation. *Octavius* likewiſe gave her all the occaſions in the World, to commend his generoſity, but in fine, *Aronces* was abſent and priſoner, and if he were ſet at liberty, ſhe judged it would be only to manage the War againſt *Rome*, and ſo ſhe ſhould become more miſerable. She likewiſe feared, leſt time might change the heart of *Aronces*, and *Horatius* return to be as violent as he had formerly been: whereby finding no advantage either in Peace or War, ſhe perpetually found her ſelf unhappy. But if ſhe were unfortunate, *Aronces* enjoyed no felicity: for it was true, the Queen his Mother, accompanyed with the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, went to him in the Iſland of *Saules* to propound to him in the name of the King, either to reſolve upon perpetual impriſonment, or to take Arms againſt *Rome*, in favor of *Tarquin*. The very firſt thought of changing his ſide excited horror in him, eſpecially when he reflected that he ſhould ſee himſelf with his Sword in his hand, againſt the Father of *Clelia*, and ſo many of his Illuſtrious friends; but when he proceeded to conſider that his Rival was at *Rome*, (for he had been informed of his deliverance) and imagined that during his impriſonment. *Horatius* might make advantage of his misfortune, he concluded nothing could be more prejudicial to him, than to continue in priſon: Knowing therefore that the Queen his Mother, and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* favored his intereſts, and were informed of his paſſion, he would not conceal his ſentiments from them. I beſeech you Madam, (ſaid he to *Galerita*) remember that I am in the ſame priſon, where Love heretofore occaſioned your confinement; recall all the dearneſs you have had for the King, and compaſſionate the condition of an unfortunate perſon, who loſt his liberty, before he knew he owed his life to you. Conſider the deplorable ſtrait I am at preſent in. If I obey the King, I ſhall ſee my ſelf with Sword in hand, againſt the Father of *Clelia*, and be obliged to ſerve *Tarquin* and *Sextus*, to the utmoſt of my power, who have been, and perhaps ſtill are, Lovers of the perſon that I love, and both her perſecutors and mine. If I ſeek to eſcape out of priſon, and put my ſelf into *Rome*, I commit an action horribly criminal againſt the King my Father, and I ſide with *Horatius*, who is a formidable Rival, and if I continue in priſon, I do nothing either for the King, or *Clelia*, or my ſelf, nothing againſt *Horatius* or *Tarquin*, and only ſuffer unprofitably. Thus I find my ſelf in an eſtate more miſerable than ever any Lover fell into. The Princeſs of the *Leontines*, deſirous at leaſt to give *Aronces* ſome conſolation, informed him, that the Prince of *Numidia* had ceaſed to be a Prince, and was Brother to *Clelia*, though concealing from him the report that he had wounded him, which ſhe underſtood from *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*, for fear to afflict him. If it be ſo (anſwered *Aronces*,) I ſhall have loſt a Rival, and gained a Protector, for I have no reaſon to doubt, but that between *Horatius* and me, the generous Brother of *Clelia* will declare himſelf to my advantage. Alaſs! (ſaid *Galerita* then ſighing) what will it be the better for you by his declaring to your advantage, if Fortune be againſt you? For in brief, to tell you the ſtate of matters in reality, I have order from the King, to offer you liberty and his favor, on condition you will marry the Daughter of the Prince of *Cere*, who is propounded to him by *Tarquin*; no other aſſurance (he ſays) being to be had of you, after your once already eſcaping from his Court. Ah! Madam, (cryed *Aronces*) I will dye a thouſand times, rather than do what the King propounds to me; I prefer dying incomparably before injuring my Love, and my Honor. Yet in the condition wherein I am at preſent, it is ſo difficult to do any thing for the firſt, without violation of the latter, that death is the ſole remedy I am able to imagine. Ceaſe therefore, Madam, (added this afflicted Prince) ceaſe from having any longer kindneſs for me, ſince I can do nothing but occaſion ſorrow to thoſe that love me. Hope is ſo ſweet a good (anſwered the Princeſs of the *Leontines*) that it ought not to be caſt off ſo eaſily. Wherefore, I wiſh you would leave the Queen, the power to manage the intereſts of your Love, and your Honor, without being ſollicitous what ſhe intends to report to the King. Alaſs! Madam, (replyed *Aronces* ſadly) it is extreamly difficult, to retain hope in a condition reſembling mine, when reaſon is as yet not wholly loſt. However it be, (ſaid *Galerita*) leave your ſelf to be guided by me, unleſs you intend your own deſtruction. But Madam, (ſaid he) what can I, or what can you your ſelf do? I can tell the King (anſwered ſhe) that you are in deſpair not to find your Soul capable, to yield ſo ready obedience. But Madam, (interrupted *Aronces*) I will never obey him, if he always commands me not to love *Clelia*. Have patience (anſwered *Galerita*,) and ſuffer me to end what I was ſpeaking. I intend (added ſhe) to inform the King as I told you, and endeavor to perſwade him, to permit you the liberty of being guarded only in his Palace, and to ſuffer all that pleaſe to come to viſit you. But what will be the advantage of that (replyed *Aronces*) ſince I reſolve not to marry the Daughter of the Prince of *Cere*? While matters are at that paſs (anſwered *Galerita*) it ſhall be attempted to cauſe the King to alter his ſentiments; and in caſe he perſiſt in them, it will be expedient to have recourſe to an artifice which I have contrived, wherein the aſſiſtance of the Princeſs of the *Leontines* is abſolutely neceſſary. If it be, Madam, (ſaid this generous Princeſs) you need only to inform me what I ought to do, and I will obey you immediately. It is only deſired of you (anſwered *Galerita*) that you will come and ſee *Aronces* as often as I ſhall viſit him. And in the next place, it will be requiſite for him to act, as if he were become amorous of you; and being you are not in a condition to diſpoſe of your ſelf, ſo long as you are at difference with the Prince of *Leontium*, the matter will be protracted a long time. *Porſenna*, who ſeeks to cauſe *Aronces* to marry the Daughter of the Prince of *Cere*, only to extinguiſh his paſſion for *Clelia*, will be more ſollici-

tous

rous about it; ſo that the obſtacle ariſing only on your part, he will let the buſineſs reſt till affairs change their preſent ſtate. Though there may ſeem ſomething in this contrivance, not conſiſtent with decency (replyed the Princeſs of the *Leontines* ſmiling) to admit an affection apparently, of ſo goodly a perſon as the Prince *Aronces*, yet I take ſo great intereſt in that which concerns him, that I ſhall conſent to this innocent fraud, which may otherwiſe be ſerviceable to me, in reference to the Prince my Brother. But Madam, (ſaid *Aronces*) would it not be a crime to counterfeit a love to a perſon ſo lovely as you are? 'Tis true, I have ſo great an eſteem and friendſhip for you, (if I may ſo ſpeak) that you have no cauſe to reproach me, ſince I had not the honor to ſee you, till after I had no longer a heart to loſe. But, in brief, ſhould this fiction ſucceed, it would be ſufficiently dangerous for me, unleſs *Clelia* be informed of it, and as I conceive, it will be no very ſecure courſe to truſt this ſecret in a Letter. Take you no care for that (ſaid the Princeſs of the *Leontines*) for I ſhall lay that charge upon my ſelf, when time requires, to write to her in my own name, to prevent her miſ-apprehenſion, and accompany it with a Letter of yours to that fair perſon This being granted (replyed *Aronces*) I conceive the fiction may break off my intended nuptials with the Princeſs of *Cere*, but I ſee not how I ſhall be able to avoid following the King to the War, nor how I can ſerve in the Siege of *Rome*, without incenſing *Clelia*, and being hated by her Father. If *Clelia* be equitable (anſwered *Galerita*) ſhe will pity inſtead of accuſing you; and if *Clelius* be generous, he will commend you for defending the life of your Father, and not love you leſs. Ah! Madam (replyed *Aronces*) you know not what a jealous Lover *Clelius* is of his Countrey, how immenſely he hates *Tarquin*, and what great cauſe he has to deteſt him in perfection. But without diverting to matters ſo wide from the purpoſe, (ſaid *Galerita*) let us only debate how to effect your deliverance from the Iſland of *Saules*, that you may come to *Cluſium*, that your friends may ſee you there, and the Mariage of the Prince of *Cere*'s Daughter be no longer inſiſted on: for really (added ſhe) the conſtant affection you have for *Clelia*, makes me commiſerate you; and did the King remember ſo tenderly, as I do, the love that rendered him unhappy during ſo many years, he would be as ready to excuſe it as I am, ſince you love a perſon, eminent for beauty, virtue, and deſcent; for as I have underſtood by one of our ancient *Augurs*, who is a knowing perſon in all things and particularly in Genealogies, *Clelius* is lineally deſcended from the race of the Kings of *Alba*, though he dares not diſcover it at *Rome*, by reaſon of the ancient differences between the *Sabines* and the *Romans*, and at this day when thoſe two Nations are united into one, he ſeeks no greater glory than that of being a *Roman*. *Aronces* hearing this diſcourſe of *Galerita*, uſed all the ſweet and perſwaſive Language he could, to mollifie her heart, by which means he obtained permiſſion of this Princeſs to write to *Clelia*; for ſince ſhe believed, that after his having been ſo near the accompliſhment of his happineſs, to prejudice ſo innocent an affection, would be to provoke the gods ſhe was willing to give this conſolation to a Prince, whom ſhe loved with an infinite dearneſs. Accordingly, during *Galerita* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* went to waſk upon a Terraſs, he writ to *Clelia*, and delivered his Letter to the Princeſs of *Leontium*, who promiſed to procure it ſafely rendered to her hands. In order whereunto, as ſoon as ſhe was returned to *Cluſium*, ſhe gave it to the Prince *Artemidorus* her Brother, who ſaw her every day privately; and forthwith diſpatcht a ſlave on purpoſe to *Rome*, to carry that Letter to *Zenocrates*, to the end he might deliver it to *Clelia*. To which end, he had no ſooner received it, but he went to the Houſe of *Sulpicia*, who was not at home, having not taken *Clelia* with her, he delivered her the Letter of *Aronces*, which ſhe received with the greateſt tranſport of joy in the World. Opening it haſtily, and finding another incloſed for *Octavius*, ſhe layd it aſide, and began to read that which was addreſſed to her ſelf, in theſe words.

ARONCES to *CLELIA*.

IF I love you not more ardently than ever, and be not reſolved to love you ſo eternally, I wiſh I may never go forth of this priſon wherein I am, though it be inſupportable unto me. After this ſincere proteſtation, permit me to conjure you, not to judge of me according to appearances, for perhaps the paſſion I have for you, will oblige me to do things that may ſeem to you criminall, though they be not ſo: but I proteſt once again, that I will be eternally and abſolutely Yours, and Yours alone.

Clelia having done reading this Letter, reſented ſome cauſe of inquietude, from the requeſt made to her by *Aronces*; but at length the aſſurance of his perpetual affection, inſpired a joy into her more ſweet and lively, than ſhe had a long time been poſſeſſed with. Nevertheleſs, ſhe diſſembled part of it before *Zenocrates*; for though the love of *Aronces* and *Clelia* were no ſecret, yet the modeſty of this virtuous Virgin ever obliged her, not to manifeſt more than part of the tenderneſs ſhe had in her Soul. Which the better to conceal in this occaſion, ſhe lead *Zenocrates* to the Chamber of *Octavius*, to whom ſhe delivered the Letter directed to him. At his receiving it, he could not contain from ſighing, imagining that *Aronces* deſired his friendſhip again, after his knowing that he could no longer be his Rival; breaking up the ſeals, he found both much generoſity and dearneſs expreſſed in theſe terms.

ARONCES

ARONCES to his dear OCTAVIUS.

I Do no longer wonder I could never hate you, ſo much as my other Rivals, ſince you are Brother to the admirable Clelia. *My heart, no doubt, by ſome divine inſtinct diſcerned* Octavius *from the Prince of* Numidia, *for notwithſtanding all our feuds, it was ever poſſeſſed with reſpect for your Virtue. But I beſeech you, do not content your ſelf with freeing me from a Rival; reſtore me a Friend, and vouchſafe to be my interceſſor with* Clelius *and* Sulpitia. *I ſhall perhaps have the unhappineſs to be in a party oppoſite to that of* Rome, *but if Honor and Love force me thereunto, pitty me, and believe I ſhall not be leſs ſincerely Yours.*

Octavius having read this Letter, ſhewed it to *Clelia*, who could not read it through without ſighing; for ſhe well apprehended *Aronces* would be forced to bear Arms againſt *Rome*. She likewiſe knew, Honor would not permit him to come and ſide with *Rome*, ſince the King his Father made War againſt it: and ſhe conceived too, that *Clelius* was ſo zealous for his Countrey, that he would hate *Aronces* more for being in the enemies Army, than he did already, out of the thought that 'twas he that wounded *Octavius* in the Battel. But at length, ſhe was not inſenſible of much ſweetneſs, in receiving teſtimonies of *Aronces*'s conſtancy, beſides that, the Letter he writ to *Octavius*, made it ſo evident, that if he was the perſon that wounded him, it was through his not knowing him, that ſhe asked her Brother, whether it would not be fit to ſhew it to *Clelius*? The generous *Octavius* approved her requeſt, and accordingly delivered it to his Father. But *Clelius* being at that time very ill affected towards *Aronces*, and extreamly favorable to *Horatius*, he ſaid, he perceived nothing in this Letter, that might juſtifie *Aronces*, but that on the contrary, he ſaw it was written by a man, who was preparing to be the Protector of *Tarquin*, and the enemy of *Rome*. *Octavius* anſwered, that Nature and Honor not permiting *Aronces* to abandon the King his Father, he ought to be pityed, for being engaged among the enemies of *Rome*, and not to be lookt upon as an Enemy. But this fair anſwer nothing moved him, for in the ſentiments he then had, all that was favorable to *Aronces* diſpleaſed him, and all that was contrary to *Horatius*, put him into choler. In the mean time *Valerius* having diſpatcht ſo important an affair, and policy requiring the improvement of this advantage as much as poſſible, to the end to retain the people in a favorable diſpoſition for the continuation of the War, all the principal perſons affected to teſtifie their joy of it. Nevertheleſs, the houſe of *Racilia* was always melancholly; and *Hermilia* and *Collatina* were almoſt continually alone lamenting their misfortunes. At the ſame time they of *Veii* having demanded fifteen days to conſult with all their Augurs, whether they ſhould deliver that Figure which was to be placed upon the top of the Temple of *Jupiter*, *Telanus* remained free at *Rome*, upon the word of *Clelius*, to whom he had engaged his own. But indeed he was not very much unpleaſed with it; for he was ſo much taken with *Plotina*, and found ſo many worthy perſons, and amiable Ladies at *Rome*, that he could willingly have deſired to continue there, all his life. Nor was it ſtrange he ſhould delight in a place to which both his own inclination retained him, and where no care was neglected to divert him. For *Horatius*, out of an honorable gratitude for the civil uſage he had received from *Mamilius*, was very ſollicitous in his favor, and *Clelius* looking upon him as a Kinſman of his antient friend, commanded *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* to contribute their utmoſt to his contentment. For *Octavius* being then out of danger, his mind was ſufficiently ſerene and compoſed. And indeed *Telanus* himſelf was a perſon of ſo lovely and deſirable a converſe, that every one was forward to expreſs their endeavors in favor of his content. Whence *Horatius*, *Herminius*, *Themiſtus*, *Meleagenes*, *Zenocrates*, *Spurius*, *Æmilius*, *Merigenes*, and *Amilcar* too, how much ſoever his Rival, did all they could to cauſe him to paſs agreeably the time of his reſidence at *Rome*. *Clelia*, having then leſs affliction upon her mind, was alſo more Miſtreſs of her ſelf, and more eaſily concurred with the deſires of her father, and the endeavors of the reſt; *Valeria*, *Ceſonia*, *Plotina*, *Flavia* and *Salonina*, being of themſelves ſufficiently diſpoſed to divert him, the converſation was always extreamly pleaſant, in every place whatſoever. And beſides it being the cuſtom to celebrate three feſtival days upon the Dedication of a Temple, mirth, and rejoycing became at that time univerſal. *Sulpicia* in complyance with the cuſtom, and obedience to *Clelius* had an intention to go and ſup in one of the Gardens of *Numa*, which was at the foot of that little Hill beſet with Laurels, whither he was wont to reſort in ſecret to receive the inſpirations and documents of the Nymph *Ægeria*. To which the principal Ladies of *Rome* being invited, beſides *Valeria*, *Ceſonia*, *Plotina*, *Flavia*, and *Salonina*, they all went thither in Chariots. And as for the men of quality, they repaired thither by themſelves on horſeback. But as the Ladies arrived at this place, they beheld a broken Chariot before this Gate of the Garden into which they were to enter, and obſerved the perſons that were taking care for the reparation of it, were not *Romans*. Upon which, they enquired of the Gardener who ſtood at the Gate, whoſe Chariot that was, who anſwered that it belonged to ſome Ladies of *Sicily*, that were newly entered into the Garden, and who after their landing at *Oſtia*, had taken a Chariot to come to *Rome*, after which *Sulpicia* entered, being accompanyed by all the other Ladies, and *Horatius*, *Amilcar*, and *Zenocrates*, being arrived there before *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, *Themiſtus*, and *Merigenes*, they gave the hand to theſe Ladies, and conducted them into the Garden. *Zenocrates*, who waited upon *Clelia*, becauſe *Horatius* found himſelf obliged to give the hand to *Sulpicia*, had ſcarce walked twenty paces, but he beheld two fair perſons ſiting by the ſide of a

Fountain

Fountain upon seats of Turf, who without taking notice of the company, were very intent in their discourse together, whilst two young Virgins that belong'd to them, were gathering Flowers in the Garden: but as soon as he beheld them, he perceiv'd they were *Clidamira* and *Bereliſa*, Miſtreſſes to *Artemidorus*; which giving him a pleaſing aſtoniſhment, he could not contain from teſtifying his ſurpriſe and his joy: O gods (cry'd he) is it poſſible I ſhould find the two perſons together, whom of all the world I moſt affect, and who love one another leaſt! I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid he to *Clelia*) oblige the generous *Sulpicia* to make a civility to them, ſince the perſons you behold, are of the higheſt quality of *Agrigentum* and *Leontium*, as you will acknowledge when I ſhall have told you, their names are *Clidamira* and *Bereliſa*; for I preſume *Valeria* has recounted to you the relation I ſometimes made to her of the adventures of *Artemidorus*.

Clelia hearing *Zenocrates* ſpeak in this manner, advertis'd *Sulpitia* of the quality of theſe Ladies, who at length turning their heads towards this fair and great company, let fall their veils, and roſe up with intention to go into a Walk by themſelves, to avoid the company which they beheld. But *Zenocrates* having demanded *Clelia*'s permiſſion to leave her, went towards the two Ladies whom he no ſooner ſaluted, but they remembred they had ſeen him at *Leontium* and *Agrigentum*: Whereupon they lifted up their veils, and ſigh'd as they beheld him; for knowing he underſtood all their adventures, they could not repreſs this ſad emotion. Nevertheleſs they were well pleas'd in having met thus accidentally with him; though at the ſame time reflecting that *Artemidorus* might poſſibly be in the ſame Garden too, their hearts were ſenſibly moved with the apprehenſion: But *Zenocrates* ſoon undeceiv'd them; for after the firſt civility, he told them the Prince *Artemidorus* in the place he was in, little thought of the adventure now befallen him. After which, informing them who the Ladies were they beheld there, he conducted them to receive the civilities of *Sulpitia*, who undrſtanding their quality and merit, offered them the utmoſt of her abilities to ſerve them, and then inviting them to paſs the reſt of the day in the Garden, aſſured them ſhe would carry them back in her own Chariot, whilſt theirs was rectifying at leaſure; and moreover, ſhe generouſly offered them the entertainment of her houſe. I aſſure you (ſaid *Telanus* agreeably) ſtrangers are admirably well received at the houſe of *Sulpitia*, although they be enemies; ſo that there is reaſon to believe ſuch fair ſtrangers as you can find no other than noble reception. To ſpeak for my ſelf (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) I ſo little merit the title of Fair, that I cannot think my ſelf concern'd in your obliging language; And as for my particular (added *Clidamira* pleaſantly) though I ſhould have been ſometimes accounted fair in *Sicily*, I ſhould eſteem my ſelf at preſent very deform'd in a place where I behold more fair perſons, than I have other-where ever ſeen. I conceive (ſaid *Valeria*, addreſſing to *Clelia*) it concerns you to anſwer, for you have more intereſt than all the reſt in the commendations of *Clidamira*. I am ſo little perſwaded of the truth of what you ſay (anſwer'd *Clelia*) that I was preparing to hear you, and thought not at all of anſwering. 'Tis beyond doubt (added *Plotina*) that you have not the power to oppoſe your ſelf againſt a truth that cannot be conteſted by any that own the faculty of ſight. But though my ſelf am not (added ſhe ſmiling) one of the number of thoſe grand Beauties that excite admiration, yet I am not timerous to claim ſome ſhare in *Clidamira*'s praiſes; for I ſhould be very ſorry not to pleaſe a perſon, who pleaſes me infinitely already. *Clidamira* (ſaid *Bereliſa*, addreſſing to *Zenocrates*) is wont to pleaſe as ſoon as ſhe is firſt ſeen: but as for me, who make not ſo ſudden Conqueſts, nevertheleſs I have ſome hope, that if I continue at *Rome*, my commendations will be accounted ſomething, though at preſent, only thoſe of my fair Siſter, are taken notice of. You ſpeak in ſo ſubtle a ſtrain (anſwer'd *Plotina*) that I well perceive the more knowledge any perſons have of you, the more deſirous they will be to know you, and that you well underſtand how to preſerve what you have acquired, You know her ſo well already (reply'd *Clidamira*, with a cunning ſmile) that I believe you have formerly ſeen her; for ſhe not only preſerves what is given her, or ſhe acquires; but ſhe takes away from others what they have acquir'd, without ever making them reſtitution. When any perſon finds a thing another has loſt by his own fault (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) and which ought to be poſſeſs'd by ſome other, it is as good to take and keep it, as to leave it, for thoſe, who perhaps will have no care of it; and therefore (added *Bereliſa*, beholding all the fair perſons that environ'd her) if it happen we make ſome ſtay at *Rome*, you muſt prepare your ſelves to love me more at the end, than at the beginning. At preſent, for that it is not meet to trouble your divertiſement, and be at a Feaſt, whereunto chance cauſes our invitation; if my Siſter conſents, we will accept the Chariot offer'd us, and leave you to that liberty, which is moſt neceſſary to render your Walk agreeable; ſince oftentimes one ſtrange or troubleſome perſon prejudices the pleaſure of many. As for being troubleſome (anſwer'd *Sulpitia*) you know you are not ſuch. And for ſtrangers (added *Plotina*) you are leſs ſo at *Rome* than you imagine, it not being poſſible to have convers'd ſo much there with the Prince *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, and not to know you perfectly. *Clelia* accompanying the requeſts of *Sulpitia* with her own, and all the other Ladies teſtifying the ſame deſires, *Clidamira* and *Bereliſa* were perſwaded to ſtay with them: Though they made ſome further ſcruple by reaſon of the careleſneſs of their attire, unſutable for an appointed feaſt; but that being ſufficiently becoming, their excuſe was ineffectual, and they were conſtrain'd to make an addition to this fair company. Wherefore giving order to their attendants, to go and adverti ſe a friend of *Spurius*, at whoſe houſe they intended to lodge, that they would be there at night, they mingled themſelves in the converſation of all the Ladies, with as much liberty as if they had been of their moſt antient familiars. *Clidamira* and *Bereliſa* handſomly extoll'd the beauty of *Clelia*; for no queſtion there is an art to commend with a good grace of greater difficulty than is believ'd. But the modeſt *Clelia* averted the praiſes given her after ſo gentle and pleaſing a manner; that, without either refuſing or accepting the ſame; ſhe

(ſaid

caus'd them to change their discourse. For beholding a man of a comely personage, and a noble and sprightly air enter into the Garden, I wish (said she) he that I see there were some stranger as agreeable as you. He is without doubt much more (answer'd *Clidamira*, who knew him) and I think *Berelisa* will not but acknowledge it. You know him then? (reply'd *Clelia*). We know him (answer'd *Berelisa*) only by occasion of passing from *Sicily* to *Ostia* in the same ship, but I assure you, there is not a more agreeable person than *Anacreon*, How? (said *Herminius*) is he that comes there, *Anacreon*, whose works charm'd me in *Greece*? and whose reputation is so famous? who has so gallant a fancy, delicate wit, and natural expressions? who generally loves all pleasures, and in particular, is no great hater of genial entertainments? 'Tis that very person (answer'd she) As for me (said *Amilcar*) who am charm'd with his writings as well as *Herminius*, I am ravished to see him. *Berelisa* hearing what was spoken of *Anacreon*, went to meet him, and addressing to him, Come, said she, come to a place where you have more friends than you believe, and where perhaps you may have occasion to break the oath you have made to love no beauty at *Rome*; for you will see some sufficiently charming in this Garden, it may be, to change your resolution. Since I have had only admiration, and esteem for you and *Clidamira*, ever since I had the honor to know you answer'd he, speaking the *Roman* language tolerably well) I conceive no fair ones in the world ought to be offended, when they excite not in my breast the tender passion of Love, Perhaps (said *Plotina* pleasantly) we should be culpable in being offended at it; but if you are such a person as description represents you, perhaps we shall have reason to be discontented, since there would be no want of pleasure, in detaining so worthy a person as you at *Rome*. I assure you, answer'd he, that good company may detain me any where, and being that where I am present, has a very agreeable appearance, it shall only depend on them, if I stay not here as long as they please. After this, all these Ladies made a thousand civilities to *Anacreon*, and effectually oblig'd him to sup in that Garden with all the company, To speak my thoughts, (said he, when the Ladies were beginning to walk) I apprehend a happy presage of my aboad at *Rome*, since at my first arrival, I find my self at a noble entertainment, I, who am the protector of joy, and who in defiance of all the Sages, who glory only in solitude and simplicity, am of opinion, that the society, and jovial Collations of honest persons are necessary to the felicity of life. As for society (answer'd *Clelia*) I believe, who ever is owner of a Reason, not perfectly Savage, consents with you; but as for great Festivals, I conceive 'tis possible to be absent from them during all our lives, without loss of any great pleasure; and consequently, that they may be dispens'd with for ever. When I speak as I do (answer'd *Anacreon*) I do not mean those Feastings that are made at nuptial Solemnities, where there are assembled a multitude of persons, for the most part strangers to one another, who know not what to speak of; where there are more impertinents than intelligent, where there is much talk but little discourse, where the conversation is rather a confus'd noise than a real society, where ceremony is supream regent, where molestation and tediousness always meet, where multitude excites longing desires of, and gives extraordinary endearments to solitude, and where oftentimes people dye for hunger in the midst of abundance, because freedom, property, order, and decency, are excluded from such entertainments. There arises at such times a disgust in us, that causes us to fancy nothing good; we are oftentimes plac'd directly against persons whom we do not affect, others on each hand who disturb us, and on what ever side we turn, there is nothing to be found but disorder, set off with tedious ceremony, and consequently occasioning much dissatisfaction. The description *Anacreon* has made of a troublesom feast, is perfectly handsom, (said *Amilcar*) and if he will represent a pleasant one, I believe it will be very acceptable to the company. As for my part (said that lover of *Plotina*, who was of the sect of *Pythagoras*) I never understood that the joy of virtuous people could depend on high fare, or that the delicacy of taste was necessary to the felicity of a rational man. On the contrary, I believe the owners of this inclination, are for the most part, enemies of all Becomingness and Virtue, and that there are few vices to which they are strangers. When *Anacreon* spok of an agreeable Feast (answer'd *Amilcar*) he does not mean one of those exorbitant Feasts, which admit not the presence of virtuous Ladies, from whence decencie is banisht, where licentiousness takes the place of liberty, where 'tis a glory to lose reason, where disorder causes the greatest pleasure that is found there, where the discourse is oftentimes without coherence, and without wit, where they that speak are not hearken'd too, where they who attend, understand nothing of what is spoken to them, where one while there is good singing, and another while prodigious roaring; where Virtue and good manners are made a mockery of, and where insolence and rudeness pass for agreeable deportment and good company: for, to speak determinately, I account men that spend all their whole lives in Feasts of this nature, much inferior to beasts. No doubt, you have reason (reply'd *Anacreon*) for these sorts of jollities have more correspondence with the extravagances of Bacchanals, than with true joy. But that which to me is most agreeable, is, to find five or six friends together, free from business and melancholly, and who looking upon good fare only as a tye that draws them together, and as that which affords liberty and contributes to joy, really find all the pleasure therein they are able to wish for. There the conversation is free, chearful, and pleasant; we speak what we please and what we think, we impart as much delectation as we receive; the fancy is rais'd, and the wit displaies it self more than at other times, without constraint or ostentation; we remember our absent friends, we talk of our loves, we premeditate new pleasures, by making an appointment for another entertainment; and intermixing the Feast with agreeable Sonnets, Musick, now and than a little walk, and a little discourse, it may be concluded, both the body and mind are highly refresh'd and satisfi'd, and there remains nothing to be desir'd, but the renovation of the same pleasure. But to cause this pleasure to be perfect, it is requisite the familiarity of the guests afford them more joy in being together, than the nearness

ness and rare skill of the Officers of him that treats his friends, can give them. Not that I blame those who have a delicate palate; for 'tis an advantage of Nature, as well as to have a quick sight: but the principal part of pleasure ought not to be plac'd in it. Nor ought an agreeable entertainment to resemble a great Feast; there ought to be order, choice, neatness, property, and handsome abundance, nothing superfluous in it, with joy and freedom. Your discourse extreamly pleases me (answer'd *Plotina*) but that there is one thing I am unsatisfi'd with, which is, that you make no mention of Ladies in your Festivals, after the *Greek* mode, as if there were none present at them. 'Tis true, added she, before the War, the Ladies at *Rome* did not much frequent them; but we draw this advantage at least from our unhappiness, to have a little more liberty than we formerly enjoy'd. As *Plotina* was speaking thus, *Clelius* was seen to enter, and with him *Artemidorus*, who was newly arriv'd, and having first acquainted the Consul *Horatius*, with the occasion of his coming, suffer'd himself to be conducted by *Clelius* to this Garden, without knowing any thing of the arrival of *Clidamira* and *Bereliſa*. Which caus'd him to be strangely surpris'd, when he beheld those two fair persons amongst all those *Roman* Ladies. *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* were as much surpris'd when they perceiv'd him, and could not contain from blushing. They lookt one upon another, as if to read what each thought, in their eyes; and they beheld *Artemidorus* likewise, to discover which of them he lookt upon most favourably. But he avoided the eyes of *Clidamira*, as if he had fear'd to meet them, and endeavour'd to encounter with those of *Bereliſa*. *Clelia*, on the other side, who knew he could give her some intelligence of her dear *Aronces*, approacht to him, with as much ardency as his Mistresses, who both made a complement to him, in which there appear'd some reservedness, because indeed they durst not speak according to their real sentiments. But when they observ'd *Artemidorus* in a place where there was so many fair persons present, they were possess'd with very different thoughts; *Bereliſa* fearing lest he should fall in love with some one of them, and *Clidamira* almost wishing it, only for the pleasure to see him no longer *Bereliſa's* Lover: but being in a great company, they constrain'd themselves, and check'd their sentiments. As for *Artemidorus*, the first agitation of his heart being past'd, he sought to approach *Bereliſa*; but this amiable Virgin having perceiv'd the company knew her adventures, after telling him in two words, she should gladly entertain him, when she could do it without being observ'd by so many eyes, entreated him not to oblige her at that time to a particular conversation. Now this day being design'd for the jollity of all the company in general, *Clelius*; to whom these fair strangers and *Anaxus* were presented, and by him civilly receiv'd, signifi'd that according to the order of great Feasts made at *Rome*, a Thaliarch, or King of the Feast, ought to be nominated, who might be a fit person, to choose the divertisements for the company. *Amilcar* propounded *Anacreon*, as being the best qualify'd to dispence joy at such an entertainment; but he desir'd to be excus'd, pretending his ignorance of the customs of *Rome*. But *Clelius* telling him *Herminius* should teach him them, and likewise cause his Orders to be executed, he took upon him the Office; and the first thing he commanded, was, that every one should walk and discourse with whomsoever he pleas'd, during the time, *Herminius* and *Amilcar* instructed him in what was requisite for him to know. Which the company obeying, divided themselves into several little ones. *Sulpicia* seated her self in a verdant Arbor, with two or three women of quality, which arriv'd at that time: *Clelius* betook himself to discourse, concerning the publick affairs with one of his friends: *Artemidorus* walk'd between *Bereliſa* and *Cesonia*: *Horatius* consorted himself with *Clelia*, who, to hinder him from speaking of his passion to her, retain'd *Plotina*, with whom were *Sicinius*, *Telemus*, and *Acrisius*; *Zenocrates* entertained *Clidamira*: and *Valeria* was involuntarily oblig'd to endure the company of *Æmilius* and *Spurius*, though she soon after desir'd *Flavia* to continue with her. This fair company being thus divided, several little knots of them were seen in almost all places of the garden: but *Zenocrates* being desirous *Clidamira* should not have leasure to observe *Artemidorus*, and having an extream longing to know what occasion'd her to be with *Bereliſa*, and for what reasons they were come into *Italy*, he ask'd her the question. And for that he had formerly been sometimes her Lover, and sometimes her Confident, she told him, the Father of *Bereliſa* being married again, out of love to a person, who was unwilling this charming Lady should dwell with her, her Father absolutely commanded her to enter into the order of Vail'd Virgins, where the Princess *Philonice* was, and to enter into it, never to come forth again; or else to go and dwell with her at *Leontium*, and that whatever jealousie *Bereliſa* was possest with, she lik'd rather to dwell with her, than for ever renounce the pretensions she had for *Artemidorus*. I see well (answer'd *Zenocrates*) *Bereliſa* has had cause rather to choose to live with you, than to enter into the Order of Vail'd Virgins, for her life time: but I do not so well understand, why you consented to have with you a Sister-in-law, whom you do not love. Ah! *Zenocrates* (reply'd *Clidamira*) I perceive you no better understand Love, than you did the time I saw you last; for if you were more knowing in true Love, you would apprehend, that notwithstanding my jealousie, it was a sufficient satisfaction to me to have my Rival in my power. When she was at *Agrigentum*, I always believ'd *Artemidorus* was there disguis'd, or writ to her every day, and I was then far more tormented, than since her being at *Leontium*, where no doubt, I have so much credit, that *Artemidorus* and the Princess his Sister, shall never return thither, unless I negotiate their accommodement with the Prince. But wherefore (said *Zenocrates*) do you not make that negotiation, and so oblige *Artemidorus* to forget your pretended inconstancy? Ah! *Zenocrates* (answer'd she) if he could forget *Bereliſa*, he would soon forget my pretended inconstancy. But to make an end of telling you what you desire to know, you must understand, my Sister-in-Law and I have had a thousand contests, for *Artemidorus* since we were together; for I have told her a hundred times, I would never procure that Prince's revocation, unless she would promise me

to think no more of him, and she has told me, a thousand and a thousand times, that she knew with infallible certainty, that Prince would never love me, though he should desist from loving her, and so I should but render him unhappy, without being able to draw any advantage from the infelicity that I caus'd to him. Upon which, being desirous to be inform'd of the future, by all the ways that people endeavour to know it, and a friend of mine assuring me the *Praenestine* Lots give an absolute decision in all cases wherein they are consulted, we took a resolution to come into *Italy* for that purpose; for as for my part, I confess to you, being I excited the first passion in *Artemidorus*, I cannot think but that he will return again to me. *Berelisa* on the other side, believes Inconstancy can never be forgotten, nor a dead Love reviv'd; For which reasons we are desirous to be satisfi'd, whether of us two is mistaken, and to order our lives accordingly after the determination. In the mean time, I fear this casual meeting of *Artemidorus*, will decide the matter sooner: Nevertheless, since he flyes me (added she) 'tis a sign he fears me still, and I must not despair but the Lots of *Praenestine* may prove favourable to me. Whilst *Clidamira* was speaking this, and all the rest of the company entertaining themselves according to their own inclination, *Herminius* instructed *Anacreon* in the customs of *Rome*, to the end he might better acquit himself of the charge that *Clelius* had given him. But amongst the rest, he told him, that since the fair and potent City of *Alba* had been united with *Rome*, there was introduc'd a kind of a game of chance, of sufficient pleasure; for it having been necessary at that time, to lodge all the remaining Inhabitants of *Alba*, in a quarter of *Rome*, to take away all contest about places assigned them for their particular habitations, the business was referr'd to lot by little tickets, in some of which were written the names of the Inhabitants of *Alba*, and in others the houses design'd for them. And ever since (said *Amilcar*) it has been accounted a piece of delight to make use of chance in pleasant affairs; so that when the King of a feast is liberal, he bestows a great number of magnificent gifts, which are distributed according to chance, by putting all the names of the persons present into tickets, and expressing all the things intended to be given in others. But to discover the good luck and the bad, there are fewer Presents put in, than there are Persons at the Feast, that so there may be some unfortunate, to be either pitied, or derided in the way of raillery. This custom seems to me extream handsome (answer'd *Anacreon*) but being I am a stranger, and have nothing to give, some other invention must be devis'd to employ chance in a divertising manner. Accordingly *Herminius* and *Amilcar* being agreed with him concerning all things, *Herminius* took upon him the execution of them; and *Anacreon* and *Amilcar* re united with the company. But by the way they beheld together in a walk, the person who was wont to speak too much, and he who us'd to speak too little, who were constrain'd to be a part by themselves, by reason *Plotina* had rid her self of them, and every one avoided him that was over talkative, and no body car'd for him that was little better than a mute. *Amilcar* taking notice of them, told *Anacreon* the different humor of those two men, which were well match'd together, since the first was always speaking, and the other scarce ever spake at all. In the mean time, *Clelius* being sent for away by the Consul *Horatius*, the company became more free; for *Sulpitia* was one of those Ladies whose Virtue is not severe, and who never interrupt the divertisements of young persons, provided they exceed not decency; and besides, having liv'd so long a time in *Africa*, she was thereby become something less rigid. Now all these little Companies being again assembled in a large round place, beset about with seats, they all sate down, and made a very gallant appearance; for the Ladies having walk'd for some time, the colour of their complexions appear'd more fresh and vivid, when they came to lift up their veils; but though all the Ladies present were very fair, yet the beauty of *Clelia* much transcended that of all the rest, though she were not at that time possess'd with all the joy necessary to set off, and enliven a great Beauty. The men were sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, and sometimes upon their knees before the Ladies, according as they pleas'd: but being *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* were strangers, *Clelia* and *Valeria* were very careful to entertain them, as likewise to discourse with *Anacreon*; for though the language he us'd was something broken, because he learnt the *Roman* tongue in *Sicily*, yet he spoke so agreeably, that all the world took pleasure in hearing him; for he discours'd of a hundred different things, and always admirably well. I beseech you (said *Clelia* to *Berelisa*) be pleas'd to tell me, what Countrey *Anacreon* is of. He is of one of those Islands which are generally called the *Cyclades* (answer'd she) and was born in *Teia*, which was not far from *Delos*, but has spent a great part of his life at *Samos*, in the Court of *Polycrates*, by whom he was very much belov'd. Yet Love subverted his favour with him after a while. Was it because he was Rival to the Prince? (said *Valeria*) There's probability of it (answer'd *Berelisa*) but I know not exactly; for though *Anacreon* has testifi'd much kindness to *Clidamira* and me, yet we observ'd he car'd not to make us privy to his Love; and all I know concerning it, is, that he told us *Polycrates* one day causing several eminent Ladies of his Court to dance before him, attir'd like gods and goddesses, and Nymphs, and Muses, there was one person that represented *Apollo*, who so affected his heart, that he commended only her; by reason of which *Polycrates* afterwards conceiv'd so horrid a jealousie, that transported with indignation and fury against this fair person, whom he suspected to correspond with his passion, he caus'd her hair to be cut off, to the end she might appear less fair in the eyes of *Anacreon*; who became so afflicted at it, that to eternise the memory of that lovely hair, he made the handsomest Verses in the World, upon that subject. I have heard this adventure related after another way, (said *Amilcar*, who was present) but since you know it from *Anacreon*, you ought to be believ'd, For my part (interrupted *Anacreon* not knowing what *Amilcar* was speaking of) I conceive it good to doubt of every thing: Nevertheless (said *Clelia*) your aspect does not speak you of a distrustful mind: You have reason (answer'd he) but to shew you that I easily doubt of what is told me, I even doubt, whether what I spoke last be rational or not, and I cannot presently name above one thing that I do not doubt of, which is, that you are the faires person that ever

ever I beheld: *Anacreon* ſpeaks this with ſuch an air (ſaid *Clidamira*) that I believe he will ſhortly love you as much as he loves Roſes, though he loves them ſufficiently, to give them immortality by his writings. And indeed (added *Bereliſa*) he has compos'd Verſes extreamly pleaſant; only upon the prerogatives and excellencies of Roſes. No queſtion (ſaid *Anacreon*) I preſer Roſes above all other Flowers; but 'tis not the Spring alone, that cauſes me to have ſuch a peculiar affection for them, but ſome other I cannot tell what thing (added he ſmiling) which has great reſemblance with the Spring. Namely (ſaid *Amilcar*) the love you have had, or have for ſome fair and young perſon, who lov'd Roſes, has caus'd you to affect them, more than otherwiſe you would have done. I confeſs it (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) and I acknowledge alſo, that her memory is ſtill ſo dear to me, that I can never ſee Roſes, nor Roſe-buſhes, without reſenting ſome kind of ſweet, though with all troubleſome, emotion in my heart. Yet you have a very joyful aſpect (ſaid *Herminius*) for one, ſubject to great paſſions; at leaſt, we are not wont to ſuſpect cheerful perſons at *Rome*, to be capable of any great invaſion by them. I love Joy, no doubt, extreamly (reply'd *Anacreon*) and if love were without pleaſure, I ſhould never be amorous. But as there are ſome melancholly perſons by conſtitution, who notwithſtanding are not uncapable of reſenting joy, ſo there are ſome naturally addicted to mirth, yet ſufficiently ſenſible of ſorrow. Thus, though I am ſufficiently jovial, and ſeek pleaſure in all places, oftentimes alſo carrying it whither I go, yet I do not ceaſe to be diſcontented, perplex'd and jealous, when I am poſſeſs'd with love; for there ought to be a difference made between melancholly and ſorrow, as likewiſe between cheerfulneſs and joy. Yet methinks (ſaid *Plotina*) there is a great reſemblance between chearfulneſs and joy, and with all the wit you have, you can never manifeſt to me any conſiderable difference between them. To perceive it d ſtinctly (anſwer'd *Anacreon*), you muſt know there is no perſon in the world, but may be capable of ſome kind of joy, and there are only a certain number of perſons in the world capable of chearfulneſs. For this latter is a quality peculiar to thoſe of a jovial conſtitution: but as for Joy, when ever it pleaſes Fortune, it may be found in the hearts of the moſt melancholick perſons. Yea, 'tis ſometimes more ſenſible there, than in thoſe of the moſt mirthful inclinations, (added *Herminius*) not only, becauſe contraries are advanc'd by proximity, but becauſe perſons of this temper having uſually more violent deſires, have alſo a greater joy when they can ſatisfie them, than they have, whoſe deſires are more moderate. We ſee it happens that joy ſometimes cauſes ſighing, when it is extreme, whereas laughter is the perpetual effect of cheerfulneſs. Joy can never ariſe of it ſelf alone, it muſt always have ſome extraneous cauſe. 'Tis not ſo with chearfulneſs, which ariſes of it ſelf, and there needs nothing but health to ſuch as are of a jolly and airy humour. Joy is an infallible conſequent of all paſſions when they are ſatisfi'd; cheerfulneſs ſubſiſts without aid, though it may be augmented by cauſes from without. Indeed we may obſerve at this preſent I am ſpeaking, that the preſence of theſe fair ſtrangers and *Anacreon*, redoubles the cheerfulneſs of the amiable *Plotina*, and *Amilcar*, as may at leaſt be gather'd from their eyes. But why do you not alſo add *Zenocrates*? (ſaid *Clelia*;) 'Tis certainly (anſwer'd *Plotina*, without giving *Amilcar* leaſure to ſpeak) becauſe *Zenocrates* is ſometimes ſad and ſometimes jovial: and giving himſelf frequently to muſing as he does, it cannot be eaſily determin'd, whether he be ſerious, though it may be aſſured that he is always agreeable. But in brief, if he take not ſome courſe to correct thoſe little diſtractions, his dear Friends reproach him with, I foreſee there will one day happen a War between the Pleaſant and the Melancholiſts; for being a perſon of Merit, one ſide will claim him for theirs, and the other challenge them wholly to themſelves. Yet I am not ſo much wander'd in my thoughts (anſwer'd *Zenocrates*, ſmiling) but that I perceive you employ a very ingenious raillery againſt me; and if I were as vindicative a perſon, as you are a derider, I would reproach your pleaſantneſs to you with as much mockery, as you do my Muſings to me. After which *Sulpitia*, who was entertaining her ſelf with ſeveral Ladies of her friends, led the Company to the place where the Feaſt was prepar'd, where there wanted nothing that could render it agreeable. The place was well furniſh'd with lights, the Tables magnificent and very decently ſerv'd, and the Men were the Ladies Attendents at this entertainment; there was an excellent conſent of Muſique, and after the repaſt there came ſome women to dance, and divert the Ladies, whilſt the Men went to their Collation in another place. But when this was done, the King of the Feaſt, being counſelled by *Herminius* and *Amilcar*, who better underſtood the *Roman* cuſtoms than he, propounded the abovemention'd Game of Chance to the company. *Anacreon* excus'd himſelf as a ſtranger, and for that he was not wealthy enough to render this paſtime as magnificent, as he underſtood it had ſometimes been in the reign of *Ancus Martius*, when an illuſtrious *Roman*, whoſe Family was deſcended from the antient King of *Sicily*, had the liberality to give three hundred magnificent preſents, and to chooſe three hundred perſons, to whom Fortune alone had given all the excellent things he parted with for his humor, without reſerving to himſelf any other right in them, than to manifeſt to all that were choſe, that he judg'd them worthy to poſſeſs the moſt valuable preſents, ſince he empower'd them to obtain the ſame by hazard. This magnificence (continu'd *Anacreon*) was, no doubt, worthy of a man who had all the qualities neceſſary to govern States glorioufly, and aggrandize them; but as for me, (added he) I find my ſelf enforc'd to ſupply my defects, by ſome ſhift of wit, and to render the game as diverting otherwiſe as I am able. To begin therefore (ſaid he) according to the power my dignity gives me, I require that all the hearts of the Men and the Ladies, be put into tickets, and that every one without diſtinction draw a ticket, to ſee if Fortune, who is blind as well as Love, will haply match the ſucceſs. It will be requiſite then, (ſaid *Horatius*) that the hearts of the Men be put apart by themſelves, and thoſe of the Ladies in another place. By no means (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) but obſerve how I intend the matter. If a Lady

happen to have the heart of a Man, it signifies that she is lov'd by him; if a man have the heart of a Lady, it shall be free for him to hope, that he shall one day be not ill-treated by her: If the heart of a man falls to the lot of another man 'tis a sign he is more inclinable to friendship than to Love; and if it he returns to himself, it denotes that he loves himself more than all the rest of the World, and loves nothing else but for his own sake. For as for my self (added *Anacreon* slily, who understood the cause of *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*'s voyage) I shall give as much credit to this Game, as to the Lots of *Praneste*. Though you are much in favor with a certain god, that empow'rs to divine of the most occult matters (answer's *Clidamira* smiling and blushing) yet I shall not be over-credulous to your pastime of Chance. But though it were only to try what hazard may do, I consent my Heart be put to the venture. Which all the Ladies and the Men likewise, doing, every one was constrain'd to write his own ticket. All the company therefore writ their names with what they pleas'd under them, sutable to the occasion. So that, excepting *Sulpitia* and two other Ladies her Friends, who were discourting together in a Closet near the Chamber, wherein the company then was, there was none but writ their names. *Clelia*, *Plotina*, *Valeria*, *Clidamira*, *Berelisa*, *Flavia*, *Cesonia*, *Salonina*, and some other Ladies writ their tickets; so also did *Horatius*, *Artemidorus*, *Telanus*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, *Sicinius*, *Acrisius*, *Damon*, *Spurius*, *Anacreon*, and some others; after which, all the tickets were put into an Urn, and *Anacreon* going round the company in order, began at *Clelia*, who trembled as she drew the ticket it behov'd her to take, because she fear'd lest the heart of *Horatius* should fall to her Lot. For though it was but a trifling pastime, yet she perceiv'd an unwillingness in her self to give him that false joy. *Horatius* on the contrary, wish'd the heart of *Clelia* might come to his hands after this manner; and though this sport was meerly frivolous without consequence, yet every person that had any conceal'd interest, could not contain from resenting some kind of light inquietude, the vehemence of affection being apprehensive of what ever events. But amongst the rest, *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* had a curiosity to see, to whose lot the heart of *Artemidorus* would happen. But to proceed, *Clelia* having drawn the first ticket, unhappily lighted upon the name of *Horatius*, with these words underneath;

I am ignorant what Fortune will do with my heart, but I well know how Love has dispos'd of it.

Clelia blush'd after she had open'd this Ticket, and refus'd to shew it; but the order of the pastime requiring it to be seen by all the company, *Horatius* had the joy to see Fortune had well guided his heart. At which, *Artemidorus* was not able to put off all fear, lest his should not be so happy as that of *Horatius*. But in the next place, *Anacreon* having oblig'd *Leucrates* to take a ticket, he found that his own heart return'd to himself, which occasion'd the company sufficiently to laugh, because he was accus'd by all the fair ones, to do no more than lend his heart, and suddenly withdrew it again, out of the hands of those whom he suffer'd to take it. They desir'd to see what he had written under his name, but it could not be, for being something mov'd at the raillery made against him, he tore his ticket into pieces; and so it behov'd *Anacreon* to proceed: Next therefore he presented the Urn to *Plotina*, who was some time in suspence without resolving, what ticket to choose, during which, *Amilcar*, *Telanus*, *Acrisius*, and *Sicinius*, were anxious in conjecturing whom she wish'd to light upon; for you would have thought she intended to choose the heart that should happen to her lot, though she was not able to distinguish amongst them: Whereupon *Acrisius* who lov'd to speak much, was not contented to be silent in this occasion, but began to request her with as much importunateness, as could be employ'd by an ardent desire, to leave the event to the hazard of the Game, and not to pick out whom to choose. And *Plotina*, only to silence him, hastned to draw a ticket, wherein she found the name of *Sicinius*, who having not follow'd his own humor of speaking little in writing, as well as in conversation, had written these words underneath his name;

'Tis only in the fair Plotina*'s power to dispose of my heart, and not in Fortune's.*

Plotina had no sooner open'd this Ticket, but *Amilcar*, *Telanus*, and *Acrisius*, were enrag'd against Chance, for having favour'd *Sicinius* rather than themselves; and *Acrisius* made his complaint with such abundance of words, that the continuation of the pastime was almost forgotten. As for *Sicinius*, there did not want much but that his joy was dumb, for he expreſt it only in three or four words. Then *Valeria* drew her ticket. If the Lot had been equitable, without doubt she had drawn the heart of *Herminius*, or that of *Æmilius*; but it hapned to be that of the revengeful *Spurius*, who had writ these words in his Ticket;

I desie Fortune to take me from her, to whom I have given my self, since hatred and jealousie have not been able to do it.

Valeria blush'd with extream vexation, for having hapned upon this ticket; which serv'd something to comfort *Herminius* and *Valerius* for their unhappiness: for though 'tis possible for one to blush obligingly, yet the eyes of a Lover are well able to discern a ruddiness proceeding from choler, from one that is favourable; whence *Spurius* also knew as well as *Herminius* and *Æmilius*, what interpretation to make of the blushing of *Valeria*. In the mean time *Anacreon* having caus'd *Amilcar* to draw a ticket, he made a hundred faces before he opened it. He beheld all the beauties one after another, though he stopt at *Plotina*, and told her, he passionately wish'd the ticket fall'n to him, were that which she had written. But at length having open'd it, he found chance had given him the heart of *Anacreon*, who had writ these words in his ticket;

I know

I know not to whom Lott will give me; but I know well, that joy is the true Miſtreſs of my heart.

Ha! my dear *Anacreon* (cry'd *Amilcar* with a tranſport he was unable to ſuppreſs) we are Rivals; but the Miſtreſs we ſerve is ſo gentle, that ſhe yields to whoſoever takes her, ſo that we ſhall never be jealous. I am very glad of the declaration you have now made (ſaid *Plotina* ſmiling) for being your Miſtreſs is one of my friends too, I may——Alas! I beſeech you (interrupted *Amilcar*) do not triumph over me for what I have ſpoken; for I ſwear I am no lover of joy, but becauſe I ſee it in your eyes, I find it in all your diſcourſes, and in loving and ſerving you, and for that I know it always reſides in your heart; and did I find it any other where, perhaps I ſhould not love it at all. As for my part (ſaid *Anacreon*) who ſpake ſincerely, I acknowledge I am a Lover of it, where ever I find it. After which, he oblig'd *Artemidorus* to take a ticket, who drew that wherein *Clidamira* had writ theſe words;

Did I diſpoſe of my heart, it ſhould never be but my own.

I aſſure you Madam, (ſaid *Artemidorus* to *Clidamira* with a low voice) it has always been yours more than mine, and ſhall ſtill be ſo, more than any others in the world. I wiſh to the gods it were ſo, (anſwer'd *Clidamira*) and I would ſtop my journey to *Preneſte*. Mean while *Bereliſa*, who heard not what theſe two perſons were ſpeaking, conceiv'd jealouſie at it, as well as regret; for that ſhe had given the heart of *Clidamira* to *Artemidorus*. Nevertheleſs, being oblig'd to chooſe a ticket, ſhe conſtrain'd her ſelf, and drew one; but inſtead of finding in it the heart of *Artemidorus*, as ſhe deſir'd, ſhe found her own, which Fortune had returned to her. And that which was remarkable, was, that ſhe was almoſt as much troubl'd, as if *Artemidorus* had refus'd it. Yet this Prince deſir'd to ſee what ſhe had written in the ticket, and found theſe words;

It belongs not to Fortune to diſpoſe of my heart.

You have reaſon, Madam, (ſaid *Artemidorus* to her) and the moſt precious thing in the world, ought not to depend on one that is capricious, and diſpences all her liberalities without choice. After this, *Anacreon* caus'd *Æmilius* to draw, who found the name of *Plotina* with theſe words;

Take my heart who pleaſes, but I intend it be reſtor'd to me as often as I will.

As for my part, Madam, (ſaid *Æmilius* to her) I have always thought, that could never be well poſſeſs'd, which was poſſible to be loſt, I conceive I ſhould do very prudently, not to accept that which Fortune has given me, againſt your will; beſides, I am not able to return you heart for, for I had no longer any to diſpoſe of the firſt time I had the honor to ſee you. Then I reſume mine very willingly (anſwer'd *Plotina*) for 'tis a thing we always have need of, and more convenient for it to be at home than elſewhere. But have you it there, (ſaid *Acriſius*) and may the word of a perſon be rely'd on, that ſcarce ever ſpeaks ſeriouſly, who makes mirth of every thing, and perhaps glories in deluding thoſe, who would by a thouſand ſervices, oblige her only to ſuffer them to be her ſervants? All that you ſay, is very well ſpoken (reply'd *Plotina* craftily) but 'tis good not to ſpeak ſo much at a time, while there are yet ſo many hearts to be match'd. Since it is no longer poſſible for me to obtain a heart, which is deſir'd by many others beſides my ſelf (ſaid *Telanus*) I do not much care for continuing the paſtime. That which I deſir'd being alſo already given, and return'd, (added *Acriſius*) I ſhall be well enough ſatisfi'd if it do not proceed, for when there's no longer hope left, nothing can be delectable. If I lov'd to ſpeak as much as you, (anſwer'd *Sicinius* coldly) I ſhould ſay the ſame that you do. For my part (ſaid *Damon*, the Diſciple of *Pythagoras*) ſince I believe not that hearts love as much to change place, as Souls do to change Bodies, I conſent to the change of the divertiſement. *Flavia*, *Salonina*, and the reſt of the company perceiving the pleaſure of it was paſt, *Bereliſa*, *Clidamira*, *Artemidorus*, *Plotina*, and *Amilcar*, having already drawn their tickets, told *Anacreon* they would diſpence with him, from proceeding in the diſtribution of the hearts which remain'd; for 'tis probable too (ſaid *Themiſtus*) they will not continue where lot diſpoſes them. Since 'tis ſo, ſaid *Anacreon*, we will leave all the hearts that are left, to go whither they pleaſe. But becauſe I love ſuch pleaſures as occaſion the production of others, I muſt make this paſtime after another manner, and inſtead of thoſe hearts, diſpos'd of by Fortune, we will write tickets, in which there ſhall be both pleaſures and puniſhments, and every one ſhall be engag'd to receive the firſt, and undergo the latter. Provided there be a Lady of your counſel, ſaid *Clelia*, I believe the company will obey you without repugnance. I find your caution equitable, anſwer'd *Anacreon*, and I engage to reſolve on nothing but with your conſent. The amiable *Plotina*, reply'd this fair Lady, is much more fit than I to be of your counſel, and therefore I adviſe you to make choice of her. Though I am not worthy to poſſeſs a place that was deſign'd to you, ſaid *Plotina*, yet I ſhall not refuſe to take it, if *Anacreon* pleaſes. And accordingly this illuſtrious Greek plac'd himſelf near her, and imparted to her his purpoſe. After which, having with the aſſiſtance of *Amilcar*, made new tickets, each of which contain'd either a pleaſure or a penalty, they were mingled and diſtributed; all the company promiſing they would punctually do what ever was appointed to them by their reſpective tickets. In the mean time *Artemidorus* being plac'd between *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira*, was ſufficiently perplex'd, and ſo much the more, that *Themiſtus* having engag'd *Bereliſa* in a diſcourſe, he became forc'd to anſwer to *Clidamira*, who us'd to him the moſt inſinuating and moving expreſſions in the world. So that as a virtuous man is much put to't to become cruel, he anſwer'd civilly enough, and contented himſelf handſomely to put off part of her blandiſh-

blandiſhments and ſweetneſſes. *Bereliſa*, who had a delicate and tender mind; eaſily ſenſible of trouble, as a perſon who really loved, was poſſeſſed with vexation and jealouſie, even ſo as to change her colour, and not to anſwer very directly to that which *Themiſtus* ſaid to her. At length *Anacreon*, having diſtributed his Tickets, every one opened their own, and beheld the pleaſure they were to have, or the puniſhment to which they were condemned. *Valeria* being the moſt diligent in opening that which fell to her, found her ſelf impowred to cauſe a Sonnet to be ſung by whom ſhe pleaſed of the company. *Clelia* found that ſhe was obliged to entruſt a ſecret with *Anacreon*. *Themiſtus* to tell his opinion concerning a Love-queſtion that *Anacreon* ſhould propound to him, *Bereliſa* to recite ſome amorous Verſes, *Acriſius*, who always ſpoke ſo much, not to ſpeak at all, the reſt of that evening, *Sicinius*, (who as much hated to ſpeak,) to relate his own life, *Clidamira*, to declare what ſhe hated moſt, *Plotina* to command *Amilcar* whatſoever ſhe pleaſed, and he not to diſobey her, *Artemidorus* to give a Muſick-entertainment in the ſame Garden two days after, *Telanus* to give the Ladies a handſome Collation before the Muſick, *Spurius* to promiſe to hate no perſon, *Æmilius* to tell whither it were poſſible to love without deſires and without hope, *Amilcar* to relate a handſome amorous Hiſtory on the evening of the next Collation; *Herminius* to make a deſcription of all the divertiſement of this day. For *Anacreon* being counſelled by *Amilcar*, had ſo well ordered the matter, that that which ſeemed chance was really not ſo, in the moſt of tickets diſtributed, except in thoſe of the reſt of the Company, which contained nothing ſuiting to any perſon in particular. But when *Valeria* had opened the ticket which permitted her to command whom ſhe pleaſed to ſing a Sonnet, *Clidimira* gave her to underſtand, that *Anacreon* ſung well, whereupon addreſſing to him, as there is ſufficient glory, ſaid ſhe to him, to command thoſe who command others, do not take it ill that I chooſe you to obey me, and command you to ſing: And ſince there is no better example, anſwered he, than to ſee thoſe that make Laws obſerve them, I ſhall not ſcruple to obey you. And accordingly *Anacreon* ſung ſeveral couplets of one of his Odes, with ſo much grace and exactneſs, that it being a very handſome air, it pleaſed even thoſe who underſtood not the *Greek*, but it charmed thoſe who did; for he feigned that he deſired to tune his Lyre to ſing the high exploits of Heroes, and thinking he had tuned it right, when he went to uſe it, he found it would play of nothing but Love; and then endeavoring to ſing of divers Subjects one after another, he continually happened to ſay at the end of each Couplet;

I cannot ſing of ought but Love.

All this company deſired to oblige *Anacreon*, to ſing the ſame Sonnet again, but he alleadged the Ticket of *Clelia*, obliging that fair perſon to intruſt him with a ſecret. His deſire to know it would not allow him patience to ſing longer; and ſo approaching reſpectfully to her, ſhe began to whiſper to him and tell him a fictitious ſecret, not judging it fit to diſcover a true one to a perſon ſhe ſaw but the firſt time. But *Anacreon* delighting to ſpeak to her, pretended that what ſhe told him was no ſecret, and ſo endeavored to bring her into the neceſſity to prove to him it was. But if I ſhould ſpeak aloud what I have told you, (anſwered *Clelia*,) my ſecret would ceaſe to be ſuch; therefore it is requiſite, if you pleaſe, that you take it upon my word. This reaſon having ſeemed good to the Company, *Anacreon* propounded a Love queſtion to *Themiſtus*, to tell his opinion of. It was, whether he believed Love could ſubſiſt, during an abſence which was known would be perpetual, and if Love could remain conſtant in the heart of a Lover and a Miſtreſs, while they were certain of never enjoying one anothers ſight again. For eternal abſence (added he) is a kind of death in Love, and ſeems fatal enough to extinguiſh it. That which you propound to me (anſwered *Themiſtus*) cannot very eaſily come to paſs, for the mind is always ſoothed up with ſome relique of hope. But 'tis poſſible, two perſons that love one another, may find ſo little probability of meeting again, as to believe they never ſhall; whereby there may be no hope left in their minds of ever attaining any ſatisfaction of their Love. Nevertheleſs I conceive, if a mans heart be really touched, and the perſon he loves return him affection for affection, if it be only the croſneſs of Fortune that ſeparates ſuch two perſons, without their own contributing ought thereto on one ſide or other, if they behold a deep ſorrow in one anothers eyes at their ſeparation, and be abſolutely aſſured of their reciprocal dearneſs, I conceive (I ſay) their affection may ſubſiſt, notwithſtanding their eternal abſence. The grief ariſing from their ſeparation, may no doubt be diminiſhed, ſince it is not poſſible to live always in lamentation. But Love will not wear away, yet it will remain leſs ſenſible in proceſs of time, though always ſufficiently ſtrong to keep it ſelf from being deſtroyed by an other paſſion, and to cauſe us to love nothing but that we have fixed our affections upon, though without hope of ever receiving contentment from it. At leaſt I have found ſentiments in my own heart, which perſwade me I ſhould be capable of ſuch an unuſual fidelity (for we oftentimes ſee abſence of no great duration, proves deſtructive to very ardent paſſions.) There are ſome people (interrupted *Plotina*) who in the very places where their Miſtreſſes are preſent, are lyable to abſences of heart worſe than the other. But to make an end of my ſentiment, (continued *Themiſtus*) I am of opinion, a violent Love will not become abſolutely extinct during a long abſence, if a new paſſion do not deſtroy it; for there is ſomething ſo ſweet in Loving, that when we once love well, our minds are unable to reſolve to love nothing at all, after having taſted the ſweetneſs of this paſſion. You have ſo well ſatisfied what I enjoyned you (anſwered *Anacreon*) that if the lovely *Bereliſa* acquit her ſelf as well of what is commanded her, ſhe will repeat very amorous Verſes. Nevertheleſs (ſaid ſhe bluſhing) I ſhall not repeat many; for I have a memory as unfaithful, as others have their hearts. But ſince 'tis unlawful to diſobey you, I ſhall repeat ſome Verſes I learnt heretofore, made (as was ſaid) by a Woman, whilſt ſhe imagined a Lover whom

whom she affected, returned to love a former Mistress, whom she accounted unworthy of his affection. And accordingly *Berelisa* being lead by a jealous passion, recited the following Verses which she had made at *Agrigentum*, in the height of her jealousie, and had never shewed to any person till then; so that *Artemidorus* was surprised to hear that which follows;

Tell me, poor slave, what meant those shows
Of tenderness, or all those vows;
If thou intendest not to prove
By them, thou truly wert in love?
But since thou'rt turn'd disloyall, goe
Condemned to disgrace and woe:
Mean while I'le bless my self and smile
Thy falsity did me beguile.

Berelisa repeating these Verses, turning a little towards *Artemidorus*, made the Company esteem them sufficiently amorous. *Clidamira* smiled deceitfully, and *Artemidorus* was troubled, knowing *Berelisa* too well to be ignorant of the sentiments of her heart. But the best was, *Acrisius* who was so addicted to loquacity, not remembring that his Ticket enjoyned him silence for all the remainder of the evening, could not contain himself from making a long acclamation in praise of these Verses. But *Anacreon* checking him for it, lengthened the time of his silence from the next morning to noon; after which *Sicinius*, who loved not long discourses, was obliged to relate his whole life in order to satisfying his ticket, which he did in this manner.

Whereas I am of opinion, a man cannot be said to have lived while he did not love, the relation of my life will not be long; for my love is but of six months date, and during that time I have had nothing else to do but to bemoan my self for the rigor of my Mistress, and uneffectually to endeavor to love her no more.

After this, *Sicinius* held his peace, and nevertheless made apparent by this short relation, that those who speak little, have sometimes as much wit, as those that speak excessively; for he handsomely enough quitted himself of the perplexity he was designed to be put into. In the next place *Clidamira* being to declare what she hated most, answered roughly, Not to be believed when she spoke truth. I conceive (said *Berelisa* craftily) it is more troublesome not to be believed when we speak an untruth, because it seems to be more cause of regret for a man to have invented a thing he is unable to make believed. Assuredly *Berelisa* has reason (answered the Prince *Artemidorus*,) but since it remains only for me to promise Musick, when the Ladies require it, I do it with pleasure. I do the like for the Collation injoyned me (added *Telanire*.) And as for me, (said *Spurius*) since I am obliged to promise not to hate any person, I do it with condition to break my word; for I foresee I shall not be freed from hatred so long as I am vowed to Love. Now it belongs to me, (said *Æmilius*, looking upon *Valeria*) to determine whether it is possible to love without desires, or without hope. But because it seems too late to make a long discourse, it will be more convenient for me to tell you the opinion of a Lover of my acquaintance, who one day made Verses upon this Subject, and in one place of that Work speaks thus;

Cold and fruitless is Loves fire,
Whence is banisht all desire.
If so, our hopes are gone; Love's state
Makes such an one unfortunate;
Nay, he is beyond man's thought
A miscreant or else a sot.

Æmilius spoke these Verses with so passionate an air, that *Valeria* changed colour, and *Herminius* resented a kind of vexation at it. Nevertheless he took upon him to be the Historian of this gallant Feast, and *Amilcar* to recount an amorous History as his Ticket obliged him. After which, it being late, all this fair company retired. *Sulpitia* led *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* to the place where they were to lodge, and *Herminius* constrained *Anacreon* to go and lodge at the house of the virtuous *Sivelia*, who was friend to all the friends of her Illustrious Son, and loved worthy persons, sufficiently to be induced to give handsome reception to a stranger upon information of his merit. As for *Artemidorus*, he was sufficiently sad; for he had observed *Berelisa*, was possessed without just cause for it, since he had only such civility for *Clidamira*, as a virtuous person can never disclaim, but had a very tender passion for *Berelisa*. In which regard he was extreamly impatient till he could get an opportunity to entertain her in private; which he could not easily bring about; for the next morning there was a great Company with *Clidamira* and her, so that he could do no more than tell her after a confused manner, that he ever loved her dearly, and that she was injurious to him, in apprehending any cause of jealousie. *Berelisa* blusht at these words, and not being able to suppress her first thought, but casting her eyes another way, you might more properly say, (answered she) that I am injurious in loving you, than in being jealous, since this cruel passion is an infallible concomitant of a tender affection. Indeed my mind (continued she) is in a miserable condition; if I am generous, I ought to counsel you to desert me, and to put your self in a capacity of being once again deceived by *Clidamira*, since she alone is able to re-ingratiate you with the Prince of *Leontium*, and without her you will be perpetually exil'd. On the other side, if I follow the pure sentiments of my own Soul, I should rather choose to see you in eternal banishments, than to see *Clidamira* deprive me of that which she has lost by her own fault, and I have merited by an inviolable fidelity. Now judge what quietness my mind is capable of, especially when I see you have still as great civility for *Clidamira*, as if she had not been unfaithful. But is it possible, (replyed *Artemidorus*) that you conceive an intelligent person can be uncivil to a Lady, and to a Lady he once Loved, and who would still perswade him that she does not hate him? But is it possible, (answered *Berelisa* passionately.) you can understand a true Lover can innocently have civility for a Lady who causes jealousie in the person by whom he would be loved? However, (added she) because I will not make my grief apparent to the eyes of so many persons, who know

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me not, I will conceal my sentiments the best I can, and observe yours with the greatest care possible, for, in my conjecture, you know them not your self. In earnest, added she, you love *Clidamira*, more than you think you do, and love me less than you believe, and so undavertingly commit infidelity against me. Alass! Madam, interrupted *Artemidorus*, I beseech you do not accuse me with injustice. But moreover, said *Berelisa*, you know not well what passes in you own heart, and take nor sufficient notice of the proceedings in mine. As *Artemidorus* was going to answer her, there came a great number of people who interrupted him; yet he began to speak and tell her, that he was necessitated to leave *Clusium*, for fear of being discovered by a man whom the Prince of *Leontium* had sent to *Porsenna*; of which having received notice by the Princess his Sister, he came back to *Rome*, the Princess also having taken upon her to send him intelligence how her affairs proceeded. After which, *Herminius* being arrived with *Telanus*, told the company that the Festival appointed, was to be hastned in favor of this generous *Veientine*, because the *Veientines* were within two days to send the Figure which they at first so peremptorily denyed, and so *Telanus* would be obliged to depart, and without obeying the command which Lot had layd upon him, being the person designed to give the Collation. *Sulpitia* coming thither with *Clelia*, a moment after, it was concluded it should be the next day; and so *Telanus* took upon him to prepare for the Collation, *Artemidorus* to give the Musick, and *Amilcar* to make the relation he was obliged to. Yet he declared that he would not trust to his memory nor his eloquence, but for the contentment of the Company, read them a History, famous for the name of the person principally concerned in it, which he not many days agoe had translated out of the *Greek* into the *Roman* Language. All the Company required he should relate some adventure, wherein himself was interessed; but *Plotina* craftily alleadging, that being obliged to recount an amorous History, it was not fit he should speak of his own Love, because he knew not how to manage that passion; this choice was allowed, and the next morning the same persons, who had been at the former entertainment, being met together in the same Garden, it was resolved *Amilcar* should read the History which he had translated, and that before the Collation or the Walk, because it was not unreasonably presumed, the passages of his Relation would supply matter for the conversation of the rest of the day. Wherefore all this fair Company being seated in a magnificent Hall, out of which was a very delightful prospect, *Amilcar* placed himself in such a manner, as he might be most easily understood by all that were present, and began to read the History of *Hesiode*, in which some are of opinion, that in the place of *Apollo*'s prediction, some thing has been added in latter Ages. But to leave that in suspense, *Amilcar* began to read in this manner.

The HISTORY of *HESIODE.*

I Beseech you (interposed *Plotina*) stay a little, and first tell me, whether this *Hesiode* be not a great Poet, I have heard say lived many Ages ago? For if it be, I confess to you I should find it difficult to interest my self sensibly in the adventures of people that have been out of the World so long. For my part (said *Clelia*,) I am not of your humor; for I am almost inclinable to lament the miserable adventures which are no more than fictitious, if they be invented with any resemblance of truth. That cannot I do, (replyed *Plotina*) for that which passes in the same City where I am, affects me more than that which passes in *Greece*, and that which arrives in my own time, makes greater impression upon my heart, than that which hapned in the days of *Romulus*. In reference to such things (answered *Clelia*) as we see with our own eyes, or which befal people that we know, I consent with you, that they move more than others do, but in the telling of an History relating to persons not of your knowledge, I confidently believe, we ought to be as much affected with an Adventure hapned in *Greece*, as at *Rome*, and there is no distance of places which takes away the sensibility of the heart, no Age so remote, but the fancy becomes near enough to it to excite compassion: for 'tis the things themselves we are moved with, and not so much the places or the persons; since every place or person you know not, is indifferent to you, and cannot affect you more one way than another. 'Tis the representation made to you of their sufferings that mollifies your heart; and if any man should invent a deplorable sad Story, I conceive your self would be unable to resist all sense of pitty: for in my judgment such as have greatest wits, suffer themselves to be most of all taken with things happily invented. The way to determine your controversies (said *Herminius*) is, to permit *Amilcar* to read. You have reason, (answered *Anacreon*) for if the amiable *Plotina* have no compassion for *Hesiode*, I think her the most cruel Virgin in the World, though the History *Amilcar* is going to read of him, should add nothing to the truth. Read then (said *Plotina*, beholding *Amilcar*) for it is not fit I should longer deprive the Company of the pleasure they expect from a History you have chosen to divert them. Yet you will please to remember, answered *Amilcar*, that I am engaged to relate none but an amorous History, and so the more love there is in that I shall read, the more I shall satisfie my Word. After this, the silence of all the Company intimating their expectation he should begin to read, he did so in these Words.

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The History OF HESIODE.

HESIODE was of a very Illustrious Lineage, for 'tis affirmed he was descended from *Orpheus*, as well as *Homer*, who was his very near Kinsman, And indeed this pedegree is so particularly deduced, that there is no ground to believe it fictitious. They say, *Orpheus* was the Son of *Æacus* and of the Muse *Calliope*; that *Orpheus* was Father of *Drez*; and *Drez* Father of *Eneleus*; that from this latter, successively descended *Jamonides*, *Philoterpe*, *Euphemus*, *Euphrades*, and *Menalopus*. This *Menapolus* had two Sons, *Appelles* and *Ampelis*; *Appelles* was Father to *Meon*, who going to *Smyrna* married *Eu-*, by whom he had *Homer*. *Ampelis* on the other married at *Cuma*, and had a Son called *Dius*, was the Father of *Hesiode*. It is also recorded his Family was very rich; but his Father have been rather prodigal than liberal, so intangled affairs, that not being longer able to live at that ght of expence he was wont to do, he left *Cuma* *Ionia* where he dwelt, and went into *Bæotia*, here he rather made choice of the Countrey than City for his ordinary residence, and dwelt at Town called *Ascra*, the situation of which infinitely delectable. Besides also, *Dius* marrying in this place with a Virgin of a sufficient fortune, whose name was *Pysimeda*, he continued there as well out of interest as inclination. At end of the first year of his Marriage, *Hesiode* came into the World, and the year after, *Dius* had another Son named *Perses*, who differed much from the first; for *Hesiode* was a great and excellent person, and *Perses* was the true pattern of a wretched Poet, dull, lazy, envious, and full of vanity. The childhood of *Hesiode* was always delightful, and his education better than might have been expected from the Countrey. For *Dius* having contracted a particular friendship with an eminent Priest of the Muses at the Mount *Helicon*, left the young *Hesiode* to him for some years. Now this famous Mountain, which is not far distant from that of *Parnassus*, being peculiarly consecrated to *Apollo*, and the Muses, all the considerable people throughout *Greece*, go thither at least once in their life time. And as places of great resort have always more politeness than others, *Hesiod*'s wit became very gallant and polite, even in his tender years. He had both boldness and discretion; and that which is always a good sign in the mind of a child, he had a general curiosity to get every thing explained to him which he did not understand. He loved much to walk alone by himself, though otherwise his genius was sufficiently free. He was of a handsome person, civil, and of a pleasing conversation; but before he was eighteen years old, he never thought of employing himself in making Verses, although he was in a Countrey consecrated to the Muses, and indeed the pleasures of *Hesiode* at this time, seem'd sufficiently contrary to Poetry; for he lov'd Hunting more than Study, notwithstanding the general curiosity I told you he had from his Childhood, which incited him always to enquire the reason of what he saw. Now being exactly at that age in which the heart of young people is as yet undetermin'd to any thing, and capable of taking to all whatsoever, wherein Vice and Virtue seem to dispute who shall possess it; *Hesiode* at his return from hunting, went to sit down at the brink of that famous Spring *Hippocrene*, which is at the foot of *Helicon*, which they say, arises out of a rock, and was first made by a stroke of *Pegasus*'s foot, and which is so famous for the admirable virtue ascrib'd to it, of inspiring those that drink of it with an exquisite faculty of making Verses. *Hesiode* therefore being something weary with the hunting he had been at, and finding a very pleasant shade near this Fountain, sate down there, and leaning against the body of a tree, betook himself to muse with sufficient pleasure, by reason of the purling of the stream, and the whispers of the leaves which were gently wav'd by a soft fresh wind; for it was exactly in that season of Roses, in which the West-winds are most agreeable, and in which the Festivals of Love was ready to be celebrated at *Helicon*, which was wont to be solemniz'd there every five years, as constantly as that of the Muses; to signifie, that as Love cannot want the Muses, so the Muses cannot be without Love. *Hesiode* entertaining himself in this manner, without having any great joy, or great sorrow, or other particular object, to imploy his mind, and awaken his imagination, he fell by degrees into so profound a Musing, that he no longer took notice of that which he heard, or saw, or was thinking of. So that slumbring by little and little, he supported himself against a Tree, and fell asleep. His eyes had not long been shut, but his fancy being guided by the gods, presented him with an admirable and surprising object; for on a suddain, he thought he beheld all the Muses about him, in

that manner as they are pictur'd, to wit, in the attire of Nymphs with loose Robes, with dishevel'd hair, with garlands and flowers upon their heads, and several instruments in their hands, correspondent to the several things invented by them. *Hesiode* on a suddain beheld this Celestial Troop about him; he heard so melodious a Concent, that he was charmed with it; he fancied also that he beheld several little *Cupids* amongst them, who leaving off their sport to listen to them, seemed to hearken very attentively. But at length the Musick being ended, *Calliope* advancing towards him, after having had the consent of her companions, to do so, spoke to him almost in this manner, if yet it be lawful to fancy how the Muses speak.

Upon what thinkest thou, *Hesiode*? dost thou not fear that the gods will call thee to an account for the wit which they have given thee? what hast thou done with it since thou camest into the world? art thou not asham'd to dwell in the hill of *Helicon*, to be neighbor to the Mountain from whence we took our birth, to be so near *Parnassus*, and to sleep on the brink of *Hippocrene*, without ever having had a thought of composing Verses? Thinkest thou that the gods have given thee wit, memory, fancy, and judgement, to employ upon nothing? Awaken thy self from this drowsiness, wherein sloth still detains thee, consider that the life of men is too short, for them to be contented with it, and that there is nothing so sweet as for a man to acquire immortality to himself. Consider what glory it is that attends thee, if thou believest the counsels which we give thee; and to encourage thee to follow them, know, that if thou wilt, thy name shall be celebrated throughout all Ages, and amongst all Nations, and thou shalt be universally acknowledged for the Father of all the Poets, which shall arise in the whole extent of the world. Do not imagine that what we tell thee is a small matter, for I can assure thee (upon the word of *Apollo*, who knows things to come) that they who are descended, or who shall descend in the sequel of time, from the greatest Kings, or the most illustrious Heroes, shall not be owner of so great a fame, as they who shall follow thee. But to give thee a light Idea of it, redouble thy attention; follow me to the top of my *Helicon*, take good notice of all that I shall shew thee there, hearken with respect to the great things which I am going to inform thee of, and believe all that I shall tell thee cannot miss coming to pass; for the most secret books of destiny are always open to *Apollo*, from whom it is I speak to thee.

After this, *Hesiode* thought that he was transported to the top of Mount *Helicon*, from whence discovering all *Greece*, as he thought, he beheld the fairest object that ever he had seen. But though he conceiv'd himself elevated very high, yet he perceiv'd the most remote objects, as distinctly as if they had been very near; for when we see things only in imagination, we see them as well afar off as near. In this place under a great Laurel which made a handsome umbrage, *Calliope* all alone appear'd to him again, and addressing to him with a majestical air, and full of sweetness and charms;

Rowze up thy mind, *Hesiode*, said she to him, receive respectfully the favour *Apollo* does thee, of rendring thee capable to penetrate into futurity, and to enjoy true glory, which is never found till after death, and consequently is not very considerable during life. But to cause thee to enjoy it amply, it is requisite that I make thee a description of Poetry, that I recall what's past, and reaching forth unto that which is to come, make thee know, what none other shall know during thy generation; but as they who intending to shew a great River to a stranger, would not go to take view of it near its Spring, because it would seem too little; so likewise in going to shew thee the progress of Poetry, I must not trace it back to its original: because being it is really the off-spring of Heaven, I cannot conduct thee to the place of its nativity. It suffices to tell thee, that 'tis the language of the gods, and that Love and Glory have brought it into use amongst men; That without it the *Heroes* would dye unrewarded, that their names would perish soon after them; that Lovers would sigh without pleasure, that the art for one to render her himself immortal, by immortalizing others, would be unknown in the World. In the next place, look upon all *Greece*, as the first place wherein Poetry began to be celebrated, and from whence it shall pass successively to the other parts of the World. Dost thou not see a Woman of a goodly aspect, at the gate of the Temple of *Delphos*? 'tis *Phemonoe*, the first Prophetess of that Temple, who invented the handsomest form of Verses; For by a priviledge granted to Women, it may be affirmed that they have more share in poetry than men, since if they do not make Verses themselves, yet at least they inspire others with the desire of making them. Dost thou not see near her, that young man that plays upon the Harp? 'tis the famous *Amphion*, who added three strings to that instrument, to make them up seven, there having been but four before. It is also reported, that the stones, drawn by his harmony, ranked themselves one upon another, to build the Walls of *Thebes*: but the truth is, he became of such reputation among the *Thebans*, that he easily perswaded them to inclose their City. Look a little towards the right hand, and thou wilt see a venerable man: 'tis the most antient of three Poets, who bear or will bear the name *Linus*, and the first whom *Apollo* taught the measures and numbers of Verse. He writ a Poem concerning the World, which got him such honor, that some have not stuck to call him the Son of *Apollo*; and indeed his name will be always celebrated by the *Geek* Poets, who will make Hymns upon his death, and particularly by the famous *Sappho* of *Mytilene*, whom I shall by and by shew you.

In the mean time, look upon him who appears so handsome, and so sad; 'tis *Orpheus*, from whom thou art descended, who was able to charm Hell, and recover *Euridice* from the shades of death, by the power of this melodie, and who not being able to contain one moment from looking upon that beloved person, lost her again for ever. This excellent Poet has composed thirty nine Poems, but time shall bereave posterity of them, excepting one Book of Hymns to the gods, and a Treatise of precious Stones, of which some fragments shall remain preserv'd from age to age, and it shall be known in general, that he lov'd to treat of grave Subjects, as of the World, the Sun, and Morality.

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He that thou seest behind him is *Musæus*, to whom *Orpheus* addressed several of his Works, and left his Harp at his death; 'tis he that made the handsome Poem of *Leander* and *Hero*; although in process of time, some will go about to ascribe it to another *Musæus*.

Then take notice of *Melesigenes*, who is thy kinsman, and whom thou must overcome at *Chalcis*. I shall say nothing to thee of his lineage, and the place where he was born; for thou knowest it well; but I shall assure thee, that he shall be so famous, that in future ages, seven Cities shall contend for the honor of having him their Native; namely *Smyrna*, *Rhodes*, *Colophon*, *Salamis*, *Chios*, *Argos*, and *Athens*. He shall be indigent of the goods of Fortune, but rich in the gifts of the mind. He shall make several voyages, and shall be almost continually unhappy. He shall lay aside the name of *Melesigines*, and take upon him that of *Homer*, because he shall become blind. After this accident, he shall become so poor, that he shall be constrain'd for a long time to beg alms. Yet he shall find charitable friends to assist him, and the gods themselves shall do a miracle for his sake; for the Seamen refusing to take him into their Vessel to go to *Chios*, shall be overtaken with so great a storm, that, imagining it befallen them, because they refus'd *Homer*, they shall return to the shore to take him in, and afterwards make a happy voyage. But at length *Homer* shall become a little more happy; he shall marry, and have two Daughters, and then it shall be, that he shall compose one Work, which he shall intitle *Odysseus*, and another, *Ilias*. The latter of which shall be more admir'd than the former, in the first ages which shall follow him; but in after-times, they shall be judg'd of quite contrary: but in truth, they shall both be worthy of the highest applauses. *Homer* in acknowledgement to those, by whom he shall be assisted, shall introduce them in his Works, to the end to immortalize their Virtue. For *Phœnius* his Father-in-law, and his first Master, shall find a place in the *Odysseus*; *Mentor* shall be highly celebrated there; he shall also speak advantageously of *Mentes*, and shall not forget a plain Mechanick, who shall entertain him for some time at his house; and thus he shall give an heroical testimony of acknowledgement, in an age that shall be ungrateful to his Virtue. But posterity shall at least render justice to his merit, and acknowledge him to have been Master of a grand and prodigious genius, with a natural, facile, and delightful style. He it is, that shall invent to begin a History in the middle, to the end, to suspend the minds of the Readers, and give them a kind of pleasing inquietude; it shall be he that shall introduce that admirable diversity of styles, in which he shall never be surpass'd by any; he shall be admir'd by the most eminent wits of *Greece*, and acknowledg'd in all ages for a Poet, worthy to be imitated in every respect by all others.

Judge then what glory will befall to you, in overcoming a man, whose name shall be famous, as long as Reason shall be amongst men.

Hitherto I have told you of the past and the present; I must begin with the amorous *Mimnermus*, to discover the future to you. Do not you perceive by his air and his aspect, that he will be able to sing of nothing but Love? 'Tis he that shall invent the way of the bewailing Elegie for the fair *Nanno* his Mistress, who, by the sweetness of her voice, shall inspire him with the sweetness of his Verse: Nevertheless, the Works of this excellent man shall perish, and not live among those of others; but yet there shall be enough to judge, that he must needs have been a most delicate and amorous wit.

After this, *Hesiode* believ'd he saw only all *Peloponnesus*, the Sea that encompasses it, and particularly the Cape of *Tenarus*, and upon that Sea, not far from the Cape, a comely person carried upon the back of a Dolphin, playing upon an Harp, and looking sometimes towards the shore, and sometimes towards Heaven, as if he thanked the gods for some favor. After which, *Calliope* beginning again to speak, He that thou seest, said she, is the famous *Arion*, who shall invent the manner of Tragick Verses, and the introducing of a *Chorus*; he shall be ready to be slain by the mariners of a ship, out of intent to possess his Money; but having obtain'd permission to sing some Verses to his Harp, he shall do it so well, that the melody of his Song shall draw several *Dolphins* about the ship; upon which, *Arion* abandoning himself to them, shall leap into the Sea, and be receiv'd by one of those *Dolphins*, who shall carry him to the shore; and thus he shall find more humanity amongst Fishes, than amongst Men.

Then all these objects passing away, *Hesiode* beheld an Island, and upon the top of a Rock, a brown Woman of indifferent stature and beauty; yet she had quick and sprightly eyes, and was of a very comely shape: she that thou seest, said *Calliope* then to *Hesiode*, is the famous *Sappho* of *Mytilene*, who shall be celebrated throughout all ages, for the handsomness of her Verses, especially for a certain passionate and amorous style, which shall be almost inimitable. She shall invent the use of the Bow belonging to the Harp, which shall highly advantage the sound of it; she shall love a disloyal person, which shall be the cause of her death; but though almost all her works shall perish, yet her name shall live eternally; she shall be styled the tenth Muse, and in all Ages new Honors shall be ascrib'd to her.

But there is enough spoken, concerning this Illustrious *Lesbian*; therefore behold *Alcæus*, who shall live at the same time; do not you see he has the aspect of a man of quality? his birth shall be very noble; he shall command the Armies of *Mytilene*, with his Brother *Antimenides*: but one of the seven Sages of *Greece* named *Pittacus*, shall possess himself of the Tyranny, and eject them; so that *Alcæus*, an excellent Lyrick Poet, being incensed in mind, shall begin to write against him, and in general, against Tyranny and Tyrants, and make Verses, which shall be accounted seditious. His works shall be grave, and strong; he shall sometimes descend to Mirth and Love, and succeed very well therein, although more excellent for other things. He shall have so passionate a soul, that he shall desire to immortalize a little *mark* the person he shall love, shall have upon her foot; but he shall have the unhappiness to fall into the hands of *Pittacus*, who contenting himself with the power to be reveng'd, shall send him back again without harm, and by that handsome action, confirm to himself the prerogative of bearing the glorious title of Wise.

After this, *Heſiode* beheld *Alceus* no more; but ſaw a man diſguis'd with a vizard in a Chariot, who went to and fro in the middle of a ſpacious place in *Athens*, encompas'd with the people. He that thou ſeeſt, ſaid *Calliope*, is *Theſpis*, who ſhall himſelf act the Tragedies which he ſhall compoſe, and ſhall be famous for this ſort of Works.

But then, Doſt not thou ſee a man, who has a countenance ſufficiently cheerful? 'tis *Epicharmus*, who ſhall be born in *Sicily*, and be the firſt inventor of Comedies, which ſhall periſh by time, after having ſerv'd for a pattern to thoſe that ſhall follow.

In the next place, behold two Poets with grave looks, marching together; one of them is *Theognis*, who rejecting Poetical fictions, ſhall write Precepts of Morality in Verſe. Yet he ſhall ſometimes intermingle Love in his Works, and that with ſome freedom. The other is *Phocilydes* of *Miletum*, ſomething more ſerious, who ſhall write of moral matters full of inſtruction, and draw the greateſt part of his Sentences from the Books of certain Women who ſhall be called *Sybyls*, he ſhall be imitated one day by a *French* Poet, whoſe Verſes ſhall for a long time be the firſt Leſſons of Virtue for the young children of his own Nation. They ſhall both begin their Works in recommending the worſhiping of the Divine Power, the honour of Parents, and judging with Juſtice, and fear of another Judgement, which attends both the good and the wicked. Then behold a man of a very comly perſon, but blind! 'tis *Steſichorus* of *Sicily*, a Lyrick Poet, who ſhall come near to the grandeur of *Homer*. 'Tis true, he ſhall be condemn'd for being too abundant; but there ſhall remain nothing of him beſides his reputation. While he ſhall be yet in the cradle, a Nightingale ſhall ſit and ſing upon his mouth; he ſhall loſe his ſight for having ſpoken ill of *Helene*, but recover it again by making a Work in her praiſe, which he ſhall call a Palinode or Recantation. But after having ſhewn thee *Steſichorus* alone, I muſt alſo ſhew thee him in company; doſt not thou ſee eight Men and a Woman? they are the nine Lyrick Poets, who ſhall be put together in reſemblance of the nine Muſes. The firſt without compariſon, ſhall be *Pindar*, of whom I ſhall tell thee afterwards: and thou mayſt ſee the reſt about her, who are *Simonides*, *Steſichorus*, *Ibycus*, *Alcman*, *Bachylides*, *Anacreon*, *Alcæus*, and *Sappho*, who ſhall likewiſe be call'd the tenth Muſe, as I told thee before.

But to ſpeak at preſent only of *Pindar*, when he ſhall be in the cradle, the Bees ſhall make Honey upon his mouth. Doſt thou not ſee that he is ſeparated from the reſt that environ him, and that he has none near him but a fair Virgin, with a Crown upon her head? 'tis *Corinna*, who ſhall have the glory of ſurpaſſing him five times publickly, and gain the prize for making better Verſes than he. Nevertheleſs, he ſhall be a Poet of the firſt Order, in the judgement of the greateſt Poets, that ſhall follow him. He ſhall be ſo ſublime, that it ſhall be hard to follow him; his ſtyle ſhall be lofty, pure, and chaſte, and truly worthy to entertain Kings and Princes. He ſhall love chiefly to ſing the praiſes of thoſe who ſhall have been Victors in the *Olympick* Games; However, as I mention'd before, *Corinna* ſhall overcome him five times: Some ſhall ſay, the reaſon ſhall be, for that being very handſome, her Verſes ſhall thereby ſeem ſo much the more amiable; others that making uſe of the *Æolian* Dialect, and *Pindar* of the *Doric*, which ſhall not be ſo elegant, this ſhall give her the advantage. But to diſcover a truth to thee which ſhall never be known to any other, he ſhall be amorous of her, and therefore take pleaſure to ſuffer himſelf to be overcome by her: Not but that this Woman muſt be ſo admirable for her Verſes, that the *Tanagrians* ſhall erect a Statue to her: ſhe ſhall alſo give profitable councel to *Pindar*, for as he ſhall one day be boaſting of himſelf in her preſence, ſhe ſhall pleaſantly mock him, and tell him that he knows not how to make any thing, ſince he knows not how to feign; maintaining peremptorily, that fiction is neceſſary to handſom Poetry. *Pindar* afterwards endeavouring to improve this admonition, ſhall offer her a work wholly fill'd with fictions connected together; but this fair Virgin deriding him again ingeniouſly, and beholding him with a mocking ſmile ſhall tell him, they ought to be interſpers'd with judgement, and not caſt in by handfuls as he has done. And accordingly, *Pindar* ſhall ſo well profit by her Counſel, that he ſhall become the wonder of his own age, and of thoſe which ſhall come after him. The moſt famous Conqueror of the World, ſhall eſteem him ſo highly, that having taken *Thebes*, he ſhall cauſe the houſe to be ſhewn him where *Pindar* dwelt, to ſecure it from being pillag'd, and ſhall preſerve the goods of another *Pindar*, only in reſpect to his name. He ſhall alſo be happy in dying; for after having requeſted of the gods, that which is ſweeteſt in life, he ſhall have the advantage to dye without pain, ſleeping upon the knees of a perſon whom he ſhall love, at the publick Shews. After which, a Statue ſhall be erected to him.

But in the next place, doſt thou ſee a goodly perſon, well made, and of a comely ſtature, who has a Crown of Flowers upon his head, and a very rich cup in his hand, who is near a Table well furniſh'd, and encompaſs'd with people that are dancing? 'tis the famous *Anacreon*, the great protector of Joy and Feaſts. Oh, I beſeech you, (interrupted *Anacreon*) let me ſee whether you have not craftily adjoyn'd me to ſo many Poets, that have appear'd to me as well as to *Heſiode*, ſince you began to read. Sincerely (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I have made no alteration in tranſlating this place, and I engage to let you ſee all I am going to read, in the *Greek* Original. Let *Amilcar* read on, (ſaid *Plotina*) for perhaps we ſhall hear what you would be unwilling to tell us. Indeed (added *Valeria*) I have underſtood by *Berelisa* and *Clidamira*, that you will not relate any thing concerning your Loves. 'Tis true (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) That I do not affect to tell my amorous adventures; and therefore I am loth to let *Amilcar* read this place; for I ſhould not care to have *Calliope* diſcover to you all my ſecrets. Fear nothing (reply'd *Amilcar*) a Muſe never ſpeaks indiſcreetly; and the Tranſlator is intelligent enough. Proceed then (ſaid *Anacreon*) And accordingly *Amilcar* began to read again in this manner, at the place where he had left off.

But in the next place, doſt thou ſee a goodly perſon, well made, and of a comely ſtature, who has a crown

a crown of Flowers upon his head, and a very rich cup in his hand, who is near a Table well furnish'd, and encompass'd with people that are dancing? 'tis the famous *Anacreon*, the protector of Joy and Feasts. He shall have a jovial wit, gallant, delicate and natural; his Odes shall last as long as the Empire of Letters shall endure; he shall invent a sort of Verses that shall bear his name; he shall make Elegies, he shall sing the Loves of *Circe* and *Penelope*, Lovers of *Ulysses*, but this Work shall perish, and he shall at length be one of the most famous Poets of all *Greece*; he shall love after all the ways, wherewith 'tis possible to Love; his principal Mistress shall be named——

Hold, I beseech you (interrupted *Anacreon* again) and do not name her. I must of necessity name her (answer'd *Amilcar*) for *Plotina* makes me a sign to continue my reading; which he did accordingly, thus,

His principle Mistress shall be named *Euripile*; posterity nevertheless shall believe, that he lov'd two other persons more ardently. He shall be very well belov'd by the Prince of *Samos*, called *Polycrates*, who shall one day give him two talents, but *Anacreon* shall restore them back two days after, and tell him (to refuse him without incivility) that he was two nights without sleep, for thinking how he should employ them, and that he will not be rewarded with a thing that affords nothing but anxious and inquiet cares. In his first youth, returning from a great Feast, he shall meet a Nurse holding a Child in her arms; whom he shall justle so rudely, that the provoked Woman shall pray the gods, that one day he may as much honor her Son whom he then despis'd; and accordingly, that child shall one day excite love in *Anacreon*. He shall invent a kind of Lyre with one and twenty strings; and he shall dye by an unexpected and inconsiderable accident, in the midst of a Feast, at the age of fourscore and five years, and shall enjoy after his death an immortal glory.

Whatever the accident be, (interrupted *Anacreon*) that shall occasion my death, in that age I think I have no great cause to be troubled at it: but whatever *Calliope* has spoken of it, I conceive I shall not do very ill, to take care always to keep my self from dying young. As for me (answer'd *Plotina*) I am not dispos'd to contradict you; for besides that in my judgement I apprehend you have reason, I have also a great desire that *Amilcar* continue his reading, both to let me know those who are to succeed, and to resolve me whether *Rome* is not likely to have a Poet famous enough, to deserve mentioning by *Calliope*. After which *Amilcar* proceeded in this manner. Seest thou that old man with the bald head, in the middle of a field, and above him a great *Eagle*, holding a *Tortoise* in her beak? 'tis *Æschylus* the *Athenian*; he shall be the first that shall publish Tragedies; he shall add very much to the ornaments of the Theater, and first establish that maxime, not to bloody the Scene. He shall compose fourscore and ten Tragedies, and shall overcome twenty eight times; but being grown very old, he shall be out-done by *Sopholes* in the spring of his youth; which shall be so grievous to him, that he shall forsake *Greece*, and go into *Sicily*. He shall be sublime, grave, magnificent, in his expressions, sometimes even to excess, but often rude and impolish'd, Wherefore the *Athenians* in following ages shall permit the Poets to correct the Tragedies of *Æschylus*, and afterward make them pass for new, and obtain prizes with them. Nevertheless, that famous *Lycurgus* the Law-giver, shall so highly esteem his Works, and those of *Sophocles*; that he shall cause them to be kept in the publick Archiv's, and erect Statues of Brass to both of them. *Æschylus* shall be threatned to be killed with a blow on the head; to avoid which unhappiness, he shall very much affect to walk much in the plain field; but the gods shall punish him for the boldness, to go about to resist destiny; for a great *Eagle* holding a *Tortoise*, and taking the bald head of *Æschylus* for a stone, shall let the same fall upon him to break it; and thus seeking to avoid death, he shall find it, after having had the grief to hear it reproach'd to him by the young *Sophocles*, that when he did well, he did not know for what reason he did so. In the next place, behold *Sophocles* the conqueror of *Æschylus*, and many others: Dost thou not guess by his aspect, that he shall be inclin'd to Love? *Theorida* and *Archippa* shall be famous for having been his Mistresses, He shall be the greatest of Tragick Poets; his Works shall have an incomparable beauty and elegance; all shall be exact in them, polite, and accomplisht; they shall have both sweetness and loftiness: Some shall go about to parallel him to *Euripides*, of whom I am to speak next; but the more sage opinions shall be for *Sophocles*. Some shall surname him the *Bee*, intimating that he shall take only the flower of things; others the *Syrene*, because he shall very much allure the minds of those that shall see his Works. In his extream old age, not thinking of ought but to acquire glory, and neglecting his domestick affairs, one of his children shall accuse him of dotage, and go about to deprive him of the management of his estate; but he shall shew the Judges a very handsome piece, which he shall then be making; upon which the accuser shall be more in danger to be declared a fool than the accused. He shall make six and twenty Tragedies, and shall overcome in twenty four; but at last he shall dye of joy, having first overcome once in his decrepit age, and gotten the advantage to preserve all the excellency of his wit to the last. For one telling him, Thou art unhappy, *Sophocles*, in being no longer capable of Love; he shall answer gallantly, I esteem my self happy for being escaped from his Tyranny, as from that of a furious and insolent Master.

But it is time to shew thee *Euripides*: dost thou not see a man encompass'd with several Soldiers 'tis he of whom I speak: he hath, as thou seest, a fierce, melancholly and proud aspect; yet his birth shall not be great, and he shall be born in poverty; but he shall have boldness and fierceness. 'Tis true, his merit shall bear him out. In his first youth he shall overcome several times, in the places where there shall be prizes for the exercises of the body. Afterwards, he shall make a great number of Tragedies, of which eight shall be Satyrical. He shall overcome fifteen times, without any sign of Joy discernable in his eyes. Indeed *Euripides* shall scarce ever laugh, and it shall not be known whether he loves or hates Women, so uniform shall he appear in all his actions. Yet

Sophocles

Sophocles shall reproach him not to hate them, but in the Theater. The people shall one day pray him to change a Verse; but he shall answer, That he writ to teach the people, and not to be taught by them. He shall sometimes take pains with difficulty, and a Poet shall reproach to him, that he made but three Verses in three days. I acknowledge it, shall he answer, and you have made a hundred; but your hundred Verses shall not last three days, and my three Verses shall last not only three hundred years, but even to eternity. In effect, *Euripides* shall have so great a reputation, that after the *Athenians* shall have been overcome under *Nicias* and *Gilippus*, the *Sicilians*, who shall be the Victors, shall spare the lives of several prisoners only because they shall know of the Verses of *Euripides*, wherewith they shall be so charm'd, that they shall cause them to be continually recited, to the end to learn them, and give the like liberty to those from whom they shall have learnt them. There shall be some also that shall stay in *Sicily*, and enrich themselves by reciting those Verses which all the World shall admire. But as for the others, who shall return to *Athens*, thou seest them at his feet, to thank him as their Deliverer, and leave him wholly surpris'd with this glorious adventure. He shall have the honor to be a great friend to *Socrates*, who shall, for the time to come, be the pattern to all the Sages; and he shall also have the generosity to give him testimonies of his amity after his death. But at length *Euripides* shall have the unhappiness to discover that his wife shall be unfaithful to him, and love a Comedian; upon which, fearing the mockery of the Comick Poets, he shall forsake his Countrey, and go into *Macedonia*, where he shall be in favour with the King *Archelaus*. During his being there, one of those Poets who never make Verses but to beg, and of which kind there shall always be some in the Courts of Princes, shall request something of considerable value of the King of *Macedonia*; but this Prince being ingenious both to refuse and give, shall command that to be given to *Euripides*, which the other desired of him; for (shall he say to this importunate person) you deserve to ask without receiving, and *Euripides* deserves to receive without asking. But at last *Euripides* shall die miserably; for he shall be torn to pieces by the dogs of that King at a famous hunting. The people shall say, the cause of it was because he interceded for a man who had slain one of those dogs; but the true reason shall be, for that the King scarce minding his hunting any longer, and being almost continually in discourse with *Euripides*, jealousie and hatred shall both enter into their hearts; so that finding him one day wandring alone, they shall tear him to pieces; and thus shall the famous *Euripides* die, whom many judicious persons shall scarce dare to place above *Sophocles*.

But after having seen this illustrious Poet, fix thy eyes awhile upon a very little man, who stands there on one side: he is a Poet, and nam'd *Philetas*; he shall make Elegies full of very handsome fancy. He shall be so lean, so little, and so light, that the people shall report he always carries lead about him, for fear the wind should carry him away. He shall have a Mistriss named *Bambis*, and shall dye through grief, for not being able to resolve the argument of a Sophister.

He that thou seest in the next place, is the incomparable *Menander*, whose glory shall be immortal; he is the man that shall refine Comedies, who shall take away the insolent satyre from them, and banish all that encounters modesty. He shall have an inclination extraordinarily amorous; for which reason there shall be much true modesty in his works. He shall apprehend perfectly, that a handsome Comedy ought to be a description, or picture of the World, and the passions ordinary to all men; for no Poet shall goe beyond him in skill, and exact observation of manners, customs, passions, and inclinations of each particular of mankind. There shall be other Comick Poets after him, who shall confound all his different stiles, and without observing all those varieties which are so necessary to these kind of Pictures, they shall make Kings and Slaves speak after the same manner, and confound the Tragick style with the Comick. These cannot without injustice be equall'd to *Menander*, who shall be gallant and polite throughout, who shall have nothing but what either instructs or diverts. Whence there shall be in the sequel of time, a most grave and famous Author, who shall prefer *Menander* a thousand degrees above him, that shall be the most excellent amongst all others. *Menander* shall be accus'd by one nam'd *Cratinus*, to be sufficiently addicted to play the plagiary in Authors that preceded him; but this *Cratinus* shall be one of those dangerous sons of Envy, of which there shall always be some, as long as there are persons of virtue: that is one of those malicious criticks, who seek not to instruct their age they live in, but only to injure those they see more esteem'd than themselves. *Menander* shall compose an hundred and nine Comedies, and shall be Victor only in eight; but posterity shall do him the justice to believe, that it was by reason of the factions of his Envyers. He shall be Disciple to *Theophrastus*, a great friend to *Demetrius Phalereus*, and so esteem'd by the Kings of *Ægypt* and *Macedonia*, that they shall send a Fleet and Ambassadors to him, to oblige him to come to them. But, in fine, being yet in the flower of his age, he shall be drown'd as he is swimming in the Port of *Piræus*.

Look upon him that I shew thee next; he shall be named *Philemon*, and shall overcome *Menander* several times, rather through good fortune than merit, though there will be handsome fancies in several places of his Works: but *Menander* speaking to him of his victories, shall smilingly say to him, Art not thou asham'd to have overcome me? He is destinated to die with laughter, at the sight of some uncouth spectacle; he shall live fourscore and seventeen years, and shall make fourscore and ten Comedies.

He that thou seest upon that great Theater, and whom such a croud of people attentively listen to, is *Aristophanes*; he shall be of low birth, and yet of great reputation, and taking to himself a middle way between the excessive licentiousness of antient Comedy, and the regularity of the New, he shall please the generality of people. His style shall be sharp, subtle, elegant, full of ingenious fetches and railleries; but he shall not scruple to offend the fancy of the virtuous sort of people, so that he may but give divertisement to the multitude. He shall be extraordinarily bold in speaking

against

againſt all the World; inſomuch that he ſhall make a Comedy againſt a Tribune of the people wherein he ſhall ſpeak ſo ſharply, that no Comedian will venture to act that part; whereupon being led by his Satyrical inclination, he ſhall act it himſelf, and for that reaſon be condemned to pay a great Fine. That which ſhall blot the reputation of *Ariſtophanes*, is, that he ſhall be an enemy to *Socrates*, and make a Comedy againſt him; but on the other ſide, he ſhall have the honor to have his Epitaph made by a great Philoſopher, after a glorious manner; which ſhall ſerve one day for a document to the World, that all great men are not always of the ſame judgement, ſince another great Author ſpeaking of *Ariſtophanes*, ſhall ſay that in his works the Tragick and Comick ſtyle are confounded together, the high and the low, the ſublime and the familiar, very many ſuperfluous words, cold railleries, and impudence diffus'd throughout. He that thou ſeeſt next is *Lycophron*, an Author famous for his obſcurity. He ſhall be of the number of thoſe ſeven Tragick Poets, who ſhall compoſe the *Pleiades*, and he ſhall be ingeniouſly compar'd to a certain obſcure Star, which is in that conſtellation. He ſhall be born in the City of *Chalcis* in *Eubœa*, and ſhall be ſlain with the ſhot of an arrow.

Now take notice of that man who goes forth of a Temple, and ſeems to be in amazement; 'tis *Callimachus* the *Cyrenian*, who ſhall make Elegies, Epigrams, and other Works, with ſufficient approbation. He ſhall make one among the reſt that ſhall live a long time, of which I will tell thee the ſubject, to the end thou mayſt underſtand, Poets may ſometimes have boldneſs which lead them out of the common road, provided they be manag'd with judgement. *Berenice*, Queen of *Ægypt*, ſeeing *Ptolomy* her Husband going to the War, ſhall devote her hair, which ſhall be very graceful, to *Venus*, in caſe he return victorious: after which, this Prince coming home Conqueror, *Berenice* ſhall cut off her hair, and carry it her ſelf to the Temple of *Venus*, where it ſhall not be found the next morning. A famous Aſtrologer who ſhall deſire to court that Queen, ſhall profeſs that he ſaw it in the Heavens, and that it makes a new Conſtellation there. And indeed having really diſcover'd one that he had never ſeen till then, it ſhall for ever after be call'd, The hair of *Berenice*: This is the ſubject of *Callimachus*'s Poem, wherein making uſe of the boldneſs permitted to great Poets, he ſhall introduce the hair of *Berenice* ſpeaking, to the end it may appear, there is nothing which an excellent Poet cannot make to ſpeak becommingly.

The next thou ſeeſt is *Aratus*, who ſhall be born in the City of *Soli* in *Silicia*; he ſhall not be very learn'd in Aſtrologie, and ſhall nevertheleſs make a very handſome Poem concerning the Stars and their courſes: He ſhall alſo compoſe another very elegant work, and poſterity ſhall judge of it by the merit of thoſe who ſhall tranſlate it; for the firſt ſhall be the Father of Latine Eloquence, who ſhall be named *Cicero*; the ſecond ſhall be a Prince of high accompliſhments, who ſhall be call'd *Germanicus*; the third a very amorous Poet, whoſe name ſhall be *Ovid*; and the fourth a man of principal quality call'd *Ruffus Avienus*; ſo that I aſſure thee no other work ſhall ever light upon more noble Interpreters.

Then turn thine eyes upon the admirable *Theocritus*; he ſhall be born in *Syracuſe*, and ſhall make Elegies, which ſhall acquire him immortal glory; he ſhall ſpeak ill of *Hiero*, the Tyrant of his Countrey, who ſhall pardon him the firſt time; but as Poets do not eaſily hold their peace, the ſecond time the Tyrant ſhall put him to death, and there ſhall remain no more of *Theocritus* but his Works, and his fair reputation.

He that thou ſeeſt next him, is *Moſchus*, a Poet of the ſame ſtrain, who ſhall have a gallant and delicate wit. He ſhall make an *Idyllium* upon Runaway *Cupid*, which ſhall be imitated in all Languages (ſo gallant ſhall the invention of it ſeem) and happily expreſs'd in few Verſes.

Thoſe two Men whom thou ſeeſt together, are the two *Parthenii*, of whoſe Writings nothing ſhall remain, and of whom I ſhall ſpeak by and by, when I come to ſpeak of *Virgil* and *Ovid*.

Laſtly (*Heſiode*) behold the laſt famous Poet among the *Greeks*; he ſhall be of *Cilicia*, of the City of *Anazarba*; he ſhall be called *Oppian*, and ſhall be ſon of one of the principal Citizens, named *Ageſilaus*, who after having govern'd a long time, ſhall addict himſelf entirely to Philoſophy, to the end to inſtruct his Son therein The Emperor *Severus* paſſing through this place, neither *Oppian* nor *Ageſilaus*, ſhall go to ſalute him; which the Emperor taking ill, ſhall baniſh them into an Iſland almoſt deſart at that time, which in the revolution of ages ſhall be inhabited, by people very courageous, and of a moſt noble race. During this exile, *Oppian* ſhall compoſe five Books concerning Fiſhing, and ſix concerning Hunting; he ſhall dedicate his Work to *Antoninus*, ſon of *Severus*, who not only ſhall recall him from exile, but being charm'd with his Verſes, ſhall recompence each of them with a piece of Gold; whereupon thenceforth they ſhall be called, The Golden Verſes of *Oppian*. Beſides that, they ſhall be worthy of that Title, only in reſpect of their Elegance. After this, he ſhall return into his own Countrey, and die there at the age of thirty years; his Citizens ſhall erect a Statue to him, and inſcribe an Epitaph upon his Tomb, which ſhall intimate, that the gods caus'd his death out of envy; becauſe, if he had liv'd long, he would have ſurpaſs'd all mortals.

Thus *Heſiode*, thou ſeeſt who ſhall be thy ſucceſſors in *Greece*; but if Poetry die amongſt the *Greeks*, 'tis only to revive again among the *Romans*, who ſhall learn it of them. So that thou ſhalt not be leſs the Father of the *Latine*, than of the *Greek* Poetry, and in what place ſoever Verſes ſhall be made, the name of *Heſiode* ſhall be in eſteem. No doubt thou art willing to have me tell thee, whether the *Latine* Poetry ſhall be able to ſurpaſs the *Greek*, which queſtion ſhall be the ſubject of very great diſpute. Yet let it ſuffice thee to know, that the *Romans* ſhall take Poetry from the *Greeks*, and that the moſt curious Criticks amongſt them, ſhall believe they do much, when they ſhall equal the Poets of their own Nation, to thoſe of the *Greeks*. They ſhall even oftentimes prefer them before them; becauſe 'tis the cuſtom of all men to be prejudic'd againſt their own age; and a very great Conqueror ſhall one day call a Poet, who ſhall be named *Terence*, but a half-*Menander*, though that *Terence* muſt be one of the moſt perfect *Latine* Poets. However, I will tell thee, that the *Greeks* and the *Romans* ſhall on either

either side have their peculiar excellencies and defenders. The *Greeks* shall without doubt have the glory of invention, and withal a certain kind of greater sprightlineſs and pleaſantneſs, and be more proper for divertiſement. But otherwiſe, they ſhall be leſs exact, more diffuſe and prolix, more ſubject to ſpeak things unprofitable, attributing leſs to Art than to Nature. The *Romans* ſhall render Poetry more ſolid and more judicious, their Works ſhall have more Rule and Art, and conſequently ſome kind of leſs licentiouſneſs: and there ſhall come another time, wherein Poetry being become *French*, ſhall ſeem, in growing old, to have taken yet more ſeverity, than the *Greek* or the *Latine*; for it ſhall indulge fewer things to it ſelf than the reſt; and withal, it ſhall very rarely have any of their graces and elegancies. In the mean time, to tell thee concerning *Latine* Poetry in particular, and to let thee ſee that famous Poetick Genealogie, which I have promiſed thee, I muſt ——

I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina* then to *Amilcar*) ſuffer me to interrupt your reading, to tell you that I die with deſire, not only that the *Latine* Poets may ſurpaſs the *Greek* in the excellency of their Verſes, but likewiſe in riches and good fortune; for I have ſo much pitty to ſee ſome of thoſe great Poets poor, that I ſhould be infinitely troubled, that that ſhould one day be reproacht to the *Romans*, which I reproach to the *Greeks*. And moreover, to ſpeak truth, I know not how it ſhould come to paſs, that many perſons will willingly take upon them an employment of ſo little profit. If you pleaſe to conſider (anſwer'd *Herminius*) how many people go to the War with little profit, you will not wonder at the number of thoſe that addict themſelves to make Verſes? although Poetry very rarely improves the fortunes, but is rather prejudicial to them; for this employment is of leſs danger, and greater pleaſure. You have reaſon (reply'd *Amilcar*) and beſides, the greateſt part of thoſe that addict themſelves to make Verſes, are born Poets, and cannot hinder themſelves from being ſuch. But yet I would know (ſaid *Plotina*) why Poverty always follows Poetry: The reaſon is (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) becauſe great men are either ignorant or covetous. For my part (added *Plotina*) I look upon it as a juſt puniſhment inflicted by the gods, for that the moſt part of Poets, as I have heard, oftentimes give a thouſand praiſes to people that deſerve them not; and for that they ſacrifice rather to Fortune, than to Virtue. But however, I conceive it fit to leave you to continue your ſtory. Accordingly *Amilcar* reſum'd the place where he ſtopt. But it is time to make thee change thy object.

Therefore lift up thine eyes and ſee proud *Italy* (ſuch as ſhe ſhall be one day, when ſhe comes to be Miſtreſs of the World) in the ſame place where thou ſaweſt all *Greece*.

But, to arreſt thy ſight to one ſingle object, look upon that man with a ſevere countenance; 'tis *Livius Andronicus*, who ſhall write Tragedies, of which in time, nothing ſhall be left but ſome fragments, which ſhall give poſterity to know, that he had a kind of drineſs and rudeneſs in his Wit.

In the next place take notice of *Ennius*, and thou wilt obſerve by his aſpect, that he will one day become a gallant man, and a lover of joy. He ſhall be a Native of *Tarentum*; he ſhall imagine himſelf to have the ſoul of *Homer*: he ſhall write the Hiſtory of his own Country in Verſe, and making his own Epitaph himſelf, he ſhall forbid all perſons to lament him, becauſe he lives ſtill, and ſhall always live in the memory of men. Nevertheleſs his Works ſhall periſh, and nothing be left of them but ſome fragments, which ſhall evidence that he was nervous, and of good invention.

Then fix thy ſight upon that man, whoſe attire is plain, and whom thou ſeeſt employ'd in turning about an Engine, which ſerves to make Meal, thou wouldſt think he were able to make nothing worthy of immortality; yet he that thou ſeeſt, and who ſhall be called *Plautus*, ſhall write Comedies, which ſhall reſiſt the depredation of time. He ſhall be born in *Umbria*, of low parentage; at firſt he ſhall ſell his Comedies, afterwards he ſhall become a Merchant, and undo himſelf; and then poverty preſſing him very heavily, he ſhall ſerve in thoſe matters thou ſeeſt him employ'd about, But while he is at this Trade, he ſhall compoſe ſome of his Works, and it ſhall be ſaid one day of him, That if my companions and I were to ſpeak *Latine*, we ſhould ſpeak like *Plautus*; though this Elogium be more ſutable to *Terence*, whom thou ſhalt ſee by and by, whoſe ſtyle ſhall without doubt be more noble, and more pure. *Plautus* ſhall principally propoſe to his imitation, *Epicharmus* and *Ariſtophanes*, two *Greek* Poets, whom I ſhew'd thee; his Comedies ſhall be full of Wit and pleaſant Conceits, but not very modeſt. Indeed he ſhall better repreſent ſlaves, courtiſans, and thoſe of the baſer ſort of people, than honeſt perſons; like ſome Painters, whoſe odd fancy is better at repreſenting poor cripled and deformed ſoldiers, than Princes and Heroes. In proceſs of time he ſhall ſeem ſomething obſcure, becauſe he ſhall love to take the liberty of making extraordinary words, and employing thoſe which are peculiar, to the eloquence of the vulgar. But however, there ſhall be handſome ſtrains in his Works, and raillery ſhall be neatly couch'd in them.

Look next upon *Statius Cæcilius*, a *Gaul*, he ſhall have the glory to be preferr'd by many, above all other Authors of the Theater; he ſhall be a great friend to *Ennius*, and ſo highly reſpected by *Terence*, that he ſhall compoſe nothing but what he firſt expoſes to his cenſure. Nevertheleſs, time ſhall not reſpect his Works; for there ſhall ſcarce any thing of time ſurvive.

As for *Accius Pacuvius* whom thou ſeeſt there, there are not things enough to tell thee of him, to detain thy ſight longer upon him.

But 'tis not ſo with that *African* whom I ſhew thee, for he merits to have all thy attention; 'tis that *Terence* I but now mention'd; he ſhall be born at *Carthage*, and bred up a ſlave at *Rome*, by *Terentius Lucanus* a Senator, who ſhall cauſe him to be educated with very much care, and ſet him at liberty when he comes beyond the years of Childhood. *Terence* ſhall take the famous *Menander* for his pattern, as *Plautus* took *Epicharmus* and *Ariſtophanes* for his. He ſhall have a particular amity with all perſons of eminent quality in *Rome*, eſpecially with an illuſtrious man, named *Scipio*, and another called *Lelius*, who ſhall alſo aſſiſt him to compoſe his handſome Comedies; for they ſhall not be like thoſe people of quality, who conceive

ignorance

ignorance beſt becomes perſons of condition, and that it is either ſhameful or unprofitable to be learned. There ſhall be nothing ſo pure, noble and delicate; as his Writings; nothing that can better expreſs the manners and genius of perſons of all ſorts. His Comedies ſhall ſeem better at the hundredth time's reading, than at the firſt; and they ſhall be the delight of all thoſe that have an exquiſite guſt; yet only ſix of them ſhall be tranſmitted to poſterity, which alſo ſhall be for the moſt part imitated from *Menander*, who ſhall be his great Original; nevertheleſs, they ſhall not favour of the conſtraint or lowneſs of imitators, but they ſhall be as ſo many Maſter-pieces. He ſhall dye with ſorrow, as he returns from *Greece* to *Rome*, for having loſt by ſhipwrack, an hundred and eight Comedies which he had made, and ſome incomparable Satyrs.

He that thou ſeeſt next, is *Caius Lucilius*, who ſhall be a perſon of very great honeſty; and ſo it ſhall be out of a ſentiment of Virtue, that he will compoſe Satyrs. There ſhall be ſomething extreamly divertiſing in his Writings, but much inequality ſhall always attend them. 'Tis true, his defects ſhall not be long reproacht to him; for his works ſhall periſh, as well as thoſe of *Turpilius* and *Africanus*, two Comick Poets, whom thou mayſt ſee ſtanding on his right hand.

But the ſame fate ſhall not attend *Lucretius*: Look upon him as a Poet of an admirable genius, yet he ſhall have ſomething of rudeneſs and impoliteneſs in ſeveral places: but the fault of the age he ſhall live in, and the quality of his argument, ſhall be the cauſe of it. In ſome excellent places, and in his poetical digreſſions, it ſhall be as much as the greateſt Poet of the world ſhall be able to do to ſurpaſs him. He ſhall die mad, by occaſion of being too much beloved; for a Miſtreſs whom he ſhall love, thinking her ſelf not ſufficiently loved by him, ſhall give him a water to drink, which ſhall cauſe his death, in ſtead of augmenting his love.

In the next place take notice of *Lucius Pompeius*, who ſhall invent a new ſort of Comedies, called *Atellane*, ſee alſo near him a man that has a cheerful and ſufficiently ridiculous countenance, 'tis *Laberius* the Author of the Mimicks, that is, of a kind of ſportful Comedy, ſet forth in geſtures and poſtures.

See then a man of quality, named *Quintus Catulus*, he ſhall make two Epigrams, which ſhall paſs happily to the latter ages, though all his other Verſes periſh, and there ſhall be one of thoſe Epigrams, which ſhall one day give occaſion to the compoſition of ſeveral little works, which ſhall bear the title of The fair Houſe-wife.

After him, behold ſeveral mean Poets in a crowd, and amongſt the reſt *Publius Syrus* a ſlave, freed for his Wits ſake, who ſhall ſurpaſs all others in the Mimicks, and *Laberius* himſelf that invented them: but I haſten to ſhew thee the famous *Catullus*.

Obſerve him therefore as one of the moſt gallant and elegant Latine Poets; but ſee near him with the fair *Lesbia* his Miſtreſs, who ſhall be reputed to aſſiſt him in the compoſition of his Verſes.

Catullus ſhall be born at *Verona*, and be univerſally eſteemed; his Epigrams ſhall be divine, although they be not always piquant, as thoſe of *Martial*, whom thou ſhalt ſee by and by, but they ſhall have an admirable gracefulneſs, both for the manner and for the expreſſions. He ſhall look upon *Callimachus* as one of his originals, and ſhall tranſlate that work concerning *Berenice*'s hair which I told thee of: In brief, his Epigrams ſhall be of an extream ſweet ſtrain, and of ſo peculiar a gallantry and politeneſs, that none ſhall be able to equal him. He ſhall make ſeveral againſt the chief man of his times, and the maſter of his Countrey, under the name of *Mamuna*, but that great man ſhall not revenge himſelf, but favor him as formerly, becauſe he ſhall have more eſteem for his works, than indignation againſt his perſon, he ſhall die at thirty years of age, but his glory ſhall be out of the reach of Fate.

Now redouble thy attention *Heſiode*, for I am going to ſhew thee the greateſt and moſt excellent of Latine Poets. Doſt thou not perceive a houſe ſufficiently ruſtical, before the door of which are all conveniences requiſite for the making of earthen veſſels? and doſt thou not ſee at a little diſtance from thence, a great Poplar, which ſurpaſſes all thoſe round about it; 'tis the birth-place of the great *Virgil*, whom thou mayſt ſee muſing along a meadow; as he ſhall do one day when he ſhall compoſe ſome of his Eclogues. He ſhall be the Son of a Potter, near a City that ſhall be called *Mantua*; his Mother ſhall dream that ſhe ſhall bring forth a Lawrel, which ſhe ſhall ſee grow to infinity; being delivered, ſhe ſhall plant a ſprig of poplar according to the cuſtom, which ſhall in a little time become a great Tree, ſurpaſſing all thoſe of the Countrey, and which afterwards ſhall be lookt upon by the people with veneration, and named *Virgil*'s tree. This excellent man ſhall addict himſelf to the ſtudy of Natural Philoſophy, the Mathematicks, and Phyſick, which he ſhall chooſe for his profeſſion, and wherein he ſhall excell. Afterwards by his great worth, he ſhall acquire the friendſhip of a great Emperor, named *Auguſtus*, and of his Favorite, the famous *Mecænas*, our love and delight. He ſhall never offend any perſon, and never ſhew the leaſt token of vanity, though Poets in general will be ſufficiently ſubject to this defect. He ſhall have modeſty in perfection; and in brief, ſhall be a real honeſt perſon, as well amiable for his virtue, and for his manners, as admirable for his wit. He ſhall compoſe Eclogues in imitation of *Theocritus*, which ſhall be infinitely charming; thou ſhalt have the ſame glory of being imitated by him, when he ſhall compoſe a work, which he ſhall intitle Georgicks; and which amongſt the great Maſters, ſhall paſs for his Maſterpiece: it being certain, that in reſpect of art and verity, it ſhall tranſcend all other things whatſoever; though very many perſons, and thoſe judicious too, ſhall wiſh rather to have been authors of his Eclogues, or ſome book of his *Æneis*, for 'tis indeed a great glory, to be exact and accompliſht throughout; but 'tis a greater in Poetry to effect, to charm, and to raviſh. He ſhall imitate *Homer* in his *Æneis*, and the advantage ſhall be attributed to him, for having far ſurpaſſed him, as well as *Theocritus*, in the things wherein he ſhall have imitated him. But though *Homer* be leſs regular than

Virgil shall be, yet he shall not fail to have his graces; for he shall be more divertising and less severe, and shall abound much in different styles, of which *Virgil* shall be wholly unfurnished. But in brief, it shall be said to the praise of *Virgil*, That never man had with an extream handsome genius, and great stock of wit, so excellent a judgement, nor knew so perfectly as he, how far 'tis fit to go in Poetry, and where to stop. But in the middle of his glory he shall dye at *Brundusium*, whither he shall go to salute *Augustus* at his return from the East. At his death he shall command his *Æneis* to be burnt, not being able to resolve to leave it imperfect to posterity; but *Tucca* and *Varus*, his friends, assuring him that *Augustus* will never permit it, he shall consent that it be preserved, on condition that it be published according as he shall leave it, without changing any thing in it, not even so much as some Verses, which shall be but half made. But to render him as glorious after his death, as he shall be during his life, *Augustus* shall make excellent Verses against that unjust clause of his Testament. Judge then *Hesiode*, what glory attends thee, being able one day to count *Augustus* and *Virgil* amongst thy descendents.

But this is not all yet; for behold him that appears there, 'tis *Horace*, whose name shall seem to be fatal to extraordinary men; he that thou seest shall be, without scruple, the most gallant of all the Latine Poets; his Father shall be a native of a village of *Apulia*, and a Son of a freed man, but for that he shall have a mind above his condition, he shall educate his son with as much care, as Princes ought to bring up their own Children. *Horace* shall have a particular friendship with *Mecænas*, and likewise with *Augustus*, who desiring to make use of him for his Letters which he shall write to his friends, shall see himself refused by him without being offended *Horace* shall have as much wealth as he shall desire; and he shall say one day, to the glory of *Mecænas*, and his own, *I have as much as I need, and if I d sired more, you would not refuse it me.* *Horace* shall be sufficiently cholerick, he shall have a voluptuous soul, and be of the sect of *Epicurus*, which he shall disclaim at the end of his days, he shall love liberty above all things, and so shall pass his life absolutely free, and please himself chiefly in the Countrey, because there is greater freedome there than otherwhere. He shall make two sorts of works, his Odes which shall be perfectly divine, and his Satyrs, which shall be incomparable not to mention a discourse of competent length, concerning the art of Poetry, wherein shall be very excellent things. There shall be some Odes of Love, others of carowsing, and others perfectly grand and heroical, and all inimitable; so great freedome and facility of Wit shall be seen in them, happy boldness, gallant conceits, and above all, a choise of noble and natural expressions, which cannot be too highly valued. His works shall be throughout affecting, they shall surprise by their little constraint; for he shall pass from one subject to another, without scrupling to forsake any, where it seems good to him, and to go where he shall not be expected. As for his Satyrs, they shall contain the most exquisite and delicate morality, mingled with the most subtile and real raillery, and never shall any other so pleasantly deride vices, as he; nor so ingeniously render them ridiculous. Yet it shall be less impossible (if I may so speak) to imitate him in his Satyrs than in his Odes. But to conclude, he shall die at the age of fifty seven years, after having acquired a glory which nothing can destroy.

After him, cast thy eyes upon *Tibullus*, a Roman Knight, handsome, well made, and of a good port; he shall be rich and become poor; he shall have so amorous an inclination, that the multitude of his loves shall proceed less from his inconstancy, than from his inclination to love. He shall chiefly celebrate in his Verses, four of his Mistresses, *Delia*, *Sulpitia*, *Neæra*, and *Nemesis*. He shall have a particular amity with one of the eminentest persons of *Rome*; named *Messala Corvinus*, and shall dye in a voyage that he shall make with him, after having had the glory to be the first Author of the Latine Elegy. The style of his Verses shall be amorous, soft, easie, clear, neat, and of extream sweetness and elegancy.

In the next place behold *Propertius*, an other Roman Knight, he shall imitate *Callimachus*, *Mimnermus*, and *Philetas*, whom I shewed thee before. Behold also near him, the fair *Cynthia* his Mistress, who shall sometimes help him to make Verses, as *Lesbia* shall *Catullus*. His Elegies shall be so handsome, that though the best Judges shall prefer *Tibullus* before him, yet others shall be of the contrary opinion. There shall be more wit, more conceits, and more amorous sentences in his Verses, but less passion, facility, and elegance.

Dost thou not see at the right hand of *Propertius* another Poet? 'tis *Varus*, who shall live at the same time. *Horace*, and all the rest of the same profession, shall celebrate him as a great Epique Poet, but there shall remain nothing of his but twelve or thirteen verses; so that one day his writings shall not be known, but by the commendations of others.

But it is time to shew thee the famous *Ovid*, a Roman Knight; dost thou not also see near him a very comely person? 'tis his wife, who shall be nam'd *Perilla*, and taught by him to make Verses. He shall be born at *Sulmo*, the Metropolis of the *Peligni* in *Italy*, near the *Marsi*, he shall be at first designed by his father to the Law, and shall succeed well in it; but having all his life had a great inclination for Poetry, he shall renounce that profession, and give himself wholly to the other. He shall be a particular friend to those of the highest quality in *Rome*, and of very delightful conversation. He shall marry thrice; he shall divorce his two first Wives, and keep the third, which thou seest near him. He shall be banished by *Augustus*, for having made love to the Princess *Julia* his daughter, whose deportment shall be very disorderly; some shall believe the cause to have been for being amorous of *Livia*, wife of that Emperor; but the true reason shall be so concealed, that many different and improbable conjectures shall be made of it. The place of his exile shall be *Pontus*, a Province of *Asia*, near the *Getes* and the *Sarmatians*. He shall compose many works, the greatest of all which shall be his Metamorphosis, which he shall imitate from the Greek of *Parthenius*, of the Island of *Chios*, as to the design only; for he shall much more amplify them; his stile

shall

ſhall have much wit, facility, and copiouſneſs, but more of native Ornament than Art. For the moſt part he ſhall abandon himſelf to his own genius, and not always allow himſelf the leiſure to chooſe his conceits and expreſſions; but yet he ſhall be ſo extreamly amorous, ſo paſſionate, and full of wit, that he ſhall be accounted admirable throughout all Ages. His Books of the Art of Loving, and the Remedies of Love, ſhall get him a great reputation. But it may be ſaid, the Flower of Latine Poetry ſhall dye with him, for his ſucceſſors endeavoring to imitate his Wit, his copiouſneſs, his conceits and ſubtile fancies, ſhall leave the good way, and wander, ſo that inſenſibly, after his days, the Latine Poetry ſhall begin to loſe that ſweetneſs and natural Majeſty, which during ſo long time, rendered it admirable.

For behold that *Spaniard* with the fierce countenance thou ſeeſt appear there; 'tis *Seneca* the Tragedian; he ſhall have much wit, but he ſhall favor of the tumidneſs of his Nation: he ſhall be born at *Corduba*, and in proceſs of time, ſome ſhall attribute part of his Works to a Philoſopher of the ſame name, whoſe mind ſhall be of the ſame temper with his.

In the next place, behold *Lucan*, who ſhall be born in the ſame City; he ſhall have many admirers, but whoſe Work, to ſpeak equitably, ſhall not be perfectly admirable ſaving in its pieces. He ſhall be juſtly accuſed for not making a concluſion, and for flying always ſo high, that he cannot be followed without wearineſs. He ſhall one day have a Tranſlator among the *Gaules*, who ſhall get much glory by his traduction. His wife *Pella Argentaria*, ſhall make Verſes as well as he, but at length an Emperor called *Nero*, ſhall put him to death, not ſo much for having conſpired againſt the State, as to deliver himſelf from a Rival in Poetry whoſe Works ſhall be better received by the people than his.

After him, ſee an imitator of *Virgil*, called *Statius*; and near him his wife *Claudia*, who ſhall be illuſtrious for her wit; ſhe ſhall make Verſes too, as well as that of *Lucan*. This Poet ſhall fall much ſhort of *Virgil*, by endeavoring to ſurpaſs him. In brief, he ſhall be great and ſublime, but moſt often inflated and obſcure.

Then conſider *Silius Italicus*, a *Spanyard* alſo ſo great an admirer of *Virgil*, that he ſhall reverence his Tomb. He ſhall write a Poem of Seventeen Books, concerning the War of the *Carthaginians* againſt the *Romans*; he ſhall be Conſul of *Rome*, the year wherein the cruel *Nero* ſhall be ſlain.

So likewiſe *Valerius Flaccus*, who ſhall write of the *Argonautes*: but do not ſtay upon this ſight; for though theſe muſt be good Poets, yet they ſhall not be of the ſame rank with the others thou haſt ſeen.

But I am going to ſhew thee two that ſhall better deſerve to detain thy view; they are *Juvenal* and *Martial*; for though they are not to have all the excellency of the Age of *Auguſtus*, yet they ſhall have the advantage to be the firſt in the ſtyle they ſhall chooſe.

See therefore *Juvenal*, who appears firſt; his Satyrs ſhall be leſs mirthful and delicate than thoſe of *Horace*, but full of wit and life. *Horace* ſhall always laugh, and never be in choler; *Juvenal* ſhall frequently be inraged, and laugh more rarely. Theſe two ſorts of Satyrs ſhall divide the Wits, and there ſhall no doubt, be ſome very handſome things, and ſometimes alſo very pleaſant, in *Juvenal*. He ſhall live under *Domitian*, he ſhall be ſon of a Freed-man; but having in one of his Satyrs reflected upon one of the perſons in favor, he ſhall be ſent in Commiſſion at the Age of fourſcore years, to the fartheſt part of *Ægypt*, where he ſhall dye in a kind of exile.

But then behold *Martial*, who advances a famous Author of *Epigrams*, and who ſhall merit to be the firſt in his kind, Not but that the *Epigrams* of *Catullus* ſhall pleaſe more, becauſe they ſhall be *Epigrams* throughout (as one day a great Man amongſt the *Gaules* ſhall ſay) whereas thoſe of *Martial* ſhall not be ſo but at the end: but indeed they ſhall be in a manner of two differing kinds. *Catullus* ſhall be full of elegancy, delicacy, and the neat raillerie of the better ſort; *Martial*, on the other ſide, ſhall have a raillerie leſs polite, but quick, piquant, and ſubtle, and ſhall not want elegance in ſome places. That which ſhall be good in him ſhall be excellent, but there ſhall be ſeveral mean *Epigrams* amongſt others, and ſeveral which ſhall appear flat in remoter Ages, becauſe the difference of manners and cuſtom ſhall cauſe their agreeableneſs not to be comprehended. *Martial* ſhall be born in *Spain*; he ſhall be a very gallant Man; and ſhall live under an Emperor whoſe name ſhall be *Domitian*.

Next to him I muſt ſhew thee a Poet named *Perſius*, although he is to precede *Juvenal*, under the reign of *Claudius*. His Works ſhall have reſemblance with thoſe of that famous Author; they ſhall be very highly eſteemed of in his own days, but in more remote times he ſhall appear very obſcure to the moſt Learned, yet he ſhall have this glory; that a perſon of high quality, great courage, and excellent Wit, after having been dangerouſly wounded in War, in an occaſion wherein he ſhall ſignalize himſelf, having no other Book to divert him during his ſickneſs but this, ſhall tranſlate it admirably for his pleaſure, and make a Copy which ſhall far tranſcend the original, though he muſt alſo make ſome things of his own incomparably more handſome. But in brief, after *Martial*, Poetry ſhall reſemble nothing but old age, and decrepitude.

Yet there ſhall be under *Theodoſius* one *Claudian*, who ſhall have a handſome facility. There ſhall alſo be born in *Gaul* upon the bank of the *Garoone*, a Poet called *Auſonius*, who ſhall be Tutor to an Emperor, and afterwards *Roman* Conſul, and ſhall compoſe things full of Wit and Learning. But after all, it may be ſaid, that *Latine* Poetry ſhall dye together with the Language. 'Tis true, after this Language ſhall be no longer in uſe but among the Learned, there ſhall be *Italian* Poets in the Ages remote from that of *Auguſtus*, who ſhall cauſe *Latine* Poetry to flouriſh again miraculouſly. But ſince the multitude of Poets can never be found but amongſt the living Languages, I muſt ſhew thee in the ſame Country, as it were another Nation and another Scene for Poetry.

For my part (ſaid *Plotina* then) I am highly pleaſed with the Prediction of *Calliope*, and though I am ſufficiently glad to be living at preſent, yet I think I ſhould not be very ſorry to be in the days of *Auguſtus*, to ſee the Poets rich then, and

great Lords worthy perſons. Being I am not certain what I ſhould be at that time, (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) 'tis as good to content my ſelf with being what I am, and proceed with my reading. Which he continued thus,

Behold now, O *Heſiode*, the ſame *Italy* again, but imagine to thy ſelf, that it has been over-run by an inundation of forreign Nations, that it has changed its government, manners, and language, that it has groaned for ſeveral ages under barbariſme and ignorance, that it is now beginning again to underſtand good literature, and to remember its antient politeneſs. Thou ſeeſt there the firſt *Italian* Poet, who ſhall one day be famous; but conſider him as a man, who ſhall chooſe a very difficult Subject to treat of in Verſe, and expreſs himſelf ſo obſcurely, that he ſhall ſcarce be underſtood by them of his own age. He ſhall be born in a City that ſhall be named *Florence*; he ſhall be known by the name of *Dante*, and have ſcarce any thing but Fiction in his Verſes.

But now turn thy eyes upon that pleaſant Valley, bounded by a great rock, at the foot of which is a famous Fountain, which alone gives riſe to a River, and which being ſix months high, and ſix months low, ſhall paſs for one of the wonders of Nature. See on the right hand of this lovely vally (in which are ſeen an hundred Rivulets of living water and inartificial channels) a little Meddow, wherein is a man who appears very ſad, and muſes profoundly; 'tis *Petrarch*, who ſhall be born in the Town of *Arezzo*, He ſhall love a fair and virtuous Virgin, whoſe name ſhall be *Laura*, and ſhall have a very handſome houſe in *Valchiuſa*; ſo ſhall the Valley thou ſeeſt, be one day called, becauſe 'tis encloſed almoſt on every ſide. 'Tis he that ſhall give a perfect example of conſtant and honeſt Love; He ſhall love *Laura* both living and dead, and he ſhall preſerve ſo much reſpect in his paſſion, that it ſhall be hard to conjecture, whether he were lov'd again or no, ſo full ſhall his Verſes be of diſcretion. Nevertheleſs, they ſhall be very amorous, and he ſhall compoſe more in lamenting the death of *Laura*, than in extolling her during her life. He ſhall love her one and twenty years with an equal ardour, and they ſhall both love with ſo great innocence, that the glory of their Love ſhall laſt, as long as that of *Petrach*'s Verſes, who ſhall have the honor to be the firſt of his Nation, that underſtood to ſpeak handſomely of Love in Verſe. He ſhall be as deformed as his Miſtreſs ſhall be fair, but he ſhall have ſo handſome a Wit, a Heart ſo noble, and a Soul ſo virtuous, that he ſhall be eſteem'd by all the moſt conſiderable perſons of his time. Whereby he ſhall have many marks of honor during his life, and ſhall be crowned Poet with magnificence in the chief City of the World.

In the next place, behold *Ferrara*, a very famous City, and in the principal place of it a man who has an ingenious aſpect; 'tis the famous *Ariſto*, who ſhall make very handſome Comedies and Satyrs; but above all a great Poem, ſo full of different inventions, that though he ought to be accus'd for being unequall'd, yet he ſhall not fail to be admirable in a thouſand reſpects. For he ſhall have a certain kind of divertiſing variety, which ſhall charm his Readers. He ſhall have a Style eaſie, natural, and amorous, the negligence of which ſhall not hinder it's facility from being extreme delightful, and though regularity muſt ſometimes be wanting in him, yet he ſhall pleaſe almoſt perpetually. It were to be wiſh'd indeed, that he would retrench ſome places of his Works, which will not be modeſt enough, but there ſhall be ſeveral others, in which nothing ſhall be found wanting. His defects ſhall be his diffuſeneſs, and exceſs of fancy, and a certain negligence which ſhall hinder him from rejecting ſome of his conceits and inventions. But to conclude, he ſhall be excellent among the excellent of his own Nation.

But then turn thy view upon an illuſtrious and unfortunate perſon, lawful Heir of the glory of *Homer* and *Virgil*. He ſhall cauſe ſhame to the Princes of his own times; and he ſhall be the greateſt honour of *Italy* for Poetry. 'Tis the famous *Taſſo* I ſpeak of, the greateſt genius of his Nation, and one of the moſt judicious Poets of the World. Almoſt in his childhood he ſhall make an heroick Poem, extremely ingenious, and begin to give the World an eſſay of his abilities, for great Poetry. Afterwards he ſhall make another, the Fable of which ſhall be wonderful, and yet probable, and the ſtyles of it various, agreeable, and natural; the texture of his Works ſhall have no confuſion, he ſhall relate things handſomely, he ſhall excite compaſſion and admiration, he ſhall be very amorous in ſeveral places, and ſhall ſometimes expreſs very much in few Words, though the language in which he is to write, be not ſo proper for that purpoſe as the *Latine*. He ſhall firſt begin to introduce Shepheards upon the Theater, and ſhall make a Paſtoral Comedy, which ſhall be the pattern of all others, and a Maſter-piece which many ſhall imitate, but none ever equal: he ſhall alſo make ſeveral other commendable Works; but it ſufficeth to tell thee only of the moſt famous. *Taſſo* ſhall be born in a Town near a very fair City, which ſhall be called *Naples*, at that time; yet it ſhall one day befall him as it did *Homer*, that ſeveral places ſhall challenge to themſelves the honor of his birth: he ſhall be of a race ſo illuſtrious, that his Anceſtors ſhall have been Lords of a conſiderable City; but his family being ruin'd, his Father, whoſe name ſhall be *Bernardo Taſſo*, ſhall deſire to addict him to employments of profit, and hinder him from following Poetry, though himſelf alſo ſhould have a good faculty in Verſe. But in brief, through many adventures *Taſſo* ſhall go to *Rome*, afterwards to *Ferrara*, *France*, *Mantua*, and return back into his own Countrey, and then again into *Ferrara*; but into what place ſoever he goes, he ſhall find glory and poverty. Fortune ſhall begin to perſecute him in *Ferrara*; Love ſhall be the principal cauſe of all his unhappineſſes; for he ſhall be enamour'd on the Siſter of his Maſter, and render the name of *Leonora*, famous by his paſſion and his Verſe. Yet he ſhall conceal his Love as long as he is able, and amongſt three Women of the ſame name endeavour to diſguiſe the truth. He ſhall alſo fight, with heroical courage, againſt a man that ſhall have diſcover'd ſomething of it; but at length he ſhall forſake *Ferrara*, and ſpend ſeveral years wandring and roaming about, without any ſubſiſtence. He ſhall be in priſon, and have a fear to be poiſon'd; and at length ſee himſelf ſo unhappy, and overwhelmed with misfortunes, that the very greatneſs of his mind ſhall ſerve

ſerve to render him more miſerable, ſince it ſhall be one of the cauſes of the loſs of his reaſon. He ſhall not have ſo much happineſs as to be ignorant of his folly, and he ſhall have intervals of Reaſon, which ſhall let him know, that he is the moſt unhappy of all men: however, he ſhall ſee his Virtue reſpected, even by a Captain of Thieves, who having beſieg'd a place without knowing of his being there, ſhall change his reſolution as ſoon as he knows it, and deprive himſelf of a great booty, only for his ſake; thus he ſhall be the object of all the World's admiration. In the mean time, the injuſtice of the great ones of his times, ſhall be deteſted by all honeſt people of the following ages, who ſhall judge it ſtrange, that the greateſt Wit of the World, and moſt illuſtrious perſon of his age, ſhould live without being Maſter of ſo much as a poor Cottage of his own, to hide his unhappineſs, although he has been univerſally eſteem'd, and liv'd in ſeveral of the greateſt Courts of *Europe*. But this ſhall not be the laſt time, that this kind of injuſtice ſhall be ſeen amongſt Grandees, who, for the moſt part, are totally ignorant of the art of rewarding Virtue. But in fine, *Taſſo* after having endur'd a thouſand misfortunes, and ſear'd all thoſe that might poſſibly befall him, and ſo conſequently undergone them, ſhall dye when he ſhall be ready to be crowned Poet at *Rome*, as *Petrarch* ſhall have been; but as for his glory, it ſhall never dye, and his *Amynta* ſhall come in time to be tranſlated into the *French*, *Spaniſh*, *Engliſh*, High and Low *German* Languages.

But having now ſhewn thee *Dante*, *Petrarch*, *Arioſto* and *Taſſo*, behold alſo *Bembo*, *Caro*, and *Guarini*; the firſt ſhall have tn admirable purity of ſtyle; the ſecond a rare faculty of conceit in all his Verſes; and the third ſhall have ſo much wit, that he ſhall be blam'd for it as an imperfection.

After theſe, behold four Poets, whoſe Poetry, though wholly of a different kind, ſhall deſerve all the praiſe that can be given to things of that nature: namely, *le Bernia*, *le Maure*, *le Molza*, and *le Caporale*.

Next them, ſee there *Taſſone*, who by a Poem ingeniouſly pleaſant, ſhall merit high applauſe.

Behold alſo *Marini*, who with his multitude of Writings, ſhall aſtoniſh his Readers. See, in the next place, one *Fulvio Teſti*, whoſe magnificence and purity ſhall have an air, both great and natural together, and who ſhall in a manner, revive the genius and ſtyle of *Horace*.

See likewiſe one *Gratiani*, who, by a great Poem, ſhall acquire much honor.

And then ſee ſeveral *Italian* Poets in a croud, which I do not name to thee, becauſe I am impatiently deſirous to ſhew thee a lovely Countrey, where my Companions and I, after having gone almoſt round the World, ſhall one day fix our reſidence.

'Tis *France*, *Heſiode*, I tell thee of; conſider it as a place which muſt be our new Sanctuary.

But to let thee ſee the progreſs, Poetry ſhall make there, behold a man whoſe aſpect is ſufficiently uncouth, and his attire extraordinary; he ſhall be nam'd *John de Meun*, and ſhall compoſe a Work which ſhall bear a great vogue a long time; but he ſhall be rather inſpir'd by his own capricious humour than by us.

Doſt thou not ſee in the next place a Poet of quality? he ſhall live under a King that ſhall love the Muſes, and who ſhall make four Verſes upon the Tomb of the fair *Laura*, *Petrarch*'s Miſtreſs. This Poet ſhall be named *Melin de Saint Gelais*; his aſpect ſhall be ſweet, ſimple, lively; and his profeſſion ſhall oblige him to a particular modeſty. Yet his humour ſhall be naturally inclin'd to a kind of raillery not very ſcrupulous: he ſhall have an ingenious and quick mind, and ſo near a ſubtilty that way, that it ſhall not be poſſible to be foreſeen, and oftentimes it ſhall not be known what he aims at, till he has done ſpeaking.

Then behold *Marat* with a grave countenance; no doubt thou wouldſt take him for a perſon that were not fit for any thing but to teach morality. Nevertheleſs, no wit ſhall ever be more ſportful than his. There ſhall be always good ſenſe in his moſt fooliſh raillery, and pleaſant paſſages in his moſt grave diſcourſes. He ſhall be entertain'd in the ſervice of the King, under whom *Melin* ſhall live. His ſtyle ſhall be ſprightly, caſie, natural, and divertiſing. This Poet ſhall have the honor to be imitated by all Poets that would be pleaſant; and yet be always inimitable.

In the next place, behold the Prince of the *French* Poets; he ſhall be a goodly perſon of a handſome ſtature and aſpect; he ſhall be call'd *Ronſard*; his deſcent ſhall be noble; he ſhall be highly eſteem'd, and deſerve it, in his own days; for he ſhall have a very great genius. He ſhall alſo be ſufficiently learned; but being he ſhall be the firſt in *France*, that ſhall undertake to make handſome Verſes, he ſhall not be able to give his Works the perfection neceſſary to aſſure him laſting praiſes. However, it ſhall always be known by ſome of his Hymns, that nature has been very liberal to him, and that he merited his reputation. His fortune ſhall not be bad, and he ſhall dye ſuperior to poverty.

But now behold *Belleau*, who ſhall not be without merit; he ſhall be one of the moſt eminent of ſeven Poets of the ſame knot, who ſhall be called the *Pleiades*, after the example of thoſe among the *Greeks*. It ſhall be ſaid of him, that he built himſelf a Tomb of precious ſtones, becauſe in imitation of a *Greek* Poet, he ſhall write upon that ſubject. He ſhall one day tranſlate the Odes of *Anacreon*, but he ſhall deprive them of a great part of their graces.

But if I pleaſe (interrupted *Anacreon* ſmiling) I can ſpoil the truth of *Calliopes*'s prediction; for I need only burn all my Odes, to hinder that pretended *Belleau* from tranſlating them to their diſadvantage. By no means (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) for there was never any Poet that ſacrific'd a handſome compoſition after he had made it. Since 'tis ſo (reply'd he) proceed then to read, and let him tranſlate me as he pleaſes. And accordingly, *Amilcar* went on in this manner.

See next a Poet of quality; he ſhall be named *Bellay*; he ſhall compoſe very lofty and elegant Verſes, and eſpecially Sonnets upon the ſubject of *Rome*, which ſhall give him much reputation in his days:

After him, behold *Jodelle*, *Cretin*, *Paſſerat*, *Olivier*, and *de Magny*; all theſe Poets ſhall be ſufficiently eſteem'd during their lives: but their Works ſavoring of the infancy of the *French* Poetry, ought not to be nam'd to thee.

Behold,

Behold, next, the *French* Poet that ſhall make Tragedies with any reputation: his name ſhall be *Garnier*, and he ſhall be of a conſiderable lineage.

But doſt thou ſee there a Poet with a very agreeable aſpect? he ſhall be call'd *Deſportes*, and ſhall aſpire to be the moſt amorous of all the *French* Poets. Indeed he ſhall have a very ſweet and paſſionate ſtile in his time; he alſo ſhall have the happineſs to live in a Court, where Princes ſhall delight in ingenious Productions, and be inclin'd to magnificence. By which means he ſhall become ſufficiently rich, much eſteem'd by all the Grandees, and much in favour with Women of quality.

Then conſider a man of great Dignity in *France*; he ſhall be named *Perron*; he ſhall learn all the Sciences of himſelf; he ſhall be intereſſed in the moſt important affairs of *Europe*, and be highly eſteem'd. He ſhall have a great affection for Poetry, and notwithſtanding his great employments, ſhall not ceaſe to butie himſelf very frequently in making Verſes, but his multiplicity of affairs ſhall hinder him from compoſing any conſiderable number.

Behold, next, an excellent Poet, who ſhall live at the ſame time; his name ſhall be *Bretaut*; Fortune alſo ſhall be favourable to his merit: he ſhall be endued both with virtue and probity; his Verſes ſhall be full of Wit and Love, and there ſhall be ſome ſo excellent in his Works, that there ſhall never be any *French* Poet ſo famous, but would wiſh to have been the Author of them. He ſhall be of conſiderable degree in his Countrey; his aſpect ſhall be ſweet and agreeable, and ſhall be at that time, the moſt amorous Poet of *France*, though *Deſportes*, whom I ſhew'd thee, will diſpute that title with him: He ſhall be accus'd of not knowing when to make an end in ſome places, and to be ſomething harſh in ſome others. But, to conclude, he ſhall be good amongſt the good of his own times, and ſhall ſee none above him.

After him, look upon that man careleſly and unſutably attir'd: his name ſhall be *Regnier*; he ſhall be Nephew to *Deſportes*, and deſerve very much glory. He ſhall be the firſt that ſhall compoſe Satyrs in *French*; and though he caſt an eye upon ſome famous Originals amongſt thoſe that preceded him, yet himſelf ſhall be an Original in his time; his compoſitions ſhall be excellent, and the meaneſt of them ſhall always have life and quickneſs. He ſhall paint out vices to the life, and the vicious very pleaſantly; laſtly, he ſhall read in a peculiar way among the Poets of his age, in which thoſe that would follow him, ſhall frequently be ſubject to erre.

Conſider, next a Poet, whoſe genius ſhall be great, and ſtyle ſublime; he ſhall have both vigor and boldneſs, and ſhall deſerve to be tranſlated into *Latine* and *Italian*. His name ſhall be *Du Bartas*, and he ſhall affect only high arguments. But for that the *French* Language ſhall not as then have attain'd to all its perfection, his Works ſhall ſoon after ſeem to have ſomething antiquated in the ſtyle. After this, redouble thy attention, and behold with pleaſure a man who ſhall have the honor to have alter'd the Language of his Countrey, and brought *French* Poetry to ſuch perfection, that he ſhall be the pattern of all the eminent Poets that ſhall follow him, and be alledg'd as an authority by all thoſe of his own Nation. He ſhall be nam'd *Malherbe*, and ſhall be of a very honorable lineage, but ſo diſfavour'd by fortune, that he ſhall always be unhappy. 'Tis he that ſhall perfectly conceive the Idæa of excellent *French* Poetry, and find out the art of making the ſame Verſes both ſtately and natural, majeſtick and ſweet, harmonious and exact. He ſhall not appear to have more wit than another, but the handſomneſs of his expreſſions, ſhall advance him above all. Yet he ſhall have no delicate Soul in reſpect of Love, though there will be exquiſite wit in his Verſes. But in brief, he ſhall be univerſally acknowledg'd worthy of all the praiſes due to excellent Poetry, and ſo ſhall be generally extoll'd by all the World, though himſelf be deſign'd ſcarce ever to praiſe the Works of any.

Next, obſerve that black and ſwarthy man; he ſhall be named *Theophile*; his deſtiny ſhall not be happy; he ſhall come into the World with a great genius for Verſe; his fancy ſhall be quick and confident; and if his judgement could retain his impetuoſity, and correct the imperfections of his verſifying, he would be Author of admirable compoſitions; but this he ſhall not be able to do, and all the good inventions of his mind ſhall be like Gold in the Mine, which is ſeen always mingled with earth and duſt.

After him, behold *Montfaron* and *De Lingendes*, two Poets, who ſhall deſerve well: the firſt ſhall have a handſome faculty in his conceits and expreſſions, and the ſecond an amorous, and paſſionate ſtrain in his Verſes, which ſhall pleaſe all thoſe that have tender hearts.

But now prepare thy ſelf to ſee an Illuſtrious Protector of Poetry, who ſhall be one of the greateſt men of the World: Doſt thou ſee him that holds the Ocean fetter'd, whom victory waits upon, and glory accompanies? 'tis the famous *Armand*, who ſhall be renown'd in all hiſtories; his birth ſhall be very illuſtrious, the grandeur of his mind ſhall ſurpaſs the extent of all imagination; his heart ſhall be incomparably greater than his fortune, and yet his fortune ſhall be ſo high, that his reſolutions ſhall make the deſtiny of all *Europe*. He ſhall be faithful to his Maſter, dreadful to the enemies of his Countrey, Victor over all thoſe he ſhall encounter with, and the grand Protector of Virtue and the Muſes. I ſhall ſay nothing of his victories, nor of all his virtues; for it would require too much time; but thou ſhalt only know that that *Heroe* of the latter ages, in the midſt of his great affairs, and in the heat of War, which ſhall involve almoſt all the Univerſe, ſhall afford us a Sanctuary under him; and my Companions and I ſhall find a *Mecænas* in him, and almoſt the age of *Auguſtus* in the Court of *France*. For that he will not take much time for the Kings ſervice to employ in compoſing many Verſes, he will at leaſt take care for the protection of thoſe that ſhall; and by that means cauſe his pleaſures to be placed in the rank of his virtues. For he ſhall give ſo favourable reception to all perſons of worth, that he ſhall revive all Sciences and excellent Arts. Then ſhall Muſick, Architecture, Poetry, and eſpecially Comedies, reſume new luſtre; and even all handſome compoſitions made after his death, ſhall be look'd upon as caus'd by his influence,

Yet

Yet after him we shall have Protectors in *France*, and amongst others, there shall be a person in a principal office of State, who shall sometimes hear us favourably by the side of his Fountains. He shall have a very great capacity for all grand affairs, he shall dispatch the most difficult matters without enforcement, and perform most noble actions without vanity; he shall have a lively and piercing mind, and unparallell'd modesty, gravity, goodness, justice and probity; he shall never be false to his word, or his friends; whereby he shall be particularly reverenc'd by all persons that are endu'd with Virtue; and my companions and I will inspire all the Poets of his time, who shall not be few, with the desire of singing his glory. He that should go about to reckon up all the famous Works that shall be made from the time the great *Armand* shall have favour'd us to the end of that age, shall find the number almost infinite; for never shall there be seen so many great and sublime Heroick Poems, handsome Comedies, charming Eclogues, ingenious Stanza's, elegant Sonnets, agreeable Epigrams, pleasant Madrigals, and amorous Elegies.

But to do thee a considerable favour, behold that Woman who appears to thee; she hath, as thou seest, the resemblance of *Pallas*; and there is something so sweet, languishing, and passionate in her beauty, that it perfectly represents that charming air which Painters give to *Venus*. This Illustrious person shall be of so noble a descent, that she shall scarce see any but Royal Families above her own: But to speak only concerning her self, know that she shall come into the World with a more admirable mind than beauty; though as thou seest, she shall be Mistress of a thousand charms. She shall also have a generous goodness, that shall render her worthy of high commendations; but to omit so many other surprising qualities as Heaven shall confer upon her, know, she shall compose Elegies, so handsome, so full of passion, and so exactly accomplisht in all that is requir'd to the perfection of such compositions, that she shall surpass all those that preceded her, and all that shall attempt to follow her.

In the same times shall be sung a thousand exquisite Sonnets in *France*, which shall pleasantly comprise all the Morality of Love; and it shall be principally in this age, that a particular way of gallant and pleasant kind of Poetry shall be in use, wherein Love, Praises, and Raillery shall be mingled together: but that raillery shall be in the most delicate and ingenious manner: for there is a difference between causing divertisement, and causing laughter: Nevertheless there shall be several Poets, who shall confound the gallant and pleasant sort of Poetry with the Burlesque or Mocking, which the *French* shall receive from the *Italians*; although there is much difference in the way of composition of either. There shall likewise be several kinds of Burlesque Verses; the pleasantness of some of which shall consist in the inventions and conceits, and not in the style; Others shall not be truly Burlesque, saving in the expressions: and there shall be one sort so vulgar, mean, extravagant, and gross, and which shall make such unhandsome representations, that my companions and I shall almost eternally disown the Poets that shall be capable of it. Withal, there shall be a numerous Sect, who shall judge it fit to speak no otherwise than the people do, and to be pleasant with no other than vulgar conceits. Not but that 'tis possible to make Works of this kind with very much art, and I assure thee, some shall deserve to be commended and desir'd. But to speak reasonably, as there are few great Architects that attempt to build Palaces with Clay, so also few great Poets can design to make handsome compositions in a popular style. There shall also be other Burlesque Poets, who shall believe themselves sufficiently pleasant, provided they asperse the reputation or the Works of others, and who trusting to the malice of their Readers, shall not be so sollicitous, as to seek to detract with Art, so that without affecting any particular style, they shall sometimes rise high, and sometimes fall low, according as the necessity of their Rhime, or the wildness of their Fancy leads them. But as for gallant and pleasant Poetry, it shall have more affinity with that of the *Greeks*, than of the *Latins*; it shall be noble, natural, easie, and agreeable; it shall sometime, deride innocently, it shall commend without much exaggeration, it shall reprove sometimes without sharpness, and shall be ingeniously sportful and recreative. It shall sometimes be soft and compassionate, and sometimes sprightly and cheerful; it shall likewise admit some small glances of Morality, delicately drawn; it shall sometimes be full of agreeable inventions, and ingenious fictions; Love and Wit shall be mingled together in it; it shall have a certain air in the World; that shall distinguish it from all the other sorts of Poetry; and lastly, it shall be the flower of their Wit, who shall be excellent therein. *France* shall have three or four Poets of this kind in the same age, which shall be admirable, though there will be considerable difference between them: On the other side there shall be during some time, such a multitude of Burlesque Poets, who shall cause no body to laugh, that nothing shall be made so great, as to exempt it from the burlesque of those persons: 'Tis true, in the same age, there shall be so many excellent persons of all conditions, that there shall be some ground of comfort against the multitude of mean Poets. But alas, I shall tell thee *Hesiode*, that I fear so many excellent pieces of Poetry will not find censors sufficiently equitable, and that that age so full of wit, will not——

'Tis sufficient (*Calliope* interrupted *Apollo*, who appear'd to *Hesiode* with the rest of the Muses;) it is not fit a Mortal should know as much as we, and thou hast told him enough to raise up his mind, and to instruct him. *Apollo* having done speaking, and the Concert beginning again for some moments, *Hesiode* imagin'd *Calliope* gave him a wreath of Laurel, which she held in her hand. Upon which awaking suddenly, *Apollo* and the Muses dis-appear'd. In which instant he beheld a kind of light that dazled his eyes, and rose up without knowing what he was going to do, having his mind so fill'd with what he thought he had seen and heard, that he was perfectly astonish'd; which he was likewise again, presently after he had something recollected himself, whereupon, beholding a fair and young person, about twelve or thirteen years old, follow'd by three or four Women, and two Men, who after they had descended from their Chariots,

chariots, consider'd the native handsomness of this famous Fountain, by the side of which he had slept. *Hesiode* had never lov'd any to that time, but he had no sooner beheld this fair Virgin, than his heart was affected with the sight. At first he consider'd whether it were not one of the Muses that staid by the Fountains side; but this error was soon resolv'd; for he perceiv'd this person was come thither only out of curiosity, as many others us'd to do. He saluted her very civilly with the rest of her company, and was troubled for having been seen asleep: Not but that the former apparition of the Muses, did still sufficiently possess his mind, but the sight of this fair Virgin surpass'd all other imaginations; whereupon making use of the liberty taken by persons that are at such places, which people go to see out of curiosity, *Hesiode* approacht these Ladies, and handsomly addressing to them. May not I render a civility (said he) to such fair strangers in informing them at least of some particularities of a place they come to see? We have so little time to be here (answer'd *Clymene*) that it will certainly be very advantageous to us, if you, being, as probably it seems, one of the Countrey, please to instruct us a little better concerning this famous fountain, the pleasantness of whose water seem'd to invite me to drink of it immediately upon my arrival. But they tell me (added she smiling) 'tis the fountain of *Hippocrene*, and if I take not heed, I shall not be able to hinder my self from making Verses. And being not assur'd to have so good a faculty as *Sappho*, I am in a strange perplexity; for there is nothing in the world I should more hate to make ill, than Verses. You speak so agreeably what you intend (answer'd *Hesiode*) that I believe you will always admirably accomplish what you design to make. But as for my part (added he, smiling) though I dwell sufficiently near this fountain, yet I dare assure you, that your eyes are more powerful to make a versifier, than the fountain which I see; for I have walk'd a hundred times upon its banks, without having had the least temptation to compose verses; and nevertheless within a moment that I have had the honor to see you, I find a strange desire in my self, of being able to tell you, as well in Verse as in prose, that I have never beheld any person so transcendently fair, as you. *Clymene* blusht at the flattery of *Hesiode*, who by that means conceiving her more lovely than before, enforc'd himself to speak to her again. Whereupon, the rest of their company mingling in their conversation, they continued above an hour in that place; after which, they all went together to the City, which bare the name of the famous Mountain, consecrated to the Muses; for this fair company came to see the Festival of *Cupid*, which was to be celebrated. Now *Hesiode* being a person of much civility, and highly taken with *Clymene*, he took all imaginable care for her convenience, in seeing the solemnity of this Festival. But it was remarkable, that having never before thought of composing Verses, he notwithstanding made some before he went to his rest that night, and could not hinder himself from it; so that he knew not whether it was the Muses that had inspir'd him, or the fair eyes of *Clymene*; for the commendation of them was his inducement to the undertaking. In the mean time he understood *Clymene* was a person of quality of the City of *Locri*, whose fortune was not very happy, because she was not very rich. He likewise contracted familiarity with one of her brothers, who was then with her, and whose name was *Antiphanes*. While the Festival of *Cupid* lasted, he was inseparable from this agreeable company, and compos'd several pieces of Courtship in Verse, with a facility himself was astonisht at, not knowing, as I said, whether the Muses had inspir'd him, or the beauty of *Clymene* unloos'd his wit. The departure of this fair Virgin, after having afflicted him for some dayes, occasion'd his making of more Verses. But being of an age which easily admits consolation of any thing, his grief did not torment him long. 'Tis true, the applauses which all the World gave to his Verses, contributed much to comfort him, for Glory is a Mistress, whose first favors are always sweet. Whereupon he addicted himself wholly to Poetry, and really acted as if he had been inspir'd; for he studied with such speed, that in very little time several Works of his were seen upon divers subjects, which requir'd different sorts of knowledge; whereby it came to be reported over all *Greece*, that in a moment the Muses had taught him all the Sciences. He writ a Tract concerning Agriculture, which he address'd to his Brother; he made another of Astrology; he celebrated several Heroes, and Heroesses of antiquity, and spoke much more to the advantage of Women than of Men, to be contrary to the custom of *Homer*, who had more highly extoll'd Men than Women, relating several examples of illustrious and virtuous Women, which had consented to marry with worthy Men, for their virtue only. Moreover, he made the Epithalamium of *Peleus* and *Thetis*; a lamentation upon the death of *Batrachus*, and a Work which he call'd *The Shield of* Hercules: at the same time also he began that which he call'd *Theogonia*, in which he speaks of the original of the gods; he discours'd likewise concerning the art of Physick and Divination; and which is remarkable, having in one of these Works, introduc'd a Nightingale and a Hawk speaking together, he gave the first pattern of those ingenious Fables of Brutes, whereby *Æsop* afterwards render'd himself so famous. So that having acquir'd a high reputation by this great number of Works, which he compos'd in the space of five or six years, his heart no longer appear'd sensible to any thing but glory and ambition. Then he made several voyages with very much pleasure, because into what place soever he went, his reputation out-stripping him, he found friends every where. But that which caus'd him to be most spoken of, was the advantage he got over *Homer*, by the judgement of *Panis* King of *Chalcis*; for having both made Verses at the celebration of the funerals of *Amphidamas*, *Hesiode* was declared Victor; and for having explicated a Riddle, which *Homer* was unable to do, he obtain'd a Tripod of Gold, which he consecrated to the Muses. Indeed the judgement of *Panis* was not approv'd by all the World; for the siders with *Homer*, and the enemies of *Hesiode*, when they observ'd some person to judge unsutably of any thing, took up a by-word in derision, saying, *That it was a judgement of* Panis: But however, *Hesiode* having obtain'd the prize, and plac'd it in the Tem-

ple

ple of *Delphos*, with an Inscription, that signified the glory which he had gained, the advantage remained wholly on his side, and the Victor of him that had overcome all others, could not fail to be glorious. Ambition thus possessing the heart of *Hesiode*, he studied only to preserve the glory, which he had gotten, and that in such a manner, as it might prove beneficial to his Fortune. To which end at his return from *Chalcis*, he consulted the Oracle concerning the conduct of his life, which answered him, that he ought carefully to avoid the Temple of *Jupiter Nemæus*; for which reason he removed far from *Peloponnesus*, where that famed Temple stands. His Father being dead some days before, and having his estate at his own disposing, he resolved to go to the Court of the Prince of *Locri*, who was reputed a Lover of Verses. Indeed, it seems the *Locrians* are more obliged than others to esteem Verses, and those which make them; for the famous Mountain of *Parnassus* divides their Country. The *Opuntines* call the *Locrians* Orientals, and on the contrary, the *Osolians* count the *Locrians* Occidentals; the first bear in their Ensignes *Aurora*, as it uses to be painted, and the other the Evening Star. Now *Hesiode* having chosen the Court of the Prince of *Locri*, as a Court wherein ingenious persons might advance their fortunes more than elsewhere, and wherein he might have some knowledge since his having seen *Clymene*, *Antiphanes*, and the rest of their company at *Helicon*, took his journey thither, though without having at that time, any sentiment of that beginning Love he had had at eighteen years of age, for a Virgin of thirteen. Another thing which obliged him the more to go thither, was that he was informed the Prince of *Locri* had a Favorite, who as well as the Prince his Master, delighted to render justice to merit. There was also another reason induced him to make choice of that place; for the chief Priest of *Helicon* had a Niece married at *Locri*, to a man of quality, who was in no mean respect with the Prince's Favorite whose name was *Lysicrates*. *Hesiode* then went to *Locri*, and was entertained at the house of the Niece of that chief Priest of *Helicon*, who was named *Belintha*, and her Husband *Artimedes*. As soon as he was there, he enquired tidings of the fair *Clymene*, to whom *Belintha* was an intimate friend. This Woman who was very amiable and sprightly, answered him sighing, that *Clymene* was in the Countrey, that she preferred sollitude before conversation; that she had bid adieu to the world, and would return to the City, till the rigor of the winter should drive her thither. But *Clymene* (answered *Hesiode* much surprised) cannot in my opinion be above 19 or 20 years old, which is not an age in which to prefer solitude before the Court, unless she have lost her beauty by some accident. I assure you (replyed *Belintha*) that *Clymene* is as fair as ever she was, and though she were less, yet she has so great a Wit, that she would be always infinitely amiable. It must needs be then, (said *Hesiode*) that this fair Virgin be possessed with some great discontent, which causes her to hate the World; but however, (added he) she will at least admit of a visit. By no means (answered *Belintha*) and unless *Antiphanes* or *Ganetor*, who are her brothers, carry you thither, I think I dare not do it; for she hates men principally. Then some one perhaps has betrayed her (said *Hesiode*.) Since several have loved her (answered *Belintha* smiling) it is no wonder if some of them have deceived her. Oh, I beseech you (replyed *Hesiode*) tell me a little more exactly what has befallen *Clymene*, You shall know soon enough (answered *Belintha*) but nothing at present from me, Nor did *Hesiode* know more concerning her at that time: And moreover, ambition predominating in his heart, he was more sollicitous of getting an interest with the Prince of *Locri* and *Lysicrates*, then learning tidings of *Clymene*, Accordingly he succeeded happily in the design he had made, and in very few days became highly in favor with the Prince and *Lysicrates*, and consequently with all the Court; for 'tis the custom for those who are favorably respected by Princes or men in government, to be so likewise by all the rest of the world. Thus ambition feeding it self with hope in the heart of *Hesiode*, he considered only how to make this beginning of favor become profitable to him, and thought no more of going to seek *Clymene*, in the Countrey, nor informing himself particularly of what had hapned to her. Yet he contracted a great friendship with *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* her Brothers; but being it was not of them that he could learn the adventures of their Sister, he knew nothing of them then, but imployed himself wholly in the care of his fortune, without feeling in his heart any inclination to love any fair one. He had without doubt a very respectful friendship for *Belintha*, and *Belintha* a very tender one for him; but it was absolutely without courtship. At that time the fair *Clymene* was with an Aunt of hers in the Country, without having any other consolation in her melancholly, than that which she received from the Letters of her dear *Belintha*, who us'd all means she could to cure her of her discontent. *Hesiode* lodging at the house of *Artemides*, had very much freedome with her, and went into her Chamber, and her Cabinet also, though she were not there. And going one day into her Chamber, whilst *Belintha* was there, he beheld an opened letter lying upon the Table, and though he was very discreet and respected *Belintha* enough, no to prie into her secrets, farther than she was willing, yet he could not contain from casting his eyes on this Letter, which he perceived was written by a Woman. But that which augmented his curiosity was, that he presently espied his own name in it, which farther instigating him to read it, he took it up, and found it written in these words,

CLYMENE to her dear BELINTHA.

I Am very glad you have found an agreeable Friend, who comforts you for the loss of a faithful one, but though the merit of Hesiode *be not unknown to me, yet I leave you to possess his friendship without envy; for I have so bad an opinion of the hearts of all men, that I can never be capable of confiding in any. But my dear* Belintha *take heed to your self, I conjure you; Love sometimes disguises it self in Friendship, and persons are often in love without thinking of it. You know you understood better than I the sentiments I had for the perfidious.——Be wise by my example, fear the merit of* Hesiode, *and distrust your self; for certainly if I had not been confident of my self, I had never been deceived by him that has forsaken me for Fortune, which will infallibly one day forsake him. Adieu, my dear* Belintha; *I have not the power to beseech you not to love me more, although it would be almost necessary for my contentment it were so, for I have no regret in my solitude but for you.*

As *Hesiode* had done reading this Letter, *Belintha* entred and saw it in his hand; so that having unwittingly left it there, she was sorry for it, and blamed *Hesiode* for his curiosity; but he desired her pardon for it in so handsome terms, and told her so ingenuously how it came about, that she did not stick to pardon him, on condition, he would not let any person know of his having seen the letter. However, (added she smiling) you may believe, if you please, that shall never have need of *Clymene*'s counsel, and that without it I have so bad an opinion of men, in reference to Love, that were you as much my Lover as you are my Friend, and I might comply with you innocently, yet I would never engage my self to Love; for in truth, after what has befallen *Clymene*, no trust is to be given to any thing. But Madam (answered *Hesiode*) do you think I can have seen this Letter of *Clymene*, and not desire to know her adventures? I confess the curiosity I had to that purpose, was extinguished, but the sight of this Letter has so revived it in my mind, that I can live no longer without knowing them. Sincerely, (added he) I believe there is some kind of enchantment in this Letter: for as soon as I beheld my name writ in it, my heart began to beat; and now I have read it, I have a jealous curiosity to know who it is *Clymene* complains of, and I hate him before I know him. Yet you are very obsequious to him, (answered *Belintha*) Is it the Prince, (demanded *Hesiode*?) No, (answered *Belintha*) but 'tis *Lysicrates*. How? (replyed he) is *Lysicrates* the man *Clymene* complains of? Yes (answered *Belintha*) and she has reason to accuse him. I beseech you Madam, (replyed *Hesiode*) tell me all you know concerning *Clymene*; for she returns again into my fancy, such as I saw her upon the Bank of the Fountain *Hippocrene*. Although I know nothing which is not glorious to *Clymene*, (answered *Belintha*) yet if I tell you all that I know concerning her, I require that you never speak of it to any person whatsoever. If you require no more (replyed *Hesiode*) you may please to begin, for I am of opinion, that nothing ought to be kept more inviolably, than a secret intrusted to us, though we should not apprehend that what is told us, ought to be concealed. After this, *Belintha* caused *Hesiode* to enter into her Cabinet, and having given order for none to interrupt them, began to speak in this manner.

Since your self have seen *Clymene*, I shall omit to say any thing concerning her person, saving that as wit advances the esteem of beauty, *Clymene* is infinitely more amiable than she was when you saw her, because she has a wit, than which none can be more elegant, natural, fit for ingenious things and divertising, and the most charming humor in the World. As for *Lysicrates* you know his birth is very noble; nor are you ignorant that he is a comely person, and has wit and worth; but however, it may be said you do not know *Lysicrates*. For before he came to be the Prince's Favorite, he was a thousand times more affectionate to his Friends of both Sexes, for as you know, a man cannot be Fortunes and his own; and has power no longer to give himself to another, when he has no more a right over himself. Now *Lysicrates*, being infinitely more agreeable than you see him, beheld the fair *Clymene*, the first time she appeared in the World, and had so strong an inclination for her, and she for him, that the very first day they became friends with a belief, that that kindness would last as long as their Lives. Not that *Clymene* was yet come to an age, in which she might probably know what friendship was, but having a very forward wit, a tender heart, sensible mind, and sweet nature, she ceased to act like a child, before she ceased to be so. But for that there is something in *Clymene*'s deportment, which infuses awfulness and respect, she being serious and discreet, *Lysicrates* was a sufficient long time before he dared to speak to her otherwise than as an agreeable Friend. In the mean while, to tell you the truth of things, they were the happier thereby; for the Aunt of *Clymene* not imagining that *Lysicrates* was amorous of her Niece, permitted him to speak to her as much as he pleased; and *Clymene* being averse to imagine that the kindness of *Lysicrates* proceeded from Love, lived with him with all the confidence and liberty, that a dear familiarity was capable to give. If there was any little news which was not to be told aloud, they whispered it to one another; if any uncouth adventure hapned, they spoke sincerely what they thought of it, if any excellent Sonnet were made, *Lysicrates* gave it to *Clymene*, or *Clymene* to *Lysicrates*; and thus there being a society of pleasures and little secrets between them, they led a very pleasant life. *Clymene* without doubt had no great wealth; but being without ambition, she was not therefore unhappy. As for *Lysicrates*, he was more rich than she, and seemed to be content with his Fortune, and to desire nothing

else

elſe but to be loved by *Clymene*. In what place ſoever *Lyſicrates* heard his Miſtreſs ſpoken of, he heard of her praiſes; and in what ever place *Clymene* heard her Love mentioned, ſhe was obliged to rejoyce, for the glory he had in being commended by all the World. Now *Clymene* being very ingenious, diſengaged her ſelf as much as ſhe could from the multitude of viſits, and confined her ſelf to a little ſociety infinitely agreeable, becauſe it conſiſted only of very worthy perſons. *Lyſicrates* for his part, delighted in no place, ſaving where *Clymene* was, he attended the Prince only out of duty, and pleaſed himſelf with none but the Friends of *Clymene*. So long as the fair weather laſted, we walkt continually together in all the pleaſant places about the City; for *Clymene*'s humor and mine; having great reſemblance, we were much pleas'd with walking. *Lyſicrates* alſo had the ſame inclination. But though theſe two perſons had then a very tender paſſion one for another, yet *Clymene* would not think it was Love that was in her heart; becauſe having only innocent thoughts, ſhe would believe ſhe had only a friendſhip for *Lyſicrates*. But on the contrary, I maintained boldly, ſhe had ſomething more than ſhe imagined; and I remember one day amongſt the reſt, ſpeaking to her of her affection for *Lyſicrates*; I cunningly urged, that if it were no more but friendſhip, that which ſhe had for me would have prepoſſeſſed her mind enough, to hinder her from having ſuch a dearneſs for him. I confeſs to you ſincerely, (ſaid I to her) I cannot comprehend why the friendſhip you bear to me, has not defended your heart againſt *Lyſicrates*, for you ſay, you will not have him ever pretend to obtain any thing of you, and that you will only eternally love and be loved. I acknowledge it, (ſaid *Clymene*.) Why then (replyed I) are you not contented with my affection? You know I have been a Lover in our friendſhip, (if I may ſo ſpeak) I was the firſt that ſought to pleaſe you, I have had a thouſand and a thouſand little cares to divert you, you have always been Miſtreſs of my will, you have reigned in a ſoveraign manner in my heart, you have known all my ſecrets, and have truſted me with all yours. Alaſs! my dear *Belintha* (anſwered *Clymene* bluſhing) when two ſuch friends as we affect one another, without Love, they have not many ſecrets which are agreeable either to relate to hear. But yet, (replyed I) you were not formerly weary of me, a trifle diverted you, we ſpoke a thouſand innocent follies, which we would not ſpeak even to a Lover. I agree with you, (anſwered *Clymene*) but on the other ſide, a Lover tells me a thouſand agreeable blandiſhments, which a female Friend cannot. Yet there are not many Friends of our Sex more flattering than I, (added I,) for I ſcarce ever ſee you without commending you; ſometimes I ſay you have a rare complexion, ſparkling eyes, and a cheerful humor, and at other times I commend your ſtature; nor do I think *Lyſicrates* extols you more than I. So that requiring nothing but eſteem, dearneſs, care, and obedience, and not pretending that your affection for *Lyſicrates* ſhould ever ſatisfie the leaſt of his deſires, I ſee not (ſaid I) why you are not contented with my friendſhip, who have all the love for you, you can challenge, and have this advantage, that it does not expoſe you to detraction. Ah cruel friend, that you are! (cryed *Clymene*) you take pleaſure to inſult over an unhappy perſon. I do ſo at leaſt (anſwered I) in convincing you of your inſincerity; for you ought to confeſs that you love *Lyſicrates*, as all virtuous Miſtreſſes do their ſervants, and that in very truth, you give hope to him that has touched your heart. I confeſs (replyed ſhe) I wiſh he would hope; but I declare to you withall, that I ſhould be infinitely troubled, if I could reproach my ſelf for haveing given him juſt cauſe to hope. You ſpeak after ſo ſtrange a manner, (ſaid I,) that I doubt not but at length you will come to love *Lyſicrates*, till you become unhappy by him, and perhaps leſs loved. That would be hard Fortune, (anſwered this lovely Virgin) if one ſhould deſtroy the ardor of a Lover, by giving him tokens of affection, and he muſt needs have an ingrateful heart, and an ill-natured mind But my dear *Belintha*, (added ſhe) fear not that unhappineſs to me, for I ſhall never love *Lyſicrates* too much. I wiſh it, (ſaid I to her) for your contentment, becauſe I am perſwaded the beſt Friends are the moſt dangerous Lovers,, and that all men in general are to be feared. But how confident ſoever *Clymene* was of not loving *Lyſicrates* too much, yet ſhe came by degrees to love him with a dearneſs which cauſed all her diſcontent and all her happineſs. However, notwithſtanding the affection ſhe had for him, her Virtue continued immovable. She ſuffered him at length to ſpeak to her of his paſſion, and gave him ſeveral innocent teſtimonies of her own, but Reaſon and Virtue were always Miſtreſſes in her heart. That which was remarkable in this adventure, was, that in the beginning of *Lyſicrates* love, he offered *Clymene* ſeveral times to mary her, without the conſent of his Parents, who by reaſon of the ſmall fortune of this fair Virgin, would never have approved the match, but ſhe having a great and generous heart, oppoſed the thing ſhe deſired, and told *Lyſicrates* that if Fortune did nothing conſiderable for her, ſhe judged ſhe ought not to marry him, for fear of rendring him unhappy. For as for my part, (added ſhe) according to the ſentiments of my heart, I ſhould account my ſelf happy in a Cottage, provided you were contented there. But ſince I ought not to believe you can regulate your ambition, as I could mine, I muſt refuſe that which I deſire, and reſolve rather to be always unhappy, than to expoſe you to repent your ſelf of having ſacrificed your Fortune to your Love. How? Madam (anſwered *Lyſicrates*) can you believe it poſſible for me to change the ſentiments I have for you? and that my Soul is ſo devoted to intereſt, as to eſteem my ſelf unhappy in a condition wherein you can be capable of contentment? No, no, you know not the heart of *Lyſicrates*, and you do him a ſtrange injuſtice. For were it not that I fear, leſt the height of my Fortune is not worthy of you, I would not leave you one moment in quiet. But to tell you the truth, I am ſo ſenſible in all that concerns you, that I ſhould fear to become perfectly miſerable, if I did not ſee you perfectly happy. Therefore my dear *Clymene*, (added he) it is requiſite my Love make me ambitious, and I muſt looſen my ſelf in ſome ſort from you, in order to be conjoined inſeparably to you, and go and make an intereſt with the Prince,

if possibly he may be so favorable to me as I imagine. I beseech you, *Lysicrates*, (replyed *Clymene*) tell me not you will become ambitious through Love, for these are too imperious passions, each of which require an intire heart, and who glory in destroying one the other by turns. If you ever discover that weakness in my heart, (answer'd he) take your affection from me, treat me as a Villain, and as a Traitor, more criminal than one unconstant. But moreover, *Lysicrates* (said she) you will attempt a harder matter than you imagine, which is to give bounds to Ambition. When men desire a thing, they do all they can to obtain it; when they have obtain'd it, they desire another greater, and imagine themselves nearer it than they were to that they obtain'd first. So that great imployments evermore approaching at the rate that favor increases, the desires are heightned, when one would think they ought to be satisfied. Thus all the passions uniting into one single one, it oftentimes happens, that Ambition extinguishes Love, weakens Friendship, changes all pleasures into one sole delight, and likewise in that manner changes the hearts of those that suffer themselves to be possess'd with it, that they are no longer to be known for the same persons, nor do they know those they did formerly; yea, they no longer know themselves. You speak this with a certain fierce and melancholly air (answer'd *Lysicrates*, smiling) which would almost make me think, that you believe already, I forsake you to follow Fortune; and in the mean time, I have not yet so much as resolv'd to go and seek it. After this, he added a thousand sweetnesses and blandishments, full of generosity, which pleas'd *Clymene* infinitely, who related them to me the next morning. And indeed, during some time, it was not possible to testifie more love than *Lysicrates* did to this discreet Virgin. He thought his visits never long enough, moments were as tedious as ages in all other places; but in her conversation, whole days seem'd to him but moments. He writ to her every day, and oftentimes more than once. When he could not see her, he sought out people with whom he might discourse concerning her: he was zealous, assiduous, punctual, and careful, to seek out even the least occasions to please her. Wherefore *Clymene*, as her ill fate would have it, believing at that time, nothing could ever diminish so strong a passion, laid a foundation of eternal felicity, upon the Love of *Lysicrates*, and so ingross'd all her joy in her affection, that she no longer cared for any other sort of divertisement. *Lysicrates* having a house in the Countrey, very near that, where *Clymene* at present resides, she lik'd far more to be in the Countrey than in the City, provided *Lysicrates* were her neighbor: on which occasion in the Songs he made for her, he sometimes nam'd her his Shepherdess, and sometimes *Amaryllis*; and she gave him the name of *Thyrsis*, in the answers she made to him; for *Clymene*, no doubt, makes good Verses, for one of her Sex, though she carefully conceals it, and makes no ostentation of being a Wit.

Thus liv'd these two persons, till there happned to be a great Hunting made by that Prince of *Locri*, at which *Lysicrates* was present, and seem'd so promising a person in the eyes of the Prince, that he talked with him a long while: and being well satisfied of his ingenuity, he made him a thousand Caresses, and commanded him to see him oftner than ordinary. I, who understood this from *Artimedes*, went to congratulate with *Clymene*, who was very joyful for the honor the Prince had done to her Lover; who was not less pleas'd to see Fortune prevent his endeavours. Yet he believ'd his joy proceeded only from the interest of his Love; so that he us'd a thousand obliging expressions to *Clymene*, when he came to entertain her in private. Some days after he was higher in his blandishments; for you must know, that after the day of the hunting, the Prince desir'd *Lysicrates* to see him every day. Whereupon, all the Court looking upon him as a Favorite, many insinuated to be his Friends, and endeavour'd to testifie more respect to *Clymene*; who being perfectly generous, counsell'd *Lysicrates* to take as much time as he could, from his conversation with her, to bestow it upon his attendance with the Prince. However, remember (said she to him) that I claim your heart to be always mine, and presume the favors of Fortune will never be so pleasing to you, as those you receive from me. I also require (added she) that you do not design to go so far as Fortune will lead you; for generally she casts them down headlong who give up themselves wholly to her conduct. Resolve therefore to acquire as much Estate as is competent for an honest person of your condition to become happy, and no more; and do not endanger the loss of all to gain all; 'tis better generally to renounce a great fortune, and live in tranquility with an indifferent one, than to rise up enviers to your self by your grandeur. 'Tis glorious to be envy'd for Virtue, but it is not always to be so for Riches which are gotten; for, to speak in general, all men so pertinaciously maintain what they possess, that when a man becomes extraordinary rich in a little time, people are apt to believe that he became so unjustly. Put bounds then to your ambition, my dear *Lysicrates*, for if you do not, infallibly you will become both unjust and unhappy. I beseech you, my dear *Clymene* (answer'd he) do not suspect me to have a Soul sway'd only with interest; for I swear to you, the love I have for you, is the sole cause of the servitude wherein I engage my self; and unless you will be ungrateful, you must be accountable to me, for all the cares I shall have to please the Prince; you must pitty me when I am with him, and believe I shall think only of you, and that 'tis you I shall serve in serving him; for unless you promise me this, I shall not be able to deprive my self of the joy of seeing you every moment, and dividing my self between my Master and my Mistris. *Clymene* hearing *Lysicrates* speak with so much love, had her heart mov'd with it, and generously exhorted him, to constrain himself to see her more seldom, and yet to love her always. And accordingly *Lysicrates* began to be ingratiated with the Prince, who gave him a considerable employment, fifteen days after this conversation. In this beginning, *Lysicrates* had so much joy when he went to see *Clymene*, that he seem'd more amorous of her. He was so troubled when he was to part from her, he writ to her so frequently, and appear'd so careful to do civilities to all those he thought she lov'd, that she had great reason to be satisfy'd with him. Nevertheless

leſs, ſhe acted with a little more reſervedneſs towards *Lyſicrates*; after he began to be in favour, being unwilling (ſhe ſaid) he ſhould ſuſpect her of doing him favours upon the account of intereſt. But the brothers of *Clymene*, whoſe hearts were not ſo noble as hers, were deſirous that ſhe would treat *Lyſicrates* with more dearneſs, out of a deſign they had to raiſe their fortunes by his means. Yet this diſcreet Virgin following her own reaſon, and not their ambition, liv'd, as I told you, with all imaginable prudence, though ſhe had an infinite dearneſs in her heart for *Lyſicrates*. Whilſt ſhe reflected upon her own deportment, and that of *Lyſicrates*, ſhe began to think it ſtrange, he took no notice of her changing her treatment of him, and likewiſe took it ill, that in the augmentation of his favour, he no longer mention'd rendring their fortune one day inſeparable, as he had done formerly. It ſeem'd to her, his diſcourſe was more ſparing than it had us'd to be, whereof complaining to be one day in the Countrey, whither ſhe went for two days; Well, my dear *Belintha* (ſaid ſhe to me) do not you perceive that *Lyſicrates* makes little difficulty to diſpenſe with ſeeing me almoſt at all, and does his duty ſo eaſily, that if he take not heed, he will ſoon fail in the firſt of all duties. But *Lyſicrates* (ſaid I to her, according as I then believ'd) ceaſes to ſee you for for ſome time, in order to ſeeing you all his life after in quiet. No, no, *Belintha*, (reply'd *Clymene*) do not deceive your ſelf, the heart of *Lyſicrates* is already chang'd, and I am the moſt miſtaken in the World, if ambition do not abſolutely deprive me of him. That which moſt troubles me (added ſhe, bluſhing) is, that I would certainly know whether they are the favours of fortune or mine, which hinder *Lyſicrates* from ſpeaking to me ſometimes, ſuch things as might give me ground to think he believes it not impoſſible, but that we may one day live together. *Lyſicrates*'s Soul (anſwer'd I) muſt needs be much devoted to his intereſt, if the alteration of his fortune change his heart; and he muſt be very deſtitute of reaſon, if he ceaſes to love becauſe he is lov'd. Ah! *Belintha* (cry'd *Clymene*) men are much more unjuſt than you imagine, and their love more various than I believ'd. For indeed, to diſcover to you the bottom of my heart, Marriage in general frightens me; I find there is oftentimes much folly, or at leaſt much boldneſs in reſolving upon it; but though my reaſon make me know all the troubleſome conſequences of it; yet I confeſs to you, when it comes into my mind, that perhaps *Lyſicrates* would not marry me if I ſhould be willing to it: indignation ſeizes me, and I have almoſt more deſire to hate him, than if he had committed an infidelity againſt me; becauſe in ſome occaſions one may be unfaithful, without doing any act, and a Lover can ſcarce ever be unwilling to marry his Miſtriſs when ſhe deſires it, unleſs it be upon ſome injurious motive. For is there any thing more extravagant than to think that the teſtimonies of dearneſs which you have given, ſhould be effective againſt your ſelf? Nevertheleſs 'tis true, that the injuſtice of men is ſo great, that after having a thouſand times requeſted innocent favors from a perſon whom they love, if ſhe comes at length after a thouſand ſervices, to grant the ſame to them, they oftentimes render their virtue ſuſpected, and cauſe that in deſiring her for a Miſtriſs, they do not wiſh her for a Wife. Moreover, my dear *Belintha*, I do not conceive that two free perſons can love one another perfectly, nor even wholly with innocence, if they have not at leaſt the thought, that it is not impoſſible for them to become one day inſeparable, and if they do not entertain themſelves with the hopes of a thouſand pleaſures, whereof the ſole conſideration makes them paſs hours and days agreeably. Perhaps (added ſhe, ſighing) if *Lyſicrates* ſhould offer me to day to marry me, I ſhould not marry him; for having a heart ſo great as I have, 'tis poſſible his great fortune might hinder me from it. But, to ſpeak freely, I would, in order to my contentment, be aſſur'd of the power to become his Wife when I pleas'd. However, I tell you once again. *Lyſicrates* does not at preſent think of it; and I cannot conjecture, as I told you, whether they are the favours of fortune, or my own, that hinder him. But (ſaid I to her) all the favours that you do him being innocent, you cannot accuſe him of ſuch a ſentiment as you ſpeak of. Did you well underſtand the injuſtice of men (anſwer'd ſhe) you would ſpeak otherwiſe, for do not love them, they forſake you; love them, they deſpiſe you, and in what manner ſoever you act with them, you are almoſt always deceiv'd. As *Clymene* was ſpeaking thus, ſhe receiv'd a Letter from *Lyſicrates*, wherein were only theſe words.

Lyſicrates *to* Clymene.

I Could not viſit you yeſterday, nor can I wait upon you to day; and I know not likewiſe, whether I ſhall have opportunity to ſee you to morrow: but I know well that I hold all time for loſt, which I ſpend in abſence from you.

Clymene, after ſhe had read this Ticket, anſwer'd to it in theſe terms.

Clymene *to* Lyſicrates.

'Tis very much that you remember you ever ſaw me, and do not forbid me to hope to ſee you again; for when people are taken up with affairs of profit at Court, 'tis very difficult to attend to any of pleaſure in the Countrey.

Clymene ſeal'd up this Letter, and deliver'd it to him who brought that of *Lyſicrates*. In the mean time an urgent affair happening to *Clymene*'s Aunt, which oblig'd hither; we arriv'd here in that very evening. Which being known to *Lyſicrates*, he came the next morning to the houſe of *Clymene*; but he was no ſooner there, but he deſir'd permiſſion to read a packet of importance, which he had receiv'd by the way; and he read it accordingly with very much attention.

And

And that which was remarkable, was, that in going to close it up after he had read it, he let fall the Letter which *Clymene* had writ to him the day before, and which he had not yet open'd. He blush'd with shame as soon as he perceiv'd it, for he had forgotten to read it; but *Clymene* blusht with indignation when she observ'd it. So that perceiving he had not yet seen it, she took it, and breaking it open hastily, Believe me, *Lysicrates* (said she to him) 'tis fit to write to you no longer any but Letters of affairs; for, as for those of friendship, you have no leasure to read them; and which is more disobliging to continue to write such to you, you have so little care of them, that they may easily be read by others. *Lysicrates* endeavour'd to excuse himself with the multitude of affairs he had had; No doubt you have too many (answer'd *Clymene* roughly) and therefore 'tis fit I dispense with all the cares you have been accustom'd to take in reference to me; for though you have much fewer than formerly, yet I have robb'd you of some moments. 'Tis true, Madam, (reply'd he) I am less frequently with you, than I was at the time when I was not oblig'd to attend the Prince; but nevertheless I am there often enough, and no doubt, as often as I can. Ha! *Lysicrates* (said she) when one thinks that he is long enough present with his Mistriss, there wants not much, but that he will be weary of being with her at all; and therefore if you will credit me, give your self wholly to your Master, and take no further thought concerning me. *Lysicrates* perceiving *Clymene* was in choller, was ashamed of what had happened, and address'd to her with so many gentle and sweet expressions, that he made his peace in some manner before he went away: for *Clymene* having a very great inclination towards him, lov'd him as greatly culpable as he appear'd. At that time there hapned some difference between the Oriental and Occidental *Locrians*; upon which, the Prince went to the War, whither *Lysicrates* follow'd him, and perfectly gain'd his favour by the brave actions he perform'd During this absence, he writ sufficiently often to *Clymene*, but they were rather Letters of News, than Love-Letters, and more related to what pass'd in the Army, than any thing else. Upon which, *Clymenes*'s mind was extreamly incens'd; yet her indignation was really, only Love disguis'd; for she was as sensible of *Lysicrates*'s glory as of her own. 'Tis true, that which defended him in her heart, was, that she knew he believ'd he lov'd as dearly as heretofore, and did not take himself to be ambitious. At his return he went to see her as soon as he was arriv'd; but his visit was so short, that the sum of it was only to tell her, he would wait upon her as soon as he could. But his affairs multiplying as his favour increas'd, he had then so little time of which he could dispose, that it may be said, he had not leasure to love *Clymene*. Oftentimes when he was at her house, he spent half of the time he was there, in receiving several Messages and Letters, or else in answering them, after having requested her permission to that purpose. He was no longer the same *Lysicrates*, who entertain'd her with agreeable discourses and blandishments, he was a restless ambitious person, who found himself happy in no place. *Clymene* was sensibly afflicted at it; but I can say, I never saw a more tender, nor yet more discreet grief than hers; for she conceal'd it so well, that I was the only confident of her discontents. One day she would have hid from me some Verses which she had made; but I having gotten them, she was necessitated to suffer me to keep them on condition I would not shew them.

I beseech you (interrupted *Hesiode*) repeat to me the Verses of *Clymene*. I will (answer'd *Belintha*) provided you will never speak of them; for perhaps you will find them sufficiently amorous: I promise you all you please (reply'd he) provided you recite the Verses to me which I have so great a curiosity to hear. And accordingly *Belintha* having recollected them in her memory, recited these that follow, which *Clymene* made for the ambitious *Lysicrates*.

SUre you by amorous flames were ne'r possest,
Since mine (alas!) do so unhappy prove,
That fierce ambition drives me from your breast,
Slighting the charms of Innocence and Love.

Now new designs are follow'd, other cares,
And fresh desires; and your Inquietude
Is your delight, whilst tumults of affairs
Are priz'd above the peace of Solitude.

My charming Desart, which e'r long so sweet,
So lovely seem'd, is unattractive now,
My tendereſt sighs no longer your delight:
'Tis Goddess Fortune now to whom you bow.

Her splendor you pursue, and humorous Laws
Embrace, no longer now your own or mine;
Her beauty now your adoration draws:
Though, Thyrsis, know, her favours are not kind.

No choice she uses in her Gifts, no Love;
Oft-times, in one day her caresses cease;
To deareſt friends she does unconstant prove,
Mocking Men's hopes with guileful promises.

She loves disord'rous change, and wild confusion,
And baseſt flatterers for her Creatures takes;
Go then, Ungrateful, follow her delusion
Which seldom Virtue but unhappy makes.

Pursue her still; to me no more address;
None but her favors let acceptance find.
'Tis shame to love a simple Shepherdess;
That thought sutes only with a vulgar mind.

Ambitious hearts a quiet life despise;
Fortune's the object of a Heroe's *love.*
Whil'st in her hand all the World's treasure lies,
And Sea and Land alike her power do prove.

A hundred times she can you Victor make,
Yet has not the disposal of my heart;
That's in my pow'r, O gods! what is't I speak?
(Alas!) in speaking so, a sigh does from it part.

Beholding

Beholding you, a ſecret check of mind
Tells me, My heart no longer is my own;
Though it repines, and I can only find
The ſoothing of ſweet words t'appeaſe its moan.

'Twould be deluded; come, deceive it you,
Thyrſis, *and to your* Amaryllis *ſwear,*
That conſtant to your chains and ever true,
Her Rival Fortune you'll renounce for her,

Perhaps, this moment in her eyes you'll ſee
Wherewith to cure the moſt ambitious mind:
Perhaps, this moment, ſuch fidelity,
Such ardent paſſion in her Soul you'll find,
That you'll account to be belov'd a pleaſure
Greater than that of gaining flitting Treaſure.

Oh precious moment! haſte to eaſe my pains;
Your preſence to my griefs would comfort ſpeak,
I can no longer bear ſuch heavy chains;
Support them, Thyrſis, *or I ſhall them break,*

But yet in breaking them I ſhall expire;
Rather connect them with a faſter tie.
'Tis Love that quickens me; for were that fire
Extinct, my heart would forthwith faint and die.
This torment I had rather ne'r forgo,
Than be without it and my Lover too.

How? (cry'd *Heſiode* after *Belintha* had recited theſe Verſes) did *Clymene*, that very *Clymene*, whom I ſaw by the ſide of the famous ſpring near *Helicon*, make ſuch amorous Verſes as thoſe I have now heard? Yes (anſwer'd *Belintha*) but although they were very pertinent to affect the heart of *Lyſicrates*, yet the generous *Clymene*, who was unable to reſtrain her ſelf from compoſing them in the tranſport of her ſorrow and affection, could not reſolve to let them be ſeen by him for whom they were made. On the contrary, ſhe affected rather to diſguiſe her regret: So that *Lyſicrates* believing her well ſatisfi'd with him, was very merry, whilſt ſhe was extremely melancholly and penſive: for wh t reſolutions ſoever ſhe made, it was impoſſible for her to ceaſe loving *Lyſicrates*. How unhappy am I (ſaid ſhe to me one day, when I endeavour'd to comfort her) for I reſent a grief of ſo ſtrange a nature, that I cannot almoſt hope to be cur'd of it. If *Lyſicrates* were unfaithful, as many Lovers are, and tranſfer'd his affections from me to another, deſpight would ſuddenly cure me; I ſhould paſs from Love to Hatred, and from that to contempt, which would afterwards leave me in a quiet indifference. But as for the manner after which he ceaſes to love me, they whoſe hearts are not very nice in love, would almoſt believe *Lyſicrates* not abſolutely culpable: But, according as I apprehend things, inconſtancy would ſeem leſs horrible to me, than the change which is hapned in his heart, ſince the alteration of his fortune. There is frailty and weakneſs in ordinary inconſtancy, but there is unworthineſs and poorneſs of mind in the change of *Lyſicrates*; but though I ſhould dye of diſcontent, I will drive out of my heart a paſſion which is not criminal, but only becauſe he that excited it is not worthy of it. Moreover, though he ſhould be willing to return to me, he would not have leaſure to think of it, he has ſo many important affairs in his head, which all the punctualities of a dear paſſion could not conſiſt with. But (ſaid I to her) why do not you change, as well as *Lyſicrates*? Be ambitious as well as he; and without conſidering whether he loves you as much as he did heretofore, diſſemble your ſentiments, and engage him, at leaſt to eſtabliſh your fortunes, ſince he is able to do it. No, no, (anſwer'd this generous Virgin) I will never have any obligation to a man who loves me leſs than he ought, and whom I intend to love no longer. And though my fortune were much more unhappy than it is, I ſhould be abſolutely uncapable to receive any thing from a perſon that had depriv'd me of his heart. I know my brothers are of a different opinion, and would have me ſacrifice my ſelf to their intereſts; but they ſhall never oblige me to follow their inclinations. When *Lyſicrates* was not in favour, they condemn'd the affection I had for him; and now they think it neceſſary for their preferment, no doubt they will blame the manner, after which I intend to treat him for the future. However, I will continue firm in my reſolution. But (ſaid I to her) at leaſt give *Lyſicrates* to repent. I ſhall give him ſufficient (anſwer'd ſhe) for I find my heart will not ſo ſoon obey my reaſon. Accordingly *Clymene* continu'd to love *Lyſicrates* in ſpight of her own reſolutions; that which ſuſtain'd her paſſion was, that *Lyſicrates* ſome days ſpoke to her with as much love as ever he had done. Indeed it was ſufficiently ſeldom that he diſcours'd with her in private, for he had always ſo many affairs, that he ever began to ſpeak to her with theſe words, I have but one moment to ſpend with you, or two at moſt, I have not leaſure to tell you any thing; or ſome ſuch like expreſſions. Things being in theſe terms, there was a great aſſembly, wherein *Clymene* was oblig'd to be preſent; whereupon, deſiring to appear handſome there, that *Lyſicrates* might ſee ſhe deſerv'd his affection, ſhe omitted no ornaments that might render her more amiable: And indeed, ſhe out-ſhin'd the beauty of all the other fair ones, and ſo pleas'd the Prince that he ſpoke not to any Lady but *Clymene*; not but that the Prince had heard *Lyſicrates* was amorous of her; but he beheld him ſo aſſiduouſly at Court, that he thought it was no very violent Love. *Clymene* who beheld the Prince's civility towards her, interpreted it at firſt as an indulgence to his Favorite; but at the end of the Ball, when he entertain'd her a part, ſhe chang'd her opinion; for after having given her a thouſand praiſes, I find you ſo charming (ſaid he to her) that I cannot but wonder at the aſſiduous attendance of *Lyſicrates* at Court; for had I ſuch a Miſtriſs as you, aſſuredly my Maſter, if I had any, ſhould be worſe ſerv'd than I am by him. *Clymene* bluſh'd at the Prince's diſcourſe, and anſwer'd to it with ſo much wit, that ſhe ſeem'd to him ſtill more fair. So, that having his fancy fill'd with the Idæa of her he ſpoke of none but *Clymene* all the reſt of the evening. He likewiſe ſpoke to *Lyſicrates* concerning her, with earneſtneſs; but in caſe (ſaid he to him in the preſence of a friend of *Clymene*'s, who inform'd her of it the next morning) I ſhould

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maugre all my reluctancy, become amorous of your Miſtreſs, and if you ſaw me ready to die for love, would you be generous enough to yield her to me, and not hate me? No doubt (anſwer'd the ambitious *Lyſicrates*) I ſhould be very unhappy, if that ſhould come to paſs, but however, my Lord, (added he) it would be ſo great an honor to *Clymene*, that, her intereſt conſider'd, together with the reſpect I have for you, I think I ſhould reſign her to you; and that your happineſs, and that of this fair perſon, would comfort me for my infelicity. *Lyſicrates* ſpoke this with ſo free an air, that it was perceivable he ſpoke his real ſentiments: whereupon the Prince, who till then had lookt upon the inclination he had for *Clymene*, as a thing he was to oppoſe, with the friendſhip he bare to *Lyſicrates*, now perceiving *Clymene* not ſo deeply fix'd in his heart as he imagin'd, flatter'd his beginning paſſion ſo ſweetly, that having ſeen *Clymene* five or ſix times in a very few days, he became infinitely amorous of her; for he is a Prince whoſe paſſions are violent, during which he is not ſcrupulous of doing any thing to content them. In the mean time *Clymene* underſtanding what *Lyſicrates* had anſwer'd the Prince, became extreamly exaſperated in her mind, though ſhe diſſembled her diſcontent. Indeed within a little time ſhe had occaſion to diſcover it; for the Prince's paſſion being grown too great to be kept in his own breſt, he diſcover'd it to his Rival, before he made it known to his Miſtriſs; but it was in ſuch powerful terms, that *Lyſicrates* ſaw clearly he muſt either loſe *Clymene*, or his fortune; wherefore not ſticking a moment what choice to make in this difficulty, he told the Prince, he ſacrific'd all his pleaſures to him, that he would be his confident, and intercede with *Clymene* for him: And the truth is, *Lyſicrates*, who had always obſerv'd *Clymene* to have a very great mind, imagin'd the hope of marrying the Prince, would cauſe her to approve his action; not conſidering that ſometimes there is more grandeur of courage in deſpiſing fortune, than in ſeeking it. Yet he did not abſolutely reſolve to renounce the affection of *Clymene*, but intended to make it ſerviceable to him, for the further augmenting of his greatneſs and wealth. In which thoughts he went to viſit her when having deſir'd a private conference with her, and ſeeming more ſad than he was, he prepar'd her mind with much addreſs to hear ſome unwelcome matter, which he ſeem'd to be very loth to tell her. *Clemene* immediately believ'd his buſineſs was to inform her, that the Prince intended to marry him to one of his Coſins, who was a very rich young Lady; but at length he told her the end of his viſit was to acquaint her that his Maſter was his Rival; not but that (ſaid he to her) I am generous enough to ſacrifice all my joy to your good fortune; and after having been your ſlave, am willing to become your ſubject; for I doubt not but if you menage the Prince's love well, he will at length ſufficiently affect you to make you his bride; but indeed I find it no eaſie matter for one to deprive himſelf of that which he loves, how generous ſoever he be. 'Tis true (added he) our affection has been always ſo innocent, that it might ſubſiſt all our lives: at leaſt I know I ſhall be always a devoted ſervant to the fair *Clymene*, and no change ſhall ever happen in my heart: It ſhall not be ſo on my part (anſwer'd ſhe haſtily) for I declare to you, I will never be yours; however, think not 'tis out of any purpoſe to menage the Prince's love, as you ſpeak. I hate ambition, which has driven me out of your heart, too much to receive it into my own, and you occaſion me ſo to contemn all men in general, that I believe it not poſſible for me ever to eſteem one particular perſon. Do not expect therefore that I ſhould confirm your fortune; for all I can do, is only to contrive how to ruine it; and if any thing could induce me to admit of the Prince's love, it ſhould be only the opportunity of bringing you into diſfavor with him. But to ſpeak truth, I look upon you as ſufficiently puniſht, by being no longer in favor with me, and therefore I ſhall not ſeek a revenge which would fall upon my ſelf; for in the ſentiments I am in, I abhor the love of any whatſoever. I intend now to love nothing but ſolitude, and I hope to live more contentedly in it, than you will do at Court with all your favour; for where there is private ſatisfaction and pleaſure, there needs not much care to be taken for the favor or diſfavor of thoſe that are in government: But to do you a good office this laſt time, know that all thoſe who flatter you, deceive you, that they whom you take to be moſt your friends, are envious and diſguiſed enemies, that all thoſe who ſee you think themſelves better entitled by deſert to the Prince's favor, than you; that as ſoon as you are turn'd out of favor, you will find your ſelf left alone by all your party, and that there was only *Clymene* in the World, that could not deſert you in adverſity. But ſince you forſook her as ſoon as you were a favorite, ſhe takes her turn to abandon you, and caſts you off for ever. Therefore hinder the Prince from coming to ſpeak to me of his pretended paſſion; for looking upon him as a man that loves one whom I ought to hate, it would be difficult for me to preſerve the reſpect which I owe unto his quality. *Lyſicrates* hereupon offered to ſwear to *Clymene*, that he was ſorry his Maſter was his Rival, that he had not ſpoke to him as he did, but only not to increaſe his paſſion; and that as for her, ſince ſhe was ſufficiently generous, not to be flatter'd with the hope of marrying the Prince, he deſir'd nothing of her, but to act with ſuch addreſs, that he might be cur'd of his paſſion, without occaſioning a breach between them. Whereby *Clymene* always perceiving his Ambition ſuperior to his Love, became ſo incens'd, that ſhe abſolutely commanded him to depart; which accordingly he was enforc'd to do. Not long after which, I went to give her a viſit, and I aſſure you I never beheld a perſon more diſcontented and enraged. As it fell out cruelly for her, the Prince came to ſee her the ſame day; when being ſtill diſturb'd in mind, ſhe ſpoke to him with a reſoluteneſs that ſurpriz'd him, for as ſoon as he began to tell her he lov'd her, and would love her eternally, I beſeech you my Lord (ſaid ſhe to him) forbear to engage me in a deſign which can never give you any ſatisfaction. For though I appear gentle and am ſo really, yet I have an inexpugnable conſtancy to remain in the reſolution which I have taken; by reaſon of which it would be impoſſible for you to perſwade me, that I ought to admit of your affection. 'Tis enough that Fortune has plac'd you above me, to cauſe me

me to ſuſpect all your diſcourſe: and I am ſo much a friend to equality, that ſince you have advanc'd *Lyſicrates*, I can no longer look upon him as formerly. I love Merit and Virtue, but I love them principally without ſplendor, and without being ſet off by any thing elſe, which prepoſſeſſes my judgement; Leave me therefore, my Lord, as a perſon who accounts it a glory to be an enemy to ambition: you will find a thouſand who will love your fortune more than your worth, and receive that with joy which I refuſe with reſpect. However, upon the account of equity, I am oblig'd to tell you, that *Lyſicrates* has ſpoken ſo well of you to me, that he has wholly ruin'd himſelf in my opinion. After which, my Lord, deſire no more of me; for it would be to no effect. *Clymene* ſpoke this with an air, that ſo wel manifeſted to the Prince that ſhe lov'd *Lyſicrates*, was incapable of ambition, and could not love him, that his heart being not yet ſo ſtrongly engag'd, but that he might hope to diſingage it, he ſpoke to her with very much civility, and like a man that would owe nothing to his high condition. But at length, ſaid he to her, after many other things, The favour which I requeſt of you, is, that you will continue to love *Lyſicrates*; or if you cannot do that, that you will permit me to hope, that perhaps you will one day love me. Theſe two things which you demand, my Lord (anſwer'd ſhe) are not in my power; for I find that I ſhall hate *Lyſicrates*, and I ſee no appearance that I can or ought ever to love any. After this the Prince departed: The ſame night ſhe intreated me to require of *Lyſicrates*, all the Letters ſhe had written to him, and charg'd me to deliver to him all thoſe ſhe had receiv'd from him, and to aſſure him ſhe contemn'd him as much as ſhe had eſteem'd him, and wiſh'd, with all her heart, ſhe could as much hate him, as ſhe had formerly lov'd him. But, my dear *Clymene* (ſaid I to her) are you well aſſur'd that *Lyſicrates* will reſtore you your heart, when he gives you back your Letters? go not ſo faſt, I beſeech you? and take time to examine your ſelf. Ah! no, no, (anſwer'd ſhe) I will never, while I live, love a man who loves Fortune better than me, who can love me without ever thinking to render our deſtiny inſeparable, who can even ſacrifice me to his Maſter, and be a confident to his Rival. The heart of *Clymene* is too tender, too ſenſible, and too generous, to ſuffer ſuch indignities. I had much rather be always miſerable; the little wealth I have is an ordinary effect of the blindneſs of Fortune, which is not opprobrious to me; but were I ſo poor-ſpirited, as to pardon *Lyſicrates*, it might be reproacht to me eternally. *Clymene* thus continuing firm in this reſolution, oblig'd her Aunt, over whom ſhe had a great influence, to go the next morning into the Countrey. For my part I went to *Lyſicrates*, in whom I found ſuch a combat of contrary thoughts, that I could not but commiſerate him; for he lov'd *Clymene* ſtill, but ambition was always moſt powerful in his heart; and though he were ſtill a Lover, yet it was not with his firſt ardor, and conſequently *Clymene* could not be ſatisfy'd with it, becauſe all diminution of Love is a crime. He made ſome difficulty to reſtore me her Letters, but at length he deliver'd them, and receiv'd his own. Since that time the Prince has chang'd his ſentiments, and *Lyſicrates* has continu'd ambitious, and caus'd his Love to yield to another paſſion. Nevertheleſs he offer'd two or three times to do ſomething for the Fortune of *Clymene*, but ſhe generouſly refus'd him. So ſhe has ſpent a whole year in the Countrey, buſying her ſelf ſometimes in Reading, ſometimes in Painting, and ſometimes in Walking: She loves Gardens and Flowers, and and an univerſal ſentiment of goodneſs cauſes her to divert her ſelf with keeping Birds, and divers rare and domeſtick Animals, which afford amuſement to her Melancholly. Yet ſhe is come at length to have only an indifference for *Lyſicrates*, ſo that ſhe is as fair as ever, and ſomething more amiable; for a little caſt of melancholly, makes her countenance charming and ſweet, that the ſight of it cannot but raviſh.

Your relation concerning *Clymene* (anſwer'd *Heſiode*) gives me extream contentment, and I ſhall have cauſe of complaint againſt you, unleſs you bring it ſome way to paſs, that I may ſee her. Yet I am very ſorry ſhe hates ambition, for I confeſs to you, I am born naturally ambitious. My reaſon tells me, that ambition is the foundation of all great actions; that without it there would be no *Heroes*, and ſcarce any eminent virtues; but however, I abſolutely contemn *Lyſicrates*, becauſe I am not of opinion, that Love and Ambition, are two Paſſions incompatible. I conceive a man's love may make him ambitious, as in ſome caſes he may become amorous through ambition: Had *Lyſicrates* been an ambitious perſon, honourably and worthily, he would have ſhared his fortune with the fair *Clymene*, and not changed his ſentiments by changing his life. But in fine, (added he) I am reſolved to ſee her, and though I ſhould go to viſit her alone, I will go and do it before three days be expir'd. *Belimba* making ſome difficulty to carry him to her, he went alone to ſee the charming *Clymene*. But it fell out, by chance, that *Belimba* was there the ſame day; for it being a journey but of two hours, ſhe frequently made viſits to her, though ſhe deſign'd no ſuch matter in the morning. And *Heſiode* alſo deſirous to make a ſecret to her of his deſign to ſee *Clymene*, till he ſhould have executed it, acquainted her not at all with it. When he arriv'd at the place where *Clymene* was, her Aunt was gone to make a viſit to ſome of her neighbors, and her ſelf was ſeated amongſt the Willows, upon the bank of a River, and was reading that Work of *Heſiode*, where he makes a *Nightingale* ſpeak to a *Sparrow*. A Virgin that waited upon *Clymene*, was at work in making a collar of ſeveral ſorts of Ribbons, wreathed together, for a very handſome Dog, which *Clymene* much affected, and which then lay negligently upon the bottom of her Robe, which by chance was ſtretcht upon the graſs. At *Heſiod's* approach, *Clymene's* Dog roſe up; but inſtead of barking at the ſight of him as a ſtranger, the pretty creature, by that inſtinct which makes brutes know thoſe that love or hate them, went to fawn upon him, who anſwering his kindneſs, the firſt thing *Clymene* beheld, was *Heſiode* ſtroking her little Dog; for though it was a very long time ſince ſhe had ſeen him, yet knowing that he was at *Locri*, ſhe ſoon was aſcertain'd it was he; wherefore riſing up, and advancing towards him very civilly, I think (ſaid ſhe to him ſmiling) this Animal, who is of a kind that was never accus'd of ingrati-

rude, would help me by his carreſſes to acknowledge the pleaſure you have given me this day by the Verſes you have made, the reading of which has been ſo delightful to me, that I was reading them the third time, when you arrived. I am extreamly proud (anſwered *Heſiode*) of being able to entertain you in your ſolitude, and I draw no unhappy preſage, from ſeeing that an Animal you love, has already begun to love me. If *Belintha* were here, (replyed *Clymene*) ſhe would blame you for the complement you make me; for ſhe ſo much decryes my too great affection towards brutes, that ſhe would venture to maintain, you have a blind complacence which would pervert me. She had ſcarce ſpoke theſe words, but *Belintha* came thither, who having left her Chariot in the out-court, went to the place where it was told her *Clymene* was. You come very opportunely, (ſaid this fair Virgin to her) to hinder *Heſiode* from being perplexed; but why did not you come together. For my part (anſwered *Belintha*) I knew nothing of *Heſiode*'s journey, and he has made a ſecret of it to me. After your having had the cruelty (replyed *Heſiode*) to refuſe to bring me hither, I did not think I ought to tell you my deſign, for fear you ſhould make uſe of the credit you have in this place to prevent my admiſſion. In truth (ſaid *Belintha*, obliging them to walk) you are to be blamed for coming to ſee *Clymene*, for ſhe is the moſt unjuſt perſon in the World, in preferring her Deſart before her friends. And moreover, (added ſhe ſmiling) I am to advertize you, that with all your merit you ſhall never be ſo much loved by *Clymene* as that Dog which you ſee. *Heſiode* (anſwered this fair Virgin ſmiling) ſhall certainly not have ſo great a ſhare in my careſſes, but he has ſufficient in my eſteem to be ſatisfied, and I thank him for bringing in a *Nightingale*, and a *Sparrow*, ſpeaking together in one of his Works; for 'tis aſſuredly a ſign, that he is not in the error wherein you are, to the diſadvantage of all Animals in the World, to whom you are ſo much an enemy, that you go about to take from them that little beam of light the gods have given them, which guides them ſo exactly in things that are profitable or delightful to them, and gives them this prerogative above men, that there is never any ingratitude in their hearts. Acknowledgment is found in thoſe of Lyons, and no queſtion would be too in thoſe of Tygers, if they were gently us'd: careſſes and benefits are never loſt amongſt the moſt ſavage Animals, but frequently amongſt Men. Diſſimulation and deceit are ſcarce ever found amongſt brutes, and if they have ſubtilty, 'tis only to avoid dangers, or ſeek wherewith to ſubſiſt. It ſeems (ſaid *Belintha* with a low voice) one ſingle ingrateful Man makes you judge all Animals acknowledging; but however (added ſhe aloud) though *Heſiode* were of your opinion, I ſhould not diſclaim my own, nor hinder my ſelf from decrying the inclination you have to love brutes. For that you may not miſtake, (continued ſhe ſpeaking to *Heſiode*) you muſt know that if *Clymene* were even amorous of any one, ſhe could not reſolve to give him a beaſt which ſhe loved; and if at any time you would be aſſured of her heart, deſire her Dog of her, and you ſhall ſee whither it will not be more hard to obtain the one than the other. You ſpeak very excellently, (replyed *Clymene*) in comparing my Heart and my Dog together; yet I am not offended at it, (added ſhe) for they are both faithful and can love well. But are you not aſhamed (ſaid *Belintha*) to attribute Reaſon and Friendſhip to beaſts? But do not you deceive your ſelf, (ſaid *Clymene*) when you will not know, that a little Bird, who makes its neſt very proportionably, is more ingenious than a hundred dull Men whom I know, and that a poor Dog, who follows me every where, and moans when I forbid him, has more friendſhip then a Man who is obliged with nothing, and who injures all thoſe whom he ought to ſerve. For my part (ſaid *Heſiode* then) I confeſs I could willingly amuſe my ſelf in obſerving the Reaſon of Beaſts, if it be fit ſo to term that Light which Nature has given them; and I am alſo ſenſible of their kindneſs. I have always obſerved (anſwered *Clymene*) that cruel Men hate Beaſts, and uſually good perſons love them, or at leaſt, cannot endure any hurt ſhould be done them. But as for ambitious people, who are ſo ſatisfied with themſelves, and cannot think but of great things, they take no care to obſerve the Neaſt of a *Swallow*, to admire the labor of *Piſmires*, the ſinging of *Nightingales*, the love of *Turtles*, and the kindneſs of *Dogs*, nor to amuſe and divert themſelves innocently with the careſſes of theſe poor Animals, whoſe felicity is ſo eaſily accompliſht. For it ſuffices to that of my Dog, that he ſuffer not hunger, that he find a little Brook to drink at, that he lye upon the corner of my Robe, and that I make much of him. He comes not but when I will, he goes away when I pleaſe, he is ſilent when I think good; if I chide him, he does not remember it a moment after, and is not leſs ready to careſs me. Judge therefore I beſeech you, whither that perſon would not be happy, that ſhould find another whoſe heart were ſo tractable. But however, (replyed *Belintha*) I cannot ſuffer that that ſhould be called Reaſon in Beaſts, which is only a blind inſtinct, and makes them act whither they will or no. Ah! my dear *Belintha*, (anſwered *Clymene*) how noxious is the power of choice oftentimes unto us, and that ſupream Reaſon which arrogates ſo much to it ſelf, and makes no account of inſtinct, but cauſes us to commit faults, againſt Virtue, and even againſt our own pleaſures. 'Tis certain, (ſaid *Heſiode*) that the power of choice occaſions all the errors of Men, and that at leaſt brutes have this advantage in their miſery, that they preciſely know every thing that is fit for them. Some avoid heat, and ſeek cold: others flee cold, and follow heat, without any variety in their kind: but as for men, though they are born and dye alike, and that conſidering them in themſelves, it ſeems they have need only of the ſame things to be happy; yet it is certain, that their reaſon, which is various according to their different tempers, is oftentimes that which cauſes the happineſs of one, and makes the infelicity of another, and they apprehend things ſo differently, that they agree neither in reference to the gods which they adore, nor the Laws which they follow, nor vices, nor virtues, nor even in their peculiar pleaſures. 'Tis not ſo with Animals; that which is good to one Nightingale, is good to all the Nightingales of the World; all fierce beaſts have need of Dens; all Neaſts of Swallows are alike, there

there is no different architecture in them, and every ſpecies of animals has an immutable reaſon that governs it (as I may ſo ſpeak) which pleaſes and charms me: for amongſt us every one makes himſelf a reaſon after his own mode, ſo that when we would find out true reaſon among ſo many different reaſons, 'tis a very difficult task. You ſpeak admirably well (anſwered *Clymene*) for a diſcreet man who flies the World, and an ambitious man who purſues it, may both have Wit indeed, however differently they reaſon. This proceeds (replyed *Belintha*) for that men are as different amongſt themſelves as Animals are in their kinds, and there is oftentimes as great a diſſimilitude between one man and another, as between a bird of prey and a Turtle, ſo that every one muſt reaſon according to himſelf, and not according to another.

But however, it muſt be acknowledged, that humane reaſon has ſomething very noble and ſublime in it, by attempting to raiſe its knowledge even to the Heavens, and to the Center of the Earth, and he that ſhall conſider the infinite number of profitable and delightful Arts which men have invented, the great number of Sciences whereof they are capable, the wiſe Laws which they have made, the different Ornaments which they have brought into the World, will laugh at the Neaſts of Swallows, the labour of Bees, and the Husbandry of Piſmires. I confeſs (anſwered *Heſiode*) that the reaſon of men is worthy of admiration for its vaſt extent, that conſidering it in it ſelf, that half-reaſon of animals is but obſcurity in comparison; but to ſpeak truth, the bad Uſe men make of it aſtoniſhes me, and cauſes the poſſeſſion of ſo great a good to ſeem leſs advantageous to me, ſince 'tis ſo difficult to imploy it aright. And on the contrary, beaſts ſcarce ever make any bad uſe of that light which nature has given them. 'Tis true, (ſaid *Clymene*) there was never any Honey, but what was ſweet, nor Piſmires which did not providently labour, nor Swallows which made Neaſts after different manners. But it is not ſo with men; for they will not ſo much as build their Houſes alike. There is many times folly in their buildings, when they make them too magnificent for their own condition. On the other ſide, beaſts who can content themſelves with things neceſſary, and can make and proportionate them to their own uſes, ought to make men bluſh, whoſe reaſon cannot bound their deſires, whoſe natural incapacity ſtands in need of inſtructors, experience, examples, and practice, for the knowledge of the leaſt of thoſe things which are neceſſary; whereas the moſt ſtupid of all animals have that within themſelves which is ſufficient for them, without intermeddling with that which does not belong to them. Bees and Butterflies take from flowers that which is convenient for their reſpective uſes, without offering to oppoſe one another; they have not ſet limits to their Empire; all the Lillies and Roſes of the Spring are to them in common; and men with that ſublime reaſon which renders them Maſters of the World, have eſtabliſht War in it by eſtabliſhing the Laws which divide the Univerſe. They have brought all kind of Vices into it, by the many inventions ſubſervient to pleaſure; they have made all the miſeries which are in the World, by looking upon ambition as a lawful thing, ſince without it all men would be in peace; and in brief, they have introduced all the unhappineſſes of which they complain, although the gods have enriched the Univerſe wherewith to render them all happy. Who would think (interrupted *Belintha* ſmiling) that the love *Clymene* has for this poor little Dog which you ſee follows her, and underſtands nothing of what ſhe ſays, ſhould cauſe her to ſpeak ſuch handſome things, and that after ſo ſerious a manner? who could imagine, that a perſon who has ſo much Wit, ſhould take pleaſure in trifling with a Dog? I have already told you (anſwered *Clymene*) that the love of beaſts is a ſign of gentleneſs and humanity, and that it is cruelty to do them harm: but I add alſo, that all that loves is amiable, that all that inſinuates it ſelf with kindneſs, deſerves to be ingratiated, that that which has no ingratitude deſerves to be well treated, and that ſince it is not forbidden to love Flowers, Fountains, and Statues, it may well be lawful to love cheerful and pretty animals which love you, and divert you, without ever doing you any harm. But in brief, (replyed *Belintha*) 'tis not our purpoſe to extoll the deity-reaſon of brutes, and condemn the uſe of the reaſon of men; but only to know whether Amity, which is the moſt precious thing in the World, and which ought to be the greateſt recompence of the moſt conſiderable ſervices, and the moſt noble prize of merit and virtue, ought to be employed in loving a little Dog. I am willing (added ſhe) humanity ſhould be exercis'd toward beaſts, that no miſchief be done them, and that people delight themſelves with them if they pleaſe; but I would not have them loved with the ſame kindneſs wherewith we loved mankind, and which ought to be ſo precious, that it ought not to be given to friends, without well examining whether or no they be worthy of it. As for me (anſwered *Clymene* ſmiling) who have not found amongſt men whereon to employ my affection conveniently, I muſt love where I can love without fearing to be deceived. 'Tis not (added ſhe) that I grant I love my Dog with the ſame kindneſs wherewith I ſhould love a Friend. But for that, all afflictions mankind is capable of, have the ſame original all ariſing out of the heart, *Belintha* is pleaſed to confound my kindneſs to brutes with my true friendſhip, and thereupon to inveigh againſt me without any juſt ground. The fair *Clymene* (ſaid *Heſiode*) ſpeaks her reaſons ſo agreeably, that inſtead of condemning her, I wiſh I were not what I am, and had the honor to be hers in what manner ſoever. Endeavor then (anſwered *Belintha*) to be her friend if you can, and do not wiſh to be her Dog, for then I ſhould infallably hate you. Ah! cruel *Belintha* (cryed he with ſome earneſtneſs) I believe it is difficult to be no more than the Friend of *Clymene*. Did you ſay, (anſwered that fair Virgin) it were no eaſie thing to gain my friendſhip, you would have reaſon; for contrary to my natural humor, I am become the moſt diſtruſtful perſon in the World, and in my preſent ſentiments I give no credit to words, nor cares, nor ſervices; I know not well whether I ſhould truſt time, which they ſay diſcovers the moſt concealed truths. Therefore 'tis better to leave me in my Deſart to hear my Nightingales. Perhaps

(replyed *Belintha* ſmiling) you may hear complaints in it as ſweet as theirs; for *Heſiode* ſings at leaſt as well as they, and I ſee he beholds you with ſo much pleaſure, and hears you with ſo great admiration, that I cannot aſſure but that he loves you a little too much already. I perceive (ſaid *Clymene*) you have a deſign to jeſt, but yet I muſt tell you that when I ſaw *Heſiode* the firſt time upon the Banks of *Hippocrene*, he loved me a little, in leſs time than ſince his arrival. I confeſs it, (anſwered *Heſiode*) and I ſhould certainly have always you loved, if I had always ſeen you. But Madam, your Fortune calling you elſewhere, and mine retaining me then at *Helicon*, I forſook you for the love of glory, which I have always ſince ardently affected. You ſee (replyed *Clymene*, looking towards *Belintha*) it is my Deſtiny to looſe my Conqueſts by ambition. Glory and Ambition (anſwered *Heſiode*) are not wholly alike. However, (ſaid *Clymene*) I am very glad you are cured, and that I underſtand it from your own mouth. *Heſiode* bluſht at this diſcourſe, and going to anſwer to *Clymene*, he could not contain from ſaying with a great ſigh,

O gods! what is't I ſpeak?
Alaſs! in ſpeaking it, a ſigh do's from me break.
And ſecret trouble from my paſſion grown
Tells me, my heart no longer is my own.

As ſoon as *Heſiode* had ſpoken theſe Verſes of *Clymene*, which he had remembred ſince *Belintha* ſhewed him them, he became much perplexed; but he found them ſo exact an anſwer, to that which *Clymene* had ſaid to him, and they agreed ſo well with his thoughts, by changing only one word, that he could not hinder himſelf from uttering them. Nevertheleſs *Clymene* and *Belintha* both bluſht when they heard them. The firſt looked upon her friend with indignation, and upon *Heſiode* with confuſion; and *Belintha* on the contrary beheld *Heſiode* with anger, and *Clymene* with ſhame. *Heſiode* for his part lookt upon *Belintha* as if he deſired her pardon, and upon *Clymene* with much love. But at length *Belintha* deſiring to pacifie her friend, began to ſpeak gently to her, and beſeeched her to ſuſpend her choller till ſhe had heard her. And accordingly ſhe told her of the accident of the Letter which *Heſiode* had ſeen, and which ingaged her though unwillingly to tell him what ſhe knew concerning the love of *Lyſicrates*, which *Heſiode* could not but have learnt otherwiſe from a hundred perſons. I grant what you ſay (anſwered *Clymene*) but in telling *Heſiode* what he would have kown from others, there was no need of ſhewing him the Verſes, which no perſon ever ſaw beſides your ſelf. Your having made them ſo amorous (replyed ſhe) cauſed me to think, that by ſhewing them to *Heſiode* when I was ſpeaking of *Lyſicrates*, I ſhould give him the greater averſion againſt him. But however (added ſhe) I will make my peace with you, and am only troubled how *Heſiode* will make his with me. By deſiring your pardon (anſwered he) and acknowledging to you ingeniouſly, that the excellent Verſes of *Clymene*, ſo well expreſſed my thoughts, that I could not contain from ſpeaking them; for if I ſhould have ſtudied all my life, I could not have made any ſo pertinent. I perceive (ſaid *Clymene* ſmiling) that though I am offended with both of you, prudence obliges me to pardon you equally, and to reingratiate you together; for if I ſhould be angry in good earneſt, *Belintha* would perhaps ſhew my Verſes to all the World, and poſſibly *Heſiode* might think I took that ſeriouſly, which he has ſpoken meerly in a frolick: Wherefore I declare to you, that I pardon you, on condition you will never ſpeak of thoſe Verſes to any perſon whatſoever, nor to me as long as you live. Though it be ſufficiently difficult (anſwered *Heſiode*) to forbear commending them, yet provided you do not forbid me to ſpeak of you and my ſelf, I conſent never to ſpeak to you of any thing elſe. After this *Clymene* handſomely diverting the converſation, obliged them to change their diſcourſe, and betake themſelves to walk in ſeveral delightful places. In the mean time, evening drawing on, *Belintha* commanded her Chariot to be brought thither. 'Tis I (ſaid *Heſiode*) that ought firſt to think of departing, for I promiſed the Prince to be with him again very betimes; but to ſpeak truth, 'tis eaſie to forget things in the preſence of *Clymene*. I know not (anſwered ſhe) whether you forget the Prince whilſt you are with me, but I am aſſured you will forget me when you are with the Prince; for the Court is a place, wherein people uſually think of nothing but what they ſee, and abſent perſons are little dreamt of. You have reaſon (replyed *Belintha* ſmiling) but for ſuch an abſent as you are, I believe you are thought of every where. Our language is ſo rich and copious, (anſwered *Clymene*) that it was not neceſſary to make a new word to flatter me with. If I may judge of the ſentiments of *Belintha* by my own (ſaid *Heſiode*) ſhe has reaſon to invent new words to tell you what ſhe thinks; at leaſt I know none that can expreſs what I think of you. After this, *Heſiode* gave the hand to *Belintha* to lead her into her Chariot, and without remembring what he had ſaid before concerning his promiſe, to be back early with the Prince; or conſidering that he might go faſter on horſeback than with *Belintha*, he deſired of her a place in her Chariot, that he might have as he ſaid, at leaſt the pleaſure to ſpeak concerning *Clymene*, after his departure from her; and accordingly he went with this amiable Lady. During the way, he ſpoke of nothing but *Clymene*; ſometimes he extolled her beauty, ſometimes he admired her wit, he was charmed with her ſweet deportment and modeſty, the tenderneſs of her heart pleaſed him above all things, and he could not conceive how it was poſſible *Lyſicrates* could ceaſe to love her; for I have a heart (ſaid he) as ambitious as he; but I conceive if I had been in his place, ambition could not have deſtroyed my love, which would have been more ardent in a great, than a mean fortune. If you become amorous of *Clymene* (anſwered *Belintha*) we ſhall ſee how you will act. I aſſure you, (replyed *Heſiode*) I will not examine what I have in my heart for *Clymene*, for fear of finding in it that which would be little advantageous unto me, if it ſhould be in any great meaſure, for I know 'tis much more difficult to engage an intelligent perſon to love the ſecond time than the firſt, eſpecially when the former Love

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proved unfaithful: and therefore I am resolved to visit *Clymene*, as seldome as possible: for I have never had any true sentiments of love, but when I beheld her upon the Bank of *Hippocrene*, and when I saw her this day. In truth, it must needs have been love that caused me to repeat so precipitously and imprudently, the Verses which I remembred; for I was never before reproached for the least indiscretion. I would not (said *Belintha*) that you were very amorous of *Clymene*, for we ought never to desire evil to our friends: But I wish you had perswaded *Clymene* to come a little oftner to the City, and to desist from so obstinate a love of solitude. *Clymene* seemed so lovely (answered he) that I believe if I saw her often enough to presume to perswade her not to hate the World so much, she might oblige me to prefer the desart she inhabits above all things; for I confess to you, I was never so much taken with any person as with *Clymene*. See her no more then (replyed *Belintha*) for it would be too much to loose you, after having lost her. In this manner *Hesiode* and *Belintha* entertained themselves, till they arrived at the City. Whither, as soon as they were come, *Hesiode* went to wait upon the Prince, who chid him very obligingly, as also *Lysicrates* did, for returning so late contrary to his promise. And the Prince having caused him to be diligently sought for, understood that he was gone to *Clymene*'s house, though *Hesiode* intended to keep it secret from *Belintha*. Upon which taking occasion of pleasant raillery upon him, they very much surprised him. Do you know (said the Prince of *Lori* to him) that I had the most violent beginning of love for *Clymene*, that ever person had? and that if she had managed the inclination I had for her, there is nothing so difficult but she might have obliged me to, if she had pleased? but her coldness towards me, time, and reason, have cured me. As for *Lysicrates*, who loved her extreamly, and was not hated by her, I am perswaded the respect he had for me; obliged him to renounce a passion, which is sufficiently incompatible with all other kinds of obligement. I did not think, my Lord answered *Hesiode* coldly) that reason and friendship were remedies for love; at least, I am assured they would never cure me, if I were amorous. But are not you *Clymene*'s servant already? (said the Prince.) No doubt (answered *Hesiode*) I have much admiration for her; but as for love, I conceive none would dare to become amorous of that which you have loved. But on the contrary, (replyed the Prince) your passion would afford me contentment for I am perswaded you have so curious a judgment, that your weakness would justifie that of mine. Perhaps, my Lord (said *Hesiode*) *Lysicrates* would not be of your opinion. I assure you, (answered the ambitious *Lysicrates*) that the pleasures of the Prince are so dear to me, that being perswaded the love you have for *Clymene*, would excite you to make more Verses to divert it, I should counsel you to it, though I could till be your rival; but as the Prince was pleased to say, the purpose of confining my self inseparably to his service, has absolutely drawn me off from Cymene. Since it is so (said *Hesiode* sighing) for the future I shall not defend my self against the charms of *Clymene*, and give up the reins to my own inclination, in spight of the resistance of my reason.

After this, the Prince and *Lysicrates* diverted to other discourse; but *Hesiode* did not cease to think of *Clymene*, when he ceased to speak of her, and as long as the evening lasted, he could not with draw his fancy from her. The next morning he made Verses upon her, the day after he sent to know her condition, and writ her a very gallant Letter, which she answered with much civility, though in a manner which signified, she had no desire to renew familiarity with the World, and would not discourse half of her Wit, though there appeared very much whether she would or no. Some days after, *Belintha* and *Hesiode* returned to the house of *Clymene*'s Aunt, who received them very well, and promised them that assoon as winter began to make the Countrey naked, she would carry *Clymene* to the City. Whereupon *Hesiode* at his return, composed very handsome Verses, wherein he prayed Winter to hasten, to appear with his Isicles, and conjured Autumn to make speed away; he wisht the spring would be slow in coming, to the end winter might continue the longer: He introduced the several pleasures of all the seasons, and beseeched those which are peculiar to winter, to draw *Clymene* to the City, and retain her there so long as they could. Have a care said he, (with all the gracefulness that Poetry gives to this sort of things) of suffering your selves to be driven away too soon by the pleasures of the spring, which would carry her away from us to the Countrey; for these pleasures are not, in truth, but the pleasures of shepherds and shepherdesses, whereas you are really magnificent: pleasures which serve Princes and Kings, and assembling all worthy persons to the same places, have a thousand advantages above all those other half-savage pleasures, which have need of rivers, gardens, and fountains, to make them delightful. Then addressing again to winter, he exhorted him not to hurt the youth and beauty of the spring, assuring him, that whilst *Clymene* and he should be together, no person would think of desiring the season of roses. But though these Verses were excellent, *Hesiode* did not publish them, but shewed them only to two or three persons; for perceiving his affection to *Clymene* growing very ardent, and come to a good degree already, and being not ignorant that a publick love is a love without pleasure, he kept secret all the compositions which he made upon this fair virgin, by which means there is none of them seen in the collection made of his Works, of which many other things also are lost. One thing was remarkable, that the same day he sent the Verses to *Clymene*, which he addressed to winter, the Sky was clouded, the wind became violent, and blew off most of the leaves of the trees, as if Winter had began that very day, and granted *Hesiod*'s request. And accordingly the following days hapning to be more foul, *Clymene* being deprived of the benefit of walking, was constrained to return to the City with her Aunt. But though she was resolved to fly all the World as much as she could, yet being unwilling to appear too rustick, she could not avoid being seen by all the honorable persons of the Court. The Prince himself made her a visit, and carryed *Lysicrates* with him; but the Prince's heart being then affected towards another person, he beheld her without love, and spoke of his former

mer passion, as if he had spoken to a Friend. As for *Lysicrates*, no doubt he could not see her without being troubled; but she treated him with so cold and fierce an aspect, and he was always so ambitious, that it may be said, what he resented then, was rather shame and perplexity, than love. But thence forward he never saw her, except in the presence of the Prince, and by consequence very rarely. The case was otherwise with *Hesiode*, who thought himself well in no other place; for though the Prince and *Lysicrates* could not live without him, he could not live longer with them, because he could not live longer without *Clymene*. This very much perplexed him, for being the Favorite of the Favorite, who made use of him to be with the Prince, when himself could not, he had always a hundred businesses to do, which instead of being delightful to him as formerly, were then insupportable, because all that hindered him from seeing *Clymene*, was distastful to him. At first, ambition offered to oppose it self to this passion in his heart, but it was already so violent, that changing his sentiments in few days, he thought of nothing which took up his whole mind before, and derided his former ambition. How obliged am I to *Clymene*, (said he one day to one of his intimate Friends for having cured me of a passion, whose pleasures are always unquiet, and for haveing given me another whose torments are ever agreeable. I must have lost my reason, could I have thought it possible to be happy with good fortune only. For indeed, provided a Man be content, what matters it whether it be in a Cottage or a Palace. Things without us, are not those which give true satisfaction, but the sentiments of the heart; so that since I look upon *Clymene* as a person who alone can make my felicity, and whose beauty, wit, and virtue, are of greater value than all the treasures of the World, wherefore should I confound my self in seeking happiness by other ways. Riches are things which are not desired, but to have several others; but the possession of a person whom we love passionately, and with reason, is satisfactory of it self. I confess to you (said his friend to him) that I find true wisdom, in that which you say; but that which amuses me, is, that thing of things, which you did not dream of a few days since. And yet you are not much improved in Wit in that time. I grant it, (replyed *Hesiode*) but I have more Love, and contrary to the custom of that passion, which often enough injures Reason, it fortifies mine, and makes me know, that ambition is for the most part rather a weakness than a true greatness of Soul. If a Man could by just ways become Master of all the favors that a great Prince can confer, I conceive generosity would require him to endeavor to frame himself to do good to others; but however, I know not whether Reason would oblige him to put his Virtue to so difficult a proof. The danger is, (added he) that a man whose inclinations are very liberal when he is in credit, may sometimes be carried to some injustice by a principal of Virtue, and be as unjust as one that is covetous, to the end to obtain wherewith to be prodigal; but though this should not be, yet he is always lyable to be accused. All miserable persons believe, if they were in the places of those who are happy, they should do admirable things. In the mean time we see the greatest part of those whom fortune has raised, use their happiness ill, and forget their past infelicities, for fear of having pitty of those of others. I could never have believ'd, (said *Hesiode*'s Confident) your Love could have so well taught you morality. You deride me (answered *Hesiode*) but did you know what sweetness I feel being free from ambition, you would judge I have cause to hold my self extreamly obliged to *Clymene*. Alas! my dear *Hesiode*, (replyed he) A person that begins to love, sees only delightful things, hope renders all easie, he is so glad that he loves, and so delighted only in thinking that he may be loved again, that his heart abandons it self to joy, without having cause to do so, but if you continue to love *Clymene*, you will soon tell me other news. Do not doubt, my dear friend, (said *Hesiode*) whether I shall continue to love *Clymene*, for I find I shall love her till death, and I take no other care but to be loved again by her. To which purpose *Hesiode* omitted nothing that might conduce, of all the diligences which an ingenious, amorous, and gallant person is capable of using, when he designs to be beloved. But though *Clymene* esteem'd him infinitely, notwithstanding her reluctancy (for she desired to hate all men, and lived with such reservedness that there was no reasonable ground to hope to become happy) yet its true, hope so easily arises in the heart of a Lover, who loves ardently, that he can never absolutely despair: besides, *Belintha* loving *Clymene* very dearly, could have wished she did not hate *Hesiode*, to the end she might have loved her Desart less; and moreover, having much kindness for *Hesiode*, she could have been glad that the love he had for *Clymene*, would more straitly have confined him to *Lysi*, than he was by the favors of the Prince and *Lysicrates*, who being always desirous to establish himself more in the reputation he was in, was not unwilling to fasten *Hesiode* to his interests, to the end he might converse with the Prince, and have a faithful friend to accompany him in all his pleasures, when he could not himself. But this was so far from giving *Hesiode* contentment at that time, that he was disgusted with it, and ambition became so weakned in his heart, that he resented no other than that of being loved. He had also so great a contempt of *Lysicrates*, in regard of what had passed between him and *Clymene*, that if prudence had not with-held him, he had rejected his friendship; for he not only undervalued all the agreeable qualities of *Lysicrates*, but hated him, as if it had been himself that had been offended by him. Yet he perceived this sentiment was something strange; for said he, one day to himself, though unworthiness may be found in the procedure of *Lysicrates*, yet it does not concern me to hate him; for if he were not guilty of this crime, he would be loved and happy, and I a thousand times more miserable than I am. 'Tis not added he, but that he contributes to my unhappiness another way, for he is the cause that all men are suspected by *Clymene*, and that she defends her heart against me, as she would do against him, if he should attempt to reconquer it. However, I ought not to despair, though I have no cause of hope given me; for as it is out of a sentiment of glory, that *Clymene* hates *Lysicrates*, so

ſo its poſſible out of a ſentiment of equity, ſhe may love a man who is totally contrary unto him. In the mean time, though *Heſiode* viſited *Clymene* very often, there was ſcarce any beſides ſhe, that underſtood he had no more ambition; for he frequently attended upon the Prince too, and *Lyſicrates*, and deported himſelf ſo prudently, that there was none but *Clymene* and *Belintha*, who obſerved the great paſſion he had in his Soul. So that *Antiphanes*, and *Ganetor*, *Clymene*'s Brothers, looking upon him as a perſon that was much reſpected by the Prince and his Favorite, went to ſee him every day, and teſtified much friendſhip to him. On the other ſide, *Heſiode* to render them favorable to him, ingratiated himſelf a little more in the Court, to the end he might do them ſome good office there, and have the more liberty to viſit *Clymene*. But when this fair Lady in the beginning of the Spring returned to her Deſart, it was eaſie to obſerve, that the cares of *Heſiode* were divided; for he did nothing but make appointments to go ſee her, ſometimes with her Brothers, very often with *Belintha*, and ſometimes alone; no longer caring for Favor or Fortune, nor any thing but to ſee *Clymene*, to write to her, and to make Verſes upon her, under the name of a Shepherdeſs. For his inclination leading him to ſpeak of Countrey matters in his Verſes, he conceived Love in Poetry had ſomething more charming and more ſweet with that reſemblance of ſimplicity, than with that of Nymph or Goddeſs. *Clymene* taking good notice of his ſentiments, intreated *Belintha* ſeveral times, to indeavor to make *Heſiode* change his intentions, but his Friend told her ſmiling, that till ſhe forſook her ſolitary humor, ſhe would rather ſend her a thouſand Lovers, than free her from one. Things being in this poſture, *Heſiode* went for two days to the Houſe of *Clymene*'s Aunt, with her Brother, during which the Prince was gone to one of his houſes in the Countrey, and had diſpenſed with him for following him. *Belintha* was likewiſe of this Company, with two other handſome Ladies her friends; ſo that the Deſart was then very delightful. When *Heſiode* was ready to ſet forth, a Packet was brought him from *Lyſicrates*, and delivered to one of his attendants; he was minded to read it preſently, but being told the Company waited only for him to depart with them, he referred the reading of it till he came upon the way. Yet he did not perform his intention, for *Clymene* ſo took up his mind, that he never remembred the Packet he had received, though he did not queſtion but there was ſomething in it which concerned the Prince's intereſt. So he went to *Clymene*'s houſe in this forgetfulneſs, and which was more ſtrange, was there till very late the next day without thinking of it; and 'tis likely he would have returned to *Locri* in the ſame manner, had not an accident befallen him. The houſe where *Clymene* dwelt being ſeated in a pleaſant Countrey, walking was the chiefeſt delight it afforded. So, as ſoon as the Sun permitted the Ladies to injoy that divertiſement commodiouſly, *Clymene* obliged her friends to take the ayr. The company being one evening in a Meadow beſet round with Willows, and divided by a River whoſe Banks were all covered with various ſorts of flowers, they divided themſelves inſenſibly; ſo that *Clymene* and *Heſiode* found themſelves alone, ſeparated from all the reſt about thirty paces; ſome walkt, others ſate down, and others ſung. As for *Clymene*, having found a little flowry place on the bank of the River, where the little Dog ſhe loved was layd down, ſhe leaned againſt a Willow, and ſhewing *Heſiode* the goodlineſs of the Countrey endeavored to hinder him from ſpeaking to her of that which ſhe ſaw well he had in his Soul. But to imploy him the more, ſhe intreated him to ſhew her once again the Verſes he had read to her an hour before, wherein he deſcribed the Countrey life after a very handſom manner. *Heſiode* was willing to obey her with diligence, and ſought for the Verſes, but inſtead of them drew forth the Packet of *Lyſicrates*, which he had not yet opened, and had received at his coming from *Locri*. This ſight ſurpriſed him; but inſtead of being troubled at this adventure, as *Lyſicrates* was for that of his own, when he let fall a Letter of *Clymene* in her preſence without having opened it; *Heſiode* laught at it, and would have put up the Packet again without opening it, if *Clymene* who knew the hand and bluſht at it, had not askt him whither he newly received it. No, Madam, (ſaid he to her) and *Artemides* at whoſe houſe I Lodge can teſtifie to you that I received it when I came from *Locri*. But why then did not you read it upon the way, or ſince you were here? (ſaid *Clymene*.) Becauſe I am wholly unlike *Lyſicrates*, (anſwered he) and whereas Ambition deſtroyes love in his heart, love deſtroyes Ambition in mine. *Clymene* bluſht at this diſcourſe, and was very ſorry for having been ſo curious; but becauſe what *Heſiode* ſpoke might ſtill be diverted, ſhe made no application of it, and without anſwering to it told him, it was fit he opened his Packet, for fear leaſt there might be ſome Order from the Prince in it. For though (added ſhe) I am an enemy to great Ambition, yet I am none to your happineſs. If it be ſo, Madam (ſaid he to her) it will be very eaſie for you to render me happy. In the interim, if you deſire I ſhould know the import of this Packet, be pleaſed to take the pains to read it; for in a place where you are, I can do nothing but behold and admire you. Though all that comes from *Lyſicrates* diſpleaſes me (anſwered *Clymene*) yet out of reſpect to you I will ſee what he commands you: and accordingly ſhe opened the Packet, and beheld in it a Letter from *Lyſicrates* who deſired him to come to the Prince, who had writ with his own hand theſe words at the bottom of the Letter;

I will not command you to come, becauſe I would be more oblig'd to you if you come as ſoon as you know I deſire it.

When *Clymene* had done reading the Contents of this Letter aloud; But what will you ſay to the Prince (ſaid ſhe) for not having obey'd him forthwith? I know not (anſwer'd *Heſiode*) but I know I care not what he will ſay of it, provided that without being offended, you will ſuffer me to thank you for having cur'd me of Ambition. For indeed, Madam, though you ſhould be all your life ungrateful to the moſt reſpectful paſſion that ever was, I ought always to thank you, for having

having freed me from one, which has none but falſe pleaſures, to give me another whoſe torments are delightful, and make me account my ſelf more happy in being with you on the bank of this River, than I ſhould be with the greateſt Prince of the World if I were his Favourite. You are ſo perſwaded (anſwer'd *Clymene*) of my hatred to ambition, becauſe I hate an ambitious perſon, that you mind only ſpeaking on that ſubject. But to hinder you from conſtraining your ſelf unprofitably, I will act with you as with a man I eſteem, and in whom I ſee a thouſand good and delightful qualities——. I beſeech you, Madam, (reply'd *Heſiode*) go not to caſt me into deſpair, and fear nothing from my paſſion. If it be diſguſtful to you, I will conceal it as long as I live; but do not attempt to deſtroy it, for it would be in vain. And to hinder you from believing that I diſſemble, when I ſay Love has deſtroy'd Ambition in my heart: If you pleaſe, I will never ſee the Prince nor *Lyſicrates* more, I will renounce all kind of ſociety, I will diſclaim all the World, and all my Friends; for you are all the World to me, you have united all my paſſions into one, and I conſider only you in all the Univerſe; I will even renounce glory, if you deſire it, though I have always much affected it, and there is nothing which I will not do to teſtifie that I love you ardently. *Heſiode* ſpoke this with an earneſtneſs ſo full of love that *Clymene* was ſurpris'd at it; notwithſtanding ſhe continu'd firm in the reſolution ſhe had taken, and anſwering with very much diſcretion, I confeſs to you (ſaid ſhe to him) the manner after which you ſpeak, both ſurpriſes and afflicts me: for I know you ſo well, that I think I ought not wholly to dis-believe the truth of what you tell me. And therefore I am ſorry to ſee that ſo deſerving a perſon as you, conſtrains me to tell you things which afflict you. But I ſhould be ingrateful, unjuſt, and a diſſembler, if I conceal'd from you the true ſtate of my Soul. I beſeech you, do not conceive an ill-grounded hope of my ſincerity; for I will hide nothing from you which may be to your advantage, nor diſſemble that which is againſt you. I confeſs to you, that 'tis now ſome time ſince I underſtood I was not indifferent unto you, and though I believe you love me a little leſs than you think, yet I am convinc'd you love me more than I deſire. I ſhall tell you once again that I eſteem you as much as I can, that I ſee nothing in your heart, but what ſeems to me noble, nothing in your wit but handſome and excellent, that in renouncing Ambition for love of me, you do that only thing of the World which can be moſt agreeable unto me. But after all, *Heſiode*, I have ſo much unjuſtice, as that I can never confide in the virtue of any whatſoever, after having been deceiv'd. And though you ſhould believe I might in time change my ſentiments, yet there is another obſtacle which you can never ſurmount, which is, that you know I have lov'd *Lyſicrates*, and ſo I cannot think, if I ſhould admit your affection, but that you would believe I had an eaſineſs in my heart, which I have not, and that there needed no more but ſaying to one I love you, to oblige me to anſwer favourably. In the mean time this is ſo remote from truth, that with all your merit, and all the affection you profeſs for me, I believe you can never oblige me to love you: the moſt obliging expreſſion I can give you, is, that if I had always continu'd to ſee you, when I firſt ſaw you at *Helicon*, and you had always lov'd me, no doubt I ſhould never have lov'd *Lyſicrates*, but ſhould have affected you. But, Madam, (ſaid he to her) ſince you do me the honor to tell me, that if you had lov'd me heretofore, you would love me ſtill, why will you not love me for the future, ſince you love *Lyſicrates* no longer? No queſtion, I am not leſs worthy of your affection, than I was at that time, and I love you a thouſand times more: conſider then, Madam, conſider well what you ſay, and do not attempt to deprive me of all hope, for I cannot but hope that the conſtancy of my Love will overcome all the obſtacles, which oppoſe my happineſs, and that you will not be always unjuſt. I beſeech you, Madam, wherefore ought I to be puniſh'd for the unworthineſs of my Rival, ſince I do not reſemble him? He loves Fortune more than you, and I deſpiſe it only becauſe I love you; Ambition grows in his heart in ſpight of his Love, and Love in mine, in ſpight of my Ambition. *Lyſicrates* could live no longer without a Palace, without Magnificence, and without a great number of flatterers which encompaſs him; and I ſhould live happy with you only in a ſimple Cottage, in the midſt of a wilderneſs, without all ſociety but yours. Moreover, you ought not to imagine that I would think you had a general facility in your heart, if you favour'd my paſſion; for a Lover is not worthy to be lov'd, if he can ſuſpect his Miſtriſs of ſo great a defect; and he is not ſo much as worthy to be eſteem'd, if he loves a perſon ardently whom he does not eſteem infinitely. And beſides, Madam (added he) having reſus'd the heart of a Prince, and of a gallant and deſerving Prince, you are ſufficiently juſtify'd from that kind of weakneſs. Should all you ſay be true (reply'd *Clymene*) I ſhould ſtill have ſeveral reaſons, which would oblige me to defend my heart obſtinately; and therefore, *Heſiode*, leave me in peace in my Deſart, and forſake not Fortune for a perſon who can never be but her own. Once more, leave her in quiet in her ſolitude, to enjoy a tranquillity, which gives time for agreeable muſings; and continue in the tumult of the world, which has ſo much pleas'd you, and pleaſes you ſtill more than you believe. You are unjuſt, Madam (anſwer'd *Heſiode*) for above theſe fifteen days I remember every moment four Verſes, which I made in an ardency of mind, ſince I ſaw you, and repeat them ſighing, a hundred times a day.

O peaceful quiet, happy ſolitude!
Could I forſake you for inquietude?
Farewell Ambition, with Diſaſters croſt,
What avails Greatneſs, when Content is loſt?

After this, Madam, (added he) will you ſtill ſay you have not inſpir'd me with the love of ſolitude: and accuſe me always of loving the tumult of the Court, and the turmoil of affairs? I, (I ſay) who ſpeaking againſt thoſe who enrich themſelves by unjuſt ways have declar'd that they were unhapppy in not knowing, that ſometimes the half is better than the whole, and that men were miſerable in being ignorant, how ſweet it is to live with the Herbs of ones own Garden;

Garden; ſince if they knew it, the labour of one day would ſuffice for their ſubſiſtence all the year. Judge then, if you have reaſon to accuſe me. The Verſes (reply'd ſhe) which you recited, and thoſe you ſpeak of, pleaſe me well; but, you know, Poetry is oftentimes guilty of untruth. However, ſuffer me to thank you for having ſpoken ſo well of muſing in few words; for it is really more Miſtreſs of the World than is believ'd. After this *Clymene*, notwithſtanding *Heſiode*'s reluctance, went to joyn with the company, who all re-aſſembled together in a place very delightful, *Belintha* knowing *Clymene* and *Heſiode* admirably well, perceiv'd, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw them, they had been ſpeaking of ſomething which employ'd their wits, whereupon, when night was come, and *Belintha* and *Clymene* were retir'd into their Chamber, *Belintha* ask'd her friend ſmilingly, if *Heſiode* recited Verſes to her all the while he entertain'd her apart. I wiſh he had with all my heart (anſwer'd *Clymene*) he would leſs have perplex'd me than he did. But what was it he ſaid (demanded *Belintha*) that troubled you ſo much. I beſeech you, my dear *Belintha*, (anſwer'd ſhe) do not ſtill oppreſs me, but ſuffer me to forget all his diſcourſe. When we deſire ſo much to forget things (reply'd *Belintha* ſmiling) we never forget them at all: and moreover, to ſpeak truth, I cannot conceive that ſo worthy a perſon as *Heſiode*, has told you any diſtaſtful matter; for he has not told you that he hates you. No, (anſwer'd *Clymene* bluſhing) but he has been ſo bold as to tell me he loves me, and to tell me ſo in ſuch a manner, that perſwades me he ſpeaks no untruth. How? (ſaid *Belintha* haſtily) and is it the declaration of the love of a very worthy perſon that you would forget? Believe me (added ſhe) do not endeavour it, for I have an abſolute perſwaſion, 'tis the only thing of the World that was never forgotten by any. You ſpeak with ſo little ſeriouſneſs (anſwer'd *Clymene*) that I am almoſt inclin'd not to anſwer you any thing. You ſpeak with ſo little ſincerity (reply'd *Belintha*), that the beſt courſe I can take, is to diſcourſe with you in raillery. You believe then (ſaid *Clymene*) that I am willing *Heſiode* ſhould love me. No, (anſwer'd *Belintha*) but I have a ſtrong belief, that if *Heſiode* never does any thing but love you very reſpectfully, and very ardently, you will not hate him for it. Hatred is a great word (reply'd *Clymene*) but in the ſentiment I am in, you will do me a very great pleaſure, if you can hinder *Heſiode* from perſiſting to love me; for I am perſwaded, the kindneſs you have for me, and that which he bears to you, makes more than half of his paſſion; and I am confident, the deſire you have to draw me out of my Deſart, has induc'd you to put the folly into his head, wherewith he entertain'd me to day. I ſhould confirm your opinion more (anſwer'd *Belintha*) if I ſhould tell you that he has ſpoken to you by my counſel, and give you occaſion to believe, that what he has ſaid to you is but a fiction; but being I am too ſincere to do that, I tell you what I think, which is, that *Heſiode* loves you a thouſand times more than *Lyſicrates* ever did. However, (added ſhe ſubtilly) I offer to do all that I ſhall be able, to hinder him from coming hither again, and I will alſo peremptorily forbid him in your name, if you pleaſe. I ſpoke to him with an aſpect (reply'd *Clymene*, without taking notice of her friends ſubtilty) that perhaps will deterr him from continuing to ſpeak to me of his pretended paſſion. I will then ſay nothing to him (anſwer'd *Belintha* ſmiling.) Ah! cruel friend (cry'd *Clymene*) will you always deride me? After this, *Belintha* diſcours'd to her more ſeriouſly, telling her a thouſand things to the advantage of *Heſiode*, conceiving nothing could happen more advantageous to her, for one of her humour, than to be lov'd by ſo excellent a perſon as he, and whoſe paſſion was both reſpectful and innocent Nevertheleſs *Clymene* continu'd in her ordinary ſentiments, however, in the bottom of her heart, ſhe was not ſorry that *Heſiode* lov'd her. Wherefore ſhe recounted to *Belintha* very exactly, all that he had ſaid to her, and the adventure of *Lyſicrates*'s Letter, very different from that of that ambitious Lover, towards whom ſhe found her hatred and contempt increas'd, the more ſhe began to eſteem *Heſiode*. In the mean time, having read what *Lyſicrates* had written to him, and the Prince's Poſtſcript, ſhe would oblige *Heſiode* to depart the next morning, to go to him; but he refus'd it, and choſe rather to hazard the Prince's diſpleaſure, than forſake *Clymene*, and give her ground to believe, that he was not capable of abandoning all for her ſake. Yet he return'd at length to *Locri*, without having gain'd any thing upon the mind of this fair Virgin. At the return of the Prince, he excus'd himſelf the beſt he could, without much earneſtneſs; but from that time, getting always greater familiarity with the brothers of *Clymene*, he was oftner in her Deſart, than at Court: ſo that having ſuch frequent occaſions of ſpeaking to her, and teſtifying his love, he began to ſhake the reſolution ſhe had taken, of never loving any. Nevertheleſs ſhe conceal'd her ſentiments for a long time, although ſhe knew none ever had a more tender paſſion, than that of *Heſiode* for her. He admir'd all that ſhe ſpoke, the leaſt of her actions charm'd him, he lov'd the ſame things that ſhe did; he obſerv'd even the places, where ſhe us'd moſt frequently to walk, to the end he might go muſe there alone, when ſhe was not there, and he could not be with her. *Clymene* on the other ſide underſtanding his worth, virtue, and love more, reſented a ſecret delight in being lov'd by *Heſiode*; and though ſhe believ'd not that ſhe lov'd him, yet ſhe did not wiſh he would ceaſe to love her. But at length the conſtancy of *Heſiode*, the counſels of *Belintha*, and *Clymene*'s own inclination caus'd her to conſent that he might ſpeak the moſt ſecret ſentiments of his heart to her; and, by degrees, ſhe came to acknowledge that he had moved hers, and that, provided his affection were innocent and conſtant, he might aſſure himſelf he ſhould be tenderly lov'd. *Belintha* alſo underſtood this ſtrait engagement, and was the only Confident of this virtuous love. *Heſiode* deſir'd then to oblige her to ſuffer him to ſpeak to her relations, that he might marry her: but ſhe told him, that having been once deceiv'd, ſhe crav'd his pardon; if ſhe could not ſo ſoon truſt his affection, that ſhe was a profeſt enemy to repentance, and that to the end they might never repent of their mutual affection, it was requiſite they made yet a little longer tryal, whether it were as firmly eſtabliſht as ſhe deſir'd.

In the mean time they did not ceaſe to fancy to themſelves a thouſand contentments in a ſweet and quiet life, which they deſign'd to lead, when their fortune ſhould be inſeparable. In which expectation, they enjoy'd a thouſand innocent ſweetneſſes; their love was tender, delicate, and ingenious, to make them find out ways to render it ſecret. *Belintha* alone knew all that paſt between theſe two perſons; for after *Heſiode* came to be favoured by his Miſtriſs, he ſpoke no more of his paſſion to that friend of his, to whom he had communicated ſomething of it in the beginning. A ſlave, who was very faithful and ingenious, called *Troilus*, carried his Maſters Letters, and brought him the anſwers of them. *Heſiode* and *Clymene* made little preſents to one another of ſeveral gallant things, which paſs'd not in the ſight of the World but for gifts of friendſhip, though they were indeed teſtimonies of Love; they told one another all their thoughts; *Heſiode* writ nothing but he ſhew'd it to *Clymene*, and *Clymene* had not a thought but ſhe told it to her dear *Heſiode*. She did that for him out of gallantry, which *Belintha* told him ſhe would never do; for ſhe gave him that beloved dog of hers, for her kindneſs to whom ſhe had been ſo much reproacht. Thus by a thouſand little obligations (which afford the greateſt pleaſures of love, when they are done with a certain way of dearneſs, which redoubles the ſenſibility of the hearts of thoſe to whom they are perform'd) *Heſiode* and *Clymene* enjoy'd a thouſand innocent pleaſures. In this conjuncture (as all Courts are ſubject to ſudden revolutions) ſo great a diſguſt hapned between the Prince and *Lyſicrates*, upon occaſion of an Office which he had diſpos'd of, that all the favor he could obtain of him, was to have permiſſion to abide at an antient houſe of his in the Countrey, which was near to that where *Clymene* reſided. This diſgrace of *Lyſicrates*, no doubt did not much afflict this fair Virgin; nevertheleſs ſhe was much troubled at his coming to be her neighbor, and much more ſome days after, when this diſgraced Favorite, finding her by chance in a Walk, out of an odd humorouſneſs of love felt his firſt flame ſo ardently rekindled, that without ſticking a moment, he accoſted *Clymene*: and ſeeing her alone, with two Women that follow'd her, while her Aunt was walking at a good diſtance with an old Prieſt; You ſee Madam (ſaid he to her) that bad fortune returns me to you; but I ſhall take it for good, if you will pleaſe to forget all the crimes whereof you have accus'd me though they be not perhaps ſo great as you have believ'd them; for you know I began to be ambitious only for your ſake. Is it poſſible *Lyſicrates* (anſwer'd ſhe roughly) that you can have the boldneſs to ſpeak to me as you do? and can you believe, without having loſt your reaſon, that I am ſo poor of ſpirit, as to endure your affection again? No doubt you would be glad to find ſome conſolation during your exile, and that in a time wherein all your flatterers have forſaken you, it I would admit of your flatteries; but, *Lyſicrates*, you are miſtaken, it can never be; it will be much eaſier for you to make your peace with your Maſter, than to obtain your pardon of your Miſtreſs. Bethink your ſelf therefore of returning to Court, and leave me in my deſart; for if you make a cuſtom to come and trouble me, I ſhall ſoon forſake it, only to be at diſtance from a man, whoſe diſcretion has been ſo bad, as that he has choſen rather to follow capricious fortune, who at length forſakes all whom ſhe favors, than to be faithful to a perſon who lov'd you ſufficiently, to eſteem her ſelf happy without the aſſiſtance of her benevolence. I beſeech you, charming *Clymene* (cry'd *Lyſicrates*) do not caſt me into deſpair; I conſent, that all my paſt ſervices be loſt, do but you grant me the favour to begin anew to ſerve you, without having any other right to your affection, than that which a thouſand diligences and reſpects may acquire for me in the time to come. No, no, *Lyſicrates*, (anſwer'd *Clymene*) I will not do what you deſire; he that is once gone out of my heart, never finds re-entrance. If I hated you ſtill (added ſhe with a coldneſs full of ſcorn) perhaps it would not be impoſſible, but that I might love you again one day: but the manner of your acting with me, having made me paſs from anger to hatred, and from hatred to contempt, and from that to a total indifference, no change can ever happen in my mind to your advantage. However, being you are unhappy, a little kind of generoſity makes me forbear to ſpeak any thing more ſevere to you; and I content my ſelf with forbidding you ever to ſpeak to me of your pretended affection, or to come to ſee me. After this *Clymene* left *Lyſicrates*, who dar'd not follow her, for fear of incenſing her more againſt him: but love having really aſſum'd its antient place in his heart, he went the next morning to viſit *Clymene's* Aunt, who receiv'd him civilly as an unfortunate perſon. *Heſiode* was there at the ſame time; but there was much difference in the manner, wherewith *Clymene* ſpoke to theſe two Rivals; for ſhe ſpoke not to *Lyſicrates*, except to upbraid him; but to *Heſiode* with extream ſweetneſs, who notwithſtanding could not but reſent ſome ſmall diſcontent, to ſee *Lyſicrates* renew his Courtſhip to *Clymene*, which he preſently took notice of. Sincerely (ſaid he with a low voice to this fair Virgin) the misfortune of *Lyſicrates* afflicts me, and gives me cauſe to fear; I could wiſh rather for my own ſake, that he were ſtill the Prince's Favorite. I ſhould take this ill (anſwer'd *Clymene*) if you ſpoke it ſeriouſly; but being there's no doubt but 'tis only to ſhew that you apprehend all that can be apprehended of things, I pardon you. However, if *Lyſicrates* does not break off coming hither, I will ſoon cure your mind of an ill-grounded jealouſie. To which purpoſe *Clymene* having in vain prohibited him coming to ſeek her, endeavour'd to oblige her Aunt not to admit him more. But ſhe being a good and generous perſon, believ'd it would be ſomething unhandſome to forbid an exil'd perſon her houſe: Whereupon *Clymene* conjur'd her that ſhe would pleaſe to go to *Locri* for ſome time, to the end ſhe might avoid the unwelcome viſits of *Lyſicrates*. This reſolution gave very much joy to *Heſiode*; *Belintha* alſo was extreamly glad of it; and *Lyſicrates* in his deſart ſaw himſelf equally caſt off by his Maſter and his Miſtriſs, and to make him the more unhappy, the two moſt violent paſſions in the world, continu'd in poſſeſſion of his heart. For being then without any near hope to ſatifie them, they did not deſtroy one another, and he was ready to give himſelf

himself again wholly to that which should afford him most ground of hope. In the mean time all the world rejoyc'd at *Locri*, for the return of *Clymene*; and *Hesiode* and she carried their affairs so well, that their affection pass'd rather for a gallant friendship, than a true love; because indeed among ingenious persons there is a certain genius, which makes their affections mutually sutable and correspondent. About this time several Feasts were made, at which *Clymene* was present with delight; for though she always lov'd, and much affected solitude, yet she could not but love all companies where *Hesiode* made one, who, without variation of his sentiments, ever preferr'd her above all things, and was a thousand times more diligent in his attendance upon her, than on the Prince, whom he waited upon no oftner than decency enforc'd him, *Clymene* having never been so well satisfi'd as at that time, had never before appear'd so lovely; for besides that joy embelisht her, she was of better humour, her wit was more pleasant, and she made so many conquests in a little time, that no discourse was more frequent, than concerning the charming excellencies of *Clymene*. The Prince himself having seen her again, after having broken off with a Mistris, whom he had at that time, re-engaged himself to love her, and resolv'd absolutely to conquer her heart by his addresses, without interposing his authority. By this means the felicity of *Hesiode* was strangely check'd; for though he had as much esteem as love, for *Clymene*, and when he listned to his own reason, could not suspect her to be unfaithful to him; nevertheless these two Rivals of his, strangely perplex'd him, and excited greater fear in him, than himself could reasonably approve. He was oblig'd both to the Prince and to *Lysicrates*, reason and generosity requir'd him to be obsequious to the first, and respectful to the latter: but Love dictated to him to hate and destroy them, since they both employ'd all their endeavors to destroy his felicity, in establishing their own. But that which afflicted him most, was, that he could not reason to the contrary, but with like regret. If he consider'd that *Lysicrates* was unhappy, and *Clymene* might, out of pitty, suffer her self to be regain'd by him; he imagin'd also that the Prince of *Locri* by the lustre of his quality and his authority, might at length come to please her: thus both the happy and the unhappy gave him inquietude. Yet the Prince's love gave him otherwise some consolation; for upon his declaring himself, that multitude of Lovers who throng'd to *Clymene's* house, retir'd, *Lysicrates* also in his desart, was troubled to understand, that the Prince began to love *Clymene* again: that which augmented his grief, was, that he consider'd his Courtship as well prejudicial to his own passion, as to his ambition, because he fear'd lest this fair Virgin, to keep him in eternal exile, would admit of the Prince's affection upon that condition. *Clymene* on the other side, suffer'd as much as *Hesiode* and *Lysicrates*: for being a person, whose affection was very tender and sincere for *Hesiode*, and whose great and virtuous soul was above ambition, she was extremely griev'd to see the love of the Prince and *Lysicrates*, and to observe the discontent of *Hesiode*; for she knew not what remedy to use to it. When she was at *Locri*, the Prince visited her every hour; when she was in the Countrey, *Lysicrates* troubled her, as much as he could, and she had no pleasure any longer, but what cost her a thousand regrets. *Hesiode* liv'd still at the same rate with her; but he sigh'd so often, when he could do it, without being seen be *Clymene*, that it was easie to be observ'd he suffer'd more than he profest; for out of a deep respect he had to her, he did not let her know that he was desperately jealous: Not that *Clymene* did one action, or spoke one word, which he could condemn; but the conjuncture of things seem'd so cross, that he could not hinder himself from fearing least the same destiny which occasion'd it, reserv'd some other of greater cruelty for him. *Clymene* on her part, did all she thought her self oblig'd to, to content *Hesiode*. She did not speak to him of the sentiments which she observ'd in his mind, because she would not complain of them; so that this unhappy Lover, not having so much as the comfort which complaint affords, suffer'd more than can be imagin'd, especially because he thought it always unfit to make any discovery of his jealousie. For (said he to himself) when any one has ground to be jealous, he ought not to think of complaining, but endeavour to love no longer; and if his jealousie be ill-grounded, it is unjust to go to torment an innocent person. Thus *Hesiode's* greatness of mind and respect restrain'd him from discovering his jealousie, and he was more unhappy than all others that are possest by that passion. That which tormented him yet more strangely, was, That the Prince intreated him to make Verses in relation to his Love; but though he judg'd he would be displeas'd with him, he excus'd himself from it, and told him it was absolutely impossible for him to make Verses of that nature, if his heart were not touch'd with the same passion, and if he did not express his real sentiments. At this time there arrived at *Locri*, two *Lydians*, very skilful in Musick, especially in that kind which moves the heart, and excites it to tenderness, languishing, and love. They were persons of wit and honesty, and very great friends one to another; they both plaid so admirably upon the Harp, that none was heard go beyond them, since *Orpheus*, whether they plaid together or apart. But the wonder was, they were so well consorted, that the same Instruments in the hands of an excellent Master, who has an exquisite ear, could not be more harmonious than their two Harps were. There airs were very handsome, and accurately compos'd; and they sometimes made so mollifying and amorous a sound with the strings they toucht, that without the assistance of words, the hearers hearts were melted, and their minds mov'd to a transport; whereby disposing the sentiments of those in presence as they pleas'd, they constrain'd them to conspire with their harmony, and become merry or sad at their Will. But besides this admirable faculty, one of them not only compos'd excellent Sonnets, as well as his illustrious friend, but sung after so passionate and affecting a manner, that there were no words but appeared amorous in his mouth. So that these two excellent men being arriv'd at *Locri*, were the admiration and divertisement of the whole Court, and consequently were caressed by all persons. The Prince caus'd the fair *Clymene* to hear them several times; but however,

none had ſo much intereſt in them, as *Heſiode*, who loved and underſtood Muſick, and of whoſe compoſure they ſung ſeveral excellent Songs, having before been a long time in *Greece*. *Heſiode* knowing the power he had over them, eſpecially over him that had the excellent voice, could not forbear to relieve the jealouſie wherewith he was tormented, by making a Sonnet upon that Subject. Which when he had compos'd, he gave it ſecretly to that *Lydian*, who was ſo much his friend, and whoſe name was *Uſclames*, intreating him to ſet it to an air, ſutable to the words, and to tell the Prince and all the Court, when he ſung it, that he had had it a long time, and knew not who was the author of the Verſes: but to the end the buſineſs might be more concealed, *Clymene* was named *Iris* in the Sonnet, yet he would have the name of Shepherdeſs remain in it, that ſhe whom it related to, might make the application of it, when ſhe heard it ſung. But after he had reſolv'd the matter in this ſort, he repented himſelf, and thought it would be better to uſe it otherwiſe, Therefore he requeſted that excellent Muſician, only to make an air upon the words which he gave him, and ſet it down in Notes, without ſaying any thing, or taking notice, if it were ſhewn him to ſing, that he had ever heard ſpeak of it. And accordingly the matter was executed ſo; For after the air was compos'd, and the *Lydian* had delivered it to him in Notes, he writ the Sonnet all along in a diſguiſed hand, to the end *Clymene* might read it afterwards. After which he folded it up, and by a ſlave unknown to his Miſtriſs, ſent it to her, with order not to diſcover who ſent him. But the better to know how the thing would ſucceed, *Uſclames* who made the air, was at *Clymene*'s houſe, when *Heſiode* ſent the Sonnet; and as chance would have it, *Belintha* was there too; ſo that *Heſiode* could not fail of being well inform'd of that which paſt. The ſlave arriv'd, and preſented the packet he was entruſted with to *Clymene*, who preſently opened it, conceiving it was a Letter. But ſhe was much ſurpriz'd when ſhe beheld the following Sonnet in it, nd ſett two Notes after the manner made uſe of in Muſick at that time.

Sonnet.

IRis when firſt under your Empire brought,
The cruel'ſt martyrdom, was ſweet, I thought
And while you tortur'd, you did chiefly bleſs,
Alas! no jealouſie did then my heart poſſeſs.

I hop'd my conſtancy, whilſt yet no ſenſe
Of love, had made in you indifference,
Had undergone your greateſt rigidneſs:
Alas! no jealouſie did then my heart poſſeſs.

Who would have thought, my doubled cares to you
Should be to pleaſe you, and diſpleaſe you too
At the ſame time, ungrateful Shepherdeſs?
Alas! no jealouſie did then my heart poſſeſs.

As ſoon as *Clymene* had read the firſt couplets of this Sonnet, ſhe knew *Heſiode* had made it, and ſuſpected he that was then with her, had made the air. But that ſhe might not diſcover her ſelf too much, in caſe ſhe was deceiv'd when ſhe had read the Sonnet, ſhe gave it to *Uſclames*, and addreſſing to him, I beſeech you (ſaid ſhe) take the trouble to ſing this Sonnet to me, before I ſend away him that brought it, to the end I may know whether the air of it be as paſſionate as the words. But, Madam, (anſwer'd he) I ſhall ſing it ſo ill, if I do it without having ſtudied it, that I ſhall do injury to him that ſent it you. However (reply'd *Clymene*) I requeſt you to ſing it as well as you can, and take no care for the reſt. The ingenious *Lydian* made ſhew of ſeeking out the air, and drew towards a window to ſtudy it, and ſinging half aloud, one would have thought he endeavour'd to make ſtrains on the ſudden. But at length the love of his own work not permitting him to ſing an air of his own compoſing, he ſung it admirably well, and made it appear to *Clymene* and *Belintha*, that it was perfectly fitted to the words, and that it would be hard to make an air of four ſhort Verſes with more gracefulneſs, ſweetneſs, and paſſion than this. In truth (ſaid *Clymene* then to him ſmiling) If your ſelf had been the compoſer of this air, you could not have ſung it better than you have done. After which, calling for her Writing inſtruments, ſhe writ the Letter which follows in anſwer to him that had ſent her the Sonnet.

I have ſo good an opinion of him that made the handſome Sonnet I receiv'd, that I believe ſhe for whom it was made, can never give him cauſe of jealouſie; yet it would have been pitty if he had not been jealous, ſince that paſſion has caus'd him to make ſuch excellent Verſes, and ſo handſome an air. Adieu; When you are willing to be known, you may be ſo.

After *Clymene* had writ this Letter, ſhe ſhew'd it to thoſe that were with her, that ſhe might ſeem to make leſs matter of it; but for that ſhe fear'd if it ſhould be publiſh'd, it might prejudice *Heſiode* with the Prince, ſhe deſir'd *Belintha*, and *Uſclames* to be ſilent of it; as accordingly they were. But *Clymene* did not think that ſhe had a young Slave to her Servant, who had an excellent voice, and without her obſervation, had heard all that was ſaid, ſaying the requeſt which ſhe made to *Belintha* and *Uſclames*, not to ſpeak of this adventure. In the mean time *Heſiode* hearing in what manner *Clymene* had receiv'd his Sonnet, knew ſhe underſtood he was the Author of it, and finding a ſufficient ſweetneſs in her Letter, he was glad he had intimated his jealouſie to her without offending her. Therefore he thank'd *Uſclames*, and intreated him to keep his ſecret faithfully; and diſcover'd himſelf alſo to *Belintha*, that ſhe might be the more ſecret in it; for a ſincere confidence is more obliging to fidelity, than that which truſts a thing by halves. The next morning he went to *Clymene*'s houſe, and came thither ſo conveniently, that he found her all alone. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe chang'd colour, and reproving

reproving him obligingly for his jealouſie, 'Is it true (ſaid ſhe to him) that you have ſo bad an opinion of me as to be jealous? Ah! Madam (anſwered he) can you think it poſſible for me to love you without jealouſie, when I ſee I have two ſuch Rivals? *Lyſicrates* as you know, has had the glory not to be hated ſo long as he was not Ambitious; and the Prince of *Locri* has ſo many qualifications to make himſelf loved, that I could not but fear he might come to be ſo. So that all I could do, was reſpectfully to conceal my jealouſie from you. What you ſay, is ingenious, (replyed *Clymene*) and there may be ſome appearance of love in it; nevertheleſs, there is none at all, and the jealouſie you are poſſeſſed with cannot be cauſed but by a weakneſs of your heart, or an unjuſt diffidence of my fidelity. But to teſtifie to you (added ſhe) that I do all I can to comfort you, tell me what courſe I ſhall take to cure your mind. You know my unhappy fortune permits me not to be any where elſe but at *Locri*, or in the Country; if I am in my Deſart, *Lyſicrates* cauſes your ſuſpicion; if I am here, the Prince's love makes you jealous; and in the mean time I know no where elſe to be. What then can I do more than I do? that is, I treat *Lyſicrates* rudely, I give the Prince no hope, and I grant you all the innocent favors that Virtue permits me. Speak *Heſiode*; and if I can do any thing more for you, tell it me; but conſult your reaſon a little, and do not follow only your paſſion. Alaſs Madam, (anſwered he) I do no longer diſtinguiſh the counſels of my reaſon from thoſe of my love, and I am ſo little maſter of my ſelf, that I am not able to anſwer any thing. All I can ſay, is, that my jealouſie is cauſed only by exceſs of love; for I eſteem you more than you can imagine, and I can never believe you capable of doing any thing which is not juſt. But after all, I do not ceaſe to fear, and I imagine ſometimes that perhaps you ought not to love me, and that I am not generous enough in not counſelling you to embrace the paſſion the Prince has for you, and to baniſh me. But to ſpeak truth, this thought is ſo weak in my Soul, ſo little durable, and a moment after I find it ſo oppoſite to true love, that I repent of it as of a crime. You have reaſon (replyed *Clymene*) and I like better your being jealous than generous in that manner, though I very much love generoſity. I am obliged to you for this ſentiment, Madam, (anſwered *Heſiode*) and I ſhould be much more if you could take the reſolution to prefer the dearneſs and fidelity of my love above all things. Is it not to prefer you above all things (replyed ſhe) not to love any but you in the whole world, and to contemn all mankind for your ſake? 'Tis far more then I deſerve (anſwered he) but 'tis not enough, to render me happy; for to overcome all the infelicities that perſecute us, it is requiſite you would pleaſe our fortunes ſhould become inſeparable. But *Heſiode* (replyed ſhe) do you not conſider what you ſay; for do you think the Prince would leave us in peace if you had married me? and do you imagine my Brothers, whoſe inclinations are low, and devoted to intereſt, and who expect all their fortune from the Love the Prince profeſſes to me, will conſent to our happineſs. No Madam, (anſwered he) but ſince you love me ſo much as to deſpiſe the Prince's affection, and conſequently have no intention to advance the fortune of *Ganetor* and *Antiphanes*, at the loſs of your own contentment; It will be requiſite to render me happy without their conſent, to forſake *Locri*, and go to *Helicon*, where I have fortune enough to content a perſon ſo generous as you are. Though that which you propoſe to me, (replyed *Clymene*) be ſuch that I think I cannot reſolve upon it, yet I do not take it ill that you have propoſed it; becauſe it not being contrary to innocence, I am equitable enough not to be diſpleaſed that you deſire a thing of me, which ſeemlineſs will not ſuffer me to grant. For though I have neither Father nor Mother, and my Brothers have comported themſelves towards me after a manner, which may diſpenſe with me for part of the reſpect I give them, yet it is ſomething diſagreeable to a perſon who ſcrupulouſly loves her reputation, to forſake her Relations and follow the Fortune of a man out of her Native Countrey though ſhe marry him. Therefore I conjure you, make this propoſal no more to me, and let us await our happineſs from Time, and our own Virtue. If *Lyſicrates* do not ſpeedily make his peace with the Prince, I am perſwaded the Prince will baniſh him out of his Countrey, and if Fortune recall him to the Court, he will leave me in quiet in my Deſart, whither I will return as ſoon as he has left it. And as for the Prince, no doubt he will ſoon change his ſentiments; for 'tis not the cuſtom for perſons of that quality to make long Courtſhip. Therefore have a little patience, and in the mean time if you will oblige me conſiderably, be not jealous at all, or at leaſt be ſo indifferently; for as to wholly diſclaiming that paſſion, I am not ſcrupulous to oblige you to a thing ſufficiently difficult, if it be true that you love me ardently. Alas! Madam, (anſwered he) do not you know that 'tis almoſt as impoſſible to give bounds to jealouſie as to the Sea; and that when a perſon begins to be poſſeſt with it; he cannot hinder its increaſe? So that Madam, it is rather in your power than mine to reſtrain it; for I doubt not but if you will take ſome care of an unhappy perſon who loves you infinitely, you will hinder him from abandoning himſelf to that furious paſſion which wholly engages all that are poſſeſt by it, and is a greater enemy to reaſon, than love which occaſions it. After this, *Clymene* diſcourſed with *Heſiode* with ſo much virtue and dearneſs, that part of his jealouſie was diſpelled. Yet the calm which re-eſtabliſht in his mind continued not long; for the next morning there hapned an accident which afflicted him ſenſibly.

The Prince being in *Clymene*'s chamber where thoſe two famous *Lydians* made an admirable concert for an hour, which charmed all the company, afterwards obliged *Uſclames* to ſing an aire; but whilſt he was tuning his harp to obey him, the Prince began to reprove *Heſiode* obligingly, for having refuſed to make Verſes at his requeſt: who deſiring to divert that diſcourſe, took occaſion to tell him that *Clymene* had a young ſlave whoſe voice was ſo excellent, that had ſhe had the art of *Uſclames*, ſhe would have raviſhed all the World. The Prince who was willing to take notice of all that belonged to *Clymene*, deſired ſhe might be called, to the end *Uſclames* might hear her,

her, and judge whether her voice deſerved the trouble of teaching. Whereupon *Clymene*, who was more willing to entertain the Prince with ſinging than diſcourſe, commanded the young ſlave to be called. She was cheerful, ſprightly, confident enough, and very obedient; ſo as ſoon as her Miſtriſs commanded her to ſing, ſhe began. But *Clymene*, *Belintha*, *Heſiode*, and *Uſclames* were ſtrangely ſurpriſed when they heard her ſing the firſt couplet of *Heſiode*'s Sonnet, for they had taken no heed to this young ſlave, and ſuſpected not ſhe could have remembred it. *Clymene* bluſht, *Heſiode* was amazed, *Uſclames* beheld her with aſtoniſhment, and *Belintha* could not contain from bidding her ſing another. Upon which the Prince obſerving theſe ſeveral commotions, asked *Belintha* why ſhe would not have the Girl ſing that ſong, which ſeemed to him very pleaſant? Becauſe 'tis ſo old (anſwered ſhe bluſhing) that no body ſings it. For my part (replyed the Prince) I never heard it. In truth, my Lord (ſaid the young Slave confidently, whilſt *Clymene* was whiſpering ſomething to *Uſclames*,) 'tis probable you have not heard it; for it is ſo new that a man whom I know brought it yeſterday in Notes to my Miſtreſs. This anſwer raiſing the Princes ſuſpicion, cauſed him to ask her who gave her this Sonnet. This diſcreet Virgin, judging it more dangerous to deny than confeſs it, told him ſhe knew nothing of it, and that *Uſclames* was preſent when it was brought her. For my part (ſaid *Belintha*) I believe it was intended more to *Uſclames* than to *Clymene*; for it ſeems to have been made by ſome one, who would intimate to him that he is not the only compoſer of handſome ayrs. But why did you ſay (anſwered the Prince) that the Sonnet was old? In truth, my Lord (replyed ſhe) I can give no other reaſon but that I was ſo unwilling to hear an ayr ſung ill, which *Uſclames* yeſterday ſung admirably, that I endeavored to divert the Girl from ſinging it. Since *Uſclames* ſings it ſo well then (ſaid the Prince) I deſire I may have the pleaſure to hear him. Perhaps my Lord, (anſwered *Uſclames*,) having ſung it but once, I ſhall not well remember it. But being it was ſent with Notes to *Clymene* (reply'd he) you may ſing it as well to day as yeſterday. *Clymene* conceiving it unfit to make ſo much difficulty to ſhew it, ſince the Verſes were written in an unknown hand, gave it to *Uſclames*, from whoſe hands the Prince took it, calling *Heſiode* to him, to help him (he ſaid) to conjecture who was the Author of it. If it were a greater work (anſwered *Heſiode*) it would be eaſier to find out who had compoſed the Verſes; but three couplets of a Sonnet, which run all in the ſame ſtrain, are not very fit to diſcover the compoſer by. Yet there is a certain cloſe (replyed the Prince roughly.

Alas! no jealouſie did then my heart poſſeſs.

Which makes me ſuſpect one perſon. But to judge of the ayr as well as of the words, it is requiſite to hear *Uſclames* ſing. Then this illuſtrious *Lydian* making ſemblance of not underſtanding it, ſung it as if he were unaſſured whether he did right or no. But though he diſſembled, the Prince underſtood that he had compoſed the ayr of this Sonnet, and ſuſpected *Heſiode* to have made the Words. This ſuſpition was no ſooner in his mind, but he lookt upon *Clymene*, ſo unhappily for her, for *Heſiode*, and for himſelf, that he perceived ſome kind of correſpondence in the looks of *Heſiode*, and this fair virgin: ſo that recalling a hundred paſt things, he became jealous in a moment, and did not doubt, but that the negligent attendance of *Heſiode* on him, was an effect of his love to *Clymene*, and that the rigor of *Clymene* was an effect of her affection to *Heſiode*. For (ſaid he within himſelf) if ſhe were amorous of no perſon, it were not poſſible but ſhe would embrace the affection of a Prince, who is able to advance her fortune. Being of a violent humor, he could not altogether hide the agitation of his mind, yet he did not declare himſelf then, but went away in great haſte, only telling *Clymene* as he departed, that the next time he ſaw her, he would tell her who had made both the ayr, and the words of this Sonnet. You will do me a pleaſure, my Lord (anſwered *Clymene* coldly) for in truth I know him not. If you did not know him (replyed he as he went forth of her Chamber) I ſhould not, and I know him only becauſe you do, and your eyes have told me. Having ſpoken this with ſufficient fierceneſs, he went away: *Heſiode* was obliged to follow him, and ſo was *Uſclames*: ſo that only *Belintha* was left with *Clymene*, who did not think it prudent to chide the young Slave much, who had cauſed ſo troubleſome an adventure, but told *Belintha* ſhe had not done well in ſaying the Sonnet was old. *Belintha* anſwered, ſhe was too much aſtoniſhed; and then unprofitably blaming themſelves, they ended their diſcourſe with complaints; for they very much feared the Prince would baniſh *Heſiode* if he came to know certainly that he was his Rival, and was loved. As ſoon as *Heſiode* could get at liberty from the Prince, he returned to the houſe of *Clymene*, with whom he had diſcourſed with very tender reſentment. Yet they reſolved never to diſcover the truth, for *Uſclames* was ſo much a man of honor, that they did not fear he would fail of his promiſe. In the mean time the Prince having well conſidered what had hapned, reſolved not to teſtifie his thoughts openly, till he fully underſtood the matter: in order whereunto knowing *Clymene*'s brothers were ambitious, and would ſacrifice all to their own intereſt; that *Antiphanes* was ſubtle, and *Ganetor* ſufficiently pragmatical, he reſolved to make uſe of them, to diſcover really whether *Heſiode* were amorous of *Clymene*, and *Clymene* loved him. He ſpoke to them both therefore apart, and gave them ground to hope all things from him, and intimated as if it were poſſible he might marry their Siſter, in caſe he could be loved by her, and ſo at length diſpoſed them to be faithful Spies for him with her. But though he had much recommended the ſecret to them, and told them all he thought concerning the Sonnet, yet they communicated it to one who told it ſeveral others. So that within three days, it was noiſed throughout both Court and City that *Heſiode* was amorous of *Clymene*, and that he was jealous of her; and *Heſiode*'s Sonnet was ſo generally known that there was ſcarce any perſon but ſung,

Alas!

Alas! no jealouſie did then my heart poſſeſs.

By which means the news of this adventure flying to *Lyſicrates*'s Deſart, ſenſibly afflicted him, for he conceived that if *Clymene* loved *Heſiode*, it would be impoſſible for him ever to regain her heart. Wherefore having then no hope either to re-ingratiate with the Prince, or recover *Clymene*'s affection, he found himſelf extreamly unhappy, and more within a few days after, when *Clymene*'s brothers, relating to the Prince whatſoever they heard or knew, to make themſelves look't upon as neceſſary inſtruments, told him that *Lyſicrates* was again become amorous of their Siſter, although they had received divers good Offices from him during the time of his being a Favorite. The Prince was ſo incenſed with this news, that he ſent to command *Lyſicrates* to depart his Dominions, and it was not without much difficulty that he obtained fifteen days to take order for his affairs. In the mean time *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* forgetting nothing in order to diſcovering the truth, having gained that young Slave to their purpoſe, who ſo unſeaſonably ſung the Sonnet, they underſtood by her that *Troilus* the faithful Slave of *Heſiode* brought Letters to *Clymene* very frequently, and that ſhe uſed to put them in a Cabinet, to the ſight of which ſhe admitted no perſon beſides her ſelf. After they had learnt this, they made an appointment for a Walk of recreation in a place a good diſtance from *Locri*, to the end their Siſter might be obliged to be preſent at the entertainment. But at the very moment they were to ſet forth, *Ganetor* fained himſelf ſick, and went not with the Company. As ſoon as they were gone, he ſent away upon ſeveral pretended occaſions all thoſe that might oppoſe his purpoſe, and having none with him, but the young ſlave whom he had corrupted in *Clymene*'s Chamber, he ſent for a man who was very dextrous at ſuch buſineſſes to cauſe him to open and ſhut again *Clymene*'s Cabinet, wherein ſhe carefully kept all *Heſiode*'s Letters. By this means *Ganetor* came to know the whole ſecret of the innocent affection of *Clymene* and *Heſiode*. But though he found nothing but what atteſted the virtue of his Siſter, yet looking upon this Love of hers as an obſtacle to the advancement of his fortune, he came on a ſudden to hate both his Siſter and *Heſiode*. However, he cauſed the Cabinet to be made faſt again, putting into it all the Letters he had ſeen, and the Verſes *Heſiode* had made in ſecret for her. And he did all this ſo exactly in the ſame order he found it, that *Clymene* perceived nothing at her return. But when *Antiphanes* ſpoke with *Ganetor*, he was much ſurpriſed to learn what he told him; but though they reſolved abſolutely to ſerve the Prince, even with the loſs of their ſiſters glory if he pleaſed, rather than not promote their Fortune, after having well conſidered the matter, they thought it not fit to diſcover the whole truth to the Prince, becauſe in caſe he ſhould know *Clymene* preferred *Heſiode* before himſelf, he might ceaſe to love her. Wherefore they reſolved only to ſay that they had diſcovered beyond all doubt, that *Heſiode* loved their Siſter, but that they could not yet find out whether or no he were beloved by her. They alſo determined to ſpeak to *Clymene*, very mildly at firſt, and afterwards if ſhe would not yield, to threaten her, and to have recourſe to the ways of greateſt violence. So they told the Prince all they had reſolved to acquaint him with, who being aſſured of *Heſiode*'s love, began to hate him as much as he had formerly loved him, and took up a reſolution to baniſh him as well as *Lyſicrates*. Yet he deferred it for ſome days, becauſe he was deſirous to know fully whether he were loved by *Clymene*, which could not be diſcovered but during his abiding there. But upon divers occaſions he made it ſufficiently apparent that he had changed his ſentiments towards *Heſiode*. For falling in diſcourſe to ſpeak of *Homer* and him, he laughed and ſaid, *Homer* was the Poet of the *Lacedemonians*, becauſe he taught War; but *Heſiode* only the Poet of the *Helotes*, becauſe he treated very much about agriculture; detracting by this raillery from the glory of *Heſiode*. In the mean time *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* took occaſion one morning to ſpeak to *Clymene*. At firſt they flattered her, and told her with much ſweetneſs, all they deſired from her; but perceiving that, though ſhe anſwered them with much civility, they could not bring her to what they wiſh't, they fell into ſtrange inſolence againſt her. What? (ſaid *Ganetor* to her) have you ſo pitiful a ſpirit as to prefer a man that pretends to be a Wit, before a Prince? to have no conſideration of the greatneſs of your houſe, nor the fortune of your brothers, provided you may ſatisfie a fooliſh paſſion that is entered into your head? Ah cruel ſiſter that you are! you ſhall repent it, and your beſt courſe will be, to be cruel to *Heſiode*, if you love him. *Clymene* being tranſported with grief, to hear her Brother ſpeak in this ſort, could not contain from breaking out into theſe terms. Alaſs! (ſaid ſhe) how cruel are ye, who can have the injuſtice to think of deſtroying an innocent perſon, who has done you ſervice in a thouſand occaſions, and whoſe virtue is far above the rank of the greateſt Princes in the World? how can you be the confidents of the Prince's love, and purchaſe your advancement with the price of my honor, for without telling you that I love *Heſiode*, or am loved by him, I only intimate to you, what you are not ignorant of, that Sovereigns never marry for love, and therefore according to reaſon being obliged to look upon the paſſion your Prince has for me, as criminal, you ought not to be his agents and confidents in it; you ought rather to die with ſhame, for ſeeking your fortune by ſo unjuſt a courſe; for if I were in your place, I ſhould rather go ſeek it at the Wars, and owe it to my Sword, than to my Siſters eyes. Perhaps we will follow part of your counſel (anſwered *Antiphanes* ſufficiently rudely) and taking his brother by the arm to cauſe him to go away out of *Clymene*'s Chamber, theſe two furious perſons left her. *Clymene* then repenting of having ſpoken ſo much to them, endeavored to retain and appeaſe them, but they would hear her no longer, and left her in incredible ſorrow. Her grief became yet more perplexing ſome days after, for *Heſiode* diſcovered by the faithful *Troilus*, that *Lyſicrates*, (who during the time of his being favorite, had gotten together wherewith to be rich, into what place ſoever he went) cauſed all his moſt precious things and wealth to be put into a ſhip; and to

revenge himself of the Prince, and satisfie his own love, he layd a design to carry *Clymene* away with him by violence; and being very much beloved by the Officers of the Prince, he was advertised that himself was suddenly to be banisht. *Clymene* was infinitely perplext at the understanding of these two misfortunes which were designed to her. On the one side, she was in fear for *Hesiode*'s life, knowing that her brothers were capable of the most violent resolutions; she considered his banishment with more horror than death, and was more in fear of being carried away by *Lysicrates*, than of dying, and she so dreaded to stay alone under the power of the Prince who loved her, that she knew not which of all her unhappinesses to fear most. Alas! (said she to *Hesiode* with extream sorrow) Is it possible for an affection so innocent as ours to be so unhappy? and are you a criminal for loving one that loves you? Ah! my dear *Clymene* (answered he) 'tis no crime of yours, for if you loved me perfectly, we should not be long unhappy. I have told you formerly, that I have wealth enough to be happy with a person that can be contented with things handsome and convenient. So that if you were capable of taking up a generous resolution, I would marry you with the consent of your Aunt, to whom alone you owe respect (since your brothers are not worthy to be what they are) and so uniting our fortunes together for ever, we shall escape both the violence of the Prince, and *Lysicrates*, and the injustice of *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor*, for whom I will always have some consideration, though I know well they hate me in perfection. I perceive indeed (answered *Clymene*) that that which you propound to me, is the only thing which can rescue us from all the pressures of unhappiness together, but (my dear *Hesiode*) I have so little accustomed to do any thing inconsistent with ordinary seemliness, that I find a strange repugnance in my self, to examine only whether this ought or ought not to be done. And if we should not be able to execute our design, but be discovered, we should make our fortunes worse, and be a hundred times more miserable. Alass, my dear *Clymene* (replyed *Hesiode*) Is there a greater unhappiness than to be constrained to be separated, and that for ever? This, no doubt, is the greatest (answered *Clymene*) but if I should see you a prisoner for my sake, and I should live under the power of the Prince, or in the possession of *Lysicrates*, I should perhaps be in a condition more deserving compassion. But Madam, (replyed he) when I shall have received the command, which must cause me to depart the dominions of the Prince of *Locri*, if I obey him, will you not find your self under his Power? will you not be in danger of *Lysicrates*'s violence? and if I do not obey him, as there is great likelihood I shall not be able to obey him, shall I not be in danger of the things which you can most fear? For as for my self, Madam, I confess to you, I cannot resolve to forsake you; and I conceive if you determine not to render me happy, I shall be forced to take some course to conceal my self here in the house of some friend, to the end to be always in place where I may defend you, or at least to have the sad consolation of dying near you. Consider therefore Madam, what you intend to do; but above all things do not constrain your sentiments; and if to my unhappiness, there be in your heart any thought favorable to the Prince, be so generous as to tell me; for if it be so, I have nothing to do but dye, and I shall have respect enough for you, to go and dye out of your presence. Ah! cruel as you are (cryed she) can you only imagine that what you say is possible? If it be not (answered he) why will you not resolve to take the only course which can render us happy; for if you do not take it, I declare to you, I cannot hinder my self from believing that I am not necessary to your felicity, that you can live without me, that you believe I am able to live without you, and that measuring my affection by your own, you are utterly ignorant what a true love requires. For where perfect love is, Madam, a person that is loved cannot be refused in any thing which is not contrary to love. And besides, is there any crime in my request? are not you alone Mistress of your own will? is it not free to choose with whom to spend ones life? and would it not even be against virtue, not to follow my fortune? You have promised me an eternal love, and notwithstanding you are willing to break it, without any other reason to tell me, than that in marrying you secretly, with the consent of your Aunt, who you know will approve it you shall commit, you say something incongruous to ordinary decency. Is it not sufficient (added he) that what I desire is not repugnant to innocence? grant it me then (continued this Lover falling upon his knee, and taking her by the hand, which he grasped with extream dearness, and do not render me, the most unfortunate of men. As *Clymene* was considering what she should answer, *Belintha* entered, who seemed very sad. A moment after, some person coming for some small business to *Clymene*, she was obliged to go to the door of her chamber: and *Belintha* took the occasion to speak to her apart: I am infinitely grieved (said she to her) that I must tell you what I newly understood, to wit, that your brothers have conceived so horrible a hatred against *Hesiode*, that you ought to fear all things from their violence: do not ask me farther, but if you will follow my counsel, oblige him to go out of the way for some time. *Clymene* then resented an extream grief, though she had not the liberty to testifie it; for at that very instant, the Captain of the Prince's guards came thither, who finding her at her chamber doot, I desire your pardon, Madam, (said he to her) for the unwelcome commands I have to acquaint you with. The Prince having understood *Hesiode* was here, gave me order to come and seek him. *Hesiode* hearing himself named, advanced towards the Captain of the guards, who told him, with all the civility his office permitted him to have in this unpleasing occasion, that the Prince commanded him to depart from *Locri* the next day, and out of his Dominions two days after. *Hesiode*'s mind being prepared for this command, he appeared not at all surprised witht, but answered him that brought it, without being moved; who having done his Message, departed, and left these three persons at their liberty, of speaking what they thought for

for *Belintha* ſo well underſtood all that paſt between *Heſiode* and *Clymene*, that ſhe did not prejudice their freedom. Then it was, the amiable *Clymene* felt her ſoul cruelly afflicted, and *Heſiode* making his laſt attempt to move her, deſir'd the aſſiſtance of *Belintha*, as a faithful friend. For my part (anſwer'd this generous Lady) though I muſt loſe *Clymene* if ſhe does what I deſire, yet there is no doubt, I had rather never ſee her more, than ſee her unhappy. And moreover (added ſhe) having ſome relations at *Helicon*, I hope I ſhall not loſe her for ever. Whilſt *Belintha* was ſpeaking thus, *Clymene* wept, and had not the power to ſpeak. But at length after *Heſiode* had us'd the moſt paſſionate expreſſions in the world to her, and *Belintha* had preſt her to take up a generous reſolution, ſhe told *Heſiode*, that provided he would conſent ſhe ſhould marry him, ſhe would then conſent to follow his fortune, and endeavour to get away ſecretly, in caſe her Aunt would not forſake her. *Heſiode* then expreſt all that a dear Love could inſpire him with, to thank *Clymene*: after which, *Belintha* went to move her Aunt, and acquitted her ſelf ſo well of this commiſſion, and ſo urgently repreſented all the ſad conſequences which might attend their adventure, that this woman (who hated her Nephews, lov'd her Niece dearly, had no children, whoſe treaſure and jewels was eaſie to tranſport, and who was perſwaded the Prince's love to *Clymene* was not innocent) eaſily inclin'd to that which *Belintha* propounded. Whereupon going to find *Heſiode* and *Clymene*, they conſider'd all together what they had to do. The reſult was, that to take away all the Prince's ſuſpicion, *Heſiode* ſhould depart the next morning from *Locri*, and ſhould likewiſe give out, that he intended to leave the dominions of the Prince within two days after; but ſhould go and conceal himſelf in a little houſe of *Belintha*'s, upon the ſea-ſide beyond *Molycria*, not far from the Temple of *Neptune*; in which, two days after, a great ſacrifice was to be made, where every year was a great confluence of perſons of all conditions. That in the mean time *Clymene*'s Aunt ſhould be at the ſacrifice, that afterwards *Belintha* ſhould carry her to her houſe where *Heſiode* was conceal'd, and that the night following they ſhould embark in a little Fiſher's Veſſel, to deceive thoſe who might have any knowledge of their departure; that afterwards they ſhould land fifty furlongs from thence, in a place where horſes ſhould attend them, that ſo they might go to a Town, and provide a chariot to carry them to *Helicon*, where there marriage was to be accompliſh'd. *Heſiode* nevertheleſs, for his own ſatisfaction, deſir'd *Clymene* that ſhe would promiſe him to be his, in the preſence of his Aunt and *Belintha*; which being done, fill'd him with a joy greater than he was able to expreſs. But, not to give any ſuſpicion, *Belintha* told *Heſiode*, it was not convenient for him to ſtay longer with *Clymene*; and accordingly, having entertain'd her apart a quarter of an hour, whilſt *Belintha* was ſpeaking to her Aunt, he bid her adieu; and though he knew their ſeparation was not to be long, yet he was griev'd with incredible regret, and fear'd in the bottom of his heart (notwithſtanding all his endeavours againſt it) leſt ſome great unhappineſs ſhould befall him, when he was gone out of her ſight. He fancied, that aſſoon as he ſhould be out of *Locri*, the Prince would attempt to do ſome violence to him, or that *Lyſicrates* would carry her away when ſhe went to the ſacrifice, *Clymene* perceiving ſo great a ſorrow in his eyes, was ſo ſenſibly mov'd with it, that ſhe could not contain from endeavouring to comfort him. She gave him her hand very obligingly, and looking upon him with as much love as modeſty, You ſeem to me (ſaid this diſcreet Virgin) ſo afflicted for an abſence of three days, that I am glad I have not condemn'd you to eternal ſeparation. Go then my dear *Heſiode*, goe; but that you may expect me with ſome contentment, believe, I conjure you, that I ſhould have been as miſerable as you, if I had not conſented to our happineſs.

May I believe it, Madam (anſwer'd *Heſiode*) and may I go and wail for you with the ſatisfaction of thinking that you leave your Countrey without repugnance for my ſake, and that without me you could not live happy? Yes, my dear *Heſiode*, you may, (reply'd ſhe) and there is nothing ſo obliging which I do not permit you to believe, now virtue doth not prohibit me. After this he kiſt her hand reſpectfully, and left her to go and provide for her departure. But *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* cauſing *Clymene* to be always obſerv'd by the young ſlave whom they had corrupted, underſtood confuſedly, that *Heſiode* had had a long converſation with her, *Belintha*, and their Aunt; and that this Lover parted from *Clymene* after a certain manner, which might ſeem to intimate, it was not with intention of never ſeeing her more; which highly exaſperated their former indignation. In the mean time *Clymene*'s Aunt, to give the leſs ſuſpicion of her deſign, went to her houſe in the Countrey without carrying *Clymene* thither. The next day after *Heſiode*'s departure, *Lyſicrates* hearing of it, went to ſee her, and profeſt ſo violent a paſſion for her Niece, that he ſeem'd never to have been more amorous of her, than at that time. And indeed, pretending no longer to the Prince's favour who baniſht him, Love reſum'd new force in his heart: wherefore confirming himſelf in the deſign he had to carry away *Clymene*, and knowing ſhe was wont to go to the Temple of *Neptune*, the day the great ſacrifice was to be made there, and then to go and lodge at the houſe of *Belintha*, which ſtood not far from the Temple, he reſolv'd to execute his deſign that day, and took no other care but in order to it. On the other ſide, *Heſiode* obeying the Prince's Orders in appearance, departed from *Locri*, and being unwilling to carry any other attendants with him, beſides his faithful *Troilus*, whom he had brought out of his own Countrey, he diſcharg'd the other ſlaves he had hir'd at *Locri*, and went only followed by this, to whom he carefully recommended the favour'd dog which *Clymene* had given him, as a token of love. All the Court was troubled for *Heſiode*'s exile, the Ladies, repin'd, and the people murmured after a manner, which made it evident how great his reputation was. As for the Prince, he was extream joyful, when it was told him *Heſiode* had obeyed his Orders: but at length, the day of ſacrifice being come, *Clymene*'s Aunt, who was return'd out of the Countrey, took a Chariot with *Belintha* and her Niece, and went to that famous ſacrifice, where a numerous multi-

tude was assembled. But as for *Clymene*, she went thither with a joy wholly peculiar to her self, in the thought, that after the sacrifice, she should go to the house of *Belintha*, that she should there see her dear *Hesiode*, and soon after be out of the jurisdictions of the Prince of *Locri*, without fearing the violence of *Lysicrates*, and that she should at length see her self inseparably united to the fortune of that man, whom alone in the world she could affect. Thus she went thither with her mind fill'd with a thousand delightful thoughts, she was indeed something troubled to think she should leave her dear *Belintha*; but the hope of seeing her again at *Helicon*, comforted her for part of that discontent. So they arriv'd at the Temple of *Neptune*, which stands on the Sea shore, not far from the Cape of *Rium*, in a very pleasant situation; for it has a prospect to the delightful City of *Molycria*, which appears in a half circle towards the Sea, which lies immensely patent to the view, from the gate of *Neptune*'s Temple, which is bedeckt with Sea-ornaments. For between the pillars are seen several statues of the *Nereides*, and upon the bases of the pillars, and the friezes which are about the Temple, several large sculptures, representing the Trophies of prows of ships, oars put across, broken boats, and shatter'd sails. The day appointed for this famous sacrifice was so fair, that never was a more glorious seen; and the Sea so calm, that one would have thought all the waves had even'd themselves for the more decent celebration of this Festival of *Neptune*. The sacrifice was begun with all the customs requisite; but because there use to be several delightful passages to be seen on such occasions, Scaffolds were erected for the Ladies of quality, before the great Gate of the Temple, where the ceremony was perform'd. *Clymene* was upon one of these scaffolds, well dispos'd to take much pleasure in the ceremony; for though the Prince was present there, yet she was free from trouble, because it belong'd to him to be always near him that offer'd the sacrifice in his name; and that according to the laws of the ceremony, he was not to go out of the Temple till night ended it. So his presence was no obstacle to the secret design of *Clymene*, wherefore she appear'd very pleasant, and took delight in beholding all the various offerings which were brought thither a little before the sacrifice. First, two hundred Fishermen, very agreeably attir'd, presented themselves with silk lines in their hands, and went respectfully to offer silver hooks to him that receiv'd the offerings. After them two hundred others, attir'd with fillets, and crown'd with sea-weed, went to present every one a fish, in baskets of bulrush covered with flowers; after them a hundred daughters of Fishermen, attir'd in green, and their hair dishevel'd like Sea-Nymphs, carried little baskets full of cockles, and offer'd them to *Neptune*. Then came a hundred old Mariners with Oars painted and adorn'd with Flowers, which they carried and laid down at the foot of *Neptune*'s statue, to testifie by that submission, that it was he that sav'd them from suffering shipwrack. When all these offerings were made, the accustom'd sacrifice was perform'd, after which was heard a concert of voices, which sung a hymn in praise of *Neptune*, which *Hesiode* had compos'd this year, and was accounted so admirable, that never had any comparable, to it, been sung before. While it was singing, and all the rest of the multitude was in profound silence, there was on a sudden heard a strange kind of noise among them that stood furthest off, with a great murmure and confusion of voices. A moment after, the throng was divided, and there were seen four Fishermen, bringing a dead man all bloudy upon Oars laid across, who having found him in this condition, not far from the place where the River *Daphnus* discharges it self into the sea near *Molycria*, brought him hither where this great assembly of people was, to the end it might be known who he was. This lamentable object troubled the Assembly; but it afflicted the fair *Clymene* much more sensibly, who after the men had laid the body upon the ground, perceiv'd the Dog she had given to *Hesiode* amongst the Fishermen, and going to lye down upon the Corps, which she instantly knew to be *Troilus*, that faithful Slave of *Hesiode*; for the Scaffold whereon she stood was sufficiently near, and his attire remarkable, not to be unknown or mistaken. She no sooner knew him, but she made a great shreek; a moment after, a thousand voices forc'd her to turn her eyes towards the Sea, where the people imagin'd *Neptune* was ready to appear, because they perceiv'd the water rise up after an extraordinary manner, with something moving in it, which they could not well discern. *Clymene*'s mind being then very inquieted with seeing the Slave of her dear *Hesiode*, in this condition, look'd upon this commotion in the Sea as others did, though her thoughts were wholly otherwise imploy'd. Thus she stood and beheld, as all the rest of the World did, that this object which appear'd so confusedly, coming nearer and nearer, became more visible every moment. So that insensibly approaching it was perceiv'd to be a great Troop of Dolphins, who carried a body upon their backs by turns, discharging the burden from one to another, as they drew nearer towards the shoar. This object surpris'd the whole multitude in such manner, that it fix'd the eyes of all the company from the Prince to the meanest Fisher; but especially of *Clymene*, who no sooner perceiv'd it, but, without well knowing the reason of it, she was seiz'd with such a universal trembling, as fear gives them who are most capable of it. In the mean time these charitable Dolphins approaching always towards the shore, mutually aiding one another, came at length so near it, that they cast the body, which they had carried upon the Bank, and that so gently, that it remain'd extended upon the Gravel, as if it had been a man asleep, having his countenance turn'd towards Heaven, after which they plung'd themselves again into the Sea, and departed from the shore. But this body was no sooner upon the Land, but the Dog which lay upon that of *Troilus* run to the shore, and howling in a most doleful manner, laid himself down upon the body which the Dolphins had brought thither. *Clymene*, who beheld the action of this Dog, first trembled with fear, and then suddenly blusht again; and advancing towards the side of the Scaffold which look'd towards the Sea, she heard several voices which said, It was the body of *Hesiode*, which was seen upon the Bank. Whereupon, resenting a passion

not to be expreſs'd, and not being Miſtriſs of her ſelf, ſhe ſtrecht out her hand to a man who help'd her down the Scaffold, and was follow'd by *Belintha* through the throng to the place where the body lay. But coming thither, ſhe beheld her dear *Heſiode* dead, who having receiv'd a great wound in the Throat with a Sword, ſeem'd to have been aſſaſſinated. At the ſame inſtant *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* by the Prince's order, approaching towards the body, to the end they might aſcertain him whoſe it was, came thither at the ſame moment that the unfortunate *Clymene* did. But as ſoon as they appear'd, the Dog which ſhe had given *Heſiode*, and who then lay upon his body, leapt up with an extream fury, ſometimes againſt *Antiphanes*, and ſometimes againſt *Ganetor*, as if he would fly in their faces, and accuſe them of the death of his Maſter, which *Clymene* obſerving, and all the people looking upon it as ſomething prodigious, and perceiving the wounds of *Heſiode* begin to bleed afreſh, and *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* appearing aſtoniſh'd at it, *Clymene* could not contain her ſelf from ſaying in the tranſport of her grief, turning towards her friend who was near her; Ah! my dear *Belintha*, I ſee not only *Heſiode* dead, but I ſee alſo that they which murder'd him are my brothers. After, this fair and afflicted Lady being able to ſpeak no more, reſented ſuch an exceſs of grief, that ſhe fell down in a ſwound near the body of *Heſiode*. *Belintha* ſate down by her, and holding her in her arms, did all ſhe could to revive her. In the mean time the people having heard what *Clymene* ſaid, comparing her words with the action of that faithful Dog of *Heſiode*, did not doubt but *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor* had murder'd him; beſides that, they appear'd ſo aſtoniſh'd, that their countenances accus'd them. Now *Heſiode* having been very well belov'd, and the people having newly heard a Hymn of his compoſing in the honor of *Neptune*, wherewith they were very much affected, believ'd they could do nothing more acceptable to the God, whoſe Feſtival they celebrated, than to ſacrifice to him the Murderers of him, who had ſo excellently ſung his glory. Whereupon, the Brothers of *Clymene* endeavour'd to return towards the Prince; but the multitude ſetting upon them, ſtrangely treated and affronted them. It being not the cuſtom to wear Arms, during the Solemnity of this Sacrifice, there was no difficulty in laying hold upon theſe two execrable murderers: who, inſtead of juſtfying themſelves, deſir'd they might be led to the Prince, and that the People would protect them from the violence of thoſe that ſet upon them; but alledging the Prince would puniſh them for offering to revenge the death of a man whom he had baniſht, they made their own conviction evident. Whereupon the people crying out, it was fit to kill them, otherwiſe *Neptune* would be incens'd: This revenge becoming a zeal of Religion, it was impoſſible for the Prince or the Prieſt to reſcue them from being torn in pieces by the multitude, and caſt into the Sea. The unfortunate *Clymene* hearing the cry on every ſide, They are dead, and *Heſiode* reveng'd, underſtood her Brothers were put to death, after having ſlain her dear *Heſiode*; for it was preſently known by ſome Shepherds, who had ſeen it, that theſe ambitious Brothers had murder'd him with *Troilus*, upon the Bank of the River *Daphnus*, near the place where it falls into the Sea; that afterwards they had thrown the two bodies into the Sea, one of which was caſt up again by the waves upon the ſhore, and the other brought by the Dolphins near the Cape of *Rium*. The Prince hearing *Clymene* was near the body of *Heſiode*, went thither to her, after he had diſpers'd all the incenſed multitude, who ſo well reveng'd the death of *Heſiode*, that they pull'd down a houſe ſtanding not far off, which belong'd to *Antiphanes* and *Ganetor*. But as ſoon as *Clymene* perceiv'd the Prince, ſhe ſhut her eyes that ſhe might not ſee him, and making a ſign to him with her hand to retire, turn'd her head towards the other ſide, and ſwoon'd with grief in the arms of *Belintha*. This ſad accident ſo affected the Prince of *Locri*, that fearing his preſence might occaſion the death of *Clymene*, if he ſhould continue near her, he intreated *Belintha* to take care of her, and retir'd. In the mean time, partly out of policy, and partly out of generoſity, he commanded the body of *Heſiode* to be interr'd near a Temple of *Nemæa*, in the Countrey of *Locri*, which ſtood in the midſt of a Wood; to the end it might be leſs in the ſight of the people, and that the remembrance of his death might be the ſooner worn out. Thus the Oracle which had formerly admoniſht *Heſiode* to beware of the Temple of *Nemæa*, was accompliſh'd, though *Heſiode* forſook *Peloponneſus*, that he might be at greater diſtance from the Temple of *Nemæa*, which is ſeen there. *Belintha*, after the body of *Heſiode* was remov'd from thence, caus'd *Clymene* to come again to her ſelf, and put her into a Chariot, into which her ſelf and her Aunt likewiſe enter'd and commanded him that drove it, to goe to a houſe of hers, which ſtood thirty Furlongs from thence. But, upon the way, whatever Conſolations were us'd to *Clymene*, ſhe anſwer'd nothing but, *Heſiode* is dead for my ſake, and I will dye for his. And accordingly this fair Virgin, who till then, imagin'd her ſelf ſtill upon the Sea-ſhore, near the body of *Heſiode* (ſo troubled was her mind, obſerving at length ſhe was in a Chariot, and no longer ſaw her dear *Heſiode*) believ'd they were carrying her to *Locri*, where the Prince would continue to importune her. Upon which, making a great ſhreek, Ah! no, no, (ſaid ſhe) it ſhall never be ſaid, that I live after my dear *Heſiode*, and go to a place where he can be no more. And immediately, as if ſhe had had the command of her Fates, ſhe fell down in ſo great a ſwound, that they were forc'd to ſtop the Chariot. Yet their ſuccor to her was in vain, for ſhe expir'd in the Arms of her Aunt, and her Friend, who were ready to dye with grief as well as ſhe. But at length, ſeeing their tears were unprofitable, they continued on their way in the moſt ſad manner imaginable. They had ſcarce gone five hundred paces into a Wood, but *Lyſicrates*, without knowing any thing of what had happened, came attended with ſeveral Horſemen to ſtop the Chariot, with intention to carry away *Clymene*, and to put her into a Ship, which he had provided for that purpoſe. But how ſtrangely was he ſurpriz'd, when, inſtead of living *Clymene*, he beheld the fair *Clymene* dead? Come, *Lyſicrates*, come, (ſaid *Belintha* to him, who knew his deſign) come ſee the fatal conſequences of your ambition! For

if you had never been ambitious, *Clymene* had been still alive, her Brother and *Hesiode* would not have been dead, nor your self culpable and exil'd; but you would have been as happy as I foresee you will be miserable, for it is not possible you should be otherwise, after having caus'd so many miseries. Ah! *Belintha* (cry'd *Lysicrates*, alighting from his Horse, and approaching to her) that which you say is too true, and I too criminal to be excus'd. But death (added this despairing Lover) shall without doubt punish me for my crimes; for since I am the cause of that of the most excellent person that ever was, I am unworthy to live. And indeed to increase my despair, (continued he) I will believe the unfortunate *Clymene* did not love *Hesiod*, but only out of revenge, and that it must be imputed to me whatsoever she has suffer'd by her affection to him. But since it is not possible for us to live together, yet at least we must reside in the same tomb, and all I have acquir'd by my ambition, shall be employ'd in that Structure. Which fatal thought coming in an instant into *Lysicrates*'s mind, *Belintha* and *Clemene*'s Aunt endeavour'd to divert him from it; but in vain: for having a Chariot in that Wood, in which he had design'd to carry away *Clymene* to the Sea-side, which is not far distant from it, where a ship attended for him; he caus'd the body of *Clymene* to be taken by his followers, notwithstanding the tears and cries of these Ladies, and himself helpt respectfully to lift it into his Chariot. After which, he caus'd it to be put into his ship, and setting sail with all speed, cross'd the *Ionian* Sea, which is on the West side of *Peloponnesus*, and landed not far from the place where the River, which passes by the City of *Elis*, discharges it self into the Sea; and commanding *Clymene*'s body to be carried into a Temple of *Diana*, which was near the Bank of that River, he perform'd to her, all the honors of Sepulture; which being done, he gave himself wholly to bewail her death, and caus'd a stately Tomb to be built for her, in building of which, he, according to his promise, bestow'd all the riches his ambition had gain'd him, reserving only enough for his subsistence during that time; and as soon as the Tomb was finisht, the unhappy Lover shut himself up in it, and dy'd for grief, in having been the cause of so many fatal accidents; though others have believ'd ambition had as great a share in his death as Love. Thus *Clymene* was reveng'd after her death; but she had not the said happiness to be in the same Tomb with *Hesiode*, who has had a glory transcending that of all others; for the *Orchomenians*, having consulted an Oracle, which promis'd them much felicity, if they could get the body of *Hesiode* into their power, they of *Locri* to hinder them from it, so carefully conceal'd the place of his Sepulture from strangers, that there are few persons know it. And moreover the Prince of *Locri* dying of Melancholly not long after, the *Locrians* augmented the honors which they paid to *Hesiode's* memory, whose very name intimates in his own language how purely he writ, and whose glory is so celebrated throughout the whole World, that it may be justly thought, it will be so in all Ages.

Amilcar having done reading this History of *Hesiode*, perceiv'd the minds of the Ladies were very much affected with it, and that instead of delighting the company, he had afflicted them. In truth (said *Clelia*) the death of *Clymene* affects me very sensibly. For my part (said *Valeria*,) I have a greater commiseration of *Hesiode*, than I am able to express. I have the like for *Lysicrates* (added *Clydamira*.) I am not of your opinion, (answered *Berelisa*) for I never have any pitty for those that have once ceas'd to love, though that Passion revive again in their hearts; and I compassionate only *Hesiode* and *Clymene*. My commiseration goes farther than yours (said *Salonina*;) for I pity poor *Troilus* too. But mine is yet greater than that you boast of, (answer'd *Plotina* smiling) for I am almost dead for fear, lest that poor Dog, so faithful to his Master, after having discover'd his Murderers, be lost in the multitude of people, or died of grief, after having lost both his Master and his Mistriss. All the company laught at the pity of *Plotina*, and went forth to walk in several troops, except *Clelia*, *Valerius*, *Plotina*, *Anacreon*, *Herminius* and *Amilcar*, who began to assault *Plotina* with raillery for her pity to *Hesiode*'s dog. No, no, (interrupted *Anacreon*) do not set upon her with your jests for it; perhaps her pity of that poor Dog, has a more real foundation than ours, for the death of *Clymene*; for to speak sincerely, , though I am both a *Greek* and a Poet, and am somewhere mention'd in the Prophecie of *Apollo*, which you have read, yet I cannot but believe, but the History you have read, is almost all of it invented. Yet it is contriv'd ingeniously enough, (added he) for methinks, 'tis not only handsomer than the truth, but withal, more probable. History mentions nothing more of *Hesiode*, than that he dwelt at the Town of *Ascra* in *Bœotia*, near *Helicon*, that the Muses inspir'd him, and that an Oracle which spoke to him, admonisht him to avoid the Temple of *Nemea*, which is in *Peloponnesus*; that he travell'd into divers places, that he obtain'd the Golden *Tripod*, and that he got advantage over *Homer*, in the judgement of *Panis*.

There are some also who affirm these two persons did not live at the same time: however, all that have written of *Hesiode*, agree that he was at *Locri*, and content themselves to say, in three words, that he lodg'd at the house of *Antiphates* and *Ganetor*, who had a Sister, and suspecting him to be the confident of a Lover of hers, killed him together with his slave; that the body of the slave was found at a Cape or Promontory, which was afterwards call'd by the name of *Troilus*, in reference to him; that the body of *Hesiode*, was brought by Dolphins near a Temple of *Neptune*, where a great sacrifice was solemnising; that *Hesiode's* dog occasion'd the discovery of his murderers, who were torn in pieces by the people; and that for fear the *Orchomenians* should get away his body, they conceal'd the place of his burial. As for his Works, he that invented this History, has fictitiously ascrib'd to him only the Sonnet, the four Verses which he relates *Hesiode* to have spoken, and the Hymn which he makes him Author of for *Neptune*'s Sacrifice. Now it cannot but be acknowledged, that fiction in this occasion has greater verisimilitude, than truth it self. When the purpose is to bring about extraordinary events it is no question handsomer to introduce lover in them than

than any other cauſe; which has been practis'd by the inventor of this Hiſtory; for by feigning the love of the Prince of *Locri*, *Lyſiarates*, *Heſiode*, and *Clymene*, he has made you know all theſe different perſons; and oblig'd you to love them, which were to be the moſt unfortunate. In the next place, he has given probability to that which carry'd not much with it; for there is far more likelyhood, that two ambitious and wicked Brothers, ſhould be led to kill a man, whom they look'd upon as an obſtacle to their advancement, by hindring their Siſter from being favourable to a Prince, from whom they expected the making of their fortunes, than to kill him as a confident of their Siſters Lover; for, ſetting one crime againſt another, it was better to kill the Lover than the Confident. He has likewiſe had reaſon to ſuppoſe *Heſiode* Author of that Hymn of *Neptune*; for beſides that, ſuch a kind of compoſition is ſufficiently ſuitable to his ſtrain, it was a means to conciliate the peoples affection to him, who had newly heard thoſe Verſes ſung: and it ſeems ſome ſuch extraordinary cauſe was requiſite, to induce the people to that extraordinary action; It was alſo pertinent to make his wounds bleed afreſh at the preſence of the murderers, and to repreſent *Clymene* ſo tranſported, as to accuſe her brothers, without thinking to do it; for otherwiſe the people would have been very inconſiderate, to tear thoſe two men in pieces, only becauſe *Heſiod*'s dog ſet upon them. Wherefore I conceive a man that ſhould have invented that which the Hiſtory ſpeaks concerning this adventure, had done incongruouſly; but he that compos'd the Fable *Amilcar* has read over, has made one according to the rules of Art. In truth (ſaid *Herminius*) he has made good uſe of all that Hiſtory ſupply'd him with: and I am wholly diſpos'd to believe, that if it was not ſo, it is poſſible to have been ſo: ſince nothing more commends a well-invented Fable, than thoſe hiſtorical foundations which are interweav'd throughout in it, and cauſe the Fiction to be receiv'd together with the truth. But to ſpeak unfeignedly, 'tis more difficult than is believ'd, to mingle thoſe two together aright: for they muſt be ſo handſomely blended, as not to be diſcerned one from another, and that which is invented, muſt generally ſeem more likely than the true: for Chance indeed may bring ſuch things about as are incredible, but it is not lawful for a man to invent ſuch as cannot be believ'd. If all that I have heard (ſaid *Plotina*) be not true, I require *Amilcar* to reſtore me the tears which I have ſhed, or invent ſome other Hiſtory as delightful as this is melancholly, or at leaſt to deſcribe how an invented Hiſtory ought to be made, ſo as to be good: for, as for my part (added ſhe agreeably) were I to invent a Hiſtory, I think I ſhould make things much more perfect than they are. All Women ſhould be admirably fair, and all Men ſhould be as valiant as *Hector*, all my *Heroes* ſhould ſlay at leaſt a hundred men in every battel, I would build Palaces of precious ſtones, I would make Prodigies fall out every moment, and without troubling my ſelf to invent with judgement, I ſhould ſuffer my fancy to act as it pleaſed; ſo that ſeeking out only ſurpriſing events, without examining, whether they were conſiſtent to reaſon or no, I ſhould certainly make very extraordinary things; a continual Shipwracks, burning of Cities, and a thouſand other like accidents, which occaſion handſome lamentations and deſcriptions. *Plotina* ſpoke this with a certain ſprightly air, which made it apparent, ſhe knew ſufficiently, what ſhe ſaid, was not that which ought to be done, and that ſhe only deſign'd to draw *Anacreon*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar* to ſpeak, who no doubt were able to ſpeak excellently upon this Subject. And accordingly ſhe obtain'd the end ſhe propos'd to her ſelf: for *Anacreon* not knowing her yet ſufficiently to be acquainted with all the ingenious ſubtilty ſhe made profeſſion of, turning towards her, and beholding her with a ſmile; Should you invent a Hiſtory after the manner you ſpeak of, amiable *Plotina*, (ſaid he) you would do a thing no doubt ſufficiently ſtrange; for with rare Events, wonderful Deſcriptions, heroical Actions, extraordinary Matters, and Palaces of precious Stones, you would make one of the lewdeſt Fables that can be poſſibly invented; there being without doubt nothing worſe, than to ſee things of this nature made without order and reaſon: Is there any thing imaginable more ſtrange, than when 'tis in ones power to make ſuch events fall out as he pleaſes, yet to introduce ſuch as can never poſſibly arrive? But yet (ſaid *Plotina*) how comes it to be ſo, and wherein is my opinion ſo abſurd? Becauſe (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) when you invent a Fable, your purpoſe is to be believ'd, and the true art of Fiction is handſomely to reſemble truth. For when this rule is deſerted, there is no longer any difficulty in any thing whatſoever, and there is no more proper occaſion to diſplay the wit, than to invent without judgement. For my part (ſaid *Clelia*) I well underſtand what *Anacreon* ſpeaks; for certainly things which have reſemblance with truth, and ſeem poſſible to happen, affect far more, than thoſe which cannot either be believ'd or fear'd: But if an Hiſtorian of this kind (anſwer'd *Valeria*) never relates things but ſuch as appear to be true, and are of eaſie belief, methinks his compoſures will be extream vulgar, and not much delightful. You are upon a tender point, *Valeria* (reply'd *Amilcar*) for in diſallowing things incredible and impoſſible, it is not intended to imploy only ſuch as are mean and common; there is a third way to be taken, which is the moſt delighful of all, and moſt reaſonable. Wonderful accidents are ſo far from being forbidden, that they are neceſſary, provided they do not happen too often, and produce handſome effects; only odd and impoſſible things are abſolutely condemned. For 'tis the occaſion of diſparaging the credit of the whole, when one thing is preſented that ſurpaſſes belief. When any Slave of mine has told me a lye but once, I afterwards ſuſpect all that he tells me; judge then if I can believe a man, who ſhould recount extraordinary adventures to me, which my reaſon cannot conſider as poſſible. So that impoſſible things, and ſuch as are low and common, muſt almoſt equally be avoided, and ſuch ways of invention follow'd, as are at once both ſtrange and natural; for without this laſt quality, no wonder can pleaſe a reaſonable perſon. I conceive, (anſwer'd *Herminius*) whoſoever will invent

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such kind of adventures, as may both instruct and delight, he ought to consider all the World in general, as a Painter beholds his Pattern when he is at work. And as diversity or variety is the Soul of the World, he ought to take heed of making all men *Heroes*, all Women equally fair, the dispositions and humors of all particular persons alike and correspondent, and Love, Anger, Jealousie, Hatred, to produce always the same effects. On the contrary, he must imitate that admirable variety, which is seen in all men, according to the example of *Homer*. Which is not unknown to two Ladies I see here present; for there is seen so great a variety of representations in his Works, that 'tis not one of the things which makes me most admire him. Those two Lovers, who, in the beginning of their contest with one another, about a Captive Virgin, being of different tempers, act also after a different manner; and though they are both possess'd with the same passion, do not take the same course. There is seen in *Paris*, a representation of disorderly love, in which Virtue has no part; in *Hector* and *Andromache*, an Idea of virtuous love; in *Patroclus* and *Achilles*, one of Heroical friendship, and the better to understand this variety of Characters wherewith *Homer* has adorn'd his Works, it needs only to take notice in general, of *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*, *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, *Ajax*, *Menelaus*, *Diomedes*, *Paris*, *Helen*, *Hector*, *Andromache*, *Priam*, *Penelope*, and of so many others, even to the pleasant Characters, as that of *Thersites*, which is so particularly excellent, But 'tis moreover worth observation, that the persons which *Homer* introduces, are presently known and familiar to the Readers, because they always act according to the temper he attributes to them. Wherefore heed must be taken not to confound these different Characters: but above all things, the nature of the passions ought necessarily to be understood, and what they work in the hearts of those who are possess'd with them, after having describ'd them for such and such persons: for every one has his manner of loving according to his own humor. You have reason (answer'd *Plotina*) and I begin to conceive well what you say: but since any one may invent a History, why is it not lawful to invent all things, and to suppose such Countreys as are no where in the World; for it would spare much pains. 'Tis true (replyed *Anacreon*) but it would also diminish much of the pleasure for, if such places and persons only were us'd as were never heard of, there would be the less curiosity in the minds of the Readers to know them: and the imagination finding all things new, would be inclin'd to doubt of all; whereas on the contrary, when an Age is made choice of, which is not so remote, but that some particularities of it are known, not so near, as that all the passages of it be too well understood, which notwithstanding is so between both; that events may be introduc'd in it, which an Historian may probably have been ignorant of, or ought not to have related; there is more conveniency to make handsomer things than if all were invented. For when names of Countreys are employed, which all the World hears of, and wherewith Geography is exactly acquainted; and when great events are made use of, which are sufficiently known, the mind is wholly dispos'd to suffer it self to be seduc'd, and to receive the fiction together with the truth, provided it be handsomly interwoven, and the Writer take pains to study the Age well he makes choice of, to improve all the rarities of it, and to conform to the customs of places he treats of, not to mention Laurels in Countreys where there was never any seen, not to confound the Religions or Customs of Nations that are introduc'd; though they may with judgement be a little drawn to the usage of the present age, to the end they may be the more delightful; I am confident if this be observ'd, and they which are introduc'd in a Fable of this nature, speak well, the passions be well painted out, the adventures be natural and prudently invented, all the little matter which discover the bottom of mens hearts, be pertinently plac'd; Vice be blam'd, Virtue rewarded, and Variety dispers'd through the whole, without confusion, if the fancy be always subject to the judgement, extraordinary events be rationally grounded; if there be knowledge, without affectation, delight, ornament, and pleasantness, wherever it is necessary; if the style be neither too high nor too low, and no violence offer'd to decency and good manners; I am confident, I say, such a Work wil please all that read it, be more delightful to them than a History, and withal be more profitable. For a person who writes the History of a Prince, can blame only the vices of him whose life he writes: but he that undertakes to compose an ingenious Fable, may take occasion, if he please, to condemn all Vices, and teach all Virtues. And therefore I wish, with all my heart, *Herminius* and *Amilcar* would set about a composition of this nature. As for *Amilcar* (answer'd *Clelia*, I must dissuade him from it; for according to the humor he is of, he will never be able to resolve to blame inconstancy: but for *Herminius*, who makes profession of being constant, and knows all virtues, I wish he would take the pains to do it. I assure you (reply'd he) I should gladly undertake it, if I believ'd I could do it as well as I apprehend it might be done; for I am perswaded a Map of the World, and that a little embelish't, would be a very delightful thing, and withal very profitable, But to speak freely, the undertaking is more difficult than it seems, and I believe it is easier to write a handsome History, than to compose an accurate Fable, after the manner I apprehend it may be made. Yet it is requisite an Historian have great accomplishments; he must have a wit of great extent which his fancy must adorn when it is needful, both which his judgement must guide and restrain, when 'tis convenient, and his memory ought never to be unfaithful to him. He must have an universal knowledge of the World, of the interest of Princes, and the humors of Nations; policy must not be unknown to him, nor the art of War; he must understand to describe battels; and, which is most of all necessary, he must be able perfectly to represent those Wars of the Closet, which are met with in all Courts, which consist in intrigues, delusions, and negotiations, true or feign'd, and which notwithstanding are of such importance, that 'tis in them the seeds are sown of the most considerable Wars,

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and on which the ruine or felicity of Nations, as well as the verity of Hiſtory depends. It is requiſite alſo to be skilful, how to repreſent the different paſſions of Princes, as thoſe which govern; not to ſay too much, or too little of them, and never to write any thing, but what inſtructs or delights, and is either good or pleaſant. However when a man is provided with faithful memorials, has liv'd himſelf in the world, and has part of the qualities neceſſary to an Hiſtorian, 'tis eaſie to make a Hiſtory not wholly bad. But to compoſe an accurate Fable, adorn'd with all that can render it agreeable or profitable, I conceive it neceſſary, not only to have all that I ſaid was requiſite to an Hiſtorian, but to have a hundred knowledges more comprehenſive and particular. Such a Writer muſt be (as I may ſo ſpeak) the Creator of his Work; he muſt underſtand the art of ſetting forth Virtue, and exhibiting it as a thing not difficult to be practis'd. He muſt know the World, not only as the Author of a Hiſtory ought, but he muſt underſtand the handſome mode of the World perfectly, politeneſs of converſation, the art of ingenious raillery, and that of making innocent Satyrs; nor muſt he be ignorant of that of compoſing of Verſes, writing Letters, and making Orations. He muſt alſo know (as I may ſo ſpeak) the ſecrets of all hearts, and be ignorant of not one of all the commendable Sciences; of which occaſion may be ſometimes offer'd to ſpeak by the way. But above all things, he muſt know how to take away plainneſs and drineſs from Morality, and ſet it off in a dreſs ſo natural and ſo agreeable, that it may divert all thoſe to whom it gives inſtruction; and as Ladies break not their Looking-glaſſes which ſhow them the defects which they amend when they know; ſo they may not hate a Work wherein they oftentimes ſee things which none durſt ſpeak to them of, and which they would never ſpeak of to themſelves, Whence it is eaſie to judge, that it is much more difficult to make a Work of this nature, than to write a Hiſtory. You diſcourſe admirably well (anſwer'd *Anacreon*). I am of your opinion (added *Amilcar*): but that which ſeems ſtrange to me, is, that if it were poſſible to find one that had compos'd a Fable of this nature, yet there would alſo be found a great number of people, who would ſpeak of it but as of a meer trifle, and an unprofitable amuſement: and I know divers antient Senators here, and alſo ſeveral *Roman* Matrons, who would be ſo affrighted with a Love-ſtory, that they would abſolutely forbid their Children from caſting their eye upon any ſuch. That conceit, (anſwer'd *Herminius*) ſeems very unjuſt; for Love is not learnt in Books, nature teaches it all men; and in all places through which I have travell'd, I have found love every where: But I have found it more groſs, brutiſh, and criminal, amongſt people of no politeneſs, and ſuch as are wholly ignorant of handſome gallantry, than amongſt perſons of worth and civil education. And beſides, if it were unfit to read Books wherein Love is treated of, we muſt forbear reading of Hiſtories, in which we find examples of all crimes, and wherein oftentimes the Criminals are happy, and cauſe deſire in ſome to imitate them. One day, Hiſtory will record the abominable action of *Sextus*, the miſerable death of *Servius Tullus*, the unjuſt Loves of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, and a thouſand other things of dangerous example; which need not be in a Fable according to the way I underſtand; for therein modeſty may always be joyn'd with love, and no criminal loves be ever related, which prove not in the end unhappy. For my part (ſaid *Clelia*,) I think it more important than is believ'd, to ſhew that there may be innocent loves and delightful together, for there are but too many who think this can never be. No doubt, Madam, you have reaſon (anſwer'd *Herminius*) wherefore thoſe good Senators, and ſevere Matrons are too blame for hindring their Children from reading a Work wherein they might find wherewith to underſtand the practice of all Virtues, and by the advantages of which they might ſpare the pains of travelling, to become perſons of worth and accompliſht; ſince there may be made ſo handſome a Map of the World, that it might be ſeen in Epitome, without going forth of their Cloſet. And as for Ladies, I conceive likewiſe that the reading of ſuch a Work as I am ſpeaking of, would rather hinder them from admitting of Gallants, than induce them to entertain them; for if they would compare the love pretended to them, with that they found deſcrib'd in a Book of this Nature, they would apprehend ſo much difference between them, that they would never ſuffer themſelves to be mov'd with it. I add moreover confidently, that ſuch a Book might not only teach all Virtues, blame all Vices, and reprove all the little defects the World is full of, but it might alſo teach to reverence the gods, by the example given in the perſons of *Heroes*, propos'd for a pattern; and that of whatever Nation or Religion the Reader be of, he might be profited by it, For when I behold a *Roman* adore the gods of his Countrey, I am not backward to improve by the example, (though I am an *African*) and thereby to remember I ought to worſhip thoſe of my own Countrey. Therefore I do not weigh the moroſity of ſome unreaſonable people, who blame a Work of this nature; but at the venture of undergoing their injuſtice, I wiſh I were the Author of one. For I, being contented with my own intention, ſhould comfort my ſelf againſt the ſeverity of a few perſons with the general applauſs of the World, and the peculiar knowledge I had of the profitableneſs of this kind of Work in which may be had experience without the aſſiſtance of old age, precepts without ſeverity, innocent Satyrs, judgement which coſts nothing, and the means to learn that art of the World, without which it is unpoſſible ever to be acceptable. If you make one (ſaid *Plotina*) I promiſe you to read it with pleaſure: For my part (added *Clelia*) I promiſe my admiration to *Herminius*. I promiſe him more than you (added *Valeria*) for I promiſe him to reform many defects which I have. For what concerns me (ſaid *Anacreon*) I engage my ſelf to ſing his glory. And for my part (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I promiſe him to read it with delight, to eſteem it highly, to commend it in all places, and to do nothing which he ſhall ſay, for I never do any thing but what I ſay to my ſelf.

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And beſides, he has ſuch an inclination to conſtant love, that I ſhould never conform to it. After this, all the company uniting again, the Muſick began, and then the Collation was ſerv'd, which was as magnificent as the harmony was melodious; after which the converſation was extreamly agreeable. But it being ſufficiently late, the company ſeparated themſelves with the ſorrow of knowing they ſhould loſe *Telanus* the next morning, becauſe the Figure which the *Veientines* were to deliver, was to arrive at *Rome* the day following. *Clelia* indeed was exempted from this diſcontent, though ſhe very highly eſteem'd *Telanus*; becauſe thinking of nothing but what might have ſome correſpondence with the paſſion ſhe had in her Soul, ſhe only mus'd upon the death of *Heſiode*, imagining what grief ſhe ſhould reſent, if during the War which was beginning between *Porſenna* and *Rome*, her dear *Aronces* ſhould happen to periſh in it,

The end of the Second Book of the Fourth Part.

CLELIA.

CLELIA.
A New Romance.

The Fourth PART.

The Third BOOK.

THE people of *Rome* understanding, the figure made at *Veii* by *Tarquin*'s command, was arriv'd, testified an extream joy thereupon. Nothing so easily communicating it self as superstition in the minds of the Multitude. The Consul *Horatius* in the absence of *Publicola*, caus'd the figure to be plac'd in the Temple of *Jupiter*, and gave permission to *Telanus* to return. So that having no pretext to continue long-er at *Rome*, he was constrain'd to depart from thence, and take leave of those illustrious persons, with whom he had pass'd some dayes so delightfully. 'Tis true, he left his heart with the aimiable *Plotina*, and return'd with his mind so fill'd with the excellency of his Lady, that as couragious as he was, he heartily wisht the war would soon be end-ed. He parted from *Aruleat* with much dearness, notwithstanding his being his Rival; but for the three other his Rivals, he bad them not adieu. His civility was greater towards *Clelia*, to whom he made a thousand protestations of friendship, as like-wise to *Octavius*, who being better recover'd, had a long conversation with him before his departure, to oblige him to serve *Aronces* to the utmost of his power, since he was going to be of the same Party, intreating him to be confident, that if he could find occasion of seeing him, he would promote his inte-rests faithfully with *Clelius*, and against *Horatius*. After which this generous *Veientine* having thanked *Clelius* for all the favours he had received from him, departed from *Rome*, where the same day there arri-v'd news which was no very acceptable. For in-telligence was brought, that *Porsenna* was so dili-gent in assisting *Tarquin*, that in a little time the troops of *Veii* and *Tarquinia*, would be united with his; and that he had resolv'd to be in person in the head of his Army. It was also inform'd that *Publi-cola* would return within three dayes, because hav-ing been advertiz'd by *Herminius*, that there was beginning of division in the Senate since his de-parture, he judged it more important to take care for the assuring of *Rome*, than to preserve the out-places of it. Besides his Army being too weak to undertake to sustain the first attempt of that of the King of *Hetruria*, when the Forces of the *Veientines*, and those of *Tarquin* should be added to it, he thought it better to let the Enemies tire and wea-ken themselves, before he offered to fight them. The vertue of *Publicola* being highly respected by all the Romans, the news of his return produc'd a good effect in *Rome*. They who had begun to di-vide themselves reunited, and had not the bold-ness but to appear zealous for their Country, before a man, who had no other interest, and who, having all the People at his devotion, might easily punish them for their delinquency. The return of *Publi-cola* was no doubt very acceptable to *Valeria*; but *Mutius* coming back with him, diminisht part of her joy; because he had such a kind of haughtiness in his deportment, that she had rather this impe-rious Lover would always have been at the war, than return'd to *Rome*. The forces being also to come back, *Clidamira* and *Berelisa* thought fit to defer their journey to *Praneste*, till the return of the Army: and moreover *Artimidorus* being at *Rome*, they had no great impatience to leave it. But as for this Prince, he ardently wisht *Berelisa* had been there alone, having scarce any opportunity of see-ing her without *Clidamira*; for which reason he took no delight in seeing her, and was more fre-quently with *Clelia* than with her; for this aimi-able Lady looking upon him as *Aronces* his friend, and a wise, good and discreet Prince, to whom she might communicate all the secrets of her soul, had very much affection and complacency for him. As they were one day together, a Slave of *Artimidorus* brought him a Letter, which oblig'd him to take leave of her, without telling her the cause of it. Tho the same night he return'd to her, to beseech her she would please to take a walk the next day with *Valeria*, *Cesonia*, and *Plotina*, in a Garden not far from the *Sublician* bridge. *Clelia* not easing for divertisement, desir'd to be excus'd; but *Artimido-rus* telling her the business was to do a good office to *Valeria*, and that he could not discover more of it to her, she promis'd she would be ready when *Cesonia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* should come to call her, knowing *Sulspicia* would not refuse to let her go with those Ladies, her dear friends. And accordingly the next morning, they whom *Artemidorus* had nam'd, came to her house, there being no men in the company be-sides *Artemidorus* and *Herminius*. As they were go-ing to the Garden, *Clelia* ask'd *Valeria* what service she desir'd of her? I should rather (answer'd she) desire to know what I may do for your service; for *Artemidorus* has told me you had need of me in rela-tion to some affair. It is to be believ'd then (reply'd *Clelia*) that 'tis he that has need of us: but, in refe-rence to my self I cannot but think him too blame for taking such a course, since I should serve him with joy. In my opinion (said *Valeria*) it must be for something which *Berelisa* is concern'd. Then they asked *Cesonia* and *Plotina*, if they knew what the bu-

ſineſs was, which occaſioned their going to that Garden. For my part (anſwered the firſt) I know no more of it, but that *Artemidorus* told me you both deſir'd me to accompany you thither, and to take *Plotina* with me. 'Tis ſome ſatisfaction to me (ſaid *Clelia*) that we ſhall ſoon know what the buſineſs is with us. When theſe Ladies were arriv'd at the gate of that garden, where *Artemidorus* and *Herminius* waited for them, they lighted from their Chariot, and entered into the Garden, where they found no perſon at all; wherefore they demanded what was the deſign of their coming thither. Be not impatient (anſwered he) you ſhall know it preſently; but you ſhall not know altogether, but ſeverally, what has induc'd me to deceive you, and bring you hither; at leaſt *Clelia* and *Valeria* ſhall be together in one place, whilſt *Ceſonia* and *Plotina* ſhall be in another. If *Artemidorus* had not been well known to theſe four perſons, this would have occaſion'd ſtrange thoughts in them: but being aſcertained how prudent and diſcreet he was, their curioſity did not inquiet their minds at all. But (ſaid *Plotina*) I deſire to be ſatisfied, whether *Herminins* be more knowing than we are; He ſhall be ſo preſently (anſwered *Artemidorus*) for he ſhall know all, that ſhall be told *Clelia* and *Valeria*, tho not till after them. For my part (ſaid *Herminius*) I deſire never to know any thing concerning my friends, but what they are willing I ſhould. After this *Artemidorus* having been to give order that none ſhould be admitted into the Garden, led *Ceſonius* and *Plotina* into a walk which was on the far ſide, where they found an old man, who no ſooner beheld *Plotina*, but he knew her, altho it was a very long time ſince he had ſeen her. But this fair Virgin could not know him otherwiſe than by his voice, and was ſome time before ſhe could recollect her ſelf. At length calling him to mind, ſhe teſtified much joy to ſee him, and believing he was her Uncle, made him a thouſand careſſes. Alas! (ſaid ſhe to him, embracing him) where have you been for ſo long time? You ſhall know (anſwered he) when I have opportunity to tell you without any other witneſs than *Ceſonia*, to whom I know you have ſuch great obligations, that 'tis fit ſhe be acquainted with all your fortune. Alas! (reply'd *Plotina*) my fortune is very eaſie to know; for when I have ſaid I have loſt my father and my mother, while I was yet in the cradle, and alwayes liv'd with the vertuous *Ægeſide* your wife, till my departure from *Ardea*, I ſhall have ſaid almoſt all. You ſo little know your ſelf (anſwer'd this ſage old man) that you cannot well ſpeak of your ſelf, till after I have told you who you are. *Artemidorus* judging that his preſence was not neceſſary in this place, and knowing that it was elſewhere, left *Ceſonia* and *Plotina* with him that had ſo many important things to tell them, and returned to *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Herminius*. But to accompliſh his deſign, he intreated *Herminius* to ſtay with him, and deſir'd thoſe two perſons that they would pleaſe to go a ſide into a little Garden ſeparated from the great one, where there was a little knot of flowers, enclos'd with pales and myrtles. So that theſe two fair virgins ſeeing there was no great danger in doing what *Artemidorus* deſir'd, enter'd into it. Which they had no ſooner done, but they beheld *Aronces* appear, coming forth of a little Arbor at a corner of the Garden. This ſight ſurpris'd them ſtrangely, but eſpecially *Clelia*, who in the firſt inſtant reſented nothing but joy in ſeeing her dear *Aronces*. Who, as ſoon as he beheld her, ſaluted her very reſpectfully, and approacht towards her with all the tranſport that a true love can cauſe in a Lover, whoſe heart is tender and ſenſible, when he again ſees the Perſon he loves, after a long abſence. I have at length, Madam, (ſaid he to her) in ſpight of all the obſtacles that oppoſe my happineſs, at leaſt the ſatisfaction of being able to tell you all my misfortunes, and to underſtand from your mouth, what you will command me to do. Being aſſur'd *Valeria* knows all the ſecrets of your heart, that ſhe is generous, good and faithful, I have been willing ſhe ſhould know I am here; for tho I have the unhappineſs to have a father who is *Tarquin*'s Protector, yet, I think, I ought not to be ſuſpected by her. You have reaſon my Lord (anſwered that diſcreet Virgin) not to be diſtruſtful of me; for I have ſo high an eſteem of your vertue, that excepting *Clelia*, there is no perſon in the world was more affected with your loſs than my ſelf: and indeed (added ſhe) I ſee already ſo much fright upon *Clelia*'s countenance, for ſeeing you ſo near *Rome*, where you have more violent enemies than you believe, that I cannot but fear leſt you ſhould be ſeen. And therefore whilſt you are ſpeaking with *Clelia*, it will be convenient for me to take care that you be not perceiv'd. *Clelia* would have withheld her; but ſhe retir'd back to the gate, where *Artemidorus* and *Herminins* were diſcourſing together, and from whence ſhe might ſee, but not hear them. Aſſoon as ſhe was at a convenient diſtance, *Clelia* addreſſing to him, I confeſs to you, *Aronces*, (ſaid ſhe) the firſt ſentiment I had in ſeeing you, affoted me joy, but alas! my reaſon begins to deſtroy it; for my father hates you almoſt as much as he formerly lov'd you; *Horatius* loves me more ardently than ever; his Kinſman is the ſecond Conſul, and *Publicola* is not at *Rome*. My brother no doubt is alwayes for your intereſts; but my father has ſo ſtrong a belief it was you that wounded him in the battel, that he cannot indure you ſhould be nam'd in his preſence; and when he goes to exaggerate your wounding of his ſon with the ſame ſword he had given you heretofore, he is ſo tranſported againſt you, that my mother dares not ſo much as offer to excuſe you. I have here underſtood this unjuſt accuſation by *Artemidorus* (anſwered *Aronces*); but if it were as eaſie for me to be happy, as it will be to juſtifie my ſelf from it, I ſhould be leſs to be pityed than I am. For it was not poſſible for me to have that ſword at the battel, in which I ſerved *Rome* happily enough, and *Octavius* was wounded, ſince *Tarquin* caus'd me to be put in priſon at my departure out of *Rome*, and it was taken from me; and when I got out of priſon, there was no care taken to reſtore it to me; for I underſtood the Prince had given it to an Officer who took me. Beſides, the ſword I had in the battel when I was taken with *Horatius*, was broken in my hands before I was made priſoner. Thus this accuſation fals of it ſelf; and if I had known it ſooner, I ſhould have long ſince been juſtified in the opinion of *Clelius* and *Octavius*. As for my brother (anſwered ſhe) he has been generous to believe that you wounded him unawares, and to ſay, it did not belong to the ſon of *Clelius* to revenge an injury done to the Prince of *Numidia*. But, for my father, tho he may be convinc'd, you did not wound my brother, he will not reſtore you to the place you held in his heart, as long as the King of *Hetruria* ſhall be *Tarquin*'s Protector, and *Rome*'s enemy. Not but that he ſpeaks

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things which seem to have some contrariety; for if you should desert the party of the King your father, and come to side with *Rome*, he would think the action unworthy of you; and however, when you do all that you ought, he will account you unworthy of me; and to this effect, he speaks to me as often as occasion is presented. But what then must I do (answered *Aronces*) can I not be the Son of the King of *Hetruria*? Does it depend on me to cause him to take which side pleases me; Can I be suspected to love *Tarquin*, to hate so many illustrious Friends as I have at *Rome*, and not to prefer you above all things? Is it in my power to reverse the Laws and Reason, and to cause Vertue to permit me to bear Arms against the King my Father, and not to bear them against a Rival so couragious and redoubtable as *Horatius*. I beseech you, Madam, (continu'd he) consider well the state of my fortune, as I am going to represent it to you, and then pronounce absolutely upon it. I know you have a great mind, a heart very noble, and a soul extreamly generous; and I will also believe that you love me as much as you can love, tho in a degree infinitely below that in which I love you; therefore I engage my self confidently to do what ever you shall appoint me. But, I beseech you, have some consideration of my glory, as I should have of yours; and if you can find no means to reconcile my love and my honour, and to make me be both innocent and happy, I conjure you command me to die; for death shall be more sweet to me, than the cruel adventure of losing you, or committing a dishonourable action would be. Alas! my Lord, (reply'd *Clelia*) what do you desire of an unfortunate person? Would you have her counsel you against her own interests? By no means (answered *Aronces*) for I have none separated from yours; but I desire you would tell me positively what you would have me to do; and especially (added he) do not treat me as the Son of the King of *Hetruria*; remember the unknown *Aronces*, and believe you can do nothing more disobliging to me, than to speak as you did but now. I desire your pardon for it (said she to him) but since you will have me tell you what I think, first tell me how you came hither; for I believ'd you still a prisoner. *Aronces* then obeying *Clelia*, told her in few words, all that had befallen him since he last saw her, tho she knew a good part of it before, he told her likewise of the visit he had receiv'd from the Queen his Mother, and the Princess of the *Latines*, and of the proposition the Queen had made him to feign himself amorous of that Princess, that he might know whether *Clelia*, who had a scrupulous mind would not take it ill that he consented to it, tho it was onely to hinder the King of *Ceres*'s Daughter from being propounded to him in marriage. He added, that, seeing himself in so unhappy a condition, without being able to resolve what he should do, he excited so much pity, in him that guarded him in the Castle whereinto he was put, that tho he hazarded very much to satisfie him, he let him go forth one night upon his word, with an oath to return the third day, at the same hour. But how will your guards (said *Clelia*) not perceive that you are not in the Castle? By pretending that I am sick, (answer'd he) and that I am not willing to admit any person to see me. And the better to colour the pretence, there is a Slave lies in my bed; and another, who is privy to the business, makes shew of waiting upon me, according to his ordinary custome; and besides he that commands those that guard me, is so much at the devotion of the Queen my Mother, who, he knows, embraces all my interests, that he hazards himself less in obliging me. But in brief, generous *Clelia*, the main importance is to consider, what I may, and what I ought to do. If I side with *Rome*, I am an unnatural Son, I ruin my self in the opinions of all persons of honour, and consequently in that of *Clelius*; I serve my Rival, I defend his life, and fight for his party; but yet I am near you, I see you daily, and dispute the possession of your heart against the merits of my enemies. On the other side, if I serve the King my Father, I do that which vertue and honour obliges me to, and I see my self with my sword in hand against *Horatius*; but withal I serve *Tarquin* and *Sextus*, whom I hate in perfection, I am an enemy to *Clelius* and *Octavius*, my dearest Friends, Vertue, *Rome*, and to all that is dearest to me; and which is most cruel, I am absent from you, I abandon you in a manner to my Rival, and I have onely your constancy to put an obstacle to his happiness. Thus, on which side soever I consider my condition, I am alwayes the most miserable of men. There might be a third course propounded to me; but as for that, Madam, I confess to you, I cannot embrace it, and that it is not possible for me to resolve to continue in prison, without taking one side; and poorly to expect the end of the War, inclos'd within four walls, without doing any thing but against my self and you, whilst *Horatius* is covering himself with glory, and forcing *Clelia* to recompence his services. This being so, there are but two things to be examin'd; speak therefore, Madam, and pronounce absolutely what my destiny must be. If I were happy enough to see the King my Father, as equitable in his sentiments for you as the Queen my Mother, I should have other matters to propound to you; but altho a King's Son, I have no assured retreat to offer you any where, tho I where able to perswade you to follow my Fortune. And moreover you have so often told me, you can never render me happy, if *Clelius* consent not to it, that your vertue supports mine in this occasion. But after all, (added he, transported with the excess of his Love) Why do not we couragiously abandon our selves and the interests of *Rome*, and go to another end of the World, to seek a Sanctuary where we may live together? Our vertue would find us Protectors every where; and if your sentiments were like mine, we would be unhappy in no place, provided our Fortune were inseparable. I beseech you, (answer'd *Clelia*, discreetly) let us not amuse our selves to speak of a matter, whereof we ought not to think, and which we shall never do. Consider then the two propositions I have made you, (reply'd he) and then tell the unhappy *Aronces* what you please shall become of him. You know so well (answer'd *Clelia*) that I will never counsel you to do any thing you may be reproacht for, and which may be prejudicial to you, that you might spare me the grief of telling you my self, that you ought to follow that which reason directs you to; what that is, would be something difficult for me to tell you; and all that I can do, is to conjure you, that when you are in the War, you will remember my Father and my Brother may possibly be amongst the enemies you fight against, that you may avoid meeting them with your sword in your hand; for

if by ill Fate you ſhould wound either of them two, you know I cannot without a crime retain any kindneſs longer for you. Think upon this my dear *Aronces*, and be generous enough to ſerve the cruel *Tarquin* and unjuſt *Sextus* with regret; but above all things (added ſhe bluſhing) when you feign love to the Princeſs of *Leontines*, who I am told is very aimable, defend your heart againſt her charms, and remember whilſt you are with her, there is an unfortunate perſon at *Rome*, who will treat *Horatius* ill for your ſake, and who is like to be ill treated her ſelf, becauſe ſhe will perſiſt faithful to you. Ah! Madam, (cry'd *Aronces*) can you think me capable of ſuch a weakneſs as this? No, (anſwer'd *Clelia*) but I can fear it, tho I cannot believe it. That diſtinction is very nice, (reply'd he) for people uſe not to fear except that which they can believe, and no perſon ever much apprehended impoſſible things. Do not fear therefore, Madam, that I can ever ceaſe to love you, for you ſhall be alwayes my firſt and laſt Miſtreſs; and there is onely glory alone that has any ſhare of my heart with you, tho I am perſwaded I ſhould love it much leſs than I do, If I lov'd not you. Live then with ſatisfaction in this reſpect, and ſuffer me to fear with more reaſon, that whilſt I ſhall act by conſtraint as an enemy of *Rome*, the love of your Countrey may deſtroy a love ſo juſt and innocent as mine in your heart, and that whilſt I am fighting againſt *Horatius*, as a redoubtable Rival, he do not get the advantage of me in your affection. He will ſee you every day, you will hear nothing but vowes made againſt me, all will be diſſembled that makes for my advantage, and you will hear no good ſpoken of the unhappy *Aronces*, but what you ſhall ſpeak to your ſelf in ſeeret. On the contrary, all the actions of the *Romans* ſhall be imbelliſh'd and extoll'd, and eſpecially thoſe of my Rival; ſo that by degrees it may come to paſs, that you may change your ſentiments, and I ſhall be left to die with deſpair. No, no, my dear *Aronces*, (anſwered *Clelia*) do not fear, I will be ever guilty of any inconſtancy towards you; or at leaſt do not fear I can ever be capable of loving, after I have lov'd you. But that which afflicts me, is, that I cannot make vows for your party, but ſhall be enforc'd to make ſuch as are contrary to it; and I doubt alſo whether ſtrict vertue will permit me to make any for you in particular. However, I am reſolv'd I will (added ſhe without giving him leaſure to interrupt her) and at the ſame time that I pray to the Gods *Rome* may gain the victory, I will beſeech them to preſerve you, and hinder you from hurting all the perſons which ought to be dear to me; and thus accommodating my innocence and my affection the beſt I can, I ſhall no doubt lead the unhappieſt life in the World. But there is remedy; for as I ſhould not forſake the intereſt of my Father for your ſake, ſo I will not oblige you to abandon thoſe of yours for mine: Beſides, as I told you, it would be no advantage to you with *Clelius*. Go then my dear *Aronces*; let us at leaſt have nothing to reproach our ſelves for; perhaps our Patience will weary our bad Fortune, and oblige the Gods to render us happy. For when I reflect that it is poſſible for you to be diſcover'd, and that if the Conſul *Horatius* knew you were here, you would be arreſted the next moment, my mind is extreamly inquieted. The King of *Hetruria* would think that you caus'd your ſelf to be arreſted, my Father perhaps, would accuſe me of having conſented to to it, and indeed you would not be very happy to be a priſoner, in a place where I ſhould no more ſee you, than if you were in the enemies Camp, where you would be prejudiced in all reſpects, where you would perhaps at laſt depend on your enemies, and whence you would not be releas'd till the end of the War. Therefore 'tis better for you to be in a place, where you may ſerve my Father, my Brother, and your Friends, if they happen to become Priſoners to your ſide, and from whence perhaps I may alſo ſomtimes receive tidings from you. You have then abſolutely determin'd what my deſtiny muſt be (reply'd *Aronces*). I have not, (anſwered *Clelia*) but being I can never deſire any thing that is unjuſt, I ſubmit my will to reaſon, and content my ſelf to beſeech you to love me for ever, and to believe, that I ſhall be ſo faithful to you, that in caſe you ſhould prove inconſtant, I ſhould never love any perſon after. Be confident, Madam (reply'd *Aronces*), you ſhall never have occaſion to teſtifie that kind of fidelity: but if you do not promiſe me (added he) to be as fully aſſur'd of my conſtancy as I will be of yours, I think, I ſhall not be able to return; but without conſidering the particulars of my deſtiny, I will go find out *Clelius*. And withal (added he) I will undeceive him of the opinion he has of my wounding *Octavius*. It ſhall ſuffice (anſwer'd *Clelia*) that the Prince *Artemidorus* will take care to juſtifie you without your intermedling in it your ſelf. In the mean time (added ſhe) I think it fit to confide in *Herminius*, whoſe probity can never be ſuſpected by thoſe to whom he is known. 'Tis my intention, (reply'd *Aronces*): but before I ſee him, permit me, Madam, to bid you adieu here apart, ſince my hard Fate will not ſuffer me to continue with you; for the ſentiments of an amorous heart ought not to be divided.

Tell me then, Madam, that you will love me, that you will pity me, and that as ſoon as you can I ſhall be happy: and to aſſure you yet more of my fidelity, and take away all cauſe of doubting of it, know, that as often as you pleaſe, I will come, and give you an account of my actions, though I be put to enter *Rome* without a diſguiſe; that as often as you pleaſe you ſhall make my arms fall out of my hands; and in a word, that you ſhall be always abſolute Miſtreſs of my deſtiny. But permit me alſo to hope that I ſhall have a ſhare in all your thoughts, and that you can never be happy, till you have render'd me ſo. I promiſe you, (anſwer'd this fair perſon): but alas! (added ſhe ſighing) I fear we ſhall be alwayes miſerable, at leaſt, I know I am not able to foreſee by what means we ſhall ever become otherwiſe. *Tarquin* may die, (reply'd *Aronces*), the intereſts of the King my Father may change, I may perhaps bend his mind, peace may be concluded, *Clelius* may ceaſe to be unjuſt, and *Horatius* may be conſtrain'd to relinquiſh that which does not belong to him: therefore it is to be hop'd, that at length, by wayes which are unknown to us, Heaven will render us happy. 'Tis requiſite indeed (ſaid *Clelia*) to take up a hope to our ſelves, tho upon ill grounds, to avoid deſpair: but to ſpeak ſincerely, Fear is the Miſtreſs in my heart. Yet I will hide part of it, (continu'd ſhe) and content my ſelf to conjure you to preſerve your ſelf for my ſake. And now ſuffer me to call *Valeria*, *Artimedorus*, and *Herminius*, that you may depart; for tho the ſight of you cauſes all the

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sweetness of my life, yet I shall have no quiet, till I know you are return'd into your prison, where at least your life is in safety. Alas! I beseech you, Madam, (answer'd *Aronces*) that I may speak onely three or four words more to you, Speak then, (reply'd she) but speedily; for when once one has but three or four words to speak, 'tis almost as good to be silent. Alas! Madam (cry'd he) you know not what Love is, if you account three or four words nothing, since 'tis true, one favourable word affords a thousand and a thousand pleasures to remember it. Therefore give me some to keep in my memory, and to comfort me during an absence whose continuance is uncertain. Tell me then too, discreet person as you are, whether you love me? Alas! (answer'd *Clelia*) can you doubt of what I think, and can it be neeessary to tell you that which has been prov'd to you by a thousand testimonies of dearness? If it be not absolutely necessary, (reply'd he, looking upon her with much love) yet it is perfectly delightful: tell me then positively that you love me, and that you will love me eternally, to the end I may have something to supply me with comfort in my greatest misfortunes. I tell you all that can comfort you (answered *Clelia*): but after this ask no more of me, for I have nothing but tears to give you. *Clelia* had no sooner ended these words, but she made a sign to *Valeria*, that she should oblige *Artemidorus* and *Herminius* to approach towards them; and accordingly having fastned the door of this little Garden, they drew altogether. Then *Aronces* made a thousand caresses to *Herminius*; for as for *Artemidorus* he had seen him the evening before, having first discover'd and intrusted himself to him. Yet the discourse of these persons was not long, because *Clelia* was in such fear, least *Aronces* should be discover'd, that she was not satisfi'd till he was withdrawn into the Gardener's house, where he had passed the preceding night. Nevertheless *Aronces* first told *Artemidorus* and *Herminius* the reasons which oblig'd him to serve the King his Father against *Rome*, he intreated them to disabuse *Clelius* of that opinion, that it was he that had wounded *Octavius*, he conjur'd them to serve him with their mediation to him, to speak alwayes in his favour to *Clelia*, and to pity him, for being of a side, on which his heart was not, and not to love him less for it. It is so ordinary (answer'd *Herminius*) to see brave persons ingag'd to make war for unjust causes, that there is no intelligent person, but instead of blaming, will admire that which you do; and I am confident *Clelius* will esteem you more for continuing fixt to the interest of the King your Father, than if the love you bear to *Clelia* oblig'd you to come and side with *Rome*. For after you alone have caus'd us to gain the Battle, which put us in power to defend our selves, it is easie to know that if honour permitted you, you would do that again for *Rome* which you have done against its enemies. Be therefore assur'd, that for my part, I shall promote your interests vigorously, and that it shall be no fault of mine, if justice be not rendred to your Vertue. After this, these two illustrious Friends parted, but *Artemidorus* continu'd with *Aronces*, till the beginning of night, when he was to go away. Yet this generous Lover took his leave a second time of *Clelia*, with more dearness and tenderness than before. *Herminius* would willingly have staid with *Aronces*, as well as *Artemidorus*; but it was fear'd, that might cause it to be suspected, that there was some person hidden in the Garden; wherefore he went away with *Clelia* and *Valeria*, to rejoyn with *Cesonia* and *Plotina*, whom they beheld going out at the end of a walk, with an old man whom they did not know: who likewise took leave of them in that place, and went into the little Garden where *Aronces* and *Artemidorus* were. Well (said *Herminius* to *Cesonia* and *Plotina*) may I know your secret as well as I do that of *Clelia* and *Valeria*'s. No question but you shall know it, (answer'd *Plotina*) for I have so great need of the generous *Sevelia*, that without her I should scarce know what to do with the secret which has been reveal'd to me. In the mean time (added she) since there is no person here in whom I may confide, I shall not scruple to say, that this secret is so important to me, that it has inform'd me I am not what I alwayes took my self to be; for I believ'd I was born at *Ardea*, and I was not; I thought I was the Daughter of a man, who was only Friend to my late Mother, and I am quite another Person than what I imagin'd. *Clelia* hearing *Plotina* speak thus, could not contain, notwithstanding the other imployment of of her thoughts, from asking her who she was. Alas! my dear *Clelia*, (answer'd she) perhaps you will know but too soon; however, I would tell you at this instant, but having been made to promise not to speak of it yet, I must be contented to tell you, that I am that, which I should never have believ'd I could be; and I conjure you to promise me, that when you know who I am, you will not love me for it less. I assure you (reply'd *Clelia*) that the friendship I have for you being founded upon your merit, tho your birth should be less noble than I have believ'd it, I would not change the sentiment, I have for you. That which you say is very generous (said *Cesonia*) but 'tis not for that consideration *Plotina* fears you would love her less; for her birth is nobler than she believ'd; but however, I am confident she will not tell it you presently; for he that can unfold this riddle, is oblig'd to return this night to a prison, whence he came forth, to expect till a great Princess deliver him from it; and after that he will come back to *Rome*, to inform you really who *Plotina* is. Nevertheless (added *Cesonia*, speaking to *Clelia*) continue to love her dearly; for tho she sayes, she fears you should love her less, yet I must assure you that, on the contrary, you will think your self oblig'd to love her more. After this these Ladies went into their Chariot, and *Herminius* return'd on horseback. On the other side, night was no sooner come, but *Aronces*, and that old man, who so long entertain'd *Cesonia* and *Plotina*, return'd to the prison from whence they came, for this man came along with *Aronces* to *Rome*. As for *Clelia* being she look'd upon all secrecy as criminal, she told *Sulspicia* she had seen *Aronces*, and she told *Octavius* likewise, to the end to satisfie him that *Aronces* could not have been the Person that wounded him, and this prudent Lady so faithfully related to them all the generous sentiments of that illustrious Prince, that they admir'd his vertue, and became confirm'd in the resolution to serve him still with greater ardour. To which purpose they oblig'd *Artemidorus* to tell *Clelius* he had understood at *Clusium*, that when *Aronces* was arrested by *Tarquin*, his sword was taken way from him, so to evince him that *Octavius* receiv'd not his wound from his hand; adding that he wondred the truth was not conjectur'd, it being a general order to

disarm

disarm all such as are put into prison: Whereby continued *Artemidorus*, it is easie for you to judge, that that sword you sometimes gave to *Aronces*, and which was drawn out of *Octavius*'s body after the battle, was not in *Aronces*'s hands when he was wounded by it; for when a prisoner escapes out of prison, it is not possible for him, to regain the sword which was taken from him. Besides that, I have been assur'd *Tarquin* gave that which was yours to one of his Officers. Tho *Aronces* were innocent of the wounding *Octavius* (interrupted *Clelius*) it should not much advantage him in my favour; for since he is the Son of *Porsenna*, who is *Tarquin's* Protector, and consequently *Rome*'s enemy, there needs no more to make me hate him. Yet you do not hate *Telanus* and *Manilius* (answer'd *Artemidorus*) tho they be *Veientines*, and the State of *Veii* a declared enemy to that of *Rome*. *Manilius* and *Telanus* (reply'd *Clelius*) are two particular persons, who in their hearts do not approve the actions of those that govern their City. But *Aronces* is an illustrious unfortunate person (answer'd *Artemidorus*) who resents with much regret, *Porsenna*'s undertaking the protection of *Tarquin*. Whether that be so or no (reply'd *Clelius*), all that I can answer is, that I consider nothing more than the interest of my Country, that there is nothing I do not think my self oblig'd to sacrifice for it, and that rather then be ingrateful to it, I had rather be so to *Aronces*. Tho indeed having done as much for him, as he has for me, I do not look upon my self as liable to an accusation of ingratitude, tho I should hate him as much as I have lov'd him. *Artemidorus* was desirous to press him further, but perceiving no effect of his mediation, but a further exasperation of his disgust, he broke off his discourse. Two daies after *Publicola* brought back the Army, for the reasons before mention'd; but tho the pretence of his return was an intention to spare the blood of the people, to avoid giving battle again, and to cause the enemies Army to perish before their Wals, if they should dare to march against them, yet his return caus'd a great commotion amongst the people. For the solicitousness of *Publicola* and the second Consul, in fortifying all the out-places of *Rome*, in redoubling the City guard, and commanding all the Corn which was about in the Country, to be brought in thither, and all the the moveables of private persons, who had houses in the Country, the people well understood, that they who were acquainted with the secrecy of affairs, certainly foresaw, that *Rome* would ere long be surrounded with a leagure. Whereupon every one taking order for his particular subsistance, it was not possible for this to be done without some trouble and confusion. All the Streets of this spatious City were seen cover'd with chariots, horses, and with terrifi'd and afflicted people. Some were driving flocks, others removing houshold-stuff, some were loaden with corn and fruits, whilst others not solicitous of their goods, only lead their Wives and children into a place of safety. There were some that gave out they had seen the forces appear, tho it was not true; others lying after them, and encreasing their untruth, related stories of the disorders those forces had committed. They nam'd the Villages which they had burn'd, and told so many circumstances of violences committed by them, that they caus'd affrightment in all that heard them. The people thronging into the City, the Gates of it were not sufficient to receive all those conveniently, who endeavour'd to retire into it; so that there was a great tumult in the waies, gates, and streets; all the Tradesmen desisted from their works, and only beheld all these several passages with extream sadness. There was also so great a disposition in them to murmur, that there was no person who did not complain. The poor said they only should suffer during the siege, and the rich were very forward to ingage in the war, because they knew well, that they should not undergo the inconveniences of it. They who inclin'd to Monarchy, said it was very incommodious to have so many Masters; Others, that all changes never brought any thing but mischief along with them; some others zealous for liberty quarrelled with these, and maintain'd it was better to devour one another for hunger, and set fire to their City, than ever to yield to *Tarquin*. Some said it was not the best course to expect to be besieg'd, but rather to draw all the Romans out, and go and meet the enemy; others, that they would defend their wals, their wives, their children, their houshold-gods: but did not think fit to go and give battle: and the wiser and more understanding sort of people, endeavouring to reprove the multitude for their precipitious fear, fell into fury themselves, because they could not satisfie the people. Upon which *Publicola* having assembled the Senate, it was resolved, the only way to bring the people into their duty was to flatter them. To which purpose several Ordinances favourable to the Commonalty were constituted; for they were dispensed with from contributing to the charge of the war; a reasonable rate was set upon such things as were necessary for subsistance; the publick magazines were open'd; they were assur'd of all things necessary, as abundantly as the rich; it was given out by persons appointed to that purpose, that the enemies were not so strong, as was believ'd; shew was made of not fearing them; and the chief of the Senate made feasts out of policy, to intimate to the people, that they did not fear the wanting of any thing. So that as it is sometimes no less easie to appease a multitude than to move them, within two dayes all the Tradesmen betook themselves to their callings as before; all the people that came out of the circumjacent villages were dispos'd of in lodgings; and the false news changing the appearance of things, the same people who lately publisht other tidings so fatal and disadvantageous to *Rome*, now related a hundred contrary to *Tarquin* and *Porsenna*, which tho they had no probability in them very often, yet there did not want some to believe them. In the mean time all these divers rumors hindred *Clidamire* and *Berelisa*, from finishing their journey to *France*, conceiving it better to remain still at *Rome*, tho it were besieg'd, than to put themselves upon the way, at a time wherein there was yet no establisht permission, and every one was taken for an enemy; besides that *Artemidorus* being at *Rome*, they had no great business any where else. As for *Anacreon* he thought himself so well there, that he could not resolve to depart from thence so soon. *Themistus* believing he could not pass the time of his exile more nobly than in beholding so important an action as this, which fortune presented to him, resolv'd to continue there to that end; *Meregines* and his other friend did the same; *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* were not solicitous to go away, for several reasons; and *Amilcar* was then so strongly engaged to

Rome

Rome, that he did not think he ſhould ever leave it. Amongſt theſe illuſtrious perſons was ſtill enjoy'd part of the pleaſures of peace, notwithſtanding all the preparations for war. Yet the pretences for walking entertainments, were ſomething relating to military affairs; for whereas formerly the Ladies were wont to make a walk to hear muſick, they now went to behold the forces muſter'd in the field of *Mars*, or ſee the pioneers making fortifications in ſeveral places of the City. Amidſt all theſe diſturbances, Love did not ceaſe to exerciſe his dominion. Nevertheleſs, *Spurius* perceiv'd his affection did not ſo much proceed from the dearneſs he had for *Valeria*, as the hatred he bore to *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, and *Martius*, who underſtanding himſelf not ſo dextrous as his Rivals, in all thoſe little diligences which Love inſpires people with, whoſe genius is naturally ſprightly, took up a thought to ſurpaſs them all in greatneſs of courage, and to exployt ſuch extraordinary actions during the War, that *Publicola* ſhould not dare to refuſe *Valeria* to him, and his Rivals have no longer the boldneſs to pretend to her to his prejudice. As for *Horatius*, he had then more hope than ever before; *Aronces* was loſt in *Clelius*'s favour, himſelf was very powerful in *Rome*, his Rival was in the Party of the Enemies, and he pretended his ſervices to the Republick ſhould be ſo conſiderable, as that nothing could reaſonably be refuſed at the end of the War. *Octavius*, as ſoon as he began to go abroad, went to viſit *Hermilia*; and finding her ſtill poſſeſs'd with a ſadneſs which ſomething correſponded with his preſent humour, he was pleas'd no where ſo much as in her company. At this time it was known, that the Prince of *Meſſene*, inſtead of going to *Rome*, as it was believ'd, went and ſided with the enemies party, to be oppoſite to *Themiſtus*, who thereby found himſelf more engaged, to paſs all the time of his exile at *Rome*, and ſerve that State during the War. As for *Clelia*, though the poſture of her fortune was very unhappy, yet ſhe reſented much conſolation in having ſeen *Aronces*, and perceiv'd in his eyes, ſhe had all the reaſon in the World to hope he would be conſtant, and that all the obſtacles ill fortune ſhould obſtruct their happineſs with, would not change his ſentiment. *Plotina*, after what ſhe had underſtood from that old man who came with *Artemidorus*, was affected with a ſecret joy, which would have been perfectly ſweet, if it had not been allay'd with the impatience ſhe had, becauſe ſhe could not diſcover it. But tho this ſometimes gave her occaſion to muſe, ſhe was not much the more melancholy, but took all opportunities to delight her ſelf. *Amilcar* being one day in her chamber, at the ſame time with *Valeria*, *Berenice*, *Clidamira*, and *Ceſonia*, there was occaſion offer'd her to exerciſe her pleaſant humour; for as it chanc'd *Acriſius* who talk'd too much, *Sicinius* who was too ſilent, and *Damon* who was of the ſect of *Pythagoras*, coming thither, *Amilcar*, and ſhe, diverted themſelves much to the diſadvantage of theſe three Rivals, and eſpecially of the laſt. While this company was ſpeaking of ſeveral indifferent things, *Anacreon* and *Herminius* enter'd and ſaid, they had newly learn't ſome tidings which much affected them with compaſſion. *Valeria* demanded what they imported? whereupon, *Herminius* addreſſing to her, I underſtand (ſaid he) the unfortunate *Celiantus*, who, as you know, deſir'd permiſſion to build a Tomb for his two Rivals, who were ſlain in the laſt Battle, is himſelf ſlain by a party of the enemies, in defending the Tomb which he caus'd to be built. So that of four Lovers, who conteſted together, there is none living but *Melicrates*. Since none could be happy but he, (anſwer'd *Acriſius*) it is as good that they are dead; for what is life good for, when that cannot be injoy'd which only is capable to render it delightful? *Acriſius* would have proceeded farther, if *Plotina* had ſuffered him to ſpeak, but the better to ſilence him, ſhe began to lament *Celiantus*, with much exaggeration; the other Ladies pitied him likewiſe, and *Anacreon* himſelf, as great a friend of joy as he was, teſtified his commiſeration of his Fate. For my part (ſaid *Damon* then, who alwayes ſpoke according to the ſentiments of *Pythagoras*) my ſoul is not ſo ſenſible of compaſſion towards thoſe who dye, as thoſe who ſuffer any pain; for according to my apprehenſions, ſuch as dye, only change their Country and condition, but do not ceaſe to be, ſo that the continual change which all ſouls undergo, makes their ſorrow unjuſt who afflict themſelves ſo much for the death of thoſe we know, if they be not abſolutely neceſſary to our felicity. For my part, (ſaid *Plotina*) I know not how you underſtand it; but if I were of your opinion, I ſhould not be much comforted in dying, tho I ſhould know my Soul were to paſs into the body of the moſt jolly Turtle in the World; and beſides, were what you ſay true, people would have ſome remembrance of things they had known before. But I am well aſſur'd I remember nothing; and I believe too with ſufficient certainty, that when I ſhall be dead, I ſhall no longer remember any thing which I ſpeak at preſent. Your education (anſwer'd *Damon*) having been amongſt ſuch perſons who were not inſtructed by the learned in the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, it is no great wonder if you do not comprehend what I ſay. However, 'tis certain, there is nothing more conſentaneous to reaſon than the opinion of that Philoſopher in this point. For whereas the gods, who are Maſters of the World, change nothing in their workmanſhip, but we ſee alwaies the ſame Seas, the ſame Rivers, the ſame Mountains, that they have fram'd a certain number of Stars, which neither increaſes nor diminiſhes; It is eaſie to imagine that they have alſo created a certain number of Souls, which continually paſs from one body to another, according to their pleaſure. So that many times we bewail people, who are in a condition more happy than that which they have forſaken. But what ſerves this preſent happineſs for, (ſaid *Plotina*) ſince I remember a paſt felicity no longer, and I have reaſon to ſay, The things we remember no longer, are no longer ours. But, Madam, (replyed he, ſhaking his head a little) it is not be imagin'd, there is none in the World remembers what has been formerly; for I have heard ſeveral Diſciples of *Pythagoras* affirm, there are ſome, who remember the actions of a precedent life perfectly. But do you remember (ſaid *Acriſius*) what you have been? I am not ſo vain to profeſs it, (anſwer'd *Damon* gravely,) for this ſeldome happens, but to perſons who are of ſo exquiſite a temper, as that all the faculties of their Souls are in their utmoſt perfection, by reaſon that the Bodies which they animate, are ſo well diſpos'd, that nothing impedes or diſturbs their imagination, memory, or judgement. I muſt then ask all

that

that are present (said *Plotina*) if they remember any thing. For my part (said *Cesonia*) I am very unlikely to remember what I was before my being what I am; for I scarce remember what I did yesterday. And I (said *Anereon*) am so taken up with the present, that I cannot reflect upon what is past. To speak my thoughts (said *Valeria*), the future takes up my mind more than any thing else, so that 'tis no wonder if I remember nothing. I remember many past things (said *Berelisa*), but they are only such as I have seen with my own eies. I am much like you in that (answered *Clidamira*), for I know many things which I shall not forget during my life, but they are not of the nature of those *Damon* speaks of. I confess (said *Sicinius* then smiling) I so little love to speak of that which befals me, that tho I should remember what I have been, before I became what I am, I think I should not declare it. For my part (said *Aeriſius*) if I remembered any thing I should willingly tell it. I know not (said *Herminius*) whether it be the fault of my constitution, or of this Doctrine, but I remember nothing at all. Whilst the Company was discoursing thus, *Amilcar* appear'd pensive and musing, and spoke not at all; upon which *Plotina*, not doubting but he was contriving some subtilty, asked him, whether he would not declare if he remember'd what he had been before his last coming into the World. *Amilcar*, then returning from his feigned musing, answered ambiguously, and forc'd *Plotina* to command him to speak what he really thought. Sincerely (said he to her) you are a cruel person, to constrain me to be of the same opinion with one of my Rivals. How? (interrupted *Plotina* hastily, making shew of being astonish'd) is it possible an *African* should be of the Sect of *Pythagoras*? 'Tis to no purpose to deny it, (answer'd he, with a tone something serious) I am not only charm'd with his Doctrine, but convinc'd of it too by my own experience; and if I were at *Metopontium* or at *Crotona*, I should speak more freely of these matters than at *Rome*, where this opinion is not follow'd, though it be not generally condemned. At least, I know the memory of *Pythagoras* is in veneration here, and it is not unknown, that he was the wisest Philosopher that ever wore that name, the most gentle and humane. For, to give the more weight to this discourse, (added he) it is sufficiently apparent, that he was truely perswaded of the transmigration of Souls out of some bodies into others, since this, no doubt, was the cause of forbidding the use of any sort of living Creatures for food. You have made a great secret of your opinion (reply'd *Plotina*, who understood he derided *Damon*) but to punish you for your dissimulation, tell us, in brief, whether you, who have so handsome a wit, so quick a fancy, so faithfull a memory, and a constitution so perfect, have yet any remembrance of what you were, before you came to be *Amilcar*. 'Tis certain (said *Damon* then) that truth constrains me to say, I never knew any man so fit as he, to remember what he was before his last birth; for he is of that happy temper wherein the Soul is so disintangled from the confused motions of the Senses, that she may seem to be able to unbosom her self from them, and act without them, whensoever she pleases. I beseech you my dear Rival, (answer'd *Amilcar* with seeming anger) let us not mock one another in so good Company, by publishing things which they will not believe. I engage my self to make you be believ'd by above half those that are present, (said *Plotina* pleasantly) therefore tell us whether you remember you were any thing, before you were the same Person which I see you. In the name of the gods (said *Damon* then speaking to *Amilcar*) if it has pleas'd destiny to make your birth so happy, as that you are one of the number of those, who have the preheminence to know what they have formerly been, speak it confidently, in the avertment of a truth of highest importance, which perhaps you may convince some persons of, who may afterwards propagate it to all the most illustrious in Rome. *Herminius* observing, *Damon*'s zeal for *Pythagoras*'s Doctrine, made him liable to be abus'd, for the divertisement of the Company entreated *Amilcar* to declare, as the rest, all that his memory inform'd him of. *Valeria* did the like; *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, and *Cesonia* added their requests; *Aeriſius* importun'd him to it; *Anereon* desir'd him to do it, and *Sicinius* made a consenting sign to him, to signifie that his desires were the same with those of all the Company; after which *Plotina* commanding him to speak, he did it in this manner; I am going to obey you, Madam, (said he to her) but I beseech your favour, not to reveal that which I shall tell you, and withal oblige those who are present to keep fidelity to me; for 'tis no great pleasure to be shewn in the Streets for a man, to whom extraordinary things has happened. *Amilcar* seem'd so serious in these words, that *Plotina* was almost ready to believe that he spoke in earnest. But at length all the Company having promis'd not to promulgate what he should tell them, he studi'd for some time and, seeming wholly recollected in him self, spoke in these words, addressing his words to *Plotina*. When you shall have heard what I have to tell you, (said he) you will less wonder at the boldness I have in loving you; for I have not always been a Wit. 'Tis true my Soul has experimented a great varietie of different Fortunes, and this very Spirit, which animates me, has past through several bodies of no mutual resemblance. Moreover (added he, with a grave and imperious aspect) it must not be imagin'd that I speak without knowing what induces me to it; for tho I may seem a person fitter to compose a jovial Sonnet, than to understand the whole doctrine of *Pythagoras* to the bottome, yet if I embrac'd it, I would clearly give you to understand the most obscure matters, and to unfold to you the necessity that there be eternally a prefixt number of Souls in the whole Universe, animating all the Bodies in it, that afterwards there would be no place left to doubt of all the doctrine of *Pythagoras*. For it being constantly true, (continu'd he, after having made all the appearance of one that has a good opinion of that which he speaks, and who nevertheless studies a little what he desires to express) that the principles of things consist in numbers, that proportion and Symetry are found every where, and that the harmony which results from this exactness, is, that which maintains the World; it is easie to understand, that the number of Souls is not unequal. The order of the Universe is always equal; there is neither more nor less matter in one age than in another; a Tree puts forth leaves in the Spring, those leaves fals at Autum, and the Tree renders back to the Earth all it received from it; and if it be burnt, the ashes return to the same place with the leaves. People delight to make wa-

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cun-courſes to divide Rivers, and cauſe Fountains to ſpurt forth; yet there is not one drop of water leſs in all the Univerſe, in which is made a continual tranſmutation of all bodies. Since therefore matter is alwaies equal, why ſhould any imagine Souls not to be ſo too? The Stars are alwaies in the ſame number, as *Damon* hath well obſerv'd; we ſee but one Moon and one Sun; and, were it not incongruous to make ſhew of learning before Ladies, I ſhould ſwear to you by the number of Four, which is the greateſt oath of *Pythagoras*'s Diſciples, you would ſoon believe all that I do. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I am already almoſt wholly diſpos'd to believe you; but being I alwaies love Examples more than Reaſons, and the principles of things and numbers are otherwiſe beyond my underſtanding, I intreat you to imagine I believe there is a certain number of Souls which paſs ſucceſſefully into the Bodies of Men and Beaſts; for I am ready to die with deſire, to know what beaſt or Heroe you have been. Ah! Madam, (cry'd *Damon*, who heartily wiſht *Amilcar* had convinc'd her of his opinion) perſons that believe ſo eaſily, do as good as not believe at all. Sincerely (anſwer'd he) I am the moſt diſpos'd to hear *Amilcar*, that poſſible can be. Permit me then to ſpeak (reply'd he), for it is not more true that the number of Ten is the moſt perfect of all numbers, according to the doctrine of *Pythagoras*, than it is true that I die with deſire to tell you all I remember I have been. Speak then (ſaid *Plotina*) and do not fear being interrupted, unleſs it be to ask you ſome particularities, which I ſhall be deſirous to know. Know then (anſwer'd he, with a very ſerious tone) that the moſt ancient thing I can call to remembrance, is my having been a great Prieſt in *Ægypt*, a long time before the firſt of the Pyramids which are ſeen there, was built. But this I remember ſo confuſedly, that there remains nothing of it in my mind, but the knowledge of Hieroglyphicks, which, no doubt, I underſtand ſtill ſufficiently well, therefore I ſhall not detain you in ſpeaking of it, having other things of more curioſity and divertiſement to tell you. After I dy'd in a Temple, my ſoul paſs'd into the body of a young Prince, of a handſome, comely, and agreeable perſonage. But the ſtrangeſt thing is, (continu'd he very ſeriouſly) that I cannot remember, what ever endeavour I make, in what Country I liv'd; I only know, that I liv'd in a Court of great ſplendor, that I had an amorous inclination, that I lov'd all pleaſures of Converſe, and could not indure ſolitude for ſo much as a quarter of an hour. I had alſo ſo great an inclination to all kind of Society, that I remember I promis'd above half a ſcore of young Virgins to marry them, and I know not whether or no I did not marry two or three of them. Moreover I remember very well I loved flattery, and yet was not over-liberal in rewarding flatterers; that I eaſily enough forgot ſervices that were done me, that I believ'd with an equal facility all the good that was ſpoken of me, and all the evil, that was told me of others, and was no very commendable friend. As for War I know not whether I lov'd it or no, but I know I di'd at no great rate, and that never having had leiſure to think of death, nor made any reflection upon it to compoſe my mind reſolutely againſt it, I found my ſelf much perplex'd when I ſaw it at hand; and in fine, truth, entertain'd it after a very unkind manner. But afterwards I was ſtrangely aſtoniſht, after having been in ſo good company, to find my ſelf a Phœnix in *Arabia*, and the onely one of my kind; for without doubt, you know, Madam, there is but one Phœnix in the World. *Amilcar* ſpoke this ſo ſeriouſly, that none of the company had the confidence to dare to laugh; and they conſtrain'd themſelves the more willingly, to further the mockery of *Damon*. How (ſaid *Plotina* then to him) were you a Phœnix? Yes, Madam, (anſwer'd he) and if I were a conſiderable wit, I would maintain that I am one again at preſent; and that after having been a Phœnix in *Arabia*, I am again the Phœnix of Lovers in *Rome*; but becauſe I am in a ſerious diſcourſe this day, I content my ſelf to aſſure you that I was really a Phœnix, and that never any thing troubled me more. I was indeed very comely, and, when I beheld my ſelf ſometimes in a River, I took ſufficient pleaſure in the handſomneſs of my ſhape; but being I was deſtitute of love, and could not be otherwiſe, my beauty was ſufficiently unprofitable to me. If I ſhould deſire your picture (ſaid *Plotina*) now you are *Amilcar*, I think it would not be ſeemly; but I conceive there is no great danger in intreating you to give me your pourtraiture as a Phœnix. Since you command me (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I will tell you that the Phœnix is as big as an Eagle, that the Feathers of his body and wings are half carnation, and half of the colour of gold; that his tail is of the moſt excellent blew that ever was ſeen, and his neck like a Rainbow, that he has a thick and large tuft upon his head of lively and well mingled colours, peircing eies, and feet reſembling ſprayes of Coral. This is, Madam, the ſhape of a Phœnix, and ſuch was I at that time: however I was extreamly melancholy, tho I thought my ſelf very handſome, and was in a delightful country; for there is a certain place in *Arabia the Happy*, where all Trees, Flowers and Herbs, have an odoriferous ſmell, where Incenſe is found in abundance, and where I percht my ſelf when I pleas'd upon the Cinamon Trees. Thus a thouſand agreeable odours perfuming the air, and a thouſand handſome objects offering themſelves to my eies from all parts, it may be thought I could not be otherwiſe than happy. But to ſpeak truth, it being alwaies impoſſible to be ſo without love, I was ſufficiently miſerable. For every year in the Spring, I with envy beheld Nightingales ſinging and making love. It was in vain for me to ſeek for any company; I found my ſelf alwaies alone; other birds went together ſometimes by troops, whilſt I remain'd alone with my beauty in an inforc'd ſolitude, which was inſupportable to me. But were you not happy (ſaid *Plotina*) in not being ſubject either to love or jealouſie, in being free from the trouble of building a neſt like other birds, in being alwaies the goodlieſt bird in the World, and conſequently not envious of others? Alas! Madam, (anſwer'd he) I accounted it better to be envious than diſcontented, as the Phœnix is. Wherefore ever ſince (added he) I have alwaies had very great compaſſion of thoſe fair women, whom jealous husbands leave in deſerts in the Country, where they ſee nothing they can love, and where ſolitude is not voluntary to them; for there is nothing ſo ungrateful, as to be conſtrain'd to be alone, when one deſires to be in company. And I can aſſure you, that when I had liv'd 160 years, which is the ordinary life of a Phœnix, I was infinitely joyful that I was oblig'd to build my funeral pile, which I did with

all possible expedition, with Incense, cinnamon, and other aromatical woods; in the season the Sun is hottest. After which, putting my self upon it after a faint manner, I fell asleep through tediousness of my long solitude. During my sleep, I expir'd with weakness, the Sun fir'd the pile which I had made, and reduc'd me into ashes, to leave something, out of which my successor might arise. Moreover, I remember very distinctly, that my last thoughts, while a Phœnix, were extremely melancholy, for having spent so long a life without loving any thing; for when I call'd to mind, that I had a hundred and sixty Springs, seen all the birds of my lovely desart making love to one another, I was infinitely discontented; and therefore (continu'd he) if there be any in the company, who, to their unhappiness, have made a resolution not to love any thing, let them hasten to change it; for there is nothing more tormenting at the hour of death than the affliction of having not been able to love or be belov'd. I assure you (said *Valeria*) I believe it is very troublesome too, to call to mind an unsuccessful or impertinent love. However it be (said *Damon*, who was unwilling *Amilcar* should be interrupted) suffer the relation to be finisht, which has been so delightfully begun; for though *Amilcar* always mingles some raillery in what he speaks, yet credit ought to be given to his words, since all the company knowes 'tis his custome never to speak altogether seriously of the most serious things. You have reason (answer'd *Plotina*) therefore I desire *Amilcar* to continue his relation. After I had ceas'd being a Phœnix (said *Amilcar*) I chang'd my fortune and shape very much; for I became one of the most ugly men in the World, but in requital one of the most valiant; for I lov'd nothing so much as war, which I follow'd continually; not but that my heart was in some sort sensible of love, though it was a kind of souldier-like Love, which does not cause much sighing, but has something of freedome and jollity in it, but seldome any great matter of courtship; and therefore I took more pleasure in relating a handsome field wherein I had fought, a siege I had been present at, or a particular combate of my own, than in entertaining my self with the favours of my mistress. But perhaps (interrupted *Plotina* smiling) it was because you had not any great matter to say upon that subject; at least I know if any lov'd me after the military manner you have represented to me, it should be easie to reckon the favours I would do him. All women (answer'd *Herminius*) are not of your humor; for, some fancy those resolute gallants with fierce countenances, who speak with boldness, and have kill'd men, more than polite and civiler persons, who comport themselves with respect and tenderness. No doubt, *Herminius* has reason (replyed *Amilcar*) for I was not very ill treated, and my stoutness caus'd me to obtain as many favours, as my wit and courtship. 'Tis true, I did not care over much for them; and I remember one thing which makes good what I say: One day I lost a picture which I had of my mistress, as I was fighting with a man, who had set upon me at an advantage, and I was much more joyful for having taken his sword from him, than troubled for having lost the picture. Indeed when a fancy takes a man to pass for one of greater courage than others, I assure you he is sufficiently employ'd; for he is possess'd with envy, jealousie, and ambition all at a time; danger is sought with eagerness (though to speak sincerely, 'tis never delightful;) he always desires to go beyond the rest, and is altogether uncapable of quiet. Then, 'tis sufficiently troublesome to be sometimes wounded, and sometimes a prisoner; for the Kings and Princes, for whose service you hazard or lose your lives, take little care of you. However, since 'tis the mode, it ought to be follow'd and I follow'd it so well, that I was but twenty nine years old when I was slain. 'Tis true, I had serv'd in fourteen companies with sufficient honour to be content with life, were it not that it is always sufficiently difficult to resolve to die. But afterwards (added he, not giving leisure to any to interrupt him) my adventure was strange enough; for after having shewn much bravery, the gods to punish me for being guilty of too much vanity in that respect, were pleas'd the same soul which in another body had been so stout and hardy, should animate that of one of the most pusillanimous men in the world. At first I was not very sorry for it; for I confess to you, I was a little weary with the tumultuous life which I had led, and those former impressions not being yet wholly blotted out, I imagined that choosing a kind of calm life I might spend my daies with sufficient sweetness. But, alas! I was deceiv'd, for as soon as it was perceiv'd I was one of no courage, I was expos'd to a hundred thousand troublesome occasions, and I assure you the people of the world who suffer most, are they who have the unhappiness to be cowards. For I dare maintain, it is a thousand times more pain to be void of valour, than to be too couragious; for a man who is valiant resolves upon death without fear at the beginning of the fight; whereas a poor wretch who is not, fears it in places where it is not to be met with. For my part, whilst I was a coward, I fear'd both my friends and my enemies; when I was forced to go to the war, and shame engaged me to be present in any encounter, the torment I suffer'd was above imagination. Example did not animate me, the noise of arrows elsthing together made my heart quake; I was always prepar'd for a retreat, and always observ'd to be last at the battle, and the formost in the flight. I went whither I was unwilling to go, I did not go where I desir'd to be; I was possess'd with fear and shame: and amidst all this, with a sottish pride, which caused me to do things of which I repented a moment after. But that which afflicted me most, was, that though at my return from the war, I spoke as if I had been couragious, yet I knew it was understood well enough that I was not. Therefore I say once again, there is nothing more painful than to want courage; and a brave person that ingages in a hundred thousand dangers, suffers much less than a man who continually fear things which are not to be fear'd. Now therefore (said *Damon*) can what *Amilcar* saies be doubted of? for could he invent an adventure of this nature, were it not truth that forces him to speak? *Damon* pronounc'd these words after a manner which surpriz'd all the company; indeed he was a person not absolutely without wit; but when a man is once capable to give himself up to believe a difficult & extraordinary thing, he maintains it more obstinately than if it were easie to be believ'd, and is so prepossess'd with it, that he is easily perswaded of any thing that may serve to authorize it. Thus the poor *Damon*, not perceiving that his Rival made sport with him, conjur'd him that he would proceed. Cer-

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nius and *Valeria* did the ſame; *Anacreon*, *Herminius*, *Ariſius*, and *Sicinius*, preſs'd him to it; ſo that reſuming his diſcourſe, I aſſure you, (ſaid he) that Life, which they ſay is a thing very precious, is notwithſtanding more painful then 'tis thought to be. For tho I remember every thing that I have been, yet I do not remember I was ever perfectly happy. Nevertheleſſe, I was not altogether miſerable after having been ſo fearful; for I was deſtin'd to become a Swan; I had alſo the good hap to be in one of the goodlieſt Lakes that ever I beheld, and to feed very frequently from the faireſt hands in the world; for the place I was in, belong'd to a very beautiful perſon who lov'd me extremely. But at length it behov'd me to ſing in order to my death; on which occaſion I found, that, tho they ſay the ſinging of Swans is very agreeable, it is ſo troubleſome to the ſingers, that I was extreamly willing to change my ſhape. I repented me ſoon after that wiſh; for, the gods, to puniſh me for being diſſatisfied with my condition, when I was one of the faireſt Swans that ever was in the world, made me a bad Poet. This was a ſtate of great miſery to me; not but that I accounted all that I compos'd, very good, and admir'd my ſelf for it; but alwaies ſome adventure hapned, which made me know I was my own ſole admirer. I bethought my ſelf one day unhappily, to go ſhew ſome Verſes I had made in a great Company, without declaring my ſelf to be the Author, hoping thereby to be commended the more. But I repented my ſelfe of it extreamely; for there was no perſon but judg'd them bad, and made a mockery of them. But that which afflicted me yet more, was, that I defended them in ſuch a manner, as gave thoſe who derided them, to underſtand that I made them; upon which, beginning to moderate what they had ſaid, they wholly caſt me into deſpair. Not but that I believ'd they judg'd badly of my Verſes; but this did not hinder me from being poſſeſs'd with infinite indignation. I lookt upon the Age I liv'd in as ignorant, that people did not judge but according to their capricious humour or favour, that I deſerv'd better than they who were commended above me; and at length I dy'd in the error I had liv'd in, that is, I alwaies believ'd my Verſes were good, tho I remember well at this day, they were extream bad. But for that I had alwaies devour'd my ſelf, the decree of fate was, that I ſhould become a Pelican, which notwithſtanding, is a Bird ſufficiently rare, and of which kind, there are not many more than of that of the *Phœnix*: but at laſt dying to give life to my little Pelicans, which were very ſprightly, my Soul was ſent to *Sparta*, to animate the body of a young *Lacedemonian*, who was the moſt dexterous Thief that ever liv'd. There I rob'd ſo cunningly, that one day a young and fair perſon, confeſt to me, I had ſtolne her heart above ſix moneths before ſhe perciv'd it. How? *Amilcar*, (cry'd *Plotina*, who only took an occaſion to laugh) you put me in great fear, and I ſhould be circumvented, if you ſhould have taken my heart without my knowing any thing of it. As for that point, (anſwer'd *Damon* coldly) 'tis apparent, *Amilcar* is pleas'd to add an agreeable Fiction to Truth, tho he would do better to ſpeak a little more ſeriouſly of a matter of ſuch importance I will do what you deſire, (reply'd *Amilcar*, without being mov'd) and tell you that after this I became a jealous Husband; then, a jealous Miſtreſſe; ſhortly after, a jealous Lover, a jealous Wife, a jealous Friend, jealous without cauſe and reaſon; and, in brief, experienc'd jealouſie in ſo many manners, that I may ſay, I was for ſeveral Ages extremely miſerable. But that which is remarkable, (continu'd *Amilcar*) is, that I never was an old man, and therefore I am deſirous, out of curioſity only to become ſo once. I believe it, (anſwer'd *Plotina* ſmiling) but not to let ſlip the occaſion of contenting my curioſity, ſince you have made tryal of jealouſy of all ſorts that can be, tell us a little, whether a jealous Wife be tormented more than a jealous Husband? No doubt ſhe is, (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) for the paſſions of Women when they love being more violent, it is eaſie to judge, that their jealouſie is more tormenting to them than that of Men; beſides, having not ſo much liberty to act in order to clearing their ſuſpicions, nor ſo much power to be reveng'd, they muſt needs ſuffer far more. For my part, (ſaid *Anacreon*) I would ask of you whether the jealouſie of a Husband be more troubleſome than that of a Lover? That of a Husband (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) is more troubleſome for the Wife, than that of a Lover is for his Miſtreſſe: but as for him that ſuffers, I aſſure you, that according to the experience I have made of it, it is more incommodious to be a jealous Husband, than to be a jealous Lover. For my part, (ſaid *Herminius*) I conceive, that inſtead of inquiring of *Amilcar*, thoſe different degrees of jealouſie, it were better he told us what jealouſie is; for after having try'd it ſo much, methinks he ſhould better underſtand it than we do. *Herminius* has reaſon, (ſaid *Damon*) for by ſo many ſeveral effects as *Amilcar* has ſeen of jealouſie, he may have diſcover'd it's true cauſe and nature. I aſſure you, (anſwer'd he) jealouſie is a thing harder to be known than is believ'd; and when I conſider all my ſeveral jealouſies, I find my ſelf ſufficiently perplex'd, to tell you what I conceive of that paſſion. Yet 'tis certainly a very powerful one, and more powerful than Love; ſince it ſometimes extinguiſhes it. But that which is conſtantly true, is, that as a ſtone does more or leſſe miſchief proportionably to the ſtrength or weakneſſe of the arme that flings it; ſo jealouſie is greater or leſſe, according to the meaſure of Love, from whence it ariſes. But yet I deſire to know, (ſaid *Anacreon*) whether jealouſie ariſes from the greatneſſe of Love, or from the diſtruſt one has of himſelf, or of the perſon lov'd? Why one cannot love vehemently without being a little jealous? and why it is neceſſary that the greateſt puniſhment of life, ſhould be inſeparably conjoyn'd with the greateſt pleaſure in the World? The reaſon is, (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) becauſe Love is nothing but a deſire, deſires are ſcarce ever without fear, and fear in Love not without jealouſie. For as of neceſſity Love muſt precede jealouſie, ſo of neceſſity likwiſe jealouſie, muſt be preceded by fear. For, were it not fear'd a woman might prove unfaithful, no perſon would ever be jealous; if it were not fear'd a Rival might be lov'd, none would be poſſeſs'd with jealouſie; ſo that it may be ſaid, if there were no fear, there would be no jealouſie; if nothing were fear'd, there would be no deſires; and if no deſires, no Love. But becauſe people deſire, therefore they love; becauſe they love, they fear; and becauſe they fear, they are jealous: So that to determine the original of jealouſie, it muſt be held to be the daughter of deſire and fear, and becauſe one

cannot love without desire and fear, it is almost an impossibility to love long without jealousie. Your discourse is extreamly rational, (answer'd *Damon*), but yet it would be better to proceed, to inform us; what you have been in latter times. Of a jealous Husband, (said *Amilcar*) I became a Tyger in *Lybia*, a Shepherd in *Arcadia*, a Carver at *Corinth*, a Peacock in *Sicily*, a Painter at *Athens*, a Musician in *Lydia*, and an Owle at *Prœneste*. But for that the relation of my adventures while an Owle, would not afford you much Pleasure, I shall content my selfe, to tell you only what I was before I was *Amilcar*. I beseech you tell us that presently, (said *Plotina*). I was *Servius Tullus*, (answer'd he, with a strange confidence). How? (said *Plotina*, with a fain'd astonishment) were you a King of *Rome*? Yes (answer'd he) and therefore it was I told you, in the beginning of my discourse, you would no longer wonder at my boldnesse in loving you, after you knew all that I have been; and this is the reason also that I hate *Tarquin* so much, and have lign'd my selfe to the service of *Rome*. For they who have any remembrance left of their several changes, have also some inclinations, in their present condition, correspondent to what they have been; and therefore you ought not wonder that I love *Rome*, altho I am an *African*. No, (reply'd *Plotina* maliciously); for *Rome* is sufficiently lovely of her selfe, to attract your affection: but I wonder very much at your so exact remembrance of so many things, and at my own remembring nothing at all. For, as for my part, I declare to you, I do not remember I was ever any other than *Plotina*. But perhaps (answer'd *Amilcar* smiling) it is, because you have not consider'd on it; for certainly it is not without the strength of deep reflection, that I have been able to recount to you all I have done. *Amilcar* spoke this with a certain air, beholding *Plotina*, which suddenly signifi'd, to *Damon*, that this Rival had made pastime of his opinions, and fain'd these stories to divert the Companie. For my part, (said *Acrisius* then, who sought occasion onely to speak) I will endeavour to recite all the changes *Amilcar* remembers of himselfe. Do not give your selfe the trouble, (answer'd *Damon* rising up) for I am assur'd that tho it be true that *Amilcar* remembers what he has been, when I am gone, he will say, his intention was only to make pastime, and divert you with pleasant mockerie; but whatever he sayes, it is certain, the opinion of *Pythagoras* is that alone, which can be follow'd with reason. *Damon* spake this with something a sharp tone of his voice, which signifi'd, that he at length perceiv'd *Amilcar* only to deride his belief. *Plotina* therefore was offering to say something to to pacify him, but he went away, and would not continue longer. 'Tis true, he afforded great pleasure to the Company, and especially to *Plotina*, who had an extream desire to laugh in liberty at *Amilcar*'s confidence, in relating all those odd changes. For my part, (said she) I cannot understand how a man otherwise indu'd with reason, can be capable to believe things so extravagant. I am not of your mind, (said *Anacreon*) for I never wonder'd at any thing, and lesse at these kind of things than others; because there is never any prepossession of mind so strong, as that which has some appearance of Religion and Piety. For the morality of *Phythagoras*, having pleas'd *Damon*, because it was full of humanity and sweetnesse, he afterwards submitted his mind, to believe all that has been taught by a Man, whose Virtue charm'd him. For as we more easily believe what our Friends tell us, than what we learn from our Enemies, or people who are indifferent to us; so it often times falls out in the reading of Books. Men take an affection to the opinions of some persons, in certain matters; and when their affection is so setled, they are afterwards capable to believe all that he saies, upon his word, and in the mean time, thinks they are perswaded to do so by their own reason. But in brief (interrupted *Plotina*) should the best of my Friends tell me, 'Tis further from the top of the Capitol to the bank of *Tyber*, than from the bank of *Tyber* to the top of the Capitol, I should not believe him; because my reason would inform me otherwise. As often as any one goes about to tell things contrary to a truth known to all the World: (reply'd *Anacreon*), you will not be perswaded to believe them; but when a person for whom you have a very great esteem, endeavours to perswade you to follow his opinion blindly, no question, it must be some thing of that kind, which no person can ever know perfectly, unlesse the gods reveal it to him, and which cannot be judg'd of but by conjectures; the testimonies are so frequently dubious, that they sometimes occasion great errors in the world. Which being so, it is not to be wonder'd, if a person who by his own reason cannot penetrate into the truth, gives credit to a man whom he otherwise infinitely esteems, and believes him to have discover'd what he is unable to do, blindly embracing his sentiments upon a false conceit of being induc'd to do so by a thousand reasons. Therefore they are to be excus'd, who are not of our sentiments; for the belief we have of things supernatural, does not depend absolutely of our selves. If I were an *Æthiopian*, I should not believe that which I now do; if *Amilcar* were a *Roman*, he would have other sentiments; if *Herminius* were a *Greek*, he would have opinions which now he has not, altho the *Greeks* and *Romans* agree in several matters. Wherefore, I think, I have reason to say, 'tis injustice to accuse those of folly, who endeavour to defend the opinions of their Forefathers, and their Country; and that their unhappinesse is justly to be pityed, in being educated with a prejudic'd reason, which hinders them from discerning the truth; and it is charity to pray the gods to enlighten them. Let us therefore pity the poor *Damon*, (answer'd *Plotina*) for he his really worthy of pity for believing *Amilcar* was a *Phœnix*. After this, the Subject of the conversation being chang'd, they discours'd of a thousand delightfull matters, till *Artemidorus* coming thither, inform'd the Company, intelligence was brought that the Siege of *Rome* was resolv'd upon by *Porsenna* and *Tarquin*, and that in a few dayes they must look to see the enemie's Army about the walls. This news chang'd the discourse and oblig'd this noble company to retire. Three dayes after, there was a magnificent Ceremony in *Rome*; for, the Chief Vestal being dead suddenly, she that was to succeed her, and to whom she had voluntarily a little time before resign'd all authority, was put in possession of it, by the Chief of that Order, in presence of the Senate, and all the people. The deceased Vestal being Sister to *Clelius*. *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*, thought fit to go and comfort *Sulpitia* and *Clelia*; but *Valeria* withheld them, telling them, that when a Vestal dies, after having satisfi'd all the engagements

engagements she was oblig'd to, it would be an injury in her Relations, to be afflicted for her death, there being nothing so glorious, as to have pass'd her life in keeping the sacred Fire, without having ever committed the least fault. And moreover (added *Valeria*) those two persons are at present sufficiently employ'd in conjecturing what the great Vestal intended to say at her death; for finding her self not well, she gave charge to one to desire *Clelius* to take care of *Plotina*, and to tell him she was the Daughter—— She would have said something more, but Death intercepted her speech: so that none can devise what to think of this adventure. In the mean time, great rejoycing was made at *Rome* by the People, when they vnderstood, she that was going to be chief of the Vestals, was worthy of the honour she was to possess. Since we are Strangers here (answer'd *Berelisa*) I shall be glad you would please to make me know that person before I see the ceremony, which is to be solemniz'd this day; for according to the sentiments I have at present, if it were permitted to become a Vestal at the age I am of, and a Stranger might be one, I should gladly embrace that retirement. But since it is not I must be contented to be one of the friends of the Chief Vestal. And indeed *Berelisa*, whose jealousie daily encreas'd, being weary of residing all her life with *Clidamira*, had a desire to obtain the friendship of the grand Vestal, to the end that she might make use of her power in *Rome*, in case she should stand in need of it: wherefore pressing *Valeria* to describe her to her, and *Clidamira* not opposing her curiosity, *Valeria* satisfied her in the following words.

The prudent *Octavia* (for so is the Chief Vestal call'd) is so worthy of the rank she is going to possesse, that since the first Original of that Order, there never was any whose birth was more illustrious, and vertue more glorious. For she is of a descent so noble, that none is more, whether you consider her Fathers Family or that of her Mother, whose beauty was so admirable, that they who have seen, affirm the splendor of *Lucretia*'s was inferior to hers. She had also this extraordinary advantage, that time had respect to her beauty; for tho she was not young when she di'd, yet she then went beyond all other fair ones. She had likewise the glory, not onely to die with all her charms, but also to behold Death with so great Constancy, that she seem'd to triumph over it, tho she was constrain'd to yield to it; such admirable courage did she testifie in that fatal encounter. But to return to the vertuous *Octavia*. You must know she was shut up in the Cloyster of the Vestals, when she was but seven years old, and being of a race to which beauty seems necessarily appendant, she was then the fairest Child in the World, and is yet at this day so fair, so lovely, and of so good and charming an aspect, that it is easie to conceive the truth of what I say. *Octavia* is tall, has much modesty in her countenance, and goodness in her looks, a thousand charms in her mouth, spirit and sweetness in her eyes, and sometimes cheerfulness too, tho she has the most prudent aspect in the World, and is really one of the wisest persons upon the face of the Earth. *Octavia* has a clear complexion, a round visage, little dimples in her cheeks and chin, blew eyes admirably handsome, and a certain air of freedome, goodness, and modesty, which is perfectly pleasing. Yet that modesty of hers has something of greatness in it and does not detract from a certain noble aspect, which is peculiar to those of her Family. She has a young Sister, who has been brought up with her, and tenderly loves her, who is one of the fairest persons in the World; whose beauty has all that can aspire respect; for she is tall and of a handsome shape, her hair is of a light ash-colour, her complexion is the fairest that ever was beheld, she blushes after the most charming manner that ever any person did, she has extream lovely eyes, of a kind of blew, which renders them so sweet, that never was there more agreeable looks than hers. Yet the casts of her eyes are negligent, but so full of Love, that they inspire it to all such as are capable of it. Another wonder of the fair *Cerintha* is, that her whole Countenance is so graceful, her mouth so handsomly shap'd, her lips of so pure a carnation, and her smiles so charming, that nothing can possibly be fanci'd of greater perfection. Moreover her neck is so comely, that 'tis hard to know to what part to give the preheminence; but with so many perfections, which might excite her to pride, *Cerintha* is modest; she makes no account of her beauty, she passionately loves glory, and begins to see the World with as much prudence, as if she had had the leisure to know it. It may be said her vertue surpasses her beauty, and that she will get as much esteem by her wisdome, as she will excite love by the charms she is Mistress of. But to return to *Octavia*, tho she has been shut up amongst the Vestal Virgins in her tendereſt infancy, and be now of an age, in which it cannot be said she has had leasure to have much experience, yet she has a wit of excellent capacity, a Soul confirm'd in vertue by a thousand reflections upon the condition she has chosen, which she admirably acquits her self of. For tho *Octavia* be naturally sufficiently debonaire, yet she has been alwaies one of the most exact persons in the World to do her duty; and since the first being of Vestals, there never was any so careful and so punctual in observing all things which her profession requires. Whilst she was in the age of obedience, she obeyed with submission; when she came to command, she commanded with an authority that makes her be fear'd, and nevertheless makes her be belov'd too, even by those that fear her. She vigorously maintains the priviledges of the Vestals, and gently remits her severity in favour of her Companions upon several small inconsiderable occasions, when nothing is concern'd but her own interest. Order is admirably observ'd in that Society, the Temple is well serv'd, modesty is eminent in all her deportment; there is constancy and sweetness, justice and mildness in her mind. Moreover *Octavia* speaks excellently well of all things, without affecting a certain capacity which reasonable persons cannot endure; and when any occasion is presented for her to speak to the other Vestals, to exhort them to their duties, she do's it with so much eloquence, that they as much admire her wit as they love her person. 'Tis also very considerable, that tho *Octavia* is a very fit person for the World, yet she continues most strictly confin'd within the bounds of her profession, and which is yet more strange, all her sentiments are heroical; she considers matters very scrupulously, she speaks and writes exactly, and, which renders her infinitely lovely, understands all the dearness of true friendship, and prudently

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chooſes ſuch as ſhe makes happy with her own. She has alſo the good fortune that the other Veſtals are worthy to be with her, eſpecially three, who are all extreamly amiable; but there is one amongſt the reſt, who has a great intereſt in her heart, and that deſervedly: for ſhe is a very rare perſon, of a graceful and lovely aſpect; her birth is very noble, her heart is generous and tender, ſhe is infinitely ingenious, her humour is ſweet and complacent, and with all this ſhe has the true aſpect of a ſincere honeſt perſon, and a tender, and a conſtant friendſhip for the admirable *Octavia*, who cannot be commended after all the manners ſhe deſerves, becauſe ſhe will not ſuffer her ſelf to be commended with exaggeration. Yet it muſt be ſaid further to her honour, that ſhe loves glory paſſionately, that nothing affects her ſo ſenſibly, and when any thinks to commend her before the other Veſtals, they ſay half of the rare qualities ſhe poſſeſſes, and the charms which render her ſo admirable are not known. Do me then the favour which I infinitely deſire (reply'd *Bereliſa*) to bring me into the affection of the grand Veſtal; you are ſo accuſtom'd (anſwer'd *Clidamira* tauntingly) to make your ſelf belov'd by whom you pleaſe, that, if you have the deſire, you need only ſeek out an occaſion to make your ſelf known. You ſeem to ſpeak obligingly (reply'd *Bereliſa*) but yet I aſſure you, I underſtand you as I ought.

After this *Valeria* having told them it was time to go to the Temple, if they intended to ſee the Ceremony, theſe fair Strangers accompani'd her thither. Where being well plac'd they ſaw *Valeria* had not flatter'd the grand Veſtal, and that ſhe was fairer than ſhe had deſcrib'd her. She perform'd this Ceremony with ſo much Majeſty and ſo good a grace, that ſhe charm'd all thoſe that beheld her. *Bereliſa* in particular looking upon her as a perſon from whom ſhe expected to be protected, was ingag'd to love her from that very moment. *Clelia* having loſt her Predeceſſor was conſidering to gain her affection, to the end ſhe might make uſe of her authority if ſhe ſhould need it; for the Veſtals have a great intereſt in *Rome*. *Plotina* alſo hoping to know more fully by *Octavia* what her deceas'd Predeceſſor had ſpoken concerning her at her death, was ſolicitous of getting a place in her affection: Thus theſe ſeveral perſons for different reaſons purpos'd to acquire the friendſhip of the grand Veſtal, who at the end of the Ceremony continued alone ſtanding by the holy Fire, to ſhew an example to all the other Veſtals. The next day a rumour was ſpread abroad that the enemies Army was upon their march with all ſpeed. This news indeed was true; for the King of *Hetruria*, underſtanding the preparations that were making for the defence of *Rome*, thought fit to give no leiſure to fortifie it more; and therefore haſtened his deſign. And beſides *Tarquin* himſelf preſt him him ſo aſſiduouſly when he was arriv'd at *Cluſium*, that he gave him no reſt. 'Tis true *Galerita* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* did all they could to protract matters in length; but being unwilling to become ſuſpected, they dar'd not employ all their credit to that end. So that they could not much retard the execution of that grand deſign; but for that they deſir'd at leaſt *Aronces* might be free, they perform'd their promiſe made to that illuſtrious Priſoner, and perſwaded *Porſenna* it was fit he ſhould be brought out of priſon on condition to ſerve in the Army intended for the ſiege of *Rome*; and told him, during that time, they would incline him to embrace the propounded marriage of the Princeſs of *Cere*, who was reported to be a great beauty. *Galerita* having promis'd in the name of *Aronces*, more than *Aronces* would have promis'd himſelf, *Porſenna* ſent order to him who commanded in the Iſland of *Saules* to bring *Aronces* forthwith for *Cluſium*. But when he receiv'd this order, the Prince was not yet return'd from that ſecret voyage, which he made to *Rome*, accompani'd with the old man who inform'd *Plotina* of ſo many things; ſo that this man was in a ſtrange perplexity. At firſt he told him that brought it, the Prince was ſick and not to be ſeen, and that a little time ought to be waited for his recovery, to carry him to *Cluſium*. But tho he ſet a good face on the buſineſs he was in extream trouble, Which nevertheleſs did not torment him long; for towards midnight *Aronces* according to his promiſe return'd into the Priſon, to go forth again the next morning. For as ſoon as it was day, it was told him that brought the Order from *Porſenna*, that the Prince having ſlept well that night, was ſomething better and would obey the King of *Hetruria*, and that he might go and aſſure *Porſenna* of as much. He was alſo introduc'd to *Aronces*, who ſpoke to him very reſpectfully of the King his father: but at length when this meſſenger of the K. *Porſenna* was gone, *Aronces* prepar'd himſelf to depart, and promis'd that Kinſman of *Plotina*, that he would in that time procure his deliverance out of priſon, not doubting to obtain it by his intereſt in *Galerita*. But when he conſider'd upon the way, that he was going to *Cluſium*, only in order to go and beſiege *Rome*, and that it behov'd him to live with *Tarquin* and *Sextus*, he was in extream diſpair. As for the Prince *Titus*, he was his friend, and he hop'd ſome conſolation from his preſence; but when he imagin'd the war was ready to begin, that he could not think of ſeeing *Clelia* ſo long as it laſted, nor reaſonably hope to be happy, he ſuffer'd more than can be expreſs'd; and if a ſentiment of glory had not ſupported his vertue, he had taken ſome extream reſolution, and could not have reſolv'd to go ſerve Princes whom he deſpis'd and hated, againſt people whom he lov'd and eſteem'd. But when he conſider'd, that *Horatius* would defend *Rome*, he felt a ſecret deſire in his heart to be enemy to it, notwithſtanding all his reluctancy. With theſe thoughts *Aronces* arriv'd at *Cluſium*; as ſoon as he was there, the Queen his Mother viſited him to inſtruct him in the manner it was fit for him to ſpeak to the King his Father, whom he ſaw the firſt time in priyate. *Aronces* being the goodlieſt Prince in the world, *Porſenna* could not behold him without having his heart mollifi'd, & *Aronces* was ſo abſolutely Maſter of it in this occaſion, that *Porſenna* was highly pleas'd with him. Indeed *Galerita* had prevail'd with the King of *Hetruria* not to ſay any thing to *Aronces* concerning his Love; but that which was moſt troubleſome to *Aronces* was, that *Tarquin* and *Sextus* being then at *Cluſium*, he could not avoid ſeing them the ſame day. 'Tis true, it was in the preſence of *Porſenna*, and ſo the matter was diſpacht a little more eaſily. And beſides, *Tarquin* being a ſubtle Prince, and one that had a great faculty of diſſimulation, and *Sextus* being of a jovial eaſie nature, and capable to forget all things paſt, in a moment; they both receiv'd *Aronces* as if they had always lov'd him, & as the ſon of a King from whom alone they could expect their reeſtabliſhment at *Rome*. As for *Aronces*, it was eaſie to perceive that the reſpect he would render to the

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King his Father, oblig'd him to receive the civilities of *Tarquin* and *Sextus*; he had also the generosity to express some tokens of the difference he made between the virtuous *Titus* and them, for he deported himself after another manner towards him in the sight of all the Court. After this *Aronces* to follow the counsel of *Galerita* in all things, went to visit the Princess of the *Leontines*, whom he honor'd infinitely, for out of the design he had, not to be persecuted with the marriage of the daughter of the King of *Ceres*, he resolv'd to give *Porsenna* occasion to imagine that the Princess of the *Leontines* might cause him to forget *Clelia*. Not but that this kind of Artifice was displeasing to him; but having advertis'd *Clelia* of it, he resolv'd upon it, with the thought that at least he might often be at liberty to complain of his unhappiness, with a most generous Princess. When he went to wait upon her, he found a Lady there one of the most vertuous in the world, and who was extreamly belov'd by her, as well as by *Galerita*. Her name was *Melintha*; for her descent being from *Greece*, her name came also to be of that Country. And being very powerful in this Court by the great number of Friends she had in it; the Princess of the *Leontines* was desirous *Aronces* should contract a friendship with her. And accordingly finding her at first gentle, sweet, ingenious, and compassionate, he desir'd to have some place in her affection, and intreated of her so obligingly, that she promis'd it him with joy; for she saw his unhappiness was as great as his vertue, and she was very willing to be one of his friends, especially because she had power to serve him. Upon the return of *Aronces* all the Court was fill'd with joy, all the young Persons of quality presented themselves to him, the people made a publick rejoycing, and there was no one fair Person, who did not hope to dispossess *Clelia* of his heart. Yet it was a very rash design, and prov'd very ill to those who attempted it; for *Aronces* tho civil and complacent, could take no pleasure but in the company of the Princess of the *Leontines*, with whom he talk'd in freedom, or with *Titus*, who loving *Rome* as well as he, pitied him with much dearness, and did not act like a Son of *Tarquin*, but as a real and faithful friend. In the mean time, as the friendship of Princes, especially when they are young, is easily misconstrued for Love, in a few daies it was reported in the Court of the King of *Hetruria* that *Aronces* was become amorous of the Princess of the *Leontines*, tho he did not profess Courtship to her; besides that, *Galerita* being desirous *Porsenna* should believe so, to the end the Prince her Son might be more ingratiated with him, contributed very much to make the rumor credited, notwithstanding *Aronces*'s reluctancy, hoping this would hinder the King from urging his marriage with the daughter of the King of *Ceres*, which was only design'd to dis-engage his heart from the love of *Clelia*. And moreover *Aronces* was so frequently with the Princess of the *Leontines*, that it was imagin'd that the occasion of it could be no other but Love. Yet he entertain'd her only with discourse of his Passion for *Clelia*, and the excellencies of that admirable Lady. But as the Courts of Princes are never so splendid nor populous, as when a war is to begin, that of the King of *Hetruria* was at this time magnificent, and extreamly numerous. *Tarquin*, *Sextus* and the Prince his brother was there; an old Lover of the Princess of the *Leontines* was there also, not so much to serve *Porsenna* as to importune that generous Lady. The Prince of *Messene* arriv'd there, who was sufficiently surpriz'd when he understood the sister of *Artemidorus* was there; for it was reported that when she was in *Sicily* she was amongst the veil'd Virgins. Nevertheless, the case being otherwise, he render'd all the civility he ought her, tho he was Rival to the Prince her brother. Besides all these Princes, all the people of quality of *Tarquin* and *Veii* came to *Clusium*; *Telanus* amongst others repair'd thither, and acquitted himself punctually of what he had promis'd *Clelia* and *Octavius*: for he offer'd himself to *Aronces* as one wholly at his devotion in all occasions whatsoever. *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* being at *Rome*, the Princess of the *Leontines* was very desirous these combustions might be pacifi'd. She wisht her self able to contribute to this great design, tho she saw no great likelihood in it; but she conceiv'd, if the War could be deferr'd for one year, she might possibly be then in a condition to hinder it; *Tarquin* was old, and several accidents might fall out to change the face of affairs: She imparted her thoughts to *Galerita*, who finding she had reason in her opinion, endeavour'd to bring it to pass, that some secret Negotiation might be undertaken. Yet she did not acquaint *Aronces* with her design, imagining that any thing, which might draw matters out in length would not seem advantageous to him, because Love causes prejudice in the minds of those that are possest with it. And accordingly these two Princesses acted with so much address, that *Porsenna* consented to the attemping to find out some expedient for the accommoding of affairs, to the end the War he intended to make upon *Rome*, might appear more just, if an equitable proposition were refus'd. *Tarquin* was extreamly backward to consent to this delay, but *Porsenna* having promis'd him, that this Treaty should last but fifteen daies, he resolv'd upon it, on condition the business might be carried privately, that so in case it should not succeed it might not be reproacht to him, to have ask'd a peace of *Rome*. *Galerita* improving this occasion, propounded to request the Princess of the *Leontines*, who was of a condition fit to intermeddle in such affairs, and had as great a capacity as was necessary for the like transactions, that she would go to *Rome*, accompani'd with two men of quality. This propolition pleas'd *Porsenna*, because believing his Son enamour'd on this Princess, he thought she would preserve her conquest, and out of the desire of coming to be Queen of *Hetruria*, do nothing that might be advantageous to *Clelia*. The difficulty was, to propound something which might have some probability of succeeding; but several dextrous persons undertaking this affair, it was resolv'd it should be demanded the form of Government should continue Monarchical, that the Title of King should remain to *Tarquin*, and, that to satisfie the *Romans*, he should continue a year longer out of *Rome*, and so should *Sextus* too, provided the Prince *Titus*, who was not hated, should be admitted to dwell there. *Tarquin* did not oppose this proposition; not that it pleas'd him, but because he conceiv'd *Rome* would never accept it. When *Aronces* understood the business, he was extreamly afflicted at it, but considering it well, he thought it would be advantageous to him, for the Princess of the *Leontines* to see *Clelia*. This design was soon put in execution. To which purpose *Telanus* was chosen to go to *Rome*, to demand safe conduct for the Princess

Princeſs of the *Leontines*. In the mean time *Aronces* mov'd *Galerita* to procure the deliverance of *Plotina*'s Kinſman, who was priſoner in the Iſland of *Saules*; ſhe promis'd to do it, and deſir'd ſome time to oblige *Porſenna* to ſet him at liberty. *Aronces* writ to *Clelia* by *Telanus*, and *Telanus* acquitting himſelf readily of his Commiſſion, brought back all the aſſurances that were deſir'd for the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, who knowing the credit *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had at *Rome*, would not have fear'd to have gone thither without any other aſſurance than that ſhe might have expected from their intereſt. But at length having receiv'd inſtructions from *Porſenna*, and the moſt paſſionate expreſſions imaginable to *Clelia* from *Aronces*, who likewiſe gave *Telanus* a ſecond Letter for that fair Lady, the Princeſs put her ſelf upon the way to *Rome*. In the mean while, *Publicola* was not ſorry for this delay, becauſe it afforded him time to fortifie the City, and provide for its ſafety. The Princeſs of the *Leontines* had in her company, beſides *Telanus*, two men of good years. And whil'ſt this Negotiation was ſecretly treating at *Rome*, the Princeſs was receiv'd there onely as a Stranger come thither only out of curioſity. But *Publicola* and ſeveral others knowing what relation ſhe had to *Artemidorus*, that her heart ſided with *Rome*, and ſhe was troubled at *Porſenna*'s protecting of *Tarquin*, treated her in private with all imaginable honours. As for *Clelia*, ſhe was very joyful for her arrival, out of a thought to get ſome place in her friendſhip, and to engage her to be more favourable to her intereſts. *Plotina* was alſo very glad to underſtand by *Telanus*, that he who was to inform her what ſhe was, was to be ſet at liberty. *Horatius* being ignorant of the great intimacy ſhe had with *Aronces*, render'd her all the honour which was due to her quality; but as for *Themiſtus*, *Meleagenes*, *Herminius*, *Amilcar*, *Octavius*, *Merigenes*, *Anacreon*, *Æmilius*, and ſeveral others, they waited upon her every day. *Clidamira* and *Bereliſa* likewiſe viſited her conſtantly; and, the former deſiring to obtain her favour, propos'd ſeveral things to her, relating to the concluſion of the peace, and her return to *Leontium*. *Valeria*, and *Plotina* were very diligent in waiting upon her. *Sulpicia*, *Sivelia*, and the Aunt of *Brutus*, who were the principal Ladies of *Rome*, went frequently to ſee her, and *Clelia* took occaſion to do the like as often as ſhe could. *Artemidorus* was very ſerviceable in rendring this ſociety more free, for he told his ſiſter ſo many things in commendation of *Clelia*, that nothing could be added more; and aſſur'd *Clelia* ſo fully of the good intentions of that Princeſs, that when they ſaw one another they were preſently perſwaded of their mutual friendſhip. The Princeſs of the *Leontines* found *Clelia* ſo fair, ſo lovely, and ſo charming, that ſhe could not but commend *Aronces* for his conſtancy; and *Clelia* lookt upon the Princeſs of the *Leontines* as a perſon ſo Amiable, and capable to induce to infidelity, that ſhe fear'd it might be dangerous for her intereſts, that *Aronces* ſhould ſee her too often; and this thought made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion in her heart, that ſhe could not contain from teſtifying ſomething of it to her one day, as they were diſcourſing together with very much dearneſs. I confeſs to (you ſaid the Princeſs of the *Leontines* then to her) I am ſo great a Lover of conſtancy, that I have hitherto ſerv'd *Aronces* to the utmoſt of my power, onely becauſe I ſaw he was faithful to you. But after having ſeen you, I ſhall ſerve him with greater ardour, becauſe, having much friendſhip for him, I ſhould be glad to aſſiſt him in the preſervation of a good which is of infinite value. For, is there any thing ſo precious (added ſhe) as the affection of a perſon endu'd with beauty, wit, vertue, goodneſs, and fidelity? I beſeech you, Madam, (anſwer'd *Clelia*) do not extol me ſo much, and ſuffer me to take my turn of commending you, and to tell you, I find you have ſo many charms, that I fear much, leſt *Aronces* become unfaithful. For ſincerely I confeſs to you I know not how he can reſiſt you, and I find you ſo far above me, that I cannot but look upon you with as much fear as pleaſure. Your diſcourſe has too much of Complement (repli'd the Princeſs of the *Leontines*) and is ſo ill grounded) that it would be a piece of vanity to anſwer it ſeriouſly. And moreover, (added ſhe, ſmiling) you know your ſelf better than you ſpeak; but tho it were not ſo, and your modeſty conceal'd from you part of your charms, yet you are well enough acquainted with the heart of *Aronces*, not to apprehend it impoſſible for him to be inconſtant. Alas! Madam, (anſwer'd *Clelia*) I do not conceive there can ever be any aſſurance of not being liable to loſe a thing, the poſſeſſion of which is ſweet. I agree with you in that, (repli'd the Princeſs) that it may be fear'd, but I dare ſay you cannot without injuſtice apprehend it poſſible for *Aronces* to ceaſe to love you. Give me therefore your friendſhip without ſcruple, I conjure you, and believe, that Prince has the moſt tender and faithful affection for you, that ever any perſon had, and that I am diſpos'd to love you with the moſt ſincere and conſtant friendſhip that ever was. If it be ſo, Madam, (anſwer'd *Clelia*) I am perfectly glorious; for I look upon you as a perſon ſo lovely, that it will be an infinite contentment to me, to think I am belov'd by one that cannot be ſeen without being lov'd. This converſation would have continu'd longer, if word had not been brought to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, that *Publicola* deſir'd to ſpeak with her. *Clelia* judging it was a viſit concerning affairs rather than of civility, offer'd to depart; but the Princeſs intreated her to go into a great Cloſet, which was in her Chamber, with a Lady of quality that came with her, whoſe name was *Amicles*, and who was a perſon of very much wit. A moment after, *Valeria*, *Plotina*, *Herminius*, and *Telanus*, came thither; ſo that there was a converſation not meanly delightful amongſt theſe ſix perſons. But that 'tis a civil cuſtome to diſcourſe with Strangers about ſuch things as they know beſt, not onely for that reaſon, but alſo to underſtand ſomething unheard of before, all theſe Ladies addreſs'd their diſcourſe to *Amicles*, either concerning the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, or the Court of the King of *Hetruria*. *Valeria*, alſo ſo well underſtood that ſhe did a pleaſure to *Clelia*, by making a curious inquiry of all that paſt at *Cluſium*, that ſhe ask't a hundred things of the amiable *Amicles*, which otherwiſe ſhe would not have ſpoken of. I beſeech you (ſaid ſhe to her, after ſeveral things, which directly concern'd the Princeſs of the *Leontines*) tell us, what Ladies *Aronces* has moſt frequently viſited ſince his coming out of priſon, and whether it be true, that there are abundance of amiable women at *Cluſium*. There are ſo many beauties there, (anſwer'd *Amicles*) that handſomeneſs is there ſcarce accounted of. Yet

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that is not much the cuſtome (repli'd *Plotina*); for amongſt young perſons Vertue is far leſs extol'd than Beauty. 'Tis true, (anſwer'd *Amiclea*) but it muſt be ſpoken, in the praiſe of our Court, that a Woman who is no more than barely fair, draws ſome gazers, but does not acquire much eſteem. Beauty, no doubt, is lookt upon there; but, above all, agreeableneſs, wit, excellent deportment, and a kind of ſecret charm, not conſiſtent with ſtupidity, are principally ſought after. But I beſeech you, (ſaid *Valeria*) anſwer what I deſired of you, and tell me who thoſe perſons are *Aronces* viſits moſt. I aſſure you, (anſwer'd *Amiclea*) tho that Prince be very civil, and enforces himſelf to be ſo, as much as he can; yet it is well enough ſeen, that his heart is at *Rome*, that he takes not much notice of what he ſees. Nevertheleſs, there are two perſons which he viſits very frequently, and who are his principal Friends. The Princeſs of the *Leontines* is certainly one, (ſaid *Clelia*). 'Tis true, (anwſer'd *Amiclea*); and the ſecond, is a Lady of quality, who has a very great intereſt in his eſteem, and is ſo highly conſider'd at Court, that there is none more admir'd. *Clelia* being then very deſirous to know a little more exactly who this friend of *Aronces* was, made a ſign to *Valeria*, who underſtanding what ſhe meant, requeſted *Amiclea*, that ſhe would pleaſe to tell her what excellent qualities the Lady had, of whom ſhe ſpake. You ask more things at once than you imagine, (anſwer'd *Telanus*) for *Melintha* is a Lady of ſo great worth, that there are few her equals. I beſeech you then, (ſaid *Plotina* ſmiling) make me acquainted with her forthwith, in the beſt manner you can. That is, in a word, (added *Valeria*) all the Company are deſirous you would pleaſe to make a faithful deſcription of that Friend of *Aronces*, that we may know, whether or no we ought to fear he loves her more than us. I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Telanus*) if the lovely *Amiclea* draw her pourtrait exactly, you will find ſhe cannot be lov'd too much, and all the Company will be perſwaded ſhe ought to be *Aronces*'s Friend. For my part, (ſaid *Herminius*) methinks I love her already, I fancy her ſo rarely accompliſht. Speak then I conjure you, (ſaid *Clelia*) and omit nothing, which may ſerve to make us perfectly know this Friend of *Aronces*. Since you deſire it, (anſwer'd *Amiclea*) I ſhall tell you that *Melintha* is a Lady of ſo rare a Vertue, that ſhe deſerves to be propos'd for an example to all others; there is ſomething in her heart ſo noble, ſo great, ſo good, ſo tender, and ſo heroical, that it may be ſaid the gods have atcheiv'd their maſter-piece, in making her. For there is nothing more difficult to find, than a Woman who poſſeſſes all the riches together, which go to the making up of a Man of honour, and which accompliſh an excellent Woman. The ſame temper which gives a great heart and high generoſity, is not alwaies well accommodated for modeſty: that which cauſes to love exact Juſtice, does not very often conſiſt with that ſweet and ſociable complacence, which is ſo neceſſary for Ladies who converſe in the World. That which gives conſtancy in important affairs, does not give mildneſs in leſs matters, that which makes capable of great actions, does not ſtoop to certain trifles which are nevertheleſs a piece of decency almoſt neceſſary to women in ſome occaſions. Now *Melintha* having really in her breaſt all the vertues of an honourable Man, and all thoſe of an excellent Woman, deſerves all the commendations that can be given ſeverally to both ſexes. As for her perſon, tho ſhe be infinitely amiable, of a handſome ſtature, and ſlender, has hair very bright, eyes full of ſpirit and ſweetneſs, a ſprightly, modeſt, and agreeable countenance, a certain languor full of charms, a peculiar kind of ſweetneſs and tenderneſs in the tone of her voice, which affects the hearts of thoſe to whom ſhe ſpeaks, and ſings after the moſt paſſionate manner in the World; yet I may ſay, all this ought not to be mention'd, and that *Melintha*'s vertue, wit, deportment, generoſity, and prudence, ought to be oppos'd to all the other commendations ſhe deſerves. 'Tis not without cauſe that I am impatient to ſpeak of that ſweet, inſinuating, agreeable, and ſolid wit, which renders her capable of pleaſing all ſorts of perſons, and which by its extent, capacity, and addreſs, deſerves to be intereſted in affairs of higheſt importance, which ſhe is able to diſpatch with prudence equal to the ſecreſie and probity of which ſhe makes profeſſion. Never was there a perſon more faithful, more ſincere, or more generous than ſhe. And that which is admirable in this illuſtrious Woman, is, that, together with that ſweet and complacent air ſhe has, and a delicate conſtitution, ſhe notwithſtanding has all imaginable greatneſs of heart, and is continually as active, as if the ſtrength of her body equall'd that of her mind, eſpecially when ſhe finds occaſion to do a civilty to any of her Friends, or only to ſome unfortunate perſon, of whoſe merit ſhe is inform'd. She neglects even her own affairs for thoſe of others; ſhe is incapable of ever failing of her word; ſhe expreſſes humanity towards all miſerable perſons, her heart is the tendereſt in the World, ſhe loves all that ſhe ought to do, and knows how to love, both with choice and conſtancy. She affects ingenious things, and underſtands them; as Muſick, Poetry, Peinture, and the like; and tho ſhe is of a temper ſomething inclin'd to Melancholy, yet ſhe inſpires a pleaſing joy into thoſe who converſe with her, and tho ſhe ſeems not to intend it, ſuddenly wins the hearts of ſuch as have the happineſs to approach her. But not to ſuffer the tenderneſs her heart is capable of to be idle, and to afford her innocent objects worthy of it, the gods have given her an illuſtrious Husband, illuſtrious Brothers, illuſtrious Friends, and lovely Children. But, to her unhappineſs, the valiant *Beliſantus* was ſlain in the Wars, when fortune was ready to reward him for an infinite number of glorious actions, which gain'd him an immortal renown, and render'd him worthy of the love of the vertuous *Melintha*. In that illuſtrious Husband ſhe found all that could be deſir'd in a Man of honour: He was of a very Noble race as well as ſhe; he had wit and courage; he was good and generous; he loved glory more than all things, and *Melintha* as much as glory. This generous Lady, hapned to be ſhut up in a beſieged City, which her illuſtrious Husband defended with excellent valour and reſolution, he endeavour'd to oblige her to go away out of it with her children; but ſhe would never deſert him, and, as long as the Siege laſted, afforded very great ſuccour unto him. For during the few hours he took to reſt in, ſhe made it her care, that the orders of her dear *Beliſantus* might be exactly obſerv'd, and gave ſome her ſelf, with as much judgement as a great Captain could have done

Being very well aſcertain'd of her illuſtrious Husband's conduct, ſhe never offer'd to oppoſe his courage. So that after *Beliſantus* had defended the place beyond all appearance of poſſibility, he could not reſolve to capitulate, but prefer'd a glorious Death above a Treaty, which notwithſtanding could not have been otherwiſe than very honourable. Nevertheleſs, a ſentiment of dearneſs for *Melintha*, obliging him to deſire her conſent, he propounded to her not to yield at all; and ſince the City was to be abandoned to the enemies, to make a Sally forth with all the people he had left, and attempt by his valour to make his way with ſword in hand, and beat the Enemies at the ſame time he yielded up the place. The wiſe *Melintha* well underſtood all the danger of this reſolution, but perceiving the averſion of *Belliſantus* to ſurrender, ſhe couragiouſly conſented to what he deſir'd, and accordingly he diſpos'd all things for that deſign. The Chariots of *Melintha* and her Children were made ready, and to ſhew the tranquillity of his mind in the ſight of greateſt dangers, he took care to cauſe ſeveral things to be put into them, which ſerv'd only for his pleaſure. After which, being oblig'd to call a Council of War, the Officers ſo urgently repreſented to him the reaſons which ſhould oblige him to render himſelf without ſcruple, that at length he made a very glorious Capitulation: and thus the generous *Beliſantus* marcht out of the place, the gaining of which was leſs glorious to them that took it, than to him that deliver'd it up, after he had deſtroy'd a great Army before it, and defended it two months, tho it was thought unable to hold out two dayes, and had no other ſtrength but the courage of him that defended it. But to let you further ſee, that the heart of *Melintha* was as tender as reſolute, amongſt ſo many generous actions as ſhe did, during that Siege, I muſt at laſt relate one to you. Her children being in a Houſe which was not far diſtant from the Walls of the City, it happened one day that the Enemies ſuddenly bethought themſelves to place Engines upon a Tower, which they had erected on that ſide. So that a great ſtorm of ſtones was ſeen to be diſcharg'd in that place. which by the violence wherewith they were caſt, overthrew all they fell upon, and ſlew ſuch as were ſtruck by them; *Melintha* was at that time at the houſe of one of her friends, on the other ſide of a large place, where that houſe ſtood, and ſeeing the fatal ſtorm and horrible havock made by the Engines, both upon the houſe in which her Children were, and in the place which it behov'd her to croſs to go to it, did not deliberate a moment, but being impell'd by the true tenderneſs of a generous mother, ran couragiouſly through the hail of Stones to fetch her children out of ſo dangerous a place, and that with ſo much ardour and haſte, that ſhe ſcarce made any reflection upon ſo great a danger, till ſhe had eſcap'd it; having at that inſtant nothing elſe in her mind but to ſave the life of her Children, and preſerve them for her dear *Beliſantus*, whoſe love ſhe will be eternally ſenſible of. Which indeed ſhe has in ſome manner repair'd, by chooſing for a very lovely Daughter of hers an illuſtrious Husband, whoſe rare valour and activity reſembles that of the greateſt Heroes, and who by an hundred gallant actions has made it apparent how great a Lover he is of Glory. Beſides, *Melintha* having two Sons very goodly perſonages, and whoſe inclinations have appear'd extreamly noble from their infancy, it is to be hop'd they will prove worthy to be Sons of their illuſtrious Father. *Melintha* moreover has four Brothers, each of which in their way deſerve, a thouſand praiſes; ſhe has alſo Friends, whoſe vertue is ſo great, that tho Fortune has been very liberal to them, yet they injoy much leſs than they deſerve; and perhaps ſome other occaſion will be offer'd, wherein I may preſent you with a fuller deſcription of all the perſons I have mention'd. I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina* agreeably) ſince you have the colours and pencils in your hand be pleas'd to draw the pourtraits at leaſt of *Melintha*'s virtuous Brothers. For my part (ſaid *Clelia*) I deſire onely to know one of her Friends. You ask too much for one day, (anſwer'd *Amiclea*); for *Melintha* has a Friend whom I cannot tell you of without recounting the Hiſtory of all *Hetruria*, becauſe the rare vertues of him I ſpeak of are, at this day, one of the ſtrongeſt props of his Country. therefore I will expect ſome other occaſion, to let you know that incomparable Man, whoſe vertue is above envy, and whoſe moderation makes his vertue more eminent; and I will only tell you that *Melintha* is a Lady, who ſerves her Friends without intereſt, without vanity, and with all imaginable zeal. She conceals her ſelf ſometimes to do good offices; and I know a perſon whom ſhe oblig'd after the nobleſt manner in the World, who durſt not ſpeak of the obligation he has to her, for fear of diſpleaſing her, tho he is extreamly deſirous to teſtifie his acknowledgement of her generoſity, by publiſhing it. In brief, *Melintha* is one of thoſe Women, who are ſo rarely found, that no Age or Country reckons above two or three whoſe accompliſhments equal hers. After this that you have ſpoken (ſaid *Herminius*) I am her friend for all my life. For my part (ſaid *Valeria*) I ſhall not repine if *Aronces* has more friendſhip for her than for me. And I (ſaid *Plotina*) ſhould account my ſelf extream happy, if I could have an intereſt in her Love. You have reaſon (ſaid *Clelia*) ſince nothing is more deſirable, than to have a friend of ſuch worth; for 'tis not only an advantage to be lov'd by ſuch, but the friendſhip of a perſon of great vertue reflects to the honour of thoſe who poſſeſs it; you are a friend to almoſt all her friends, and after a manner enjoy her glory as your own, tho you merit not ſo much as ſhe, and be far inferiour to *Melintha*. *Clelia* would have proceeded further, if the Princeſs of the *Leontines* had not return'd to her; but for that, as ſhe enter'd into the Cloſet, ſhe heard the name of *Melintha*, ſhe could not refrain from demanding what the diſcourſe was concerning the moſt vertuous Woman in the World. And underſtanding *Amiclea* had newly finiſht her Character, ſhe confirm'd all that was ſaid of her with a thouſand praiſes. This Princeſs being a very graceful Speaker, afforded much pleaſure to the Company; but ſhe diſcontented them at length, when ſhe told them her ſtay would be ſhorter at *Rome* than ſhe imagin'd, and that matters were not in a poſture to hope for an accommodement. After which ſhe continu'd there only four dayes; during which, *Zenocrates* durſt not viſit her conſtantly, becauſe *Clidamira* might have been thereby induc'd to do ſome injury to that Princeſs, Which occaſion'd this inconſtant Profeſſor, who ſeem'd then very ſad and penſive, to be ſuſpected of concealing a great Paſſion under his inconſtancy.

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During the four dayes the Princeſs of the *Leontines* ſtay'd at *Rome*, ſhe us'd all endeavours ſhe could to bring matters to an accommodation, but withal was ſolicitous to do ſome office for *Aronces* with *Clelia* and *Sulſpicia*; which ſhe perform'd after ſo handſome a manner, that it could not have render'd her ſuſpected to *Porſenna*, had he known what ſhe ſpoke concerning the Prince his Son. But at length the fruit of this negotiation being only apparent in the admiration of the rare accompliſhments of the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, ſhe return'd without being able to obtain any thing on the behalf of *Tarquin*, but ſhe went away with the eſteem of all ſuch as had ſeen her. At her departure from *Rome*, *Clelia* told her all that a perſon indu'd with Wit, Love and Modeſty could ſay, to oblige her to perſwade *Aronces* continually, that he ought to be faithful to her: and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* on her part, expreſs'd to her all that a faithful friend of *Aronces* might to have ſaid, to exhort her to conſtancy; after which they took leave: *Clelia* deliver'd a Letter to *Telanus*, who brought her one; *Artemidorus* had a ſecret converſation with the Princeſs his Siſter, concerning their intereſts, which were not known to any but to *Clidamira*, *Bereliſa*, and *Zenocrates*. *Telanus* bid *Plotina* farewel with much earneſs, and they parted ſo well, as to excite ſome jealouſie in the breaſt of *Amilcar*. After the departure of the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, preparations for War were expedited in good earneſt; for it was judg'd, that as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be return'd, *Porſenna* would cauſe his Army to advance towards *Rome*. And indeed ſhe was no ſooner at *Cluſium*, and had given an account of her Journey, but *Tarquin* fell earneſtly to ſolicite *Porſenna*, and gave him no reſt, who looking upon it as a great piece of glory to re-eſtabliſh a diſpoſſeſt King, omitted nothing, that might conduce to the good ſucceſs of the War. Now did *Aronces* ſee himſelf brought into a condition, which of all things in the World he moſt fear'd, namely to be with his ſword in hand againſt ſo many perſons who were dear to him: but he had however the conſolation to underſtand a thouſand things that pleas'd him from the mouth of the Princeſs of the *Leontines*. For ſhe extolled *Clelia* with ſuch exaggeration, and aſſur'd him ſo confidently of his being lov'd by her, that he lov'd more than ever: At leaſt, Madam, (ſaid he to her) I have not made an ill choice of the perſon to whom I have given my ſelf, ſince you judge her worthy of your eſteem; but do not you believe (added he) that if the King ſaw her, he would excuſe my paſſion, and that I cannot be blam'd, but by thoſe who have forgotten that themſelves lov'd heretofore, or ſuch as are ſo inſenſible, as never to be capable of loving any thing? Then he ſpoke to her as concerning *Horatius*, and askt her, if ſhe had ſeen him with *Clelia*; and tho he were not himſelf jealous, yet he could not but give ſeveral tokens of being ſo. But in brief, how amorous ſoever he were, it behov'd him to act like an enemy to *Rome*: Glory no doubt upheld his reaſon in this occaſion; but the intereſt of his Love was added to it, to perſwade him at length, that ſince it behov'd him to appear an enemy of *Rome*, it ought to be after a manner which might render him redoubtable, and make him worthy the conſideration of either party. So he went to a Council of War, which was call'd before the marching of the Army, wherein it was reſolv'd to make only a ſhew, as if they intended to beleaguer *Rome*, to ſee if it were poſſible to ſurpriſe it, and if they who affected Monarchy, were in a capacity to make an inſurrection; but in caſe this did not ſucceed, as in probability it would not, it was determin'd to beſiege that great City effectively, to ſeize of all the avenues, to make ſure of *Tyber* both above and below *Rome*, and to bring to paſs, that the great number of inhabitants that fill'd it, might ſerve to deſtroy inſtead of defending it, by cauſing a greater facility of taking it by famine. The buſineſs being thus reſolv'd on, care was taken for a ſpeedy march; but for that *Porſenna* judg'd there was no great likelihood of taking *Rome* by violence, and that for that reaſon the ſiege would probably be long, he was pleas'd the Queen his wife and the whole Court ſhould follow him, and go to a very ſtately Caſtle, not far diſtant from the place where his Camp was to be, but a few miles diſtant from the Tomb of the three Rivals, where the unfortunate *Caliantus* was ſlain, and which part of *Porſenna*'s Army had already ſeiz'd on. To which purpoſe *Galerita*, the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, the vertuous *Melintha*, and ſeveral Ladies of eminent quality of *Cluſium*, prepar'd to follow the Army, which was gone before. Then it was that an equal deſire was ſeen in either party of gaining Victory. One contriving to aſſault *Rome*, and the other to defend it; ſacrifices were offered to implore contrary ſucceſſes; either of them believ'd they had juſtice on their ſide, and right to demand the Protection of the gods; but in the midſt of ſo many oppoſite vowes, *Clelia* and *Aronces* no doubt wiſht alwaies the ſame thing. *Porſenna* approaching near *Rome*, divided his Army into three bodies, out of a deſign to aſſault the City in three ſeveral places. The quarter on the ſide of *Janicul.* was that where *Porſenna* and *Aronces* were on; the ſecond which was oppoſite to *Tiber*, was the entrenchment of *Tarquin*; and that on the ſide towards *Tarquinia* was taken up by *Sextus*. At the firſt appearing of the forces, there were ſeveral little skirmiſhes between thoſe whom *Publicola* ſent to deſcry the enemies, and thoſe who went to take up the places wherein to encamp. But there paſſed nothing very conſiderable in them; for *Publicola* having a deſign to ſuffer the enemies Army to weaken themſelves before he attempted any thing, contented himſelf with knowing the true manner of their entrenchment, and keeping himſelf upon his guard. On the other ſide, *Porſenna* deſiring to put the *Romans* out of fear, that ſo he might upon occaſion more eaſily ſurprize them, made ſhew, as if his only intent was to ſtarve the City. He ſet a guard upon that River, both above and below *Rome*, he ſeiz'd upon all the avenues, he caus'd Forts to be rais'd at ſeveral diſtances, to make good the paſſes more eaſily; for *Rome* was not a City fitting to be compaſs'd about with a Trench, as *Tarquin* had done at *Ardea*. In the mean time *Aronces*, to whom the care of cauſing thoſe little Forts to be rais'd, was committed by *Porſenna*, ſuffer'd extream grief in beholding *Rome* as an enemy, and wiſht that at leaſt his Rival would come forth to interrupt the works he was cauſing to be made: that he might have occaſion to ſee him with his ſword in his hand. But for that the *Romans* had laid a contrary deſign, his deſire could not then be ſatisfied. After *Porſenna*'s Army was encamp'd without any conſiderable occurrences in making their approaches towards *Rome*, *Ga-*

Leriza the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, *Melintha*, and ſeveral other honorable Ladies, arriv'd at the Caſtle which was prepar'd for them; whither, being at no great diſtance from the camp, *Porſenna*, attended with many perſons of quality, went to to receive them. The Queen of *Hetruria* had lately receiv'd two young Ladies for her attendants, of infinite beauty, who, whilſt *Porſenna* was entertaining *Galerita*, and the Princeſſe of the *Leontines*, under a great porch which belong'd to the Caſtle, paſs'd over a little narrow bridge, which went from the Caſtle into the garden, and lay croſſe the large ditches full of water. All the other Ladies continu'd in the porch, with ſeveral Officers that attended on the King, except two men, very handſome perſonages, who leaning over the portal where that bridge was, beheld thoſe two fair Virgins, and ſpoke ſomething to them. But that little bridge breaking on a ſudden, the two fair perſons fell into the water, and were indanger'd to be drown'd. As they fell, they parted ſeveral wayes, one towards the right hand, and the other towards the left; ſo that there was a conſiderable diſtance between them. They were no ſooner fallen, but thoſe two men who ſpoke to them, caſt themſelves into the water; but inſtead of ſeparating themſelves to ſuccour them both, they leapt in on the ſame ſide, and thought only of ſaving one whom they held up by the robe, and ſo ſwimming drew her to land; for the ditches were very deep. The other lookt for nothing but to be drowned, and had been ſo indeed, if the great noiſe had not excited the curioſity of ſeveral people to come and ſee what caus'd it. Upon which, divers perſons perceiving this fair one ready to periſh, the Captain of *Porſenna*'s guards leapt in with all ſpeed, and ſaved her life. This accident troubled the whole Court, for theſe two virgins were generally very well eſteem'd of. There alſo hapned a diſpute upon it, between two famous Soothſayers, who were then with the Queen of *Hetruria*; for one of them affirm'd, the broken bridge was a bad omen; and the other on the contrary maintain'd, that the bridges being broken upon the arrival of the King, was a very happy preſage, and that for his part, he was perſwaded if *Rome* were attaqued by force, the enterpriſe would ſucceed. But whilſt theſe two Soothſayers were in this conteſt, the the two fair virgins were carried half dead into the ſame chamber, where care was taken for their recovery. The ſame evening the King return'd to the camp; but the next morning *Aronces* went to ſee the Queen his Mother, and the Princeſs of the *Leontines*. In the mean time the accident befallen the two fair virgins, was all the diſcourſe of the Princeſſes and the Camp; every one wonder'd at the ill fortune of her who was ready to periſh, and the happineſſe of the other, who had two men to ſuccour her, while her companion had none at all, though ſhe were as fair and lovely as ſhe. Tho *Aronces* had no purpoſe to ſtay long at the Caſtle, yet he could not refuſe to accompany the Princeſſe of the *Leontines* to the chamber of thoſe two fair virgins, who were ſtill indiſpos'd by their adventure of the preceding day. As they were going thither, they found the two men in a gallery, who had ſuccour'd the ſame perſon, and left the other in danger of periſhing. Whereupon the Princeſs of the *Leontines* not being able to refrain from teſtifying to them her aſtoniſhment, I beſeech you, ſaid ſhe to them, tell me why you did not ſeparate your ſelves to ſuccour both thoſe fair virgins, ſince they did not both fall on the ſame ſide. Was it becauſe you both love her whom you ſuccour'd, or hated her whom you left to periſh? Or rather was it becauſe you were lov'd by the one and hated by the other? Your queſtion Madam (anſwer'd he whoſe name was *Æmylius*) is more difficult to be reſolv'd than you imagine. For my part (anſwer'd the other who was call'd *Theanor*) I ſhould be more troubled to reſolve it, than my companion; but which is the worſt of all (added he) I dare not enter into the chamber of her whoſe life I endeavour'd to ſave, becauſe ſhe whom I abandon'd is there too. And I alſo (ſaid *Æmylius*) ſhould willingly go and deſire pardon of her whom I left to periſh, but for that I fear to find her whom I have ſerv'd alwaies unjuſt; I cannot reſolve to do it. That which you ſay ſeems ſo intricate (reply'd *Aronces*) that I am perſwaded nothing but love can be the occaſion of this perplexity. You have reaſon, my Lord (anſwer'd *Theanor*) and were we free both from hatred and love, we ſhould be more happy than we are, and ſpeak more intelligibly. But becauſe we are poſſeſsd with both theſe paſſions, we deſire to be excus'd from making our ſelves further underſtood. The Princeſs of the *Leontines* perceiving theſe two Lovers had no intention to tell her more of the matter, left them, and went into the chamber of the two fair ſick perſons, hoping to draw a little more light from them, of what ſhe deſir'd to know. One of them was in bed, and the other ſtood by, undreſt; for ſhe who had been longeſt without ſuccour, was more indiſpos'd than her companion. There was at that time in their chamber, onely *Porſenna*'s Captain of the guard, who had followed *Aronces*, and ſav'd the life of the fair *Terentia*, who was in bed, and ſeem'd to be more ſad than ſick. She who ſtood by, and whoſe name was *Aureliſa*, to teſtifie the greater reſpect, went to meet the Princeſſe of the *Leontines*, and *Aronces*; but tho ſhe had reaſon to be cheerful enough for having eſcap'd ſo great a danger, yet there appear'd ſome diſcontent in her eyes. Upon which the Princeſſe obſerving *Terentia*'s ſadneſſe, and *Aureliſa*'s diſcontent, demanded of them the cauſe; For (ſaid ſhe obligingly) my intention in coming was to rejoice with you; and, yet to judge of your thoughts by your looks, it ſeems the Prince and I ought to be afflicted, if we intend to partake of your ſentiments. For my part (anſwer'd *Terentia* ſaintly) I do not look upon life as ſo great a Good, as to deſerve much joy for not having loſt it: however, I am very much oblig'd to *Cereontus*, whom you ſee there, for having preſerv'd me, ſince his intention was to do me a very good office, to which he was not ſo much oblig'd as the other, who left me to periſh. As for what concerns me (anſwer'd *Aureliſa*) it ſeemes I have been more happy than *Terentia*; but in reality, I am not of that opinion; for it is ſometimes more unacceptable to be too much oblig'd, than too little. I aſſure you (reply'd the Princeſſe then, looking upon *Aronces*) I do not much better underſtand what *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* ſay, than what *Æmilius* and *Theanor* ſaid to us, as we came hither. How? (ſaid *Terentia* bluſhing) are *Theanor* and *Æmilius* here? Yes (anſwer'd *Aronces*) they are here, but tho they were deſirous to follow me, yet they dar'd not enter into your chamber. No doubt, (added the Princeſſe of the *Leontines*) becauſe they dare not ſee you, after having left you in danger of periſhing. In truth (reply'd *Aureliſa*, changing colour as well as *Terentia*) I conceive

ceive they knew not what they did when they leapt into the water to save my life, and I am not certain but that they might take me for *Terentia*. As for me (said *Cereontus* then respectfully, as he was going away) my intention cannot be doubtful, and I very well understood I desir'd to succour you; but, least you should believe I look for praises for it, I shall retire. The more you speak, the lesse I understand, (answer'd the Princesse of the *Leontines*) yet it would by very fitting (said *Amiclea* who accompanied the Princesse) that you knew the truth of this adventure, for fear some inconvenience happen upon it. You so well understand all the secrets of *Aureliſa*'s, and my heart (answer'd *Terentia*), that it will be ealse for you to satisfie the Princess; but, to speak truth, it were better to conceal our weakness than publish it: upon equitable consideration, I think there is no person amongst us but has their fault. *Terentia* spoke this with an air that augmented the Princess's curiosity, who understanding in effect, that there might be some occasion of quarrel between *Theanor*, *Æmilius*, and *Cereontus* told these two fair persons, she would not go forth of their chamber, till she knew exactly, all that was to be known of their adventures. I beseech you, Madam, (said *Aureliſa* then) do not give your self the trouble of hearing a hundred unprofitable trifles, which are glorious to no persons, and will but make you lose time which you might better employ. No, no, (said *Amiclea* then) the Princess can do nothing more delightful to her self, than to hinder such worthy persons as those that sav'd your lives, from quarrelling, as I foresee they will do, if care be not taken to observe them, and supprets part of their resentment. *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* understanding in effect, that a quarrel might easily arise between those three men, consented to the desire of the Princess and *Amiclea*, who having two hours still to spend in that place, was not unwilling to employ them in hindering amorous persons from destroying one another; for he had heard it confusedly spoken, that *Æmilius* and *Theanor* lov'd *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*. Wherefore urging these two fair Ladies to consent that he should know their history, they did so, on condition that only the Princess of the *Leontines* and himself should know it, and that they two might not be present at the relation, which they could not hear without extreme confusion. But who then shall tell us your adventures (said the Princess)? *Amiclea* answered *Terentia*, who knowes them as well as our selves, and who is so sincere, and so faithful, that I do not conceive she is suspected by *Aureliſa*, more than she is by me. You have reason (answer'd that fair Ladie) and I should more doubt my own memory, if I were to relate my adventure my self, than I do the sincerity of *Amiclea*. I am very glad you both know me (reply'd she); but withal, you ought to be assur'd that I will do nothing to render my self unworthy of the good opinion you have of me, and onely relate the pure and naked truth. After this, the Princesse of the *Leontines* went to her own Chamber, whil'st the Queen of *Hetruria* was in hers with the generous *Melintha*. As soon as the Princesse was there, she commanded, No person should be suffer'd to enter, and then oblig'd *Amiclea* to relate all that had befallen her two amiable friends; in obedience to which command she began her story in these terms:

The HISTORY *of* AURELISA *and* TERENTIA.

I will not detain you, Madam, with telling you *Aureliſa* and *Terentia* are descended from very noble families, since you know it already; or that *Theanor*, *Æmylius* and *Cereontus* are persons of quality; for 'tis a thing you are not ignorant of. I shall omit to tell you that these five persons are indued with great merits, because you know them sufficiently to be so; nevertheless, for that the Prince that hears me has not time to observe the humour of *Aureliſa* and *Terentia*, you must permit me to tell him that tho *Terentia* be brown and *Aureliſa* fair, one has black eyes, and the other blew, one be tall of stature and the other low, yet there is more difference in inclinations than in the out-side of their persons. Yet they have both very much wit; yea, they had for some time a considerable kindness for one another; but this has not hinder'd but that they have opposite sentiments, and in brief, can never agree in any thing whatsoever, not even in such matters as are of least concernment. If they be onely to walk together, one of them will go in the shade, and the other sayes she do's not fear the Sun, and much affects those great open quarters in Gardens which leave the sight free, and where the air is not confin'd. If one will have her Curtains drawn before her windows, the other maintains on the contrary that the clear day is advantageous to such as have a good complexion. In brief, they never had the same friends of either Sex in the very time they lov'd one another, and I may say I am the only exception to this general rule; 'Tis true, since 'tis a happiness I have to be oftentimes a friend to persons who have no resemblance, and whose interests are many times contrary, this ought not to be wonder'd at. But which is strange, these two persons, whose opinions are so different have yet so much reason that they never had any publick fallings out, and they have so well conceal'd their differences that I am almost the onely person that have had any knowledge of them. In the next place, Madam, you must know, that these two persons having both almost in the same time lost their Fathers and Mothers, they were plac'd under the Guardianship of a man of quality, call'd *Tolumnius*, whose wife was *Aureliſa*'s Aunt. As for *Terentia* she was Cousin to *Tolumnius*, who had two Nephews, not Brothers, to whom he intended to marry these two Virgins who have sufficient fortunes. In order to which, he educated them under his wife, whose name was *Elinyſſa*, tho he conceal'd his determination; however, he so expresly commanded *Æmylius* and *Theanor*, (who obey'd him as if he had been their Father) to insinuate themselves into the affection of these two persons, that they began to make Courtship to them, more out of obedience than choice, and consequently without Love towards them, or jealousie between themselves; for they had other things which affected their hearts. On the other side *Aureliſa* and *Terentia* having been advertis'd by one of their relations, that they were to prepare themselves to marry *Æmylius* and *Theanor* one day, lookt upon them as two men who in time might come to be their husbands. But as they could never love the same things, so they made different desires; for *Terentia* wish'd she might be lov'd by *Æmylius*, and

Aureliſa

Aureliſa that ſhe might be ſo by *Theanor*. Nevertheleſs, theſe wiſhes were conceal'd from all the World, and they never ſpoke of them but when they were alone. Nor did they then think that they ſpoke very ſeriouſly. For my part (ſaid *Aureliſa* one day) I ſhall never reſolve to become wife to *Æmilius*: not but that I ſee he is a perſon of much honour, but he is not ſuch as I would have a Lover or a Huſband: but the caſe is otherwiſe in relation to *Theanor*. As for my particular (added *Terentia*) I cannot think of marrying *Theanor*, tho he be a perſon of worth; but for *Æmilius*, I could eaſily reſolve to do it. What? (ſaid *Aureliſa*) would you be the wife of ſuch an inconſtant perſon as *Æmylius*, who has had a hundred Miſtreſſes in his life. I would not marry him inconſtant, (anſwer'd *Terentia*) but I ſhould like well enough to cure him of his inconſtancy, and ſhould not be loth to marry him when I had render'd him faithful. But can you your ſelf (added *Terentia*) reſolve to love and to marry *Theanor*, who you know loves a certain woman ever ſince he came to the uſe of reaſon, who makes a profeſſion of being the moſt conſtant perſon in the World, and yet when he has marri'd you, will not ceaſe to love his former Miſtreſs? No, no, *Terentia*, (repli'd *Aureliſa*) I do not underſtand it ſo; but, to ſpeak freely, I ſhould take as much pleaſure to render *Theanor* unfaithful to her that he loves, as you would have, in rendring *Æmilius* conſtant. Our two wiſhes are very different (anſwer'd *Terentia*) for I deſire to remove a defect from *Emylius*, and you would confer one on *Theanor*. In truth (repli'd *Aureliſa*) I think we do not yet very well know what we would have; but the beſt I ſee for us, is, that in all probabilities we ſhall never deſire the ſame things, and ſo having different pretenſions, we ſhall alwaies live in peace, tho our inclinations be contrary. However from that day *Aureliſa* and *Terentia* found ariſing in their hearts a kind of particular eſteem for thoſe two men, which had ſcarce any other apparent cauſe than the deſire of contradicting one another. For, becauſe *Aureliſa* eſteem'd *Emylius* leſs than *Theanor*, therefore *Terentia* lov'd *Theanor* leſs than *Æmilius*; and for the ſame reaſon, *Aureliſa* knowing *Terentia* preferr'd *Æmilius* before *Theanor*, ſhe gave the preheminence to *Theanor* to the prejudice of *Æmilius*. Nevertheleſs, they ſo well conceal'd their ſentiments, that they were taken notice of by no perſon whatſoever. But whil'ſt they conteſted thus, *Æmilius* and *Theanor* who were friends, and mutually communicated moſt part of their ſentiments, beheld theſe two Virgins as moſt men do thoſe whom they think they ought to marry, that is with an affection without ardour, and little better than ordinary civility; nor did they ſo much as inquire how their Uncle intended their marriages ſhould be made; for *Æmilius* having at that time three or four Miſtreſſes, and *Theanor* one who abſolutely took up his heart, they onely conſider'd that they whom they were to marry would be rich, without troubling themſelves further, except that they told their Miſtreſſes, A wiſe man ought to marry only for his familie's ſake, and to love onely for his own. They endeavour'd alſo to perſwade them, that a marriage was not a real infidelity; and they were happy enough to be believ'd; for the inconſtant *Æmilius* lov'd none but Goſſips, and the conſtant *Theanor* loving a woman which could not be his, he perſwaded her the more eaſily to what he deſir'd. Things being in this poſture, I contracted an intimate friendſhip with theſe two young Beauties, and I hapned one day to be at *Elinyſſa*'s houſe with whom they dwelt, when *Theanor* and *Æmilius* came thither with two Ladies of no diſcommendable beauty. So that this converſation being wholly compos'd of young perſons (for *Elinyſſa* was gone out of it about ſome affairs) it ſuddenly became very agreeable and gallant. This hapned ſo much the more eaſily, for that one of the Ladies who came with *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, and whoſe name was *Cleoncia*, being much addicted to make ſport with her beſt friends, and to do it ſometimes a little too preſſingly; cunningly brought it in, to ſpeak of unfaithful and conſtant Love, intending to give ſome light gird to thoſe that were with her. She ask'd the other Ladies what they would do if they were neceſſitated to chuſe a husband of two men, whereof one had a hundred Miſtreſſes, and the other but one, whom he loved ardently. For my part, ſaid one of the Ladies, I would have neither of both; for certainly 'tis no great pleaſure to be wife to one of thoſe profeſs'd Weather-Cocks, who becauſe they converſe with none but Goſſips, ſlight their Wives, and every day do a hundred things very diſpleaſing to be ſeen; and 'tis yet leſs to be Wife of a Man who every moment is ready to ſacrifice all his family to the perſon whom he loves, whoſe thoughts are wholly taken up with her, who never ſtirs from her, who is weary of all other places, who is prodigal in what concerns his love, and covetous in all other reſpects, and who will not have any thing that he do's, ſeen; or when it is obſerv'd, will not allow it to be complain'd of. And which is ſtrange, both that husband who lends out his heart to whomſoever will have it, and he that gives his intirely to one perſon, do nevertheleſs require their Wives ſhould keep a more exact fidelity to them, than any others. But ſince I may be miſtaken (added ſhe) I would know *Aureliſa*'s opinion upon this caſe. *Terentia* then look upon *Aureliſa*, calling to mind what they had talk't of together ſome daies before; whereupon, (perceiving it was believed, ſhe was going to declare her true ſentiments, and conſequently to determine, that ſhe lik'd a Husband better that had one conſtant Love, than one that had many) on a ſudden to have the pleaſure of deceiving her friend, ſhe diſguis'd her ſentiments, and took the contrary ſide, with intention to anticipate all that ſhe deſir'd to ſay. For my part, (ſaid ſhe, ſmiling) I ſee no ground there is to doubt; for 'tis better, no queſtion, to be Wife of an unconſtant Husband, provided he carry his buſineſs diſcreetly, than to be a Wife to a conſtant Lover, who perplexes his Wife with continual capriciocs. For inconſtant Lovers, are almoſt generally of a good humour, whereas, on the contrary, Lovers ſcrupulouſly faithful, are for the moſt part ſullen natur'd. *Terentia* obſerving *Aureliſa*'s ſubtlety, could not reſtrain her ſelf from contradicting her, tho in reality ſhe contradicted her ſelf. There is ſome wit in what you ſay, (ſaid *Terentia*) but yet it is certain, that it were incomparably better, to be the Wife of a man who has a great paſſion, than of one of thoſe that are inconſtant to a thouſand Loves, of whom every day a hundred ſtories are told, which divert the whole Court, and perplex his Wife in all companies, ſince ſhe can

ſcarce

ſcarce go into any place without finding ſome Miſtreſs of her Husband's with whom ſhe is at a loſs how to comport her ſelf: but it is not ſo with a Husband that has but one Love; for provided you keep but ſome meaſure of civility to his Miſtreſs, if he be ingenuous he will thank you for it, and if he does not love you, yet at leaſt he will eſteem you. While theſe two Virgins maintain'd the ſide they undertook, which is ſufficient weakneſs, becauſe it did not agree with their real ſentiments, *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, to whom this converſation was unpleaſing, by reaſon of their being concern'd in it, believ'd that theſe two fair perſons thought what they ſpoke; and thereupon *Theanor* was incens'd againſt *Aureliſa*, and *Æmilius* againſt *Terentia*. And either of them deſiring to make good their ſide, produc'd all the reaſons for it they could invent. For my part, (ſaid *Æmilius*) I ſee not how the thing can be doubted; for I conceive nothing is more troubleſome to a Wife, than one of thoſe Husbands with a great paſſion, & nothing more convenient than one that is a Gallant. For he is ſcarce ever at home, ſome Feaſt alwaies takes him up; and, as he is unwilling to be conſtrain'd, ſo he gives the ſame liberty which he deſires to take. On the contrary, a Husband of the other ſort, is inſupportable; for out of croſs intention, that he may have ſomething to blame in the deportment of his Wife, to the end that may excuſe his own, he has continually his Spies to obſerve her. But however, (interrupted *Theanor*) the Husband you repreſent ſo, loves ſome perſon, and ſo his Wife has ſome ground to hope, if he can ceaſe to love his Miſtreſs, her ſelf may at length get into his affection. But what can be hop'd from an inconſtant perſon, who is never capable of loving any thing? If he do not love his Miſtreſſes (ſaid *Æmilius*) why ſhould his Wife take it ill? But if the Husband who has a conſtant Love, (anſwer'd *Theanor*) does not ceaſe to uſe his Wife civilly, what reaſon has ſhe to complain? ſince you do not believe it neceſſary to her happineſs, that ſhe be lov'd. For my part, (ſaid *Aureliſa*, contrary to her own ſentiments again, becauſe ſhe had begun ſo) I am againſt *Theanor*: And I (added *Terentia*) againſt *Æmilius*. In my apprehenſion, (ſaid I then) you are not againſt any body; for to ſpeak ſincerely, you do not well know what you would do, if both of you had Husbands, which did not love you. It is not material for what reaſon you are not lov'd; ſince in what manner ſoever the matter is, it is alwaies troubleſome. However, whether you be lov'd or hated, you ought for Virtue's and your own ſake, to be as faithful to a Husband that does not love you, as to one that does; for it is not fitting ever to revenge your ſelves to his prejudice; nor to offend by example. No doubt *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* thought the ſame thing that I ſpoke; for they are both very diſcreet; but they were in a manner not to agree to it, to the end they might have occaſion to conteſt. Nevertheleſs, ſeemlineſs reſtrain'd them, and ſo the converſation ended; after which, *Theanor* went away with a ſecret indignation againſt *Aureliſa*, and *Æmilius* againſt *Terentia*, tho in truth *Æmilius* was oblig'd to love *Terentia*, and *Theanor Aureliſa*. When they were return'd home, (for they lodg'd together) they fell to ſpeak concerning theſe two Ladies, and reſolved between themſelves, that if their Uncle ſhould oblige them to marry them, *Theanor* ſhould marry *Terentia*, and *Æmilius Aureliſa*. In the mean time, theſe two fair Virgins being retir'd, *Terentia* ask'd *Aureliſa* why ſhe would not ſpeak her mind really? 'Twas to hinder you from ſpeaking yours, (anſwer'd ſhe, ſmiling) for I conceiv'd you would not be of my opinion. But by obliging me not to ſpeak what I thought, (reply'd *Terentia*) you did not ſpeak your own thoughts. 'Tis true, (ſaid ſhe) but do not you know, that ſometimes the miſchief you do others, compenſates us for part of that we do our ſelves? You may judge, Madam, by what I ſay, in what condition things then ſtood. But how weak ſoever this beginning of averſion was which *Æmilius* had againſt *Terentia*, and *Theanor* againſt *Aureliſa*; and how ſlight ſoever an inclination *Terentia* had for *Æmilius*, and *Aureliſa* for *Theanor*, theſe firſt impreſſions were the true cauſe of all that have befallen them ſince. For *Theanor* after having had ſo long and conſtant affection in his Soul, was inſenſibly cur'd of that Love by another, and had a great dearneſs for *Terentia*, alwaies remembring the ſentiments he had obſerv'd in her mind, at the time of that conteſt, at which I was preſent. About the ſame time too, *Æmilius* being weary of the turmoil, occaſion'd by the neceſſity of entertaining ſeveral gallantries together, accuſtom'd himſelf to take more pleaſure than uſually in the company of *Aureliſa*; and thus theſe two friends by degrees became very amorous of the two fair Virgins. But by a ſtrange croſsneſs of Fate, the firſt inclination of theſe two perſons continuing, and being not alwaies able to reſtrain themſelves from bearing envy one towards another, *Terentia* could not endure *Theanor*, and wiſht ſo ardently *Æmilius* would love her in ſtead of him, that ſhe ſeem'd to love him already. *Aureliſa* on the other ſide, accounting *Æmilius* inſupportable, deſir'd *Theanor* would please himſelf leſs with the company of *Terentia*, and more with hers. Not but that theſe four perſons were every day together; but it is often ſeen, that tho perſons be in the ſame place, their hearts are far diſtant from thoſe in whoſe preſence they are. However they all conceal'd their ſentiments, and not knowing preciſeely in what manner he on whom they depended, would diſpoſe of them, they expected till he declar'd his mind, every one of them deſiring in their hearts, his pleaſure might not check their reſpective inclinations. But it was in a ſhort time perceiv'd, that ſome change hapned in the minds of *Æmilius* and *Theanor*; for the ancient Miſtreſs of this latter, being poſſeſs'd with extreme jealouſie, utter'd ſeveral expreſſions, which intimated that *Theanor* could not but have an other Love. All the Miſtreſſes of *Æmilius* did the like, and within a very few daies it was generally talkt of, that *Theanor* was became unfaithful, and *Æmilius* conſtant. It was alſo added, that the cauſe of the conſtancy of one, and of the infidelity of the other, muſt needs be in *Elyniſſa*'s houſe; but however, it could not be conjectur'd, whether it were *Aureliſa* that *Æmilius* lov'd, or whether it were *Terentia* that had cur'd *Theanor* of his firſt paſſion: for theſe two Lovers not knowing the intention of their Uncle, durſt not declare themſelvs, and liv'd in partial civility towards theſe two Ladies, for whom they had notwithſtanding very different ſentiments, and by whom likewiſe they were lookt upon after a very different manner. I being then their intimate friend, inform'd them of the rumour that was reported concerning the conſtancy of *Æmilius*, and the unfaithfulneſs of *Theanor*, and ask't them for whoſe

whose sake *Theanor* was become unfaithful, and *Æmilius* constant. For it is not doubted, (added I) but 'tis for the sake of you two, that these Lovers have chang'd inclinations. For my part, (answer'd *Terentia* suddenly, and blushing) I know not whether *Theanor* loves me, but I know well *Æmilius* does not. I am very well assur'd, (said *Aureliſa*,) *Theanor* is not faithful for my sake; and as for *Æmilius*, I care so little for knowing wherefore he ceas'd to be inconstant, that I have not at all taken notice of it. Yet I wonder, (added *Terentia*) you have not observ'd, that he takes more pleasure in speaking to you, than to me. I assure you I have taken notice of it, (answer'd she); but I have observ'd upon divers occasions, that *Theanor* uses all his address to avoid discourse with me, and seeks to place himself near you, as often as he can, without doing me incivility. If it be (so repli'd *Terentia* coldly,) I have reason to complain and pity my self, and I wish *Æmilius* be more happy than he. If he have any such intention towards me as you speak of, (answer'd *Aureliſa*) he will not be more happy than his friend nor I than you. In truth (said I to them then) I see not, however the business be, how either of you can be unhappy; for *Theanor* and *Æmilius* are both such deserving persons, that you cannot make a bad choice of either of them. They were going to answer, but these two Lovers enter'd, who, to confirm what they had spoken of, handsomely sought to place themselves according to their inclinations. *Æmilius* approacht near to *Aureliſa*, and *Theanor* to *Terentia*, At which both of them blusht; which the Lovers observing, interpreted to their own advantage (as persons, in their condition, use to take all occasions of flattering themselves) tho in truth it was to their prejudice. For *Terentia* blusht out of spight, to see that *Æmilius* prefer'd *Aureliſa* before her self, and *Aureliſa* out of anger, to observe that *Theanor* neglected her in respect of her friend. However, being both intelligent, they suppressed their sentiments, and the conversation was nevertheless sufficiently agreeable at the beginning. For comming to speak of gallantry, the question was put, whether that love were greater that could not contain from declaring her self, or that which was conceal'd out of respect. *Terentia* being in a great fear lest *Theanor* should tell her he lov'd her, and more, lest *Æmilius* should declare his mind to *Aureliſa*, made haste to answer that there was no cause of doubt, and that there was more love in not telling that one loves, when respect alone causes the Lover's silence, than in going to tell it with precipitancy. *Aureliſa* now found her self a little perplext; for she lov'd not to be of *Terentia*'s opinion, and was as unwilling to take upon her to maintain, that it was fit to declare one's love, for fear of encouraging *Æmilius* to tell her something that might not please her. Therefore she chose rather to say nothing of her self, but asked me, What I thought of the case? For my part who had no interest in it, I spoke sincerely what I thought of the matter, and indeavour'd to maintain, that a Lover who could restrain himself from declaring that he lov'd, had a less passion than he who in spight of the respect he bore to his Mistress, and in spight of his own reason, was enforc'd to profess that he was in love. *Æmilius* was of my opinion, and *Theanor* intending his silence should be a declaration of his love to *Terentia*, maintain'd the contrary, and was of her opinion: So that this dispute lasted for a good time. For my part, (said I) I confess to you, I fear people who are not able to contain from saying they love, have nothing in their hearts which torments them very much; and there is no surer token of a luke warm affection, than the long silence of a Lover. For, is not complaint an infallible sign of great sorrowes? little diseases are easily past over in silence, but the wisest complain of such as are great, and all the Philosophy of the most insensible persons, can scarce ever keep from crying out when they suffer very much. So that as, no doubt, it cannot be prov'd that silence is a sign of great pain in the body, no more can it be made out to be an evidence of great grief of mind. But, do you make no difference (said *Theanor*) between a great love and a great pain? No, (answer'd I); for, besides that I am perswaded there is no love without inquietude, which is a kind of pain, I am so also, that a Lover who has not declar'd his passion, has so vehement a desire to tell it, that he suffers one of the greatest torments in the world. You have reason, *Amiclea* (said *Æmilius* to me) and I can answer you, that for certain it is the greatest misery that can be imagin'd. 'Tis no doubt a great trouble (repli'd *Theanor*) but for that reason it is a great sign of love; for is there any thing more obliging to a Lady, than to make her know, that the fear of displeasing her, and the respect you have for her, obliges you to be silent, and to suffer without complaining? and besides (added he) to speak equitably, was a Lover ever believ'd upon his word? and if he does no more than say, I love you, would any Lady in the world believe him? And if so, the best way or course to prove one's love, is by a thousand cares, and a thousand services, sighs, glances, and a thousand other wayes more effectual than words, without offending a fair person, who will not have the respect due to her, lost. Believe me (said I then to *Theanor*) the sighes, glances, cares and services you speak of, may be compar'd to metal, (of which not long since money has been made at *Rome*) whose value is redoubled by the Prince's stamp. For all that is done for a fair person before a man discovers himself to be a Lover, is lookt upon but as testimonies of esteem and friendship at most, and, till after such declarations, she does not look upon the services render'd to her, as testimonies of love. What you say, is, no doubt, very well spoken (said I to him) but it must be added, that when people are forbidden to speak, 'tis taken for no great offence if they break that prohibition, in case they be esteem'd, and they knew how to do it handsomely. But, *Amiclea* (answer'd *Terentia*) I think you have lost your reason, in accusing women of such a defect as this; For, I conceive, a deserving person can never be more oblig'd than when she sees her displeasure is dreaded, and that she is fear'd and respected. 'Tis true (repli'd I) but if a Lover do not profess himself to be such, how will he ever be lov'd? I know not whether he will be lov'd or no (answer'd *Terentia*) but I know well, that a Lover who should tell me rudely that he lov'd me, should be hated. When *Amiclea* (repli'd *Æmilius*) maintains it fit for a lover to declare his passion, she does not mean he should do it after an unhandsome manner. As I was going to answer, the Lady which *Theanor* had lov'd so long, arriv'd with two others; her name was *Meneſile*, and it is not to be doubted, but she is a very confident person, and passionate. This visit very much

much surpriz'd the company; for she did not use to visit *Elymisa*. But jealousie exciting a desire in her to see what pass'd in this cabal, she caus'd her self to be introduc'd by one of *Tolumnius*'s friends. Nevertheless *Theanor* the better to make known his love to *Terentia*, continu'd with her, tho he did not speak to her apart, for should he have done it, she would not have given him occasion. When *Aureliſa* beheld this Lady enter, she well understood that a sentiment of jealousie induc'd her to make this visit; so that perceiving she still lov'd *Theanor*, this redoubled the inclination she had for him, as well as the envy she bore to *Terentia*; for she was extremely sorry that she was not the person to whom he prov'd unfaithful. A quarter of an hour after, three of *Æmilius*'s ancient Mistresses arriv'd; but he saluted them so coldly, and lookt upon them so little, that it could scarce be thought he had ever seen them before. Whereupon *Terentia* observing that this unfaithful person was become constant, was extreamly perplexed it was not for her sake that he despis'd all his former Mistresses. And so she became as melancholick as *Aureliſa*. However, civility obliging them to entertain those that came to visit them, they fell to discourse of several things; after which the conversation being chang'd on a sudden, they inveighed very much against men in general. It was affirm'd that they were very frequently unjust, vindicative, inconstant, insensible, and given to detraction. *Theanor* and *Æmilius* then maintain'd the cause of their own sex, defended themselves the best they could. But at length, I know not how it came to pass, but one of the new-come Ladies, who did not love *Menesile*, askt me if I believ'd that a woman whom a man ceas'd to love, ought to be more offended than another, who could not gain the affection of a man she lov'd. This proposition made *Menesile*, *Terentia*, and *Aureliſa* blush, which nevertheless was obserr'd only by my self. *Menesile* recollecting her self in a moment, had confidence enough to make good her own cause. 'Tis so easie to answer to what you demand (said she) that tho many persons be present here, who have more wit than my self, I think I shall have enough to convince you, that 'tis greater shame not to be able to makes one's self be lov'd, than to be abandon'd. For the shame reflects upon the desertor, and not on her that is forsaken. I know not whose the shame is (repli'd I) but I believe the anger is on her side that is relinquisht, if she persists to love. I believe (said *Menesile*) the cause of the anger is for having been deceiv'd; but however, a person that cannot make her self be lov'd, is not only angry, but ashamed of her own weakness: and whereas a woman that has been lov'd, and is so no longer, is possessed onely with despight, hatred, and contempt of her Renegade; she that loves without being lov'd, comes at length, when she has any heart, to hate and despise her self; which, no doubt is the cruellest thing in the world. While *Menesile* was speaking thus, *Terentia*, *Aureliſa*, and *Theanor*, were extremely perplext, being inforc'd to hear an unpleasing discourse, without answering to it. I observing their trouble (answer'd *Menesile*) and desiring to make a third party, In truth (said I to her) whether a woman loves without being lov'd, or whether her Lover forsakes her, she is worthy of pity if she be vertuous; for as for such as are not, they ought never to be pitied. But I would know further (said she who made this proposition) who suffers most of the two. She that loves most (answer'd *Terentia*). That is likely (repli'd a Lady of the company) to be the forsaken Lady; for I cannot understand that he that is not lov'd, can love very ardently. For my part (said another) I do not conceive a woman can love, if her affection be not answer'd when she gives some Testimony of it; but I do not believe it impossible but a vertuous person may have a secret and hidden inclination which may lead her to love rather one man than another; tho without testifying any thing of it. If it be so (answer'd *Menesile*) I believe really she that is forsaken suffers more than she that is not lov'd; but if she believes that her eyes have betray'd the secret of her heart, and that he that she loves understands her affection without answering to it, I conceive she undergoes the torment of a shame of greater pain to her, than the blackest infidelity can cause. For in this case the remedy is at hand by scorning him from whom the injury is receiv'd. Whil'st *Menesile* was speaking thus, *Æmilius* talk't low to *Aureliſa*, who at that instant lik t rather to hear him, than to be oblig'd to answer *Menesile*. You are very melancholick to day, Madam, (said he to her) altho I do not complain of your silence; for it being a kind of consent, I presume you agree that *Amilcar* had reason to say: There is greater love in not being able to contain from discovering that passion, than in being silent out of respect; and therefore to avoid giving you leisure to change your sentiments, it is best for me to tell you in the most respectful manner possible, that of the most inconstant of all men you will make the most faithful Lover in the World, provided you will please to fasten the Knots which tye me to your service. I beseech you, *Æmilius*, (answer'd *Aureliſa* much astonish'd) do not force me to speak more rudely to you than I would: you know I have respect for *Tolumnius*, and that I should be extream sorry to displease him. However if you accustome your self to speak to me as you do, it shall be hard but I will find out wayes to deliver me from your importunity. *Aureliſa* spoke this with a certain severe aspect, which sensibly afflicted *Æmilius*; but in stead of being repell'd by it, he became more amorous; for he was one of those to whom the difficulties of things encreases the desire of possessing them. Wherefore he spoke again to *Aureliſa* to the same purpose, but so respectfully, that she had no pretext to be offended with him. On the other side *Theanor* observing all *Menesile*'s discourse was only to despight him, design'd to take advantage of her anger: so that when all the company was gone, he continu'd last, and approaching to *Terentia* who was musing by a window, If you remember, Madam (said he to her with a low voice) all that you have heard spoken indirectly against me, remember also at the same time, that I have suffer'd it for your sake; and that if I had not an infinite respect for you, I should tell you, that did I not love you, I should not be unfaithful. I assure you (answer'd she) I will alwaies remember the quality you give your self, to the end I may not be endanger'd to love you more than I do; for in brief a man that can forsake one woman for another when he is lov'd by her, may prove unfaithful to all that shall put confidence in him. After this, going aside to *Aureliſa*, *Theanor* was constrain'd to go away without saying more to her. The rest of the evening *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* were sufficiently melancholick, they undrest themselves almost without speaking to one another, tho they lay in the same Chamber,

and it was not till the next morning that they ſpoke any thing. When, after they were dreſt, according to their cuſtome, they went into a little Cloſet not far from their Chamber, expecting the hour to go to the Temple. As ſoon as they were there, *Aureliſa* (who naturally was more debonair than *Terentia*) ask't her with a ſomething forc'd ſmile, whence it came to paſs ſhe was ſo penſive that day; For (ſaid ſhe) they ought not to be melancholick who have gain'd a victory. You ought then to be more frolick than you are (anſwer'd *Terentia*) for you have triumph'd more gloriouſly than I. If you will change your victory (reply'd *Aureliſa*) I am content. I aſſure you, it ſhall not be my fault (anſwer'd *Terentia*): not that I abſolutely agree to what I perceive you think; but I anſwer to your words rather than to the truth of the buſineſs you ſet upon me for. But I ſhall alwaies draw this advantage from what you have ſaid, that I ſee *Æmilius* has mention'd his love to you, and I did not convince him yeſterday. I acknowledge it (repli'd *Aureliſa*, knowing it would afflict *Terentia*): but now confeſs to me whether *Theanor* did not make you know he loves you; and that as I have made a faithful Lover of an unconſtant one, you have made a man unfaithful who was reputed the moſt conſtant in the World. Your ſincerity requiring the like from me (anſwer'd *Terentia*) I confeſs to you, *Theanor* made me underſtand he loves me. Ah! *Terentia* (ſaid *Aureliſa*) why have you not made *Æmilius* your Lover? Ah! *Aureliſa* (ſay'd *Terentia*) wherefore have you not gain'd the heart of *Theanor*, which I know not what to do with? The miſery is (added ſhe) that I perceive 'tis *Tolumnius*'s abſolute pleaſure we ſhould marry his Nephews; and that, according as your heart and mine are diſpos'd, we ſhall be alwaies unhappy. For I tell you again, I ſhall never be able to live with *Æmilius*, tho he is a perſon of merit. I ſay the ſame of *Theanor* (anſwer'd *Terentia*). After this, the like unhappineſs uniting the hearts of theſe two Virgins, they promis'd much friendſhip and fidelity one to another. But, in order to ſeek ſome remedy to their hard fortunes, *Terentia* promis'd *Aureliſa* alwaies to treat *Theanor* ill, and never to marry him, what command ſoever *Tolumnius* ſhould lay upon her to that purpoſe, whom ſhe obeyed as her own father. And *Aureliſa* likewiſe promis'd on her part, never to ſpeak any thing favourable to *Æmilius*, nor marry him, whatever command ſhould be lay'd upon her to it; they promis'd alſo to relate ſincerely all that thoſe two Lovers ſhould ſay to them. But alaſs! (ſaid *Terentia*) all our providence will perhaps be unprofitable to hinder us from being unhappy; for it is in our power not to marry thoſe we do not love, but if it ſhould be propounded to us to marry thoſe we do not hate, perhaps we ſhall not be able to refuſe them, tho they do not love us; and 'tis poſſible *Theanor* and *Æmilius* will have the weakneſs to obey *Tolumnius* out of a regard to their intereſt. However, I confeſs to you, I ſhould think my ſelf as unhappy to marry a man who ſhould not love me, and I ſhould affect, as to marry one whom I had no affection for, and lov'd me. You have reaſon (anſwer'd *Aureliſa*). But ſince hope is not to be diſclaim'd to the laſt, we ought to hope that being united as we are at preſent, it may fall out that we may change our deſtiny; *Æmilius* may come to love you, and *Theanor* not to hate me. After this they made a thouſand careſſes to one another, and expreſs'd a thouſand blandiſhments. At the end of this converſation they went to the Temple, where their two Lovers were, who confirm'd by their looks what they had ſpoken the day before. At their return from the Temple, they were told, one of her Friends, deſired they would go in the evening into the Gardens of the Palace, whither, as you know, Madam, the whole Court reſorts very frequently in fair weather. Accordingly they went thither with a Kinſwoman of theirs, imagining their Friend would take the pleaſure to walk with them; but they found it was to hear muſick-entertainment which *Theanor* and *Æmilius* had prepar'd for them, and that ſhe in whoſe name they were requeſted to come, knew nothing of this gallantry; which, inſtead of exciting joy in them for whom it was intended, afforded them but regret and diſcontent. Some daies after, theſe Lovers gave a magnificent Collation to the ſame perſons, in that delightful Grove which is call'd the Grove of the Spring, becauſe the verdure appears there ſooner than any other where, and all the World reſorts to walk there in that ſeaſon: and to make their love more taken notice of, one evening they gave a Ball under a magnificent Tent in the middle of that Meadow, which is call'd the Meadow of *Flora*, becauſe indeed it is alwaies cover'd over with flowers. *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* were at a deſperate loſs with theſe contrivances of their two Lovers to pleaſe them; but yet it behov'd to be preſent at all their entertainments for fear of diſpleaſing *Tolumnius* and *Elinyſſa*. Not long after, they were joyful to underſtand that *Tolumnius* had reſolv'd to go and ſpend ſome time in the Countrey at a very fair houſe of his near *Cluſium*. They underſtood alſo that I was to be of the company, and accordingly I departed two daies after with them upon which occaſion, as friendſhip is more ſpeedily contracted during a little journey into the Countrey than in the City, they were pleas'd to make me privy to the ſtate they were in, leſt *Tolumnius* ſhould determine to marry them after a manner contrary to their own inclinations; and, in brief, they told me all the principal ſecrets they had in their breaſts. I confeſs to you they caus'd me to pity them, and finding an occaſion to intermeddle with love innocently, I promis'd to do all I could to change the hearts of their two Lovers, who were both my familiar friends. During our Countrey-journey, there was nothing but continual feaſting; but theſe two Virgins deſiring me not to deſert them at all, that ſo their Lovers might not have the liberty to ſpeak to them apart, I did it indeed ſo handſomely, without *Æmilius* and *Theanor*'s ever ſuſpecting my deſign to hinder them from diſcourſing to them, that they could not ſay any thing to them concerning their paſſion. I did not content my ſelf with doing this office to theſe two Virgins, I ſpoke ſeverally to both their Lovers, in order to perſwade them into ſentiments contrary to their own. For ſpeaking to *Æmilius* I extol'd *Terentia* with exaggeration, and did the like for *Aureliſa* ſpeaking to *Theanor*. But, to ſpeak truth, I did not obſerve they commended them with the ſame ardour. On the contrary when I ſpoke of *Aureliſa* to *Theanor* he ſpoke to me of *Terentia*; and as ſoon as I nam'd *Terentia* to *Æmilius*, he mention'd *Aureliſa* to me. In the mean time theſe two Lovers were ſo ſolicitous to get

get themselves lov'd, that they did not perceive they were lov'd by those whom they did not affect. 'Tis true, *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* being both diſcreet and vertuous, they conceal'd their ſentiments the beſt they could, and did not ceaſe to ſeem pleaſant, to be ſociable, and ſhew an equal civility to thoſe for whom they had very differing ſentiments. That which render'd them the more unhappy, was, that tho *Theanor* were in love with *Terentia*, yet he did not ceaſe to live much in favour with *Aureliſa*; and tho *Æmylius* lov'd *Aureliſa*, yet he was much complacential towards *Terentia*. Now it falling out that theſe two Lovers had Affairs at Court, they made but little journeys on a day. They made very urgent requeſts to *Aureliſa* and *Terentia* that they would permit them to write to them, but they would not grant it. Yet I, who lov'd news well when I was in the Countrey, deſir'd one of my friends who was one of theirs too, to ſend me not only what he knew at *Cluſium*, but likewiſe all intelligence he ſhould receive from any other place, for he was one that had correſpondence throughout all *Italy*. Not that I car'd much what paſs'd in places where I knew no perſon, but *Tolumnius* loving to know all that was acted all the World over, I was willing to divert him during my reſiding at his houſe. And accordingly, that Friend of mine ſeveral times ſent me very ample relations of all that paſs'd at Court, with the extracts of Letters which he receiv'd from *Rome*, *Veii*, *Tarentum*, *Cuma*, *Volaterra*, *Panormus*, *Capua*, and divers other places. So that this affording divertiſement to *Tolumnius*, and the news of the World giving ſufficient pleaſure to *Terentia*, *Aureliſa*, and my ſelf, we awaited with much impatience the day that we were to receive Letters. One night we went to walk, expecting their arrival, and thinking to have them a moment ſooner. And as we were between two Meadows border'd about with Willows, we ſaw him arrive who was wont to bring my Packets, and who now deliver'd me ſeveral. Amongſt the reſt, I beheld one which I did not know, ſo that the deſire of knowing who writ it, caus'd me to open it firſt; which done, I found it was a relation divided into diſtinct Articles like thoſe I was wont to receive, tho I did not know the Character of it. *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* obſerving my aſtoniſhment, approch't toward me; and all three of us ſitting down at the foot of a Tree, I began to read the relation which was in effect the ſame I am going to repeat to you; for I know I ſhall not alter the ſenſe; however, I may ſomething change the words.

Of the Court.

Perſons envious, diſcontented, and ungratefull are always to be found here; they to whom any thing is given, believe they deſerve more; they to whom nothing is given, think that rob'd from them which is given to others; in the mean time all the World is oftentimes in a hurly burly without knowing wherefore. There are found there ambitious perſons without merit, flatterers ill rewarded, falſe friends reſembling true, an out ſide of goodneſſe which charms new-comers, and yet do's not deceive them who have experience; in brief, impoſture and fraud is ſeen every where, and handſome deportment without honeſty. As for love, there is little can be call'd ſo; altho ſometimes certain frivolous loves are to be ſeen there, which are fit only for young idle perſons that know not what to do, and many times too know not what to ſay. Loves of intereſts are ſeen there likewiſe, which inſpire onely unworthy actions, and there is ſcarce ever any ſincere love to be found unleſſe it be in the breaſts of Theanor *and* Æmylius, *whoſe hearts they ſay are in the Countrey, tho their perſons are ſeen every day at the Queen's Palace, where thy appear ſo melancholy that all the Ladies complain of them.*

Of CLUSIUM.

All the envious Fair ones rejoice here, for the abſence of the two faireſt perſons in the World; yet they do not draw much advantage by it: for all worthy perſons are ſo afflicted with it, that all their converſations are turn'd into ſadneſſe. There are ſome who affirm two of their Loves are in danger to die of ſorrow if they do not ſpeedily return, tho it be not the cuſtom to die for the abſence of a rigorous Miſtreſſe; Otherwiſe, Cluſium *is as it is wont to be, that is, the powerful oppreſſe the weak, every one ſeeks that which pleaſes him, thoſe which govern are repin'd at, projects and deſigns are contriv'd to no end, little true vertue is to be found there, but much hypocriſie, diſorderly magnificence, exceſſive avarice, injuſtice, irregularity and confuſion.*

Of the Gardens of the Palace.

All the Ladies who were wont to pull down their Veils, when they fear'd leſt their beauty ſhould be conſtrain'd to yield to that of Terentia *and* Aureliſa, *walk with open countenances during their abſence; but for that the image of thoſe two fair perſons remains in the hearts of all thoſe who have judicious eyes in relations to beauty, they have never the more admirers, and the remembrance of thoſe who are no more ſeen there, ſtill prejudices the glory of thoſe that are.*

On the Grove of the Spring.

Tho all the Trees be here as green as uſual, yet there is much leſſe company than was wont; not but that there are ſtill a hundred thouſand Birds which make the moſt delightfull melody that can be heard; but the reaſon, no doubt, is, for that the crowd of honorable perſons who came to walk here the laſt year, came not ſo much to hear the Nightingals ſing as to behold the two faireſt perſons of the Earth, who were ſeen there almoſt every day. Now, inſtead of them, two melancholick Lovers are ſeen very frequently there, who came to ſigh in the moſt ſolitary places of the Grove. Sometimes they looſe themſelves in it, their grief ſo poſſeſſes them; and there are ſome alſo who aſſure they have made very amorous Verſes which have been found carv'd upon the Trees, by which it appears that one of them loves a handſom fair woman, and the other a beautiful brown. However, this Wood appears ſo ſolitary, that there is cauſe to believe there will be no more reſorting to it, if thoſe two fair ones who are abſent do not ſpeedily return.

On the Ball, upon the evening of *Juno*'s Feſtivall.

All ſorts of people are ſeen here; ſome dance well, others ill, and many others do not dance at all. There are ſeen alſo ſeveral Ladies who ought not to dance more, becauſe 'tis too long agoe ſince they begun to dance. There are young people too, who begin to ſee the World by the Ball, and are ſo out of countenance, that they cannot dance according to the right cadence. Here are alſo knots and

factions, tho the deſign oftentimes is onely to dance ill. But, what is moſt reſented, is, that the faireſt ornament of the Aſſemblies at Cluſium *is no longer ſeen here, namely* Terentia *and* Aureliſa. *And 'tis for the ſame reaſon, that* Theanor *and* Æmilius *are not ſeen here, who like better to be in ſolitude by themſelves than to be ſeen at the Ball, where they cannot ſee the only perſons that can pleaſe them.*

On the Medow of *Flora*.

All the World is much amaz'd, not to ſee any longer here that abundance of Flowers which were wont to be ſeen every year. Indeed, they ſay the Weſt-winds, which ſerve to maintain the freſhneſſe of Flowers, have follow'd thoſe two fair ones that love them, and that this is the cauſe the Medow has almoſt no Flowers this year. They ſpeak of ſending to requeſt them to return; but very many beauties oppoſe it, becauſe they like better the Medow ſhould be without Flowers, than to ſee the admirable complexion of Aureliſa *and* Terentia *outſhine the luſtre of their own.*

On the Temple of *Venus*.

A great ſacrifice is preparing here for two unfortunate Lovers, who cannot be lov'd by their Miſtreſſes, tho they have the moſt ardent and faithful paſſion in their breaſts that ever was. There are ſome believe, that if they do not reſolve to reward their fidelity, the Goddeſſe they adore will revenge their deaths after a ſtrange manner; for 'tis the cuſtom of this Goddeſſe, when ſhe is offended with Ladies rebellions againſt the Laws of her ſon, to take away their beauty immaturely, or cauſe them to love without being lov'd. Therefore 'tis to be wiſh'd, thoſe two fair perſons would reward their Lovers for being ſo faithful. If they do ſo, they ſhall be happy in the higheſt degree, nothing being more ſweet than to love and be lov'd, nor nothing ſo miſerable as not to love at all.

Well, (ſaid I to *Aureliſa* and *Terentia*, after I had done reading this news) What think you of that which you have heard? Me thinks, (anſwer'd *Terentia*) to my great diſcontent, *Æmilius* has a great wit. How? (reply'd *Aureliſa* roughly) do not you know 'tis *Theanor* that made this gallantry? For my part, (ſaid I to them) if you ask me what I think, I ſhall tell you I believe it belongs to them both in common, that they have joyn'd their braines together, that they have both contriv'd the deſign, and afterwards caus'd it to be written by an unknown hand. No, no, (anſwer'd *Terentia*) 'tis not *Theanor* that writ theſe news; no queſtion he has much wit, but it does not lye this way, and 'tis only *Æmilius* that could invent this folly. On the contrary (reply'd *Aureliſa*) it looks ſo like *Theanor*'s, that I cannot be miſtaken. However it be, (ſaid I to them) if the Author of this Gallantry be doubtful, the cauſe of it is not ſo too, and you may eaſily judge that it was made for your ſakes. Alas! (anſwer'd *Terentia*) what am I the better, if this contrivance be ingenious and handſome, if Love inſpir'd *Æmilius* with it only to divert *Aureliſa*? Good gods, (reply'd that fair Virgin) what advantage is it to me, that *Theanor* had a hand in this agreeable folly, ſince you were the only occaſion of it? 'Tis very ſtrange, (ſaid I to them) that by theſe news it cannot be known, whether *Theanor* intended it to *Terentia* or *Æmilius* to *Aureliſa*. Alas! (anſwer'd *Terentia*) the matter is not dubious; for after what they have told us, they conceive we eaſily make the application of what they write. However, all their wit is very ill beſtow'd in the manner they employ it. But wherefore (ſaid I) do not you both ſtrive to conform your minds to your fortunes, and to love them that love you? Ah! my dear *Amicles*, (cry'd *Terentia*) how happy are you in being ignorant of the power of a vehement inclination! and how cruell (added *Aureliſa*) in thinking we do not do all we are able, to love thoſe that love us! At leaſt, I know I have omitted nothing to effect it, nor neglected any endeavours to love *Æmilius*, and hate *Theanor*. I have done more than you, (anſwer'd *Terentia*) for I have attempted to bring my ſelfe to that paſſe, as to be only indifferent for both, and I could never effect it, and notwithſtanding all my endeavours, I have ſtill an inclination for *Æmilius* and averſion for *Theanor*. However, out of reſpect both to Vertue and Seemlineſſe, both the one and the other ought to be equally conceal'd, for fear of offending *Tolumnius*; and that which renders me more miſerable, is, that I believe, if *Æmilius* knew I did not hate him, and you did, it is poſſible he would love me. I have believ'd as you do, (reply'd *Terentia*) that if *Æmilius* were not ignorant of your averſion againſt him, and the inclination I have to love him, in all probability he would love me; but at preſent I believe it leſſe than I did. Therefore that which pleaſes me moſt in this Gallantry of *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, is, that theſe two Lovers however ſuſpect nothing of our weakneſſe towards them, and ſo I may ſee them without bluſhing; for if they had had any ſuch ſuſpition, they would not have ſaid in this laſt Article of news, that when *Venus* is offended, ſhe puniſhes the fair ones, that have diſobey'd her, by cauſing them to love without being lov'd. In truth, (anſwer'd *Aureliſa*) our deſtiny is ſufficiently intricate; for according to all probability we are likely to be very unhappy. After this, ſhe took the pleaſant news that was written to me, and read it over from the beginning ſilently, whilſt *Terentia* was in a deep muſing, and I ſtood by obſerving them both. After *Aureliſa* had read the pacquet, *Terentia* took her turn to read it too; and tho it was ſent on purpoſe to divert them, yet it made them both very ſad. Nevertheleſſe, they had ſome conſolation the next day; for *Tolumnius* ſpeaking to me in private, told me he had a purpoſe to marry *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* to his Nephews, and therefore deſir'd me to know of theſe two Ladies what their inclination was, it being more juſt (as he ſaid) to know the true ſentiments of thoſe which ought to obey, than of thoſe who are to command. Wherefore (taking this occaſion to do a ſervice to my friends, tho it were againſt the inclination of my two of the other Sexe) I told him it was not neceſſary for me to ſpeak to *Terentia* or *Aureliſa*, and that ſince I underſtood them better than they did themſelves, I could aſſure him *Terentia* would never be happy, if ſhe marry'd *Theanor*, but that ſhe might be ſo with *Æmilius*; on the other ſide, that *Aureliſa* would be miſerable with *Æmilius*, and very well ſatisfi'd with *Theanor*. If it be ſo, (reply'd *Tolumnius*) it will be eaſie for me to content them; for *Theanor* and *Æmilius* will not dare to diſobey me; and beſides, (added he) I believe their hearts are free enough at preſent, not to make any reſiſtance to my commands. Moreover, both *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* are ſo well educated, that it will be no difficulty for them to comply with my pleaſure. I thought to tell him then that he was miſtaken,

miſtaken, but I was afraid to ſpeak too much; and therefore I left the matter in this condition, and went to find my Friends. *Terentia* preſently bluſh't at what I had ſaid, but *Aureliſa* thank'd me for it; for I ſee not (ſaid ſhe) how any inconvenience can follow upon this adventure; for if *Theanor* and *Æmilius* readily obey, it will be a ſign the paſſion they have for us, will not be ſtrong enough to hinder us from hoping to be lov'd by them; and if they abſolutely refuſe to obey, indignation will cure us, and perhaps lead us to admit of the affection of them that love us, For my part, (ſaid *Terentia*) I hope nothing, and I fear all; but when all is done, the caſe having no remedy, muſt be reſolv'd upon. The ſame evening theſe two Lovers deſiring to know how their news was taken, arriv'd, and made ſhew as if they knew nothing of it. But I being deſirous to oblige them, commended that Gallantry before them; I ſhewd them it, and I brought them at length to confeſſe in ſecret, that they had contriv'd it together, as I had imagin'd. After all the Company was retir'd, *Tolumnius* did not fail to cauſe them to be call'd, that he might tell them what he had reſolv'd upon. You know (ſaid he to them) what command I lay'd upon you, to accuſtome to viſit *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*, and that 'tis my pleaſure you ſhould marry them; but ſince it is hard for a Man to be contented with the deportment of his Wife, if he be not lov'd by her, I have obſerv'd and caus'd the inclinations of the two perſons I deſign for you carefully to be noted by a perſon of their familiarity. So that it ſhall be your own fault if you be not happy; for in brief, I know *Terentia* has for you (ſaid he, looking upon *Æmilius*) all the inclination a vertuous Virgin can have for a Man whom ſhe looks upon as he that is to be her huſband: and I know alſo (added he, ſpeaking to *Theanor*) that *Aureliſa* has a dearneſſe for you, which ought to oblige you to prefer her readily before *Terentia*. Is it poſſible, my Lord (anſwer'd they both at once) that you ſhould be well inform'd of that which you ſpeak? Doubt not of it, (reply'd he) and conform your ſelves to my will; for tho you ſhould have no great affection for theſe two Ladies, ye muſt think of nought but to marry them. They are fair, young, prudent, and rich; and that's ſufficient. If you do not love them before you marry them, you will love them after; as well as it often-times falls out, that they who love their Wives before, come ſhortly after not to love them at all. Marriage and Love are two things, which are not frequently long together; and therefore determine only to obey me, for all my eſtate is for them who obey me, and not for others. As for what concerns me, (reply'd *Theanor*) no reſpect of intereſt ſhall ever cauſe me to do any thing. And for my part, (added *Æmilius*) nothing can ever induce me to marry *Terentia*. But, in brief, (added he) ſince it equally concerns *Theanor* and my ſelfe, to let you know the truth, we ardently love *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*. But, my Lord, 'tis becauſe we love them that we cannot marry them in the manner you propound to us; for *Theanor* loves *Terentia*, and I love *Aureliſa*. But ſince *Aureliſa* loves *Theanor*, (reply'd *Tolumnius*) and you are lov'd by *Terentia*, it concernes you to enforce your ſentiments; for it is much more dangerous for a man to marry a Wife by whom he is hated, than it is for him to marry one whom he loves not, if he be lov'd by her, eſpecially when ſhe is fair and wiſe. However it be, (ſaid he to them) I will not lay any conſtraint upon the two young Ladies, whoſe Parents at their death left them under my Guardianſhip. But ſince you depend on me, and have a thouſand obligations to me, and ſince I can ruine you when I pleaſe, you ought to yield to my will: do ſo if you be wiſe; for aſſuredly you ſhall repent your ſelves if you do otherwiſe. *Tolumnius* ſpoke this with an aſpect of choler, which hindred *Theanor* and *Æmilius* from anſwering him; beſides, having made them a ſign to retire, they were conſtrain'd to go forth of his chamber to their own, but with ſo much affliction, that they ſpent the night without ſleeping: for *Tolumnius* having told them he knew the inclinations of *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*, they imagin'd it was an artifice of thoſe two Ladies who hated them, to put an obſtacle to their deſign. The next morning they were ſo ſad, that never was a day paſs'd after a more melancholy manner than that; for *Tolumnius* was poſſeſs'd both with grief and indignation; the two Lovers were alike in deſpair; and *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* were both equally afflicted and aſham'd. Not long after *Tolumnius* told me, it very much troubled him, to find that *Theanor* and *Æmilius* had diſpos'd of their hearts otherwiſe than they ought, but he intreated me to ſay nothing of it to *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*, and aſſur'd me he knew well how to make himſelf be obey'd. Yet this news did not rejoyce theſe two fair Ladies, from whom I thought I ought not to conceal it; for when they came to conſider, that if *Tolumnius* perſecuted *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, they might be hated by thoſe whom they lov'd, their minds were in a ſtrange perplexity. On the other ſide, the two Lovers, who were intimate friends, were in an unconceivable trouble; for if they reſolv'd to obey, they ſhould marry Women whom they did not love, either of them remaining amorous of one another's Wives. You may eaſily conceive that this gave them no ſmall affliction. Indeed in this condition they knew not what to ſay, either to her that they lov'd, or to her that they did not affect. Wherefore they choſe rather to return to *Cluſium*, than to continue in a place ſo unpleaſing to them. Their departure offended *Tolumnius*, and ſenſibly afflicted *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*. Sometimes they had ſentiments of hatred, ſometimes thoughts of love, and ſcarce ever any other than apprehenſions of deſpaire. For my part, I did all I could to appeaſe *Tolumnius*, and to comfort the two afflicted Ladies; but at length the time was come to return to the City, where all theſe perſons were in a new perplexity. Before *Tolumnius* had ſpoken to the two Lovers, they did not perceive that themſelves were very much hated or lov'd; but after he had told them they were not lov'd at all, and yet that they were not hated, they wonder'd they had no ſooner underſtood the truth. When *Theanor* beheld *Terentia*, he obſerv'd in her eyes a forc'd civility, which caus'd him almoſt to dye with grief, and when he look'd upon *Aureliſa*, he ſaw in hers ſomething ſo ſweet and modeſt, which intimated ſo much obligement, that he wonder'd he had not before perceiv'd it. *Æmilius* on his part, when he look't upon *Aureliſa*, perceiv'd ſuch a kind of fierceneſſe in her eyes, that he could not ſee her without diſcontent; but he obſerv'd obliging languor in thoſe of *Terentia*, tho he avoided her looks as much as he could, that it made him think himſelfe ſtill more unhappy. Having taken notice of theſe different ſenti-

ments

ments, the two Lovers became more miſerable; for before they comforted one another, but after that time they had ſeverall fallings out, and accus'd one another unjuſtly, for the cauſes of their unhappineſſe. But yet from time to time, the equality of their ill fortune reunited them, and they conteſted again as often, and were poſſeſs'd with jealouſie, altho they had no cauſe for it. For ſometimes *Theanor* accus'd *Æmilius* of not being diſpleas'd for being too much lov'd by *Terentia*, and preſently after *Æmilius* reproacht to *Theanor*, that he was glad for being lov'd by *Aureliſa*. In the mean time they were poſſeſs'd with ſo violent a paſſion, that they could not reſolve ever to obey *Tolumnius*. Who being an imperious man, was extremely diſguſted with them, inſomuch, that he ſaid publickly, he would give all his eſtate to *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*, and marry them to others. And no queſtion it was eaſy to find perſons that would marry two fair, young, rich, and vertuous Ladies; in order to which he propos'd to match *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* to two men of quality, who were amorous of them. But theſe two Ladies requeſted him with very much generoſity, not to take away his eſtate from his nephews, and refuſed to marry the perſons he propounded to them, telling him, that if the buſineſſe were once accompliſht, they that ſhould marry them, would not require what he gave them, and that for their parts it was not poſſible for them to reſolve to ſee two ſuch deſerving perſons as *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, unhappy, for their ſakes. However, 'tis certain Love had a ſhare in their generoſity, and it was not in their power to marry two men whom they did not love. *Tolumnius* eſteeming them the more for this deportment, hated his nephews more, who on the other ſide were deſperate at ſo generous actions, becauſe they found it did not prejudice their love: for their paſſion increaſed from day to day, and they were ſo unhappy, that I could not but commiſerate them. Mean while, they to whom *Tolumnius* pretended to marry theſe two fair virgins, looking upon *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, as the obſtacles of their happineſſe, did not ſee them but with trouble and indignation; and *Æmilius* and *Theanor* on the other ſide, conſidering them as perſons that intended to make advantage of their unhappineſſe, ſought occaſion to quarrel with them, which they ſoon found, and fought. *Theanor* encountred him that was to marry *Terentia*, and *Æmilius* was matcht with him that was to have *Aureliſa* to his wife. The firſt of them mortally wounded his enemy, and *Æmilius* diſarm'd his. Indeed their victory coſt them dear; for they were both very much wounded. This combat further increaſed the anger of *Tolumnius*, and caus'd much grief to *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*: for the latter was afflicted to ſee *Theanor* ardently lov'd by *Terentia*, and the former was ſo, to obſerve how much *Æmilius* was enamor'd on *Aureliſa*; but theſe two Ladies were much more troubled when they underſtood their two Lovers were in danger of dying. For, being poſſeſſed with great diſcontent, their wounds became ſufficienlty dangerous, and it was believ'd they would dy, tho their ſtrength was ſtill very vigorous. However, *Tolumnius* would not ſee them, but *Elinyſſa* viſited them without her husband's knowledge. During their weakneſſe, *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* omitted no obliging care towards them both, without diſtinction. The two lovers requeſted *Elinyſſa*, ſhe would pleaſe to let them ſee their fair Miſtreſſes before they dy'd. Who being good and compaſſionate, promis'd them they ſhould, and entreated me to perſwade my friends; whom with no great difficulty I brought to conſent to it, not knowing but in this condition the two Lovers would reſolve to render juſtice to their affection. They requeſted me that I would be one in this ſad converſation; and *Tolumnius* being then at his houſe in the Country, *Elinyſſa* lead us to the lodgings of theſe unhappy Lovers, either of which deſir'd to ſpeak one after another to their Miſtreſſes. After the firſt civilities, I betook my ſelf to diſcourſe with *Elinyſſa*, whilſt *Theanor* was ſpeaking to *Aureliſa*, and *Æmylius* to *Terentia*. I deſire your pardon, Madam, (ſaid *Æmilius* to her, by whom he was lov'd) for the trouble I give you; but I find my ſelf ſo unhappy, and ſo criminal, that I have not been able to refuſe my ſelfe the conſolation of juſtifying, or at leaſt excuſing my ſelf to you. For, in brief, Madam, when I firſt began to viſit you, I obſerv'd my friend lov'd you; and I have alwaies found him ſo deſerving a perſon, that I could not doubt but that he was lov'd again. Wherefore ſuffering my heart to be ſurpriz'd by the charms of *Aureliſa*, I was not in a condition to diſpoſe of my ſelf, when I underſtood you had an averſion againſt *Theanor*, tho he had a great paſſion for you. However, you have not ceas'd to be good and generous; and, to perfect your being ſo, (added he), pardon me a crime which I cannot yet hinder my ſelf from committing, and ſave the life of an illuſtrious friend, to render juſtice to the affection *Theanor* bears you. For, in brief, amiable *Terentia*, I do not love *Aureliſa* more ardently than *Theanor* does you. I wiſh to the gods (anſwer'd ſhe ſighing) I could love *Theanor*, I ſhould be more happy than I am; but however, I can aſſure you I pity you both, and am much afflicted I cannot contribute to the felicity of either. Alas! Madam, (reply'd he) for my part I ſeek nothing but to dy a little leſſe criminal in your eſteem, and a little leſſe hated by the charming *Aureliſa*. I underſtand you well (anſwer'd *Terentia* bluſhing) and I will make you ſee that it is not my fault that you are not happy. At theſe words this fair virgin aroſe up, and told *Aureliſa*, *Æmilius* deſir'd to ſpeak with her. Upon which *Theanor*, who had an extreme deſire to ſpeak with *Terentia*, told her with much civility, he conjur'd her to go and revive his friend, by giving him ſome ſmall hope. *Aureliſa* not daring to refuſe, becauſe *Elinyſſa* was preſent, went accordingly to ſpeak with *Æmilius* whom ſhe affected not, after having had a converſation with *Theanor*, almoſt like that which he had had with *Terentia*. When ſhe approacht to him, Well, Madam, (ſaid he to her) ſhall the unfortunate *Æmilius* be hated when he is a dying? and ſhall he not have at leaſt the conſolation to think that you will pity him, and that if *Theanor* dyes as well as he, all your tears ſhall not be ſpent upon that ungrateful perſon, who loves you leſſe than another Lady, very amiable indeed, but yet much leſſe than you? *Terentia* (anſwer'd *Aureliſa*) is more amiable than I, and you are ſo oblig'd to her, that you are as unjuſt in not loving her, as I am unjuſt in not loving you: But, in brief, we are not governors of our own deſtiny. However, believe that I pity you, and if I could render you happy, I would do it with joy. You may at leaſt let me dy with ſome conſolation (reply'd *Æmilius*) by permitting me to believe that you would not hate me, but only becauſe you love *Theanor*; and that,

if

if you lov'd him not, you would perhaps look upon me more favourably. After this, Madam, I shall desire nothing more of you. Whilst *Æmilius* was speaking thus to *Aureliſa*, *Theanor* us'd all the sweetest and most affecting expressions to *Terentia*, that the most tender love could inspire him with; but this Ladie's mind being disturb'd, for having found nothing but generosity in *Theanor*'s heart towards her, answer'd him so negligently, that this afflicted Lover was ready to die at that very instant, and lost his speech through the excess of his grief. But tho *Terentia* was extreamly perplex'd to understand how ardent *Æmilius*'s affection was for *Aureliſa*, yet she left *Theanor* very hastily, and came to help *Elinyſſa* and me to succour him; insomuch that not being able to suppress his complaint, O gods (cry'd he lifting up his eies to heaven) with how many torments, would I have deserv'd *Æmilius*'s death? In speaking which, this furious Lover offer'd to pluck off all that was laid upon a wound he had receiv'd in the left arm; whereupon *Aureliſa* leaving him by whom she was lov'd, to go to succour him whom she lov'd, tho he did not affect her, restrain'd his hand; and, making use of the power her friend had over him to withhold him. In the name of *Terentia* (said she to him) taking him by the hand, restrain part of your grief, and believe (added she, transported by an excess of tenderness, which the danger she saw him in, excited in her heart) that it shall not be my fault if *Terentia* do not render you happy. Yes, *Theanor* (continu'd this afflicted beauty) since you cannot live for me, and cannot live without her, I will become the Confident of your passion, and serve you with her, tho it be to act against my self. Alass! Madam, (said she to her) 'tis enough that I die with grief, without causing me to die with confusion. Leave an ungrateful person, leave me to die, and succour the unfortunate *Æmilius*, who adores you, and dies only for your sake. As we were in this perplexity, word was brought to *Elinyſſa*, that *Tolumnius* was fallen sick at his house in the Country, and sent for her to come to him. So that it was requisite to depart, which nevertheless we did not do till after *Æmilius* was recover'd from his swoon, and those that attended on them were call'd for. But in fine, Madam, (to shorten my relation as much as I can) these two Lovers were cur'd in spight of themselves, and *Tolumnius* dy'd in the Country; but at his death he gave all his estate to *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*, and requested *Elinyſſa* to do the like at hers, if *Theanor* did not marry *Aureliſa*, and *Æmilius*, *Terentia*. These two generous Ladies after the death of *Tolumnius*, would not accept what he had given them, *Terentia* resolving to confer her part on *Æmilius*, and *Aureliſa* hers on *Theanor*. But they being as generous as their Mistresses, refus'd this high munificence. *Theanor* told *Aureliſa*, it was sufficient he could not give her his heart, without taking away from her an estate which belong'd to her, and *Æmilius* said the same to *Terentia*; insomuch, that *Elinyſſa* has been constrain'd to take care of the estate of *Tolumnius*, till these four persons resolve what they will have her to do with it. The relations of *Aureliſa* and *Terentia* after the death of *Tolumnius* desir'd to take away these two Ladies from *Elinyſſa*, and place them about the Queen, where they have been ever since, with sentiments of equal affection, without being able to succeed in changing their hearts; tho, during four months, *Theanor*, *Æmilius*, *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*, have done all they could to overcome themselvs. In the mean time *Terentia* has not omitted to do any good offices for *Æmilius*, nor *Aureliſa* for *Theanor*, either with the King or Queen; so that, with the consent of these two Lovers, I may say there is no person in the world to whom they have so much obligation, as to these two Virgins, whom they can never love. 'Tis true, *Theanor* has more obligation to *Aureliſa*, than *Æmilius* to *Terentia*, because she has really done all she could, to perswade this fair Virgin to marry him. And therefore 'tis a sentiment of gratitude, which caus'd that Lover to act, as all the Court has seen, when they were in danger of being drown'd. For you must know, Madam, that yesterday whilst the King was speaking to the Queen and you, *Terentia* and *Aureliſa* passing out of the porch to the bridge which lies over the ditch to go into the garden, *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, who attended on the King, were leaning against the gate to speak to them; and, as (persons that love never speak but what has relation to their passion, when they can) these two Lovers were rejoicing that the Queen being near the Camp, they could at least have the consolation of seeing them sometimes during the War. *Theanor* offer'd to speak some obliging words to *Terentia*, who rejected him uncourteously to speak to *Æmilius* who was on her side, tho his heart was *Aureliſa*'s. So that this unhappy Lover, not being able to discourse with her he lov'd, was oblig'd to speak to her that lov'd him. For my part (said *Theanor*) all the joy I have in the Queen's being near the Camp, is, that if I die at the siege (as I wish, since I can never be happy) *Aureliſa* will hear of my death one day sooner, and have the contentment, to see her self delivered from an ungrateful person. However, (answer'd *Aureliſa*) then I have cause to reproach you, that 'tis not my fault that you are not happy even at the loss of my own felicity. As she ended these words, the bridge broke, *Aureliſa* fell on the side where *Theanor* was, to whom she had spoken so obligingly, and *Terentia* fell on the side of *Æmilius*. I having since discours'd with those two Lovers, am inform'd what they thought in that occasion, in which their passions and their reasons had a contest of a moment's duration, which caus'd them to act after a very different manner; for *Theanor* finding himself on the side where *Aureliſa* was fallen into the water, his first thought was to succour her: for having his mind then fill'd with what she had spoken so obligingly to him, the affection he had for her, the thousand offices he had render'd her, and the thousand rigours of *Terentia*, which excited indignation in him, gratitude carried him at that instant above his love: Insomuch, that out of generosity he leapt into the water, and went to succour *Aureliſa*, by whom he was lov'd, and whom he did not love. At the same time, *Æmilius*, tho he saw all imaginable dearness in *Terentia*'s eies for him, and had a thousand obligations to her, no sooner beheld *Aureliſa* in the water, than forgetting all he ow'd to *Terentia*, and all the rigours of *Aureliſa*, he did not deliberate between his gratitude and his love, but cast himself into the water as well as *Theanor*, to succour *Aureliſa*, whilst the poor *Terentia* was ready to perish in the sight of one Lover whom she lov'd, and another who lov'd her. But to her good hap *Cerontus*, who was always believ'd incapable of love, was found to have a conceal'd passion for that Lady, which he discover'd ve-

ry opportunely to save her life: for, as you know, Madam, if he had not leapt into the water to rescue her, she had without question been drown'd. Thus, Madam, you understand the adventure of *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*, but that which is rare, is, that *Terentia*, who found no lover to succour her, has at present two, who pretend notwithstanding to dispute her affection; for *Cereontus* affirms, *Theanor* has no longer any right to *Terentia*; and *Theanor* maintains, that the excessive gratitude he had for *Aureliſa*, is a pure effect of the innocent love he has for *Terentia*. But as for this fair Virgin, I assure you, she is to be pitied. Who ever saw (said she to me last night) a misfortune equal to mine? for is there any thing more cruel, than to see one's self deserted in a great danger, by a man that is lov'd more than all the rest of the world? and withal by another, that has sworn to me so long, that he loves me a thousand times above all the rest of the earth? As for *Aureliſa*, she is much more happy than I; they whom she hates, and they that hate her, save her life; but as for those whom I love, and those by whom I am lov'd, they equally abandon me; and for my last unhappiness, the insensible *Cereontus* comes to rescue me from death, to the end to make me better feel all the rigour of my misfortune, and to prepare also a new persecution for me. But, *Amicles*, (said she to me again) I will equally hate both him that I lov'd, and him that lov'd me; and since ingratitude has not hindred *Aureliſa* from being succour'd by *Æmilius*, I will be ingrateful to *Cereontus* too, and, instead of giving him thanks for having sav'd my life, I will accuse him of part of the miseries which I suffer. Yea, I will hate him too (continued she) for my weakness is the true cause of my misfortune; and, according to my present sentiments, I find nothing in the World but what is worthy to be hated and scorn'd. On the other side he us'd such expressions, that he could not but be piti'd. *Aureliſa* too complain'd she was more oblig'd than she desir'd to be. And *Æmilius* looks upon himself as more unhappy than before, since the services he renders do not make him lov'd the more: and *Cereontus* also is in a strange fear, lest *Terentia* prove unjust towards him. Wherefore, Madam, it lies in your prudence, and that of the Prince, to hinder such brave persons as these from quarrelling, and to seek some remedy to the unhappinesses of two Virgins so amiable as *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*.

Amicles having finisht her relation, found it was not unprofitable; for *Aronces* promis'd to take a particular care of those three Lovers; and the Princess of the *Leamines*, of the two amiable persons who caus'd the unhappiness of the rest by their own. After which they went to the Chamber of the Queen of *Hetruria*, and *Amicles* return'd to that of the two afflicted Virgins, with whom she found *Theanor* and *Æmilius*, who after having deliberated a long time were at length enter'd into their Chamber; tho *Terentia* was unwilling to see either of them. *Theanor* was upon his knees before *Terentia* who lay upon her bed, and *Æmilius* stood near *Aureliſa* who sate leaning upon a Table. Whereupon *Amicles* approaching to *Aureliſa*, without *Terentia*'s observing it, *Theanor* was not at all interrupted. You see, Madam, (said he to her) an unhappy person who confesses his Crime. No, no, (answer'd *Terentia* with a Tone sufficiently fierce): do not go about to excuse your self; you had reason to go, and succour a person by whom you are lov'd; and to abandon one that does not love you. But as for *Æmilius*, if you had reason, he is a Criminal; for he succour'd a person by whom he could never be lov'd, and deserted one that would have given her own life to save his. *Æmilius* hearing himself nam'd, drew near to her, and *Aureliſa* and *Amicles* did the same, upon which there began so pathetical a conversation between these four persons, whose interests together were so hard to be disintangled, that scarce ever was the like seen. *Theanor* appear'd very much afflicted, *Aureliſa* extreamly perplex'd, *Æmilius* absolutely inrag'd, to see himself no more lov'd than before his succouring *Aureliſa*; and *Terentia* so incens'd both against *Theanor* and *Æmilius* that she could not endure the sight of them. Go, (said she to them) go, unjust persons as you are, and leave me at least the liberty to bemoan my self in quiet for my unhappiness, in being lov'd by a man of such gratitude, that rather than be ungrateful to another he suffer'd the person he lov'd to perish; and for a second unhappiness in loving one so ungrateful, that he had rather save her life by whom he is hated, than hers from whom he has receiv'd a thousand courtesies. But, Madam, (repli'd *Æmilius*) if I am ungrateful towards you, are not you so towards *Theanor*, and is not *Aureliſa* the same towards me? In truth (answer'd this fair Lady) I know not whether we be ungrateful, but I know well we are extream unhappy. However it be (said *Terentia*) I have this advantage of my infelicity, that I owe nothing any longer to *Theanor*, and have so great cause not to love *Æmilius* more, that if indignation do not induce me to mistake, I am ready to hope I shall renounce my passion. As she ended these words, one came and inform'd *Theanor* and *Æmilius* that *Aronces* was returning to the Camp; which summons constrain'd them to go away without time to speak four words, or hear one that pleas'd them. *Aronces* being more sensible of the misfortunes which are caus'd by love than of any others, when he was upon the way, did not cease to speak to *Theanor* and *Æmilius*; he piti'd and comforted them, and pitti'd himself too tho without comfort, not having so much hope as to see a possibility of ever becoming happy. At his arrival at the Camp, he found a Council of War ready to be assembled, so that it behov'd him to make truce with Love, and bestow at least part of his mind upon the cares of the army and the siege. Now the *Tuscans* being a superstitious people, the accident of the broken Bridge, and the interpretations of the soothsayers upon it, gave occasion to several rumours among the Souldiers, some affirming that if *Rome* were attaqued by force it would be taken; others on the contrary maintaining, that if the course were attempted, it would not succeed. Nevertheless, the first opinion being more generally prevalent than the other, *Porsenna* and *Tarquin* conceiv'd this belief would probably excite the Souldiers to act with greater courage. Whereupon understanding by some Spies, that it was believ'd at *Rome* that they had no design to storm it by force, they took up a resolution to endeavour to surprise it. *Tarquin* being perfectly acquainted with the strength and weakness of the City, and instructed concerning the Fortifications made there since his absence, advis'd to make the principal onset on the side that appear'd

appear'd most inaccessible (tho indeed it was not so) because it would be the least guarded. That for this purpose it was requisite to seize upon *Janiculum*, and become Masters of the Sublician Bridge, which would afterwards be easily kept, because the Hill that was to be seiz'd on too would command it: That in the mean time no care ought to be omitted in order to such things as were necessary for the happy success of the Siege, in case this design should not take effect. Accordingly *Porsenna* sent order for the Boats which he had provided, to come away, not only with intent to stop up the *Tiber* with them both above and below *Rome*, but also to make two Bridges with them, which might be serviceable for the communication of the several Quarters of his Army. The resolution therefore of attaquing the Hill *Janiculus* being taken, order was given for the Forces design'd for the attempt to be in readiness to march at the first break of Day; and for those who were to make false assaults in several contrary places to be ready also to execute what should be commanded them, and likewise for all the rest of the Army to be in arms. *Aronces* was the man to whom this bold enterprise was encharged, *Titus* was commanded to back him, *Porsenna* and *Tarquin* remaining in the Camp to give orders according to occasion, and *Sextus* was intrusted with the care of the false assaults. Nevertheless he was desirous to be in the most dangerous place of all; but *Tarquin* knowing how violently he was hated by the *Romans*, conceiv'd if they should know him during the fight, it would make them become the more valiant. This design having more need of Foot than Horse, because it behov'd them to seize on a Pass, the access to which was difficult. *Aronces* put himself on foot at the head of the Forces intended for it, and a Horse was led by, for him to make use of, when he shall see it convenient. There was this difficulty in the thing, that the attaque could not be begun till it was day; because the Souldiers being to pass through rough and intricate places, would have molested one another, if they had gone in the dark without seeing their way. But not to lose time, *Aronces* marcht away in the head of his Forces as soon as the first appearance of day light. The Cavalry kept themselves on both sides of them, either to withstand such as might come out of *Rome* by the *Sublician* Bridge, where the Hill *Janiculus* was attaqued, or to oppose such as might come from the Hill by any other side. *Titus* kept in readiness to back *Aronces*, if there were need of it; and *Aronces* prepar'd himself to shew the Friends he had in *Rome*, and the Enemies he had in the Camp, that he deserv'd all the glory he had acquir'd in so many several occasions as he was present in. *Telanus*, *Æmylius*, *Theanor*, *Lucilius* and *Cesonius*, brothers to the generous *Melintha*, and all the other brave persons of the Army fought near *Aronces*, whose mind was then very much imploy'd, not onely with the care of coming off handsomely in this great enterprise, but also with the passion he had in his breast. For he was now beginning to draw his sword against *Rome* for whose interests he had gain'd a Battle, and he was going to see the house of *Clelius*, if his attempt succeeded; for it stood at the end of the City, on the side of the Hill *Janiculus*. He had indeed the consolation of apprehending, that neither *Clelius* nor *Octavius* would be in this attaque, for the hill *Janiculus* was a kind of out-piece of the City, which in all likelihood a man of *Clelius*'s age would not go to defend, nor was it probable *Octavius*'s weakness occasion'd by his wounds would yet permit him to come into the field. He had likewise understood by a Spy, that *Mutius* was upon the guard of that place; and therefore knowing how couragious he was; and looking upon him as Rival to *Herminius*, and consequently no friend to himself, he went to this assault with a resolution to signalize himself highly in it. He fanci'd also some pleasure in thinking that after the taking of this Hill, he might be able to seize on the Bridge and the Gate, and that his valour might have the fair eyes of *Clelia* for Witnesses, it being sufficiently difficult for the last daring Ladies to refrain from beholding that, which nevertheless they would be willing not to see. *Aronces* therefore went to the fight with all the ardour of an *Hero*, that would make it the interest of his Love to be courageous, to the end he might be more so. He caus'd his Forces to advance in so good order, that their march did not break them, tho they were necessitated to pass through a way sufficiently troublesome, and they came very near the Hill *Janiculus* before *Mutius* discover'd them; for they took a certain by way the which kept them from being taken notice of. Besides that a good thick mist being risen that morning which held for an hours space, it was not easie to discern them. 'Tis true, *Mutius* did not fail to send forth every night a party of Horse, to serve for a Guard to the Place he was Commander of; but *Aronces* took a way, by which he did not look to be assaulted. So that he was sufficiently surpris'd when he saw himself forc'd to prepare so suddenly to fight; but having an undaunted heart, he soon resolv'd upon it. However he sent forthwith to advertise *Herminius*, Who kept Guard at the Gate of the Bridge, to send him aid; and accordingly *Horatius* in the Head of the Principal Troops of the second Legion, went to assist *Mutius* to defend a hold of such importance. When he arriv'd, *Aronces* had already beaten back the Enemies to their first Trench; for when *Porsenna*'s Troops advanc'd, *Mutius* came out in person against his Assaulters; upon which *Aronces* seeing an Enemy against him, which he could not overcome without Glory, encourag'd his Souldiers with his voice example, and went directly up to him, conceiving that if they could kill him, he might then easily carry the Pass which he guarded. The fight was very sharp, and very Bloody in this place; for the example of two such valiant men so animated both parties, that if it had been possible to resist *Aronces* long, *Mutius* had not yielded to him. But this Prince being this day more redoubtable than ever, there was no means to hold out against him. Every blow that he gave was mortal, all his Orders were executed as he could have wisht, his example redoubled the Valour of his own Party, and weakened that of his enemies. *Mutius* himself was amaz'd at it, and soon constrain'd to abandon the first Trench, to the end he might better defend the second. But *Horatius* being arriv'd in the Head of the Troop which were sent to aid *Mutius*, *Aronces*, after having first forc'd the Trench, found the number of his Enemies redoubled, but as it is the custome of those who have great hearts, for their courage to encrease when the danger is so, *Aronces* being follow'd by all the brave Persons that accompani'd him, charg'd his Enemies with such

vigour that they were aſtoniſh'd at it, and conſtrain'd to withdraw from the ſecond entrenchment, as they had done from the firſt. Now altho *Horatius* ow'd his life to a Rival more than once, and in ſpight of his love was loath to be ingrateful to him, yet he did not ceaſe to prepare himſelf to fight with him in this occaſion, after having ralli'd and encourag'd his Forces; for the intereſt of *Rome* being contended for, and they in oppoſite Parties, he made no ſcruple of defending himſelf againſt him that attaqued him, how oblig'd ſoever he was to him. So he helpt *Mutius* to bear up againſt the violence of ſo redoubtable an Enemy; but tho his valour was not eaſily parallel'd in the World: yet that of *Aronces* was greater than his; for without looking whether he were follow'd or no, he ſtill charg'd forward, and ſuffer'd none to ſtand againſt hm. *Mutius* himſelf was wounded by *Aronces*, and carry'd out of the fight, tho it was not mortally. So that *Horatius* perceiving it would he impoſſible to hinder *Aronces* from making himſelf Maſter of the Place, judg'd it more requiſite to think of going to defend the Bridge, than to perſiſt in the unprofitable maintaining of a Poſt which he could not keep. Nevertheleſs he made a great ſhock to beat back the Enemies: but *Aronces* coming up to him, brandiſhing his ſword, This is the day, *Horatius*, (ſaid he to him) that we may end all our differences, and perhaps our misfortunes. Since 'tis lawful for me (anſwer'd *Horatius* fiercely) to fight againſt all Enemies of *Rome* whatſoever, I am willing that we determine all our quarrels with our ſwords. In ſpeaking of this, theſe two valiant Men began to fight, which in all probability had not ended but in the death of both, if *Publicola*, who was advertis'd of the ſtate of the matter had not ſent order to withdraw the Forces from the Hill *Janiculus*, and to take care only for the defence of the Bridge. 'Tis true this order was in a manner unprofitable; for the valour of *Aronces* and thoſe who follow'd him, had already driven the Enemies to that choice. Wherefore *Horatius* obſerving the diſorder of his Forces, bethought himſelf of retiring. Which yet he was much put to't to do. For *Aronces* having paſs'd upon him, ſeis'd upon his Sword, and took it from him: but *Horatius* being ſtrong, diſengag'd himſelf from his Enemy, and drawing back towards his Souldiers to get a Sword, they enclos'd him, and ſhrouding him from the ſight of his Rival, conſtrain'd him to obey the Orders of *Publicola*. *Aronces* all fierce with his victory, ſought for his enemy, whom he had overcome; but not finding him, he ſacrific'd to his revenge, all ſuch as dar'd to reſiſt him, and made himſelf abſolute Maſter of the Hill *Janiculus*. After which conceiving it requiſite to make ſure of the place he had gain'd, he ſtaid there to give neceſſary orders for the guarding of it, and cauſing freſh Forces to come to ſeize upon the Bridge, whilſt *Telanus* in the head of a part of the victorious Troops purſued thoſe that retreated, with intention to begin the aſſault of the Bridge, and ſo to become Maſter of the Gate which *Herminius* guarded. But the Tuſcans found this deſign was not ſo eaſie to execute as they had believ'd; for *Horatius*, being provided of another ſword, ſtay'd at the end of the Bridge, and bore up againſt all the impetuoſity of the Enemies. *Aronces* indeed was not there, but he had ſo many Enemies on all ſides, that any other but he would never have dar'd to think of reſiſting. In the mean time there was a ſtrange confuſion in *Rome*: the affrighted People believ'd the Enemies were coming in upon them on all ſides, the Women went to the Temples to ſupplicate to the Gods, the Old Men encourag'd their Children to the defence of their Country, all ſuch as bore Arms, went whither the Conſuls commanded them to go: and *Publicola* without being terrifi'd gave ſuch orders as was neceſſary for the conſervation of *Rome*. During this great Tumult, *Clelia* was at a window of her Cloſet with *Valeria* and *Colatina*, who were then at her houſe, and who ſuffer'd more than can be imagin'd; for they might propably undergo conſiderable loſſes in both parties. It was known by wounded *Mutius*, that *Aronces* was in perſon at the Hill *Janiculus*, and that the Prince *Titus* was there too; for his Troops advanc'd for the winning the ſecond Trench, and *Valeria* ſeeing her dear *Herminius* at the guard of the Gate which was expos'd to the Enemies, thought her ſelf every moment in danger of loſing all ſhe lov'd, as well as *Clelia* and *Colatina*. They having a true love to their Country in their hearts, pray'd the gods for the preſervation of *Rome*: but at the ſame time they pray'd for thoſe that aſſaulted it, and made as ardent vows for *Aronces* and *Titus*, as for the liberty of their native City. No queſtion but they judg'd it a dreadful ſpectacle, to ſee all the Mountain which lay at the end of the *Sublician* Bridge cover'd with Souldiers, who throng'd down it to back thoſe who attaqu'd the Bridge, and to ſee the Roman Souldiers at the ſame time daunted with the approach of that multitude of arm'd Men, who came upon them, as to an aſſur'd victory, and retiring in Confuſion, and entring tumultuouſly into the City, for all the reſiſtance of *Herminius*, who endeavour'd to hinder them from it, and could not ſo much as cauſe the Gate to be ſhut. So that *Horatius* ſaw himſelf left alone, to bear up againſt the whole power of the Enemies. 'Tis true, *Herminius* and *Spurius* ſoon joyn'd themſelves to him, and theſe three Lovers did prodigious things in the ſight of their Miſtreſſes. Whither flie you, Cowards as you are, (ſaid *Horatius* to the Souldiers that forſook him)? do not you ſee, that if you abandon the defence of the Bridge, there will preſently be as many Enemies, in the *Palatine* Hill, and the Capitol, as in the Hill *Janiculus*? At leaſt (added he) if you will not fight, break the bridge, and leave me alone to bear the ſhock of thoſe Enemies, who are not terrible but becauſe you fear them. At theſe words the affrighted Souldiers choſe rather to break the Bridge than to fight; and accordingly they began to break down the Bridge with all the dilligence of people poſſeſs'd with fear, whilſt *Horatius* accompani'd onely with *Herminius* and *Spurius*, ſuſtain'd the whole power of the Enemies, without other arms than their bucklers and ſwords. 'Tis true he appear'd with ſuch a boldneſs, that the fierceneſs wherewith he repell'd thoſe that aſſaulted him, ſtruck terrour into them, and ſometimes forced them to recoil. *Herminius* and *Spurius* ſeconded him likewiſe with very great valour; but at length the Bridge being almoſt broken, and nothing left but a ſmall Plank to paſs from one ſide to the other, he told *Herminius* and *Spurius*, it was time for them to retire; and accordingly theſe two gallant perſons imagining he intended to paſs over the plank as well as themſelves, retir'd. But *Horatius* led by an Heroical ardour, fiercely commanded

commanded the Romans to break down that Plank, and ſtaid alone for defence of the Bridge, ſometimes defying the *Tuſcans*, and ſometimes reproaching them for their injuſtice in protecting a Tyrant; and ſometimes threatning them as fiercely, as if it had been in his power to overcome them, tho he ſtood alone againſt a whole Army. This extraordinary action ſo amaz'd the Enemies, that for a ſmall while they ſuſpended the violence of their valour, not knowing almoſt what they were to do. But at length ſeeing *Horatius* going from ſide to ſide with his ſword in his hand, to the end he might take up all the Bridge, they were ſo ſtruck with ſhame, and enrag'd, that in an inſtant a ſtorm of Arrows falling upon him, his Shield was broken all to pieces. At which moment *Herminius* and *Spurius* perceiving *Horatius* had not paſs'd back upon the plank, offer'd to return to him; but they could not, becauſe they, who were ſet to break it, having done it according to *Horatius*'s orders, and that part of the Bridge being fallen into the Water with a great noiſe, all the *Romans* ſent forth ſuch loud cries of joy, that the Enemies withheld their fury for an inſtant, whilſt *Horatius* obſerving *Rome* was in ſafety, lifted up his eyes to Heaven and cry'd, O god of *Tyber*, receive favourably into thy boſome, a man who has never been willing to live or die but for his Country: In ſaying which he leapt into the water, and turning his face towards the windows of *Clelia*, which lookt out on that ſide, he began to ſwim, without forſaking his ſword or his ſhield ſo ſhatter'd with the Enemies arrows. But tho this ſpectacle deſerv'd only admiration, yet the *Tuſcan* Soldiers looking upon *Horatius*, as a man, who alone had hindred them from taking *Rome*, began to ſhoot upon him ſuch a great multitude of Arrows, that he could not have fail'd to periſh, if the valiant *Aronces*, after having aſſur'd the Poſt which he had gain'd, had not arriv'd on Horſeback upon the bank of *Tyber*. Where being inform'd of what had paſs'd, and being not able to hinder himſelf from admiring his Rival, the ſame Prince who an hour before endeavour'd to kill him, could not ſuffer that ſo valiant a Man as he ſhould periſh after ſo ſtrange a manner. Yet he wiſht he could have fought with him, and advanc'd towards the River for the purpoſe; but *Horatius* was already ſo near the other ſide of the *Tyber*, that he could not come at him. Wherefore not being able to overcome him gloriouſly, he would not that he ſhould periſh in his preſence, after having done ſo glorious an action; and, out of unparallel'd generoſity, forbad his Souldiers to ſhoot upon *Horatius*. Ah Cowards (ſaid he to them) you ought to have overcome him with your ſwords, and forc'd the Bridge which he defended, and not cover him with Arrows when he can no longer defend himſelf. Theſe words having ſtopt that clouds of Arrows which darken'd the Air, both parties beheld *Horatius* ſafely arrive at the other ſide of the River, and *Aronces* had the grief to imagine, that *Clelia* ſaw with her own eyes the great action of his Rival, and that ſhe beheld at that inſtant the great honours the Romans were doing him. However there being nothing more to be done, *Aronces* was enforc'd to be contented with having gain'd a very advantageous place, which would extreamly inconvenience *Rome*, and prevented their making of Sallies, which might have much moleſted the Camp of the Beſiegers. But tho this dayes actions were very glorious to him, in as much as he had wounded *Mutius*, diſarm'd *Horatius*, and taken the Hill *Janiculus*, yet he was exceſſively afflicted. Not that he was capable of envy; but the Paſſion of Love in his breaſt, caus'd him to apprehend diſtaſteful conſequences of his Rival's glory. Accordingly the next morning he underſtood by a Spy, that the like honour had never been done to any other Roman ſince the foundation of *Rome*; that the Senate had decreed a Statue ſhould be erected to *Horatius* at the end of the Bridge which he had defended, that *Clelius* was the Man that propos'd the rendring the publick teſtimony of gratitude to his valour, and that at the diſſolving of the Senate, the ſame *Clelius* had carried *Horatius* to *Sulſpitia* and *Clelia*. Diſpatch, Fortune, diſpatch, (ſaid *Aronces* in himſelf, as ſoon as he had opportunity to be alone) render me the moſt unhappy of all men, by wholly depriving me of hope and poſſibility of ever to become happy. For what ground is there to retain the leaſt hope after that which is arriv'd? *Clelia* hath ſeen my Rival with her own eyes, doing the greateſt action that ever was, and perhaps too ſhe believes I was among thoſe he fought with at the end of the Bridge, and puts me in the number of thoſe that could not overcome him. But, alas! tho this ſhould not be ſo, yet *Clelius* will make uſe of *Horatius*'s valour againſt me: for what can be refus'd to him, that has preſerv'd *Rome*? Therefore I muſt reſolve to ſee *Clelia* unfaithful, or *Clelia* perſecuted; and conſequently I muſt prepare my ſelf to be alwayes miſerable.

The End of the Fourth Part of CLELIA.

THE

Fifth and Laſt

VOLUME

OF

CLELIA,

THAT EXCELLENT

New Romance:

Being the CONCLUSION of the VVhole

WORK.

VVritten in FRENCH

By the Exquiſite Pen of Mounſieur de *SCUDERY*

Governour of *Noſtredame de la Garde.*

Render'd into Engliſh by *G. H.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Anchor in the lower VValk of the *New Exchange*, 1677.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

ELIZABETH

Counteſs of *RIVERS.*

MADAM,

THe unfortunate CLELIA *having ſince her arrival in this Nation, ſought a patronage from many noble hands, doth at length addreſs her ſelf to yours. As if thoſe various adventures, which traverſ'd her illuſtrious life could not terminate in a compleat happineſs before ſhe were acknowledging to you for it, and that her vertue had not been ſufficiently try'd to merit that felicity which was preparing for her before it had receiv'd a teſtimony from you, who are the perfect Patern of it. That ſhe is worthy your protection I cannot doubt, at leaſt if thoſe excellent beauties of hers which are almoſt matchleſs in the original, come not ſullied from my unskilful hands. And ſince it is reported it was not the illuſtrious* Scudery, *but that celebrated* Vertuoſa *his Siſter who finiſh'd the Romance after his deceaſe, I could not make a more apt Dedication than the work of a Lady to the moſt Noble and accompliſh'd Perſon of her own Sex. That which may cauſe you to make ſome difficulty in the reception of* CLELIA, *is the perſon of him that ſhall aſſume the boldneſs to preſent her to you. Yet it cannot ſeem ſtrange an unknown perſon ſhould thus preſume, ſince an heroick vertue, ſuch as yours, commands the addreſſes and devoyrs of all that honour it; the ſence of which I cannot better manifeſt in my ſelf, than by my humble deſires to be admitted together with* CLELIA *in the quality of*

MADAM,

Your Honours moſt obedient

and devoted Servant,

G. HAVERS.

CLE.

CLELIA.

A New Romance.

The Fifth and Last PART.

The First BOOK.

WHilſt *Aronces* was poſſeſt with an opinion that his preſent condition rendred him the moſt unhappy Man in the World, *Horatius* ſometimes enjoy'd all the delectation that glory together with hope is capable to excite in a heart truely amorous. He taſted the joy of being ſatisfi'd with himſelf; which is the higheſt pleaſure poſſible for a rational perſon to reſent: He had perform'd a piece of ſingular ſervice to his Country; and altho *Aronces* had diſarm'd him, yet his laſt action afforded him ſatisfaction for that miſfortune. Beſides *Clelius* being ſo favourable to him, he had reaſon to conceive that the end of the War would prove the beginning of his felicity. And indeed he perceiv'd ſo unanimous a Reſolution in the *Roman* Citizens to defend themſelves to the utmoſt, that he would not ſo much as entertain in his thoughts a poſſibility for *Porſenna* to become Maſter of *Rome*. What place ſoever he went into, afforded him new cauſe of contentment, ſaving when he repair'd to *Clelia*, whom he alwaies found affected with the ſame averſion towards him. When he paſs'd along the ſtreets, the people atteſted his glory with a thouſand acclamations; when he went to the Temple, he beheld Sacrifices offer'd there in thankfulneſs to the gods for the great action which he had perform'd; when he went to the Senate, he underſtood they had ordain'd a Statue to be erected to him as an eternal Monument of his valour: to conclude, only the fair eyes of *Clelia* deprivld him of the hope, which fortune every where elſe ſuggeſted to him. And truly this was oftentimes ſufficient to diſturb all the pleaſure, that hope could give him. The next morning after that great exploit, which had rendr'd him ſo eminent in *Rome*, *Clelius* bringing him to his houſe, and preſenting him to his Daughter, he found cauſe to believe that what he had done had no influence to change the heart of that fair Lady. At firſt *Clelius* having beheld her with a ſufficiently cold air, was immediately, out of an exceſſive affection for his Country tranſported againſt her. How? (ſaid he to her with a low but angry Tone) dare you appear ſad, when I bring the Deliverer of *Rome* to you? and have you the boldneſs to diſcover in your eyes the tokens of that obſtinate and unjuſt paſſion which you harbour in your mind? *Clelia* hearing her Father ſpeak in this manner, bluſht and caſt down her eyes; ſo that *Horatius* not doubting, but that which *Clelius* ſpoke low to her, diſpleas'd her, was almoſt ſorry for it, tho he apprehended the diſcourſe could not but be in his favour. Wherefore advancing towards her, he interrupting the private communication, Permit me to ask you, Madam (ſaid he, perceiving *Clelius* retire) whether the general fright yeſterday did not reach you too, and whether you had the reſolution to behold from your windows, that multitude of enemies which would have ſurpriz'd the City, had not the bridge been broken down, at which they endeavour'd to enter. You ſpeak very modeſtly of one of the faireſt actions of the world (anſwer'd ſhe) but to ſhew you that I am never unjuſt (added this prudent Lady) know, that tho you ſeem'd appointed by Deſtiny for the cauſe of the greateſt infelicities of my life, nevertheleſs I did not ceaſe to make vows in your behalf, when I ſaw you alone in the middle of the Bridge, ſuſtaining the whole power of the Enemies. For indeed I ſaw all that paſs'd in that great occaſion; and I likewiſe beheld *Aronces* forbid his men to ſhoot at you, when you were in the River *Tyber*. I ſhould my ſelf have inform'd you, Madam, (repli'd *Horatius*) of that generoſity of my Rival, tho you had not ſeen it; for I have heretofore often told you, that I yield to his merit and his vertue; 'tis only in point of Love that I contend with him for ſuperiority. And to teſtifie to you at leaſt, Madam, that I do all that I can, know, I did not interrupt *Clelius*, but only becauſe I apprehended he ſpoke ſharply to you in my favour. I acknowledge it (anſwer'd *Clelia*) and I ſhall alſo acknowledge that you deſerve my eſteem and my friendſhip. Nevertheleſs, obſerving hope this day become more prevalent in your heart, I ſhall tell you once more (generous *Horatius*) that it will be beſt for you not to flatter your ſelf into an errour by it; ſince the more *Aronces* becomes unhappy, the more ſhall I be oblig'd to be faithful to him; and the more my Father perſecutes me, the more reſolvedneſs ſhall I have to withſtand him. For in brief he has once given me to *Aronces*, and I have joyn'd in the gift; ſo that 'tis in the power of death alone to hinder me from being his. Moreover were he no longer mine, I have told you an hundred times, I ſhould never be yours nor any others. Content your ſelf with being belov'd by the whole People of *Rome*, enjoy quietly the glory you have acquir'd, and do not render your ſelf miſerable, for a perſon, that can never make you happy. Other viſitants hereupon

arriving, *Horatius* was constrain'd to withdraw, his heart being so full, that he could not but manifest part of his grief. And therefore he made a low reverence, without being able to speak any thing to *Clelia*, saving by some glances not less sad than amorous. As he came from thence he found *Æmilius*, who being unhappy as well as he, seem'd a fit person to be the confident of his sorrow. Walking along together, and *Æmilius* observing him very sad, What's the cause (said he to him) that you seem so melancholy in a day wherein you ought to know no other passion but joy? Alas *Æmilius* (cry'd *Horatius*) 'tis in vain that I have repell'd the enemies, since *Aronces* is not so absolutely Master of the *Janiculum*, which he hath seiz'd, as he is always of the heart of *Clelia*; and should Fortune cause me to perform miracles for the safety of *Rome*, I should not thereby be less unhappy, In which regard, I can assure you *Aronces* is not at present so miserable as I; undoubtedly no unhappiness being so unsupportable as that whereby we find, that what ought to produce our felicity causes our misfortune. However (reply'd *Æmilius*) your misery is not so extraordinary as mine; *Clelia* lov'd *Aronces* before she knew you; she has lov'd him ever since, and you have not been able to win her affection. But as for me, unfortunate as I am, I have seen the cruel *Valeria* not to hate me, during the time she believ'd *Herminius* was unfaithful and dead: but since she understood his being alive and innocent, she has ceas'd to love me, and depriv'd me of all hope for ever. Ah! *Æmilius* (answer'd *Horatius*) that which you say causes your regret, is the very thing that ought to afford you consolation; For according to the transports of Love in which I am at present, I think if *Clelia* had lov'd me but only one day in all my life, the remembrance alone of so great a pleasure would suffice to keep me from being miserable the remainder of my days. But when I consider that my Rival is belov'd, that according to all probabilities he will be ever so, that I have never been so, for so much as one moment, and that perhaps I never shall be during my life; patience forsakes me, despair seizes me, and I wish for death every instant. Had I the same sentiments as heretofore (continu'd *Horatius*) when I carry'd away *Clelia*, I could easily induce *Clelius* to constrain her to marry me. After what I have perform'd, the people would approve the violence, and the Senate in the present posture of affairs would not offer to oppose my happiness: but (*Æmilius*) I know to my misery, that unless *Clelia* bestow her self, I cannot wish to possess her; since 'tis the heart of that cruel person which can cause my felicity. But (alas) that (to my misfortune) is in the power of a Rival whom I admire in spight of my self, for whom I bear as much esteem as hatred, to whom I am so highly oblig'd, that I cannot injure him without ingratitude, and who sets me such great examples of generosity, that it's necessary to be a Heroe to surpass him. Cease therefore to bemoan your self, or at the best think me the greatest object of commiseration. Yet on the other side generous *Horatius* (reply'd *Æmilius*) did you know what it is to have been lov'd and to be so no longer, you would change the thoughts; for no favourable glance has been formerly obtain'd, but then causes a thousand regrets; not an advantageous word heard, but occasions a thousand torments; and the opposition of misery to happiness, produces such a strange hurly-burly in an amorous breast, that the insensibility of a Mistress is an affliction not comparable to what I speak of. Did I love a person insensible in reference to all love (answer'd *Horatius*) you would have reason: but I love a person that has a soft heart, that is able to love both with order and constancy, and consequently to resist whatever opposes the affection she has in her soul. When I spoke of an insensible Person (reply'd *Æmilius*) I meant in respect to you alone; for, as I said before, 'tis a more exquisite misery to be belov'd no more, than to have never been lov'd at all. I conceive indeed (said *Horatius*) it would be a greater affliction to fall into poverty after having been rich, than to have been always poor; but 'tis not so in love: for in my apprehension, the thought of never having been lov'd, not being so at present, and despairing ever to be so, is the most cruel and insupportable of all those that can be inspir'd by an infortunate passion. *Æmilius* answer'd *Horatius* again, and *Horatius* yielded not to *Æmilius*; so that they parted without having convinc'd one another. But while these two Lovers bemoaned themselves together, there were others also who did the like. All *Plotina*'s Lovers, looking upon *Amilcar*, as he that of all the rest injur'd them most, scarce hated one another at all, but hated him excessively, tho they dar'd not to express it. *Themistus* being always absent, and always discontented, lamented himself amongst his Friends. *Artemidorus* being always lov'd by two very aimable persons, had not a little to do. *Spurius* was displeas'd with himself that he had not been able to out-do *Herminius*, who signaliz'd himself most, next *Horatius*. And *Mutius* being as ambitious as amorous, was desperately afflicted for that he had not been able to defend the *Janiculum*, and had been wounded: for altho the wound he receiv'd was not dangerous, yet it confin'd him to his Chamber; where abandoning himself to regret, he revolv'd in his thoughts what ever most difficult attempts a great Spirit incensed both against Love and Fortune could devise to overcome his misfortune. But having a Soul too noble to seek ways that were not honourable, he fanci'd nothing but what was grand and heroical. *Herminius* is belov'd (said he within himself) and deserv'es to be so; *Æmilius* is an amiable Person, and was not hated whilst *Valeria* believ'd *Herminius* had betray'd her and was dead; and *Spurius* is subtle, daring, dextrous and amorous. What then shall I do (continu'd he) to overcome such formidable Rivals? I must do some action transcending that of *Horatius* (added this afflicted Lover) and signalize my self so remarkably, that my Rivals may not afterwards dare to stand in competition with me for *Valeria*. I must save *Rome* with one stroke, if it be possible; and indeed it is too shameful to see it Captive when it boasts to be free, and to see it more miserable when it has no Tyrants, than when it was under the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*. After which *Mutius* having thought upon what he would undertake, took no care to be cur'd speedily, to the end he might execute the great design he had determin'd of in his mind. In the mean time *Aronces* maintaining his Conquest, and taking care to cause the *Janiculum* to be more fortifi'd on the side towards *Rome*, suffer'd more misery than can be imagin'd: for he well perceiv'd, that since this famous City could not be surpris'd at first, it would be very difficult to become Master of it by force, unless it were in a time so long, that *Horatius* would perhaps have leisure to work some change on the sentiments

ments of *Clelia*; not that he could believe her capable of infidelity; but tho he could not believe it, yet he could fear it; and the glory of *Horatius*, the authority of *Clelius*, the people's affection towards his Rival, the little probability there was that *Porſenna* would conſent to his marriage, all theſe circumſtances conſider'd, together with his own abſence, added weight to his fear, and diminiſh'd his hope. Nevertheleſs he truſted to the fidelity of his Illuſtrious Friends at *Rome*, and ſometimes imagin'd ſecret conſolations to himſelf, which enabled him to ſupport all his misfortunes. Moreover, a ſentiment of glory adding it ſelf to that of love, the care of the Siege almoſt wholly imploy'd his mind. But that which rendered him more unhappy, was, that he was conſtrain'd to ſee *Tarquin* and *Sextus*. He knew that the firſt always lov'd *Clelia*; and looking upon *Sextus* as one that had lov'd her, that might ſtill love her, and that had caus'd the death of *Lucretia*, he hated and diſdain'd him, tho he was not ignorant, that as voluptuous and unjuſt a Prince as he was, he had ſome qualities in him not unpleaſing to ſuch as did not know him. *Aronces* likewiſe underſtood by a ſpy, that the Senate in teſtimony of greater acknowledgement to *Horatius*, had beſtow'd on him as great a compaſs of Lands as two Oxen could in one day encloſe with a furrow; that all the Inhabitants of *Rome* had particularly made him a preſent of ſomething or other, to the end he might not ſuffer any inconvenience during the Siege; and that *Horatius* making a generous uſe of the ſame, had not only given to the poor all that they had offer'd to him, but moreover all that he had received from the rich. By which means the good fortune and the virtue of *Horatius* being alike terrible to him, this Prince was extremely miſerable, and found no comfort, ſaving when he was free to go and entertain the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, a few moments, with diſcourſe of his infelicities. Which notwithſtanding he could not do often at the beginning of the Siege, by reaſon his preſence was neceſſary in ſo many places, that he had ſcarce time to go ſee the *Queen of Cluſin*. In the mean time it being reſolv'd at a Council of War not to make more attempts to take *Rome* by force, order was taken to famiſh it. To which purpoſe *Porſenna* caus'd little Forts to be rais'd at equal diſtances about the City, and the *Tyber* to be ſecur'd both above and below *Rome*, with Boats faſtned together with chains; all theſe Boats being defended by Towers which were rais'd to that end on each ſide of the River; beſides that there were alſo guards of Souldiers placed in ſeveral ſtations, which were reliev'd from time to time. Theſe Boats ſerving at that time for a Bridge to *Porſenna*'s Army, the *Tarquinians* paſs'd over from the other ſide of *Tyber*, and extended their Camp into the Plain, after having pitcht upon a very advantageous place, where they might eaſily hinder any thing from being carried into *Rome* on that ſide, and from whence they ſent parties out to waſte, to make ſpoil in all the adjacent parts about that City. *Rome* was by this means begirt on all ſides; but the more it was ſtraightned, the *Romans* became the more couragious. *Herminius* being deſirous to ſignalize himſelf, and accounting it a diſparagement to be coop'd up, undertook to fetch proviſion into the City. Not that he believ'd that what he could procure brought in, would be capable to make it ſubſiſt any long time; but being a perſon of great prudence, he underſtood it was requiſite to amuſe the people, and he had occaſion to take this courſe with them; for as ſoon as all the avenues and paſſages of *Rome* were ſecur'd by the Enemy, the common ſort began to have an extreme dread of Famine. But altho this fear ſeem'd but to encreaſe their hatred againſt *Tarquin*, yet there was cauſe to ſuſpect it might at length adminiſter occaſion to a ſedition; *it being natural enough to the poor to murmur againſt the rich, and likewiſe ſufficiently ordinary for the rich to have no great pity of the poor*. *Herminius* therefore minding to prevent ſo great a miſchief, told *Valerius*, it was requiſite to ſend to the neighbouring people, to the end to obtain of them ſuch things as they had moſt need of; and that, for his part, he would engage to ſecure the entrance of Convoys into *Rome*. Whereupon ſome perſons were ſent out by night, to go to the people of *Latium*, and to oblige them to ſuccour the City; and others alſo to *Cuma* of *Campania*, and to *Pometia*: but the *Latins* refus'd to take any ſide between *Rome* and the *Tarquinians*, and they of *Cumæ* anſwered ambiguouſly; only the people of *Pometia* promis'd proviſions, conditionally they might be oblig'd to nothing more than to furniſh the Waggons which were to carry them. Wherefore *Herminius* to acquit himſelf of his word, one night when the Moon did not ſhine, iſſu'd forth of the City with ſome Troops, and taking a by-way, which the Beſiegers had not took care to ſecure, happily executed his deſign, and brought a competent ſupply of mouth-munition into *Rome*. The Enemies indeed being aware of it, there was a very ſharp conflict between them and the Troops that guarded the Convoy; but the valour of *Herminius* held them off, till all the Waggons were enter'd into the City, without ſo much as the miſcarriage of one; and this Illuſtrious *Roman* having born the ſtroke of the Enemies as long time as was requiſite for the executing of his purpoſe, re-entred into *Rome*, about the break of day, in the ſight of all the people, who beheld him as a ſecond Protector, next *Horatius*. Moreover, to the end this might have the greater effect upon the minds of the multitude, all theſe Waggons were made to paſs through the principal ſtreets, before they went to the publick Store-houſes. By which means they murmur'd leſs for ſome dayes than they had done formerly. But for that they were at that time above 300000 perſons in the City, this ſupply was quickly ſpent; and the dearneſs of proviſion encreaſing from day to day, the repinings of the Commonalty began alſo afreſh. It was in vain that *Valerius*, *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Herminius* and the reſt endeavour'd to appeaſe the People; for the fear of Famine, and the preſent ſuffering render'd them ſo perverſe that whatever was reſolv'd upon, incens'd them. When ſallies were made, it was ſaid they were intended only to occaſion the ſlaughter of men, and that there might be a leſs number to feed; if none were attempted, it was publiſh'd about as cowardize to ſuffer themſelves to be ſhut up by ſo few Beſiegers: If the Publick Stores were ſet open, they rumor'd that all the Proviſions would ſoon be conſum'd and that only the creatures of *Tarquin* gave this counſel, which was far more dangerous than it ſeem'd: If there were any ſpeech of ſhutting the ſame up, and preſerving the Publick Proviſions againſt extremity, preſently it was threatned to ſet fire on the Stores: In brief, nothing could be more difficult than to find out ſome fit means to compoſe the diſcontents of the City. *Porſenna* and *Tarquin* having intelligence of this diſorder, ſent Heralds to demand to ſpeak to the people. Then it was that all the intelligent perſons in *Rome* ſtood in

fear; for they conceiv'd it was to make some Propoſition of Peace, with intention to cauſe the people to mutiny, if it were not receiv'd. Wherefore the Senate was minded to ſend back the Heralds unheard. But the multitude was ſo tumultuous, that it was neceſſary to hear them; all that could be obtain'd from the provoked people, was, that thoſe Heralds ſhould not enter into the City, but make their Propoſitions at the Gate. To which being accordingly oblig'd, they declar'd there aloud, that *Porſenna* ſent to acquaint the *Romans*, that if they deſir'd to be deliver'd from the War and Famine, and to avoid inevitable deſtruction, it was yet poſſible, and they needed onely to admit *Tarquin*, to ſecure their Peace; *Porſenna* engaging to cauſe him to paſs an Amneſty for all that was paſt, and to protect them alſo againſt him in caſe he falſifi'd his word. The Conſuls trembled at this Propoſal, fearing leſt the preſent miſery might induce the people to prefer a ſhameful Peace before a glorious War: but the matter had a better event than they imagin'd. The name of *Tarquin* was ſo odious to the People, that what *Porſenna* caus'd to be declar'd to them, to the intent to cauſe the ſedition, produc'd a calm; for ſcarce had the Heralds done their Meſſage, but the multitude who had beſet all the Ramparts, relating to one another confuſedly the Propoſition that *Porſenna* made to them, cri'd all with one voice, No, no 'tis better to die, and we will rather ſet our City on fire, than receive *Tarquin* into it: and their fury tranſported them in ſuch ſort, that they had ſhot their Arrows againſt the Heralds, and violated the Law of Nations, if the Conſuls had not reſtrain'd them. So theſe Meſſengers of *Porſenna* were enforced to depart; and the people, after this, ſeeing nothing to be choſen but War or the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, generouſly reſolv'd upon ſuffering, and endur'd all the inconveniences of this Siege with admirable patience. Soon after, a private Council of War was held in order to attempt to break thoſe two Bridges of Boats which ſecur'd the River, ſince had it been free on one ſide onely, *Porſenna*'s deſign had been deſtroy'd, and this Prince would have found a neceſſity of giving over the Siege. It had been ſufficiently experienc'd that ſallies ſerv'd only to weaken the Cavalry which was in the City; for there being no other Forces in the Compagne deſign'd to relieve it, all ſallies were unprofitable, and did not ſufficiently facilitate the paſſage of Victuals for the ſubſiſtence of it. So that the only way to deliver it, was to render their River free. To which end it was reſolv'd an attempt ſhould be made, and that above *Rome* rather than below, ſince by that means it would be commodious for the Veſſels to come down with the ſtream, for carrying neceſſaries into the City; whereas on the other ſide it would be requiſite to row up againſt it. The on-ſet indeed was very difficult, but the deſigning to put good Rowers into all the Boats appointed for the attaque, made that no obſtacle. *Themiſtus*, tho a ſtranger, was called to this ſecret Council, and propounded to ſet the Enemies Boats on fire, in caſe they could not be force'd; and accordingly preparation was made for this. In order to which, two Boats were fill'd with ſeveral kinds of combuſtible things as Pitch, Sulphur, Bitumen, and divers Gummes; and a hundred others were choſen out and fill'd with reſolute Souldiers. Every Boat had a particular Commander in it; and beſides the Souldiers, and the Rowers, there were alſo men with Axes to break and looſen the Chains which faſtned the Boats to one another. This enterprize being accompani'd with much danger and difficulty, all the Gallants were eager to be in it. *Mutius*, who was almoſt cured of his wound, deſir'd the command of a Boat; *Themiſtus*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius* and *Spurius* did the like: *Artemidorus* and *Merigenes* were in the ſame Boat, *Amilcar* was in that of *Herminius*, *Zenocrates* commanded one by himſelf, in which *Octavius* was pleas'd to be; *Horatius* had the conduct of one of the Fire-boats, which was faſtned to his own, and *Herminius* had charge of the other, altho *Mutius* had us'd all poſſible endeavours to get that employment. *Damon*, *Sicinius*, *Acriſius*, and divers other Gallants, were diſpers'd in all the Boats. In the mean time, tho all care had been taken to keep this enterprize ſecret, yet the Enemies got intelligence of it, and prepar'd themſelves to be aſſaulted. But for that they could not learn whether they ſhould be attaqued above or below *Rome*, they were neceſſitated to divide their Forces; and moreover, the better to deceive them, a falſe attaque was thought fit to be given on that ſide which was not intended for the place of on-ſet. The *Tuſcans* and *Tarquinians* had raiſed little Forts at both ends of that Bridge of Boats, which ſtopt up the River, and ſerv'd for the communication of the diſtant quarters of their Army: & this no doubt augmented the difficulty of the *Romans* attempt. But how hard ſoever it was, it was reſolv'd upon; and all things being ready for it, preciſely at midnight, all the Boats appointed for both purpoſes put forth upon the River. But thoſe which were to make the falſe attaque, ſet out firſt, to the end to divert the enemies Forces to that ſide; and a quarter of an hour after, the others moving in order, and taking up almoſt the whole breadth of the River, in ſeveral ranks went to encounter the Enemies with ſo much greater hope of Victory, for that they knew *Aronces* was not on that ſide, pretending to make uſe of their Fire-boats according to the occaſion they ſhould have for them. But, for that it is alwaies a little lighter in the night-time upon the water than upon the land, the *Tuſcans* confuſedly perceiv'd thoſe that were coming to attaque them, and provided for their defence. So that the Bridge of Boats, and two little Forts defending it, were ſoon beſet with Souldiers, and eſpecially with Bow-men, who ſeeing the *Romans* within reach of their Arrows, ſhot with ſuch eagerneſs, that the multitude of Arrows made a greater darkneſs thereabouts than that of the night. But becauſe they ſhot at a venture, this firſt diſcharge had no great effect, and hinder'd not the *Romans* from approaching the Bridge with cries ſo fierce, that they ſeem'd to be a preſage of Victory. All the Boats as they drew near to thoſe which upheld the *Tarquinians* Bridge, hooked themſelves thereunto, and they planted little Ladders againſt them for the Souldiers to mount upon the Bridge, whilſt the work-men did what they could with their Axes to break the Chains that linked the Enemies Boats together. On the other ſide, *Horatius* and *Herminius*, who were the chief Commanders in this enterprize, went to faſten Fire-boats to the middle of the Bridge, in ſpite of the Enemies oppoſition; and having left a hidden fire in the two Boats, which would break out ſuddenly after they retir'd, one went towards the right hand, and the other towards the left, to encourage their men to make themſelves Maſters of the Bridge, and to endeavour to mount upon it themſelves; which

which was no eaſie matter; for the Enemies who ſtood thick upon it with their ſwords in their hands, repell'd them impetuouſly either into their Boats or the River. *Mutius*, *Artemidorus* and *Merigenes* mounted twice upon the Bridge, and were as often beat back into their Boat. *Acriſius* laying hold of a plank of the Bridge, and being almoſt got up, was wounded in the right hand: *Zenocrates* alſo mounted upon it courageouſly; but for that they which follow'd him were caſt into the River, he found himſelf alone amidſt many enemies, who ſeizing upon him, threw him into the River alſo on the other ſide the Bridge, after he had wounded one or two of them. Nevertheleſs loſing neither his courage nor his judgement, he ſwam back under the Enemies Bridge with his ſword in his hand, and got into one of the Boats again, to return to the aſſault. *Amilcar* being got up the Bridge, and perceiving himſelf the ſole man of his party there, counterfeited a *Tuſcan*, and had the good fortune to leap back into *Herminius*'s Boat without being taken by the Enemies. *Horatius* was four times repuls'd; *Spurius* had like to have been drown'd, and ſo had *Æmilius*; but *Herminius* was ſo fortunate, that he caus'd one of the Enemies Boats to be looſned, at the ſame time that the Fire-boats doing their effect immediately burnt down the middle of the Bridge, which conſiſting only of planks and faggots was ſoon conſumed. Then was there heard a moſt terrible noiſe, for the *Romans* ſent forth a thouſand cries of joy, and the *Tuſcans* contrarily a thouſand tumultuous ſhouts, which teſtifi'd their aſtoniſhment; for the fire having taken away the middle of the Bridge, depriv'd them of communication from one ſide to the other, and opened a paſſage for a great Convoy which they underſtood was prepared in Boats under the walls of a little very ſtrong Town, where the *Romans* knew the ſupply was which they expected. And things were accordingly ſo happily executed, that the Convoy was already very neer, when the middle of the Bridge was burnt. Wherefore ſo ſoon as the fire mingled with Sulphur and Bitumen began to deſtroy the middle of the Bridg, *Horatius* & *Herminius* eaſily caus'd as many Boats to be looſned as was requiſite for the paſſage of thoſe which carried the Proviſion: for ſuch as were appointed to that purpoſe, with great hooks diſpers'd thoſe burned Boats, which ſeparated one from another, and being driven by the ſtream towards *Rome*, conſum'd by degrees, and cover'd all the River with flaming wracks not without ſome terrour in the ſpectacle. In the mean time, as ſoon as the paſſage was open'd by the flame, the attaque of the Bridge was given over, there being no likelihood of doing any good upon the two Forts, and the only buſineſs being to procure a ſafe entry for the Convoy. Wherefore as ſoon as the River was free, at the firſt ſignal that was given of it, all the Boats drew together, and one half of them following *Herminius* went to meet the Convoy, and the other commanded by *Horatius* ſtay'd to guard the paſſage. At which time the Enemies diſcharg'd a ſtorm of Darts both upon thoſe that ſtay'd to guard it, and upon thoſe that conducted the Convoy. Which while they were approaching ſome Gallants amongſt the Enemies got into the Boats which remain'd at the two ends of the Bridge at the foot of the little Forts, and came forth to chaſe away the *Romans* from the place. And indeed they being aſſiſted by thoſe of their party, who ſtill ſtood with their ſwords drawn upon both the ends of the broken Bridge, where they had at length ſtopt the courſe of the fire, *Horatius* being unable to maſter thoſe that guided the Boats, was in a ſhort time conſtrain'd to deſert the paſſage of the River to the Enemies. So that when *Herminius* came back with the Convoy, he found that he was to fight again if he intended to paſs. It was about day-break, and preciſely at that time the Prince of *Meſſene* coming to ſecond *Titus* who commanded the Souldiers in the Boats, appear'd with his ſword in his hand upon the end of the Bridge. But when he perceiv'd *Themiſtus* in one of *Horatius*'s Boats, he leap'd into one of thoſe that maintain'd the paſſage, deſiring to take this opportunity to encounter his particular enemy amongſt the enemies of the ſide he had choſen. *Themiſtus* alſo knowing him, cauſed his Boat to advance neerer than it was, and with a threatning action ſignifi'd to him that he was glad to ſee him in a place were he might evince that himſelf was more worthy of *Lindamira* than he. Matters ſtanding thus, *Herminius* appear'd in the head of the Conduct of the Convoy; for *Horatius* was conſtrain'd by the advice of all the chief Officers to defer charging thoſe that defended the paſſage, till they might be attaqued on both ſides together. And accordingly *Horatius* and *Herminius* advancing at the ſame time, and being follow'd by as many Boats as were neceſſary to poſſeſs the paſſage, went to charge them with their ſwords in hand. Whereupon enſued a very terrible combate; for from the Forts and the two ſides of the broken Bridge, a ſtorm of Arrows like hail was ſent both upon *Herminius* and *Horatius*. But without taking unprofitable care to ſecure themſelves from a danger which they could not avoid, but by deſerting their interprize, they minded only the overcoming thoſe who obſtructed them. *Horatius* leapt into a Boat which *Telanus* defended, *Herminius* into another; *Themiſtus* and the Prince of *Meſſene* having the ſame purpoſe, executed it ſo exactly, that at the ſame time that *Themiſtus* leapt with his ſword drawn into the Prince's Boat, the Prince paſs'd into that of *Themiſtus*. But perceiving their errour, they endeavour'd either of them to return into his own Boat; which as they were doing, they grapled together, and fell both into the water. As they fell, they were parted by their own weight; and being both skilful in ſwimming, as ſoon as they got their heads above water, they approacht to one another and exchanged ſome blows; and this ſtrange combat would probably have prov'd fatal to both, had not a *Roman* Boat drew towards theſe two Rivals. Which as ſoon as the Prince of *Meſſene* ſaw, he endeavour'd to avoid being taken, and began to ſwim towards one of the Forts; but finding that he had received a ſlight wound in the right hand, his ſword dropt from him. Wherefore *Themiſtus* ſeeing him without arms, and ſtreaming with bloud, would not kil him in that condition; but entring into the Boat which came to his ſuccour, ſuffer'd him to get the bank of the River, where he was receiv'd by thoſe of his party. In the mean time *Horatius* and *Herminius* being ſeconded by all the other Gallants, maugre the reſiſtance of the *Tarquinians*, ſunk two Boats, ſlew almoſt all that were in the reſt, and became at length ſo abſolute Maſters of the paſſage, that they got the Convoy clear through it. They had a mind to have maintain'd it afterwards, but it was not to be done; for the Enemies poſſeſſing the Forts ſtill, and the two ends of the Bridge, would not have ſuffer'd them in the place. So that it behov'd them to content themſelves with carrying their Convoy to *Rome*, which was likewiſe more conſiderable in reſpect of the joy and hope it excited

cited in the people, than of the real succour it brought to the Publick necessity: for in these occasions, the multitude alwaies magnifies things, and do's not carry their fore-sight so far as to destroy the pleasure arising from a present relief. This victorious Fleet therefore return'd to *Rome*, which was received there with a thousand acclamations. It had cost the life of some few Souldiers, and their were also certain persons of quality wounded. *Spurius* was shot with an Arrow that rais'd his shoulder, *Damon* was wounded with a sword in the side, *Horatius* receiv'd a slight hurt under the right eye, and *Meleagenes* on the arm. But however, this Victory did not prove a bloudy one, and the action was accompani'd with great glory. The better to set it off to the people, thanks were render'd to the gods in all the Temples, the price of Victual was abated, part of these Provisions brought into the City were distributed to the people, and they were put in hope that other Convoys would also shortly come by land. As for those that had made the false attaque, Fortune was not so favourable to them as to the others, and they were inforc'd to fight more than they intended; for *Aronces* hapning to be on that side, because it was believ'd it would be the most dangerous, came forth to meet them with armed Boats, and repell'd them so vigorously, that they were constrain'd to return towards *Rome*. He also took two of their Vessels: but understanding the real attaque would not be on that side, a sentiment of glory made him regret his absence from the place of greatest danger. Nevertheless soon after, a sentiment of Love made him the less sorry, inasmuch as he could not be accused by *Clelia* for being instrumental by his valour to encrease a necessity, in which perhaps she might be concern'd, by hindring Provisions from entring into *Rome*. But being desirous to send her some tidings of himself, and not being able to go where the conflict was, since *Rome* stood between him and the place, he writ a short Letter in his Tablets, and gave liberty to a Commander of a Boat whom he knew was alli'd to *Clelius*, on condition that he would deliver the same to *Clelia*. This person at his return to *Rome* made good his word to *Aronces*, and went to carry the Prince's Letter to that Illustrious *Roman* Lady, who found these words in it.

ARONCES to *CLELIA*.

SInce it has not been my fortune to be any wise concern'd in the danger of this daies action, know, 'tis alwaies with regret that I fight against Rome, *and that for your sake I comfort my self more easily for loosing an occasion of honour; because I am more solicitous to give you testimonies of love, than to shew signs of courage to all the world. The Prisoners I send you back, will tell how highly I respect all that belong to* Clelius. *This is all can be said to you at present by a Prince, who has the unhappiness to be in an Army that is Enemy to* Rome, *and who is faithful enough to adore you in the midst of your Enemies.*

This Letter gave much joy to *Clelia*, but withal it augmented her persecution; for *Clelius* understanding it, told her, she was infinitely culpable for receiving it; that there could no longer be an innocent correspondence between her and *Aronces*, since himself prohibited it; and that *Rome* having daily greater obligation to *Horatius*, it behov'd her to look upon him as the man that was infallibly to marry her at the end of the War. *Clelia* answer'd to this speech of her father with her accustom'd constancy; & tho she said nothing inconsistent with the respect she ow'd to such a relation, yet withal she said nothing prejudicial to the fidelity she had promis'd to her Lover. In the mean time, to keep up the peoples hopes, who were troubled that the Enemies had again stopt up the passages of the River, sallies were frequently made upon them, and one day the herds of Cattle were driven forth out of the City, both to signifie to the Besiegers that they wanted nothing, as also to let the people to see, that it was not so straitly begirt. Moreover *Publicola* had a design to draw the Enemies to a conflict by this Stratagem, imagining they would soon have notice that the droves of Cattle were to go out of the City; for every day some treacherous slaves slunk out of the City into the Enemies Camp. *Publicola* therefore commanded *Herminius* to go with a small number of resolute Souldiers and ly in ambush along the great way of the *Gabinians*, in a little wood two miles distant from the City; and appointed *Spurius* who was accompani'd with a troop of young men lightly armed, to stay at the *Colline-gate* till the Enemies were pass'd by it, to the end to intercept their way of return. On the other side, the second Consul went forth at another gate, and getting to the top of mount *Clelius* with foot only, he appear'd first to the Enemies with the Romane Ensigns, to the end to draw them out to fight. And accordingly *Tarquin*, whose quarter was on that side, first sending his forragers to attempt the driving away the Cattle, commanded other Troops to second them, who hastned to the place whither they were directed, with all the eagerness that useth to be in people that hope to make a great booty. *Herminius* no sooner saw them advanc'd, but giving them a smart charge, he drave them towards the second Consul. The *Tarquinians* thereupon ralli'd themselves, and encouraging one another to fight stoutly, made head on both sides: but at the same instant a great noise arising about the *Colline*, and the *Nevian*-gates, they understood they were inclos'd round; so that on a sudden losing their courages, they forsook their ranks, and were all taken or cut in pieces. Whereupon the people beholding the Prisoners brought in, and afterwards the Cattle, fell into an excessive joy, without considering that the City was thereby no better provided for than before. But the Consuls, *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Herminius* and all the other chief *Romans* well understood that this small advantage was far from being decisive of the main War; and that unless the Forts were taken that defended the broken bridge which the Enemies had repair'd, it was impossible to have the River free on that side, and consequently *Rome* could not long hold out. Therefore they resolv'd to make a great attempt to accomplish this; which resolution was kept with much secresie, to the end they might, if possible, surprise the Enemies. Nevertheless they accounted it fit to defer the execution of this design for some daies, during which nothing pass'd very considerable either in the Camp of *Porsena* or in *Rome*. In the mean time *Aronces* omitted nothing to which honor obliged him, and was depriv'd of all consolation, saving what the conversation of the Princess of the *Leontines*, and the generous *Melintha* gave him. The Prince *Titus* was also very much

much devoted to his interest, and *Telanus* acquitting himself of the promise he had made to *Octavius*, rendred him all offices in his power. As for *Tarquin*, his solicitude of regaining the Throne wholly took him up; *Sextus* liv'd after his accustomed manner, to wit, as voluptuously in the Camp, as in time of peace: the fierce *Tullia* bestirr'd her self continually at *Tarquinii* to promote the design of *Porsenna*, who aim'd at the glory of compelling the *Romans* to receive a King from his hand: But altho War be a great affair which employ's all the world, even to those which go not to it, notwithstanding there wanted not some persons at *Rome* who diverted themselves agreeably; and War and Love have such a sympathy, that they sometimes produce one another, and often subsist together without mutual prejudice. Thus there wanted not good company at the houses of *Domitia*, Valeria's Mother, *Sulpicia*, *Bereliſa*, *Ceſonia*, and divers other houses of quality: and all the Lovers, how courageous soever, fail'd not to find opportunities to make visits to their mistresses. They also who were not amorous, but yet had pleasant wits, and were of a debonair humor, frequently diverted themselves with the misfortunes of others. *Amilcar* found pleasure to himself in a hundred things, which nevertheless had something of sadness in themselves. *Damon* furnisht him with a sufficiently ample subject, for tho he hated *Amilcar* ever since he perciev'd that he derided him, in pretending to remember what he had been before he came into the world, yet he thought him of the Sect of *Pythagoras*, and that he wanted only firmness enough of mind to own an opinion publickly, which was generally so little receiv'd. Wherefore being very ill of the wound he had received at the attaque of the *Tarquinians* bridge, and believing he should die (tho his attendants thought otherwise) out of Zeal to the Sect he was of, he sent to desire *Amilcar* to come to see him; for one of the principal Precepts of *Pythagoras* was, Never to sleep with hatred in the Heart. Now *Damon* having pass'd many daies and nights without being able to cease hating *Amilcar*, desir'd to see him before he di'd, that he might be reconcil'd to him and admonish him, since they were of the same Sect, not to make a secret of it, but to maintain that important verity; wishing passionately, that he might retain the remembrance of it when his Soul should be inclos'd in another body, as he believ'd it would in a short time. *Amilcar* at first much commiserated the prepossessed fancy of a man whom he saw really very sick. But there being no hope to cure him thereby, he answer'd him according to his desire. When he was gone out of his chamber, and had that object of compassion no longer before his eyes, and moreover understood by those that attended on *Damon*, that whatever he fanci'd, there was no danger of his dying, his jolly humor could not let pass so ample a subject of divertisement, but at night he compos'd a Dialogue between himself and *Damon*, which the next morning he sent to *Plotina* by an unknown person. When *Plotina* receiv'd the Pasquil, *Valeria*, *Bereliſa*, *Clidamira*, *Herminius*, and *Anacreon* were in her chamber. The hand being also unknown to her (for *Amilcar* had caus'd his composition to be written by one of his Attendants) she imagined it might haply be something to declare her condition to her, and inform her who she was. Wherefore rising up to open it, and withdrawing towards the window, she was immediately surpriz'd upon reading these words;

A Dialogue between Damon *sick, and* Amilcar *in health.*

This odd Title excited such laughter in her, that *Anacreon* told her she would be very unjust if she depriv'd the company of reading that which made her so pleasant. I assure you (answer'd she) 'tis not my intention, for I think the pleasure the company will receive in seeing that which is sent me, will augment my own. And accordingly *Plotina*, having resum'd her seat, and intreated her Auditors not to interrupt her, began to read that which follows, with that sweet and agreeable Air that was natural to her.

A Dialogue between *Damon* sick, and *Amilcar* in health.

Amilcar.

WHat has mov'd you to send for me? Am I not your Rival, and consequently your Enemy?

Damon.

Alas! When a man is at a point of death, and perhaps ready to become a Crane the same moment, he has no longer power to hate any person: for, in brief, *Amilcar*, I may undergo that destiny if the Gods please, and if *Pythagoras* be not mistaken.

Amilcar.

Since I conceive Cranes are very healthful (for in my opinion they are birds which do not much torment themselves with the affairs of this world) I should as soon chuse to be a Crane in health, as to be sick Damon. *But however, for what reason have you sent for me hither?*

Damon.

To conjure you that you would cease deriding the Doctrine of the greatest Philosopher that ever liv'd; since I am fully perswaded you are of his opinion, and 'tis only out of an evil bashfulness that you dare not own it seriously.

Amilcar.

But what are you concern'd whether I believe that which you do, or no?

Damon.

'Tis because I would be assur'd to leave a *Pythagorean* Lover to *Plotina*, to the end he might perswade her of so important a truth as that of the Metempsychosis (or transmigration of Souls) is.

Amilcar.

How? Would you have me perswade her, that perhaps she has been a Stork, and may possibly become a Hinde; which are difficult matters to believe, when one is not accustomed thereto? I, that cannot perswade her that I love her passionately, tho it be sufficiently probable for a man that has black eyes, an airy mind, and a sensible heart, to love the most charming person in the world?

Damon.

At least be so generous to perswade *Plotina*, that if the Gods hear my prayers, my Soul shall pass into the body of some pretty little Dog, which may divert her, tho she should receive it from your hand.

Amilcar.

Could I know you in that condition, I should beware of giving you to my Mistress; for you might be so dispos'd as to retain the hatred of a Rival under the form of a Dog, and to bite me as one of those Creatures when possess'd with madness, if I should offer to kiss the border of her robe.

Damon.

Alas! What then can I wish to be, that I may once again enjoy the presence of *Plotina*?

Amilcar,

Verily I think your case very hard herein; according to all likelihood, you can never see your self her Lover again,

tho

tho the ſame moment enſuing your death ſhould be the firſt of your ſecond life: for twenty years hence you would be quite a new Lover, whom ſhe would much contemn; and beſides, ſhe makes ſo little reckoning of her beauty at this day, that it's likely ſhe would then much leſs eſteem it. But if you will believe me, deſire to become a Mouſe, and to be hid in her cloſet. I have ſometimes made a Metamorphoſis of a Mouſe into a woman, doe you make one of a Lover into a Mouſe.

Damon.

But you do not conſider that ſhe would not love me, but rather do all ſhe could to cauſe me to be taken.

Amilcar.

You have reaſon, and I am miſtaken; not but that, according to the example of the Mouſe I once told you of, which gnaw'd Mars's Love-letters, you might have pleaſure enough in gnawing all the ſweet Letters that ſhould be written to her; and eſpecially mine.

Damon.

'Tis true; but however, I cannot think fit to become a Mouſe.

Amilcar.

Indeed 'tis ſufficiently difficult to chuſe to be a Beaſt in the company of Plotina.

Damon.

Yet I ſhould rather like to be ſome poor little Animal and made much of, than to be a Lover and ill treated.

Amilcar.

Every one has his fancie; but in concluſion, what doe you reſolve upon?

Damon.

To die without knowing what I would be, that I might ſtill ſerve for ſomething to *Plotina*.

Amilcar.

Trouble your ſelf no more about this matter; for I ſwear to you with all the ſincerity of a Rival, that whatever you may poſſibly become, I will make you ſerve for divertiſement to Plotina *as often as I ſhall talk with her about your* Pythagorean *opinions. And now die with joy, ſince you can have no greater contentment, having troubled her during your life, than after your death, to ſerve for the pleaſure of the faireſt and moſt amiable perſon in the world.*

It muſt needs be confeſt (ſaid *Plotina* ſmiling) that *Amilcar* is not over-wiſe; for certainly 'tis he that made this Toy. Rather ſay (anſwer'd *Valeria*) that he is an agreeable perſon, and of an ingenious and diverting humor. For if *Damon* did not ſpeak what is in the Dialogue, 'tis poſſible he might, according to the humor that I underſtand he is of. 'Tis true (reply'd *Herminius*) that a man who could believe *Amilcar* remembred he had been a Phœnix, might ſay all, that is here aſcrib'd to him. I beſeech you (ſaid *Bereliſa* to *Plotina*) give me a Copy of this Dialogue. And I deſire the ſame favour (added *Clidamira*) and if you pleaſe, will writ it out immediately. *Amilcar*'s conſent muſt be ask'd (anſwered *Plotina* ſeeing him enter) for no queſtion he has more right than I in what you demand. I do not think that can be (ſaid he) tho I know not what you ſpeak of. We ſpeak (anſwer'd ſhe) of the pleaſant Dialogue between *Damon ſick, and Amilcar in health*. How? (cry'd he) as for the *Amilcar* you ſpeak of, I aſſure you I do not know him; but thanks to your eyes, he that ſpeaks to you is more ſick than *Damon*. Since your malady does not appear in your aſpect (anſwer'd *Plotina*) it is not eaſie to believe you; therefore you may pleaſe to ſuffer me to take you for the *Amilcar in health*, who has made *Damon* ſpeak a thouſand follies, and who alone can grant me permiſſion to give *Bereliſa* a Copy of the Dialogue which he has made. *Amilcar* thereupon ſaid, it was true he had a diſcourſe with *Damon* which deſerv'd to be witten, but he endeavor'd to deny that he had ſent any thing to *Plotina*. Yet it was in vain; for all the company ſo confidently maintain'd that it was he, that he could no longer defend himſelf. Well then, Madam (ſaid he to *Plotina*) ſince 'tis your pleaſure I ſhould paſs for the Author of the Dialogue in queſtion, I conſent to it, for I am the moſt complacent perſon in the world. Since 'tis ſo (ſaid *Bereliſa*) you ſhall give me a copy of what you have made. If *Damon* dies (anſwered *Plotina*) I ſhall conſent to it; but if he does not, I conceive it will be beſt not to let this toy run abroad in the world, for fear at length he be angry in good earneſt. On the contrary (reply'd *Amilcar*) if he dies, 'tis fit it die with him; but if he eſcape, as they who attend him believe, I care not if it be ſeen: for ſince *Damon* is of a Sect according to which it is not lawfull to ſleep with hatred in the heart, he will doe me no great miſchief. In truth (ſaid *Valeria*) I conceive, whether *Damon* die or no, 'tis beſt to give no copy of *Amilcar*'s Dialogue, tho it be very agreeable. Your goodneſs extends too far, Madam (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) and 'tis enough to ſay only that 'tis not fit to publiſh this pleaſant Toy, but too much that it ought not to be given to any whatſoever, ſince delightful things are not made with intent not to be ſeen. No (reply'd *Amilcar*) but fooliſh things, as this in queſtion is, ought not to be made common. Nevertheleſs (ſaid *Bereliſa*) when a copy of them is given to a diſcreet perſon who promiſes not to lend them, and ſwears to be faithful, to entruſt them is not all one as to publiſh them. The world (ſaid *Plotina*) is full of ſuch diſcreet perſons who promiſe all, and perform nothing which they promiſe. But for my part (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) I am not of that number, and none can be more exact than I am. For my particular (ſaid *Clidamira*) when only Verſes, Sonnets, or ſuch like things are deſir'd I ſometimes ſuffer my ſelf to be perſwaded to ſhew them, tho I have promis'd the contrary, becauſe for the moſt part I believe they who make ſo great ſecrets of ſuch kind of trifles, do it not but only to make them be thought the better. All ſuch little infidelities (anſwered *Bereliſa* maliciouſly) produce a ſtrong diſpoſition to greater. I am of *Bereliſa*'s opinion (reply'd *Herminius*) and for that reaſon I judge it requiſite to accuſtom ones ſelf to be exact even in the concernment of ſmall things. In good earneſt (ſaid *Amilcar*) 'tis more trouble than 'tis imagin'd to keep a ſecrecie of trifles: for as for thoſe greater ſerious ſecrets (added he) all people keep them that have but a little ſenſe of Honor, or only a little prudence. But as for the ſecrets of Verſes, Sonnets, Dialogues, or pleaſant Novels, 'tis very difficult not to reveal them to ſome or other. Nevertheleſs, I confeſs 'tis dangerous enough to give Copies of Letters or Verſes, when 'tis not deſir'd they ſhould be common. For the more loth you are to have them ſeen, the more they are ſhown; and which is worſt, ſuch Copies paſs through ignorant hands, who change and pervert the ſenſe of the Copies which they tranſcribe. I remember I one day made a Sonnet which I was unwilling ſhould goe abroad at that time; yet I gave it to a Lady who promis'd me not to ſhew it to any perſon living: the firſt Stanza was this which I ſhall repeat to you, if my memory doe not deceive me.

Reaſon

Reason and Love are at perpetual strife:
Who so with that partaker is,
Becomes an Enemy to this.
But without Love there's no content in life.

Nevertheless this faithful friend who should not have shewn it to any one, gave it privately to a friend of hers, that Friend to a Lover, that Lover to another Mistress (for I am not the only man in the world that has more than one Mistress at a time) that Mistress to a Kinswoman that sung well, and that Kinswoman to a Master that taught her Musick, who immediately made an Air to it. But this miserable Stanza having pass'd through several hands, was so transform'd, that I could scarce own it: see how that simple fair one sung it.

Destiny and Love are at perpetual strife:
Whoso with that partaker is,
Becomes an Enemy to this.
But without cause to laugh's a pleasant life.

Seriously (said *Plotina* smiling) I think I like this non-sense Stanza as well as the other, for the last Verse seems to me perfectly pleasant. Since it is so (said *Amilcar*) I consent that the Dialogue be given; for perhaps it will be as pertinently chang'd to divert you, as the Stanza of my Sonnets, which nevertheless astonish'd me when I heard that fair ignorant sing it, and account it the pleasantest thing in the world. 'Tis true (said *Anacreon*) this is a hard fortune. For my part, I remember I one day made an Ode, in the beginning of which I mention'd a Swallow; and as this composition had the good fortune to please, it was talk'd of sufficiently at the Court of *Polycrates* where I then was, and at length was so often repeated, and so many Copies made of it, that I met with one of it, in which in stead of the two first Verses which might be thus translated:

Thou in Spring-season each year dost return
Too happy Swallow ——

was put

Thou as a Locust each year dost return
Too happy Turtle

So that this handsome Metamorphosis being made of a Swallow into a Locust, my poor Ode became a strange peice of non-sense. But people that understand a little sense (answer'd *Berelisa*) perceive well that it was not made so. No doubt they do (reply'd *Herminius*) but sometimes there are things whose meaning cannot be conjectur'd, and all that can be known of them is, that they are not understood. Wherefore the less a man can expose himself to these events, the better; and yet they would be avoyded, if all the world were exact. 'Tis so troublesome to be always exact (answer'd *Clidamira*) that nothing requires more pains. All other things have their bounds, but exactness has none: it is diffus'd every where, and there is scarce any thing in which it may not be found. When exactness is excessive (reply'd *Plotina*) I confess 'tis something inconvenient; and if you observe, they that profess it have a kind of a constrain'd Air, their complements savour of ceremony, their familiarity is so nice that the least thing hurts it, and there is no quiet from them. He that is guided by true reason (answer'd *Herminius*) never addrest himself to any thing in the excess, but acquires a certain habit of being exact, which affords delight in stead of trouble. For I conceive they who are exact, as vertuous persons ought to be, cannot but always continue so. They are so, without perplexity, constraint, or ceremony; and because they understand exactness to be a point of elegancie, that it is necessary to Society, and finally, that without it a man can promise himself nothing from any other person. For when I tell a small secret to a friend who promises me not to reveal it; if I know he is not exact, I am always in fear. Moreover, for a man to comport himself rationally in friendship, it behoves him not only to conceal what he is desir'd to keep secret, but sometimes also not to divulge things which he is not requested to be silent of; because generosity requires him to have a certain charitable discretion, even towards those that are not wise enough to be absolutely discreet in their own concernments. For indeed, it is never commendable for a man to lose an occasion of testifying to himself that he has more prudence, goodness and vertue than another. He ought to make a secret delectation to himself by acting better than others do, and account it a glory to supply the reasons of others by his own, and not be like those who more frequently speak what they never ought so much as to think, than what is fitting to be spoken. I confess (said *Amilcar*) they who have no exactness are sometimes injurious to others; for I remember I saw a man at *Carthage*, that through want of it committed the greatest extragavancies in the World. I remember one day he invited me to dine with him, but being invited himself about an hour after to another place, he made no scruple to goe thither, without so much as sending to advertise me of it. For my part (said *Plotina*) I shall never pardon a man who promis'd me a basket of Orange-flowers, and sent them not; and I shall remember another as long as I live, that sent twice to know whether I would be in my chamber that he might come to visit me. His messages were accompani'd with such earnestness, that imagining he desir'd to speak with me concerning a business relating to a friend of mine, of which he understood something, I broke off an appointment I had made, and sent him word, I would attend him. And so I did to no purpose, and that with very much regret. For it being a fair day, in which all the world went abroad to walk, no body came to visit me, and I was all the afternoon turning my head as often as my chamber door was open'd, thinking always 'twas he that I waited for. And which was worst, I understood in the evening that this shuttle-brain'd friend had spent the day walking with the Ladies which he met as he was coming to me. Judge therefore (said *Herminius*) whether the little exactness which troubled you in so inconsiderable matters, would not disgust you in more important occasions. Besides, 'tis certain, that when a person makes a custome of not being punctual in small things, he easily fails to be so in great, and consequently many times hazards the displeasure of his best friends. And therefore the surest course is to be punctual. In truth (said *Amilcar*) I am of opinion, all things are dubious, that there is no side but may be defended; and If I were to establish a Sect, I would have it lawful to doubt of every thing, except matters of Religion. For there is nothing we can be confident of. Many times we are ignorant of what we fancie we know, and know what we take our selves to be ignorant of. There

are whole Nations which have Opinions, that pass for errors amongst others; and as all men have a constitution and temper particular to themselves, so every Kingdom, every Country, every City has its peculiar manners, customs, inclinations, and opinions too; so true it is, that reason varies according to the Climates and Nations. For the most part we believe what our Fathers believ'd before us, without searching into the reason of our belief; onely there are a few sublime Wits who pry into things in their Original, who seek to make a perfect discovery of their Opinions, and after all their pains find it almost impossible to be done. For indeed our Reason from the very first use of it is prepossest with the sentiments of others, and can't without violence clear it self from all that entangles it. In which respect I am perswaded, men are almost alwaies deceiv'd, even in things wherein they think themselves erre least; and the surest course would be, as I said before, to doubt almost of every thing. And to prove what I say; is it not true, that till the daies of *Pythagoras*, the most learned men believ'd the Evening-Star and the Morning-Star to be two distinct Stars? And nevertheless, the knowing Philosopher has discover'd to us, that the same Star which we behold so twinkling at the beginning of night, is the same which is so fair at break of day. All men before, judg'd of it in that manner, and two names were given it, which it bears still: and yet we see manifestly that all men were mistaken. That which you say is true (answer'd *Anacreon*) but the same man that could discover a truth that had been unknown before, teaches a ridiculous falshood in his Metempsychosis. 'Tis in that regard (reply'd *Amilcar*) that I have reason to affirm, 'tis best to doubt almost of every thing; since the greatest men are lyable to be deceiv'd in something. For my part (said *Herminius*) I cannot conceive that that excellent man positively believ'd that which his Disciples teach; for the Moral Precepts are so excellent, that 'tis hard to believe his Doctrine could have been so foolish. As for my particular (said *Berelisa*) I confess I cannot yet very well believe that he thought he remember'd he had been a Cock, and *Euphorbus* at the War of *Troy*, could be of any great judgment. Nevertheless 'tis certain (answer'd *Herminius*) that *Pythagoras* was one of the wisest men of the World. But what then (said *Plotina*) did he teach so Excellent? A thousand things, Madam, (answer'd *Herminius*) and to tell you some of them, he commanded his Disciples to honour the Gods, and never to desire any particular thing of them; maintaining, that no man knows exactly what is fit for him, and that 'tis more respectful to submit totally to the order of Heaven, than to endeavour to alter the Decrees of Destiny according to ones humor. What you say, has no doubt something very excellent in it (reply'd *Valeria*) for I conceive indeed that all men know not what is proper for them, and that the cause of disorder, division, and Wars in the World, is, for that in general all men desire good, and know not what it is. But to return to the excellent man you speak of, I remember I once heard the Illustrious *Brutus* (who was an intimate friend of the wise *Damo*, daughter of *Pythagoras*) say, that this great man compos'd a thousand excellent Verses concerning heroical Friendship. 'Tis very probable (answer'd *Herminius*) and to the same purpose he establisht a Community amongst his Disciples; for he confidently maintain'd, that there ought not to be any distinct interest amongst true friends, and that where there was, there was no friendship but society: and it may be averr'd, that never any before him so well understood all the duties of true Friendship. But that which makes me love him the more, is, that he was a profest enemy to Lying, which I hate more than can be imagin'd. No doubt Lying is an evil thing (reply'd *Amilcar*) but to say truth, it is sufficiently hard to renounce it absolutely; and upon due observation it would be found, that even they who hate it most, sometimes make use of it, notwithstanding their detesting it. At least I know that I do upon some occasions, and shall do still many times in my life. Not that I love to lye, but it has certain little conveniences in it very necessary. For example, is it possible to make a Story delightfully without lying, or adding some circumstance to render it more pleasant? Can one commend a woman, without speaking a little more good of her than she deserves? Can one speak ill of his enemy without aggravating his fault? Can one bemone himself in Love, without making his misery a little greater than it is? And to prosecute sincerity to the utmost, could I have compos'd the Dialogue of *sick Damon*, if I would have confin'd my self to the truth? All the company laught at this which *Amilcar* said; and as *Plotina* was going to answer him, *Æmilius* entred, and ask'd if they had heard the great news which he lately learnt. I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) that we have heard none all this day. I inform you then (reply'd he) that I am just now assur'd, there is a great division between *Tarquin* and *Porsenna*, and that it may be an occasion of raising the Siege and delivering *Rome*. As things desir'd are easily believ'd, this news was receiv'd with joy; and tho *Herminius* made scruple at first of believing that *Tarquin* would fall out with a Prince without whose protection his case was desperate, yet he yielded at length, and discours'd upon this surprising intelligence as the rest did. A little while after, *Flavia* enter'd, and having taken a seat, ask'd, whether they had heard tell of the apparition of the God of *Tyber*, who was reported to have threatned *Porsenna*'s Camp; and then making the description of that God, repeating the very words that were attributed to him, and indeed speaking as a person well perswaded of what she affirm'd was true. For my part (said *Amilcar* smiling) I have walk'd upon the banks of the fairest Rivers in the World, and also upon those of the River *Alpheus*, so famous for his love of the fair *Arethusa*; but none of the Deities that preside over them would never yet do me the honour to appear to me: and therefore Madam, (added he, looking upon *Flavia*) you must permit me to expect till the news you speak of be confirm'd, before I believe it. *Flavia* was going to answer, but *Merigenes* being enter'd hinder'd her; for beholding *Amilcar* in the company, he seem'd so surpris'd at it, that assoon as the first civilities were past, he could not but testifie his astonishment. I thought (said he to *Amilcar*) you had been gone disguis'd to the Enemies Camp, to foment the division which they say is between *Porsenna* and *Tarquin*; for I just now came from speaking with a man who confidently assur'd me he saw you depart thither. Well then (said *Æmilius*) you understand by *Merigenes*, that I am not the only person that have heard report of the division amongst the enemies. But if it be no more true (answer'd *Herminius*) that they are divid-

divided than it is that *Amilcar* is gone diſguis'd to *Porſenna*'s Camp, there is not much ground to rejoice at this great news. But, I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina*) from whom did you learn it? From a man (anſwer'd *Æmilius*) that I ſeldome ſee but in the Publick places, where they talk of general affairs. He ſeems to be ingenious, ſpeaks much and well, is not much to ſeek for what he would ſay, and affirms things ſo poſitively, that none dare doubt of what he delivers. 'Tis certainly the ſame (ſaid *Merigenes*) that told me you were gone diſguis'd to the Camp of the Enemies. May it not be the ſame man too (added *Plotina*, ſmiling) that acquainted *Flavia* with that wonderful Apparition ſhe tells us of? To ſpeak truth (anſwer'd *Flavia*) I think all our newes comes from the ſame place; for *Mutius* who inform'd me of what I have related to you, aſſur'd me, he heard it reported by an ingenious perſon in the Grand Court of *Hoſtilius*. 'Tis there I was told of the diviſion of the Enemies (reply'd *Æmilius*). And 'tis there alſo that I was aſſur'd (added *Merigenes*) *Amilcar* was gone out of *Rome* diſguis'd, but with all the circumſtances ſo preciſe, that any other beſides my ſelf would have been deceiv'd as well as I have been. Is he a *Roman* (demanded *Bereliſa* ſmiling) that told you all this News? No, Madam, (anſwer'd *Æmilius*) and I find his pronunciation manifeſts him to be a ſhanger. Certainly then (ſaid *Clidamira* to *Bereliſa*) 'tis a man whom we know, who accompani'd us in our paſſage from *Cicily* to *Oſtia*. I doubt no more of it than you do (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) and accordingly deſcribing that perſon to *Merigenes* and *Æmilius*, they underſtood 'twas he of whom he ſpoke. But what is this univerſal Impoſtor? (ſaid *Plotina*). He is a perſon of extraction good enough (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) born at *Lylibæum*; he ſpent his youth in *Africa*, and has got ſuch a faculty of lying, that 'tis impoſſible to hinder him from it. So that I think I may ſafely affirm, he never ſpoke any truth in his life, but he thought he ly'd. Nevertheleſs, as you were told, he is ingenious, ſpeaks freely, and delights thoſe ſufficiently who know him not for a Lyar; for he alwaies tells new things, his wit is never exhauſted, and alwaies forgeing matter of diſcourſe; he talks all his life, and with al hath the art to contradict himſelf leſs than all other great Lyars. But, for that I am a lover of truth, and very much abhor lying, I cannot endure him, and he comes no more to ſee me. For an hour or two (reply'd *Anacreon*) one may be diverted by him; but continuing longer, his converſation is inſupportable; for what heed ſoever one takes, and what reſolution ſoever one makes not to believe him, yet one is alwaies circumvented by him; and he ſpeaks things with ſo free and ingenious an air, that he is able to deceive as long as he lives. 'Tis remarkable (ſaid *Clidamira*) that he has been ſo horribly encounter'd for his lying, at *Lilybæum*, that he dares live there no longer; and for that he is perſwaded 'tis impoſſible to ſpeak truth alwaies, he is come hither with intention to go to *Præneſte*, to inquire, whether it be poſſible there ſhould be a veracious man in the World. If he pleaſe (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I will ſhorten his journey, for I will aſſure him ſincerely, that no man alwaies ſpeaks truth, and moreover that there are as many great Lyars as ſpeakers of truth. As for me (ſaid *Herminius*) who make a particular profeſſion to love truth and deteſt lying, I wiſh people would abſolutely conclude that it behoves never to lye. How? Never? (reply'd *Plotina*) I do not think it poſſible. For there are little Lyes of civility, which we cannot but ſometimes make uſe of, and decency does not oblige us to decline them. There are alſo Lyes of generoſity (added *Amilcar*) which ſometimes are very convenient to be us'd. As for the pleaſant Lyes (ſaid *Anacreon*) I beg favour in behalf of them, For my part (added *Clidamira*) I approve uſing a Lye in way of excuſe. For that I fear death much (anſwered *Flavia*) when I am very ſick, I am contented that people ſhould Lye, and tell me alwaies I ſhall recover, tho they do not believe ſo. As for me (ſaid *Valeria*) I will never uſe a Lye, unleſs when it may ſerve to ſave the life of ſome perſon. For my part (ſaid *Merigenes*) I ſhould extremely ſcruple to tell the leaſt Lye in the world; but I confeſs, perhaps I might Lye, at the command of a Miſtreſs. In good earneſt (ſaid *Bereliſa*) there are more Lyars, than I imagin'd. Some there are to (anſwer'd *Æmilius*) who are Lyars, tho they do not think themſelves to be ſuch. But ſince we are in the humor of ſpeaking truth (reply'd *Plotina*) I beſeech you let us eſtabliſh Laws which may inſtruct us how far 'tis lawful to Lye. I confeſs (ſaid *Herminius*) I am of opinion it behoves to have a general purpoſe, of Lying at no time, and not to produce in our ſelves a habit of thoſe ſmall Lies, which are not ſcrupl'd by any, and to which people inſenſibly become accuſtom'd. For ſince no crime is ſo eaſie to be committed, nor of more frequent conveniency than a Ly, we ought to reſtrain our ſelves from it to our power, and look upon Lying as a cowardly, low, weak, and infamous thing, arguing a leſs fear of the Gods than of men. But on the other ſide, we ought to look upon Truth as the Soul of Honeſty, if I may ſo ſpeak. And foraſmuch as ſcarce any thing beſides Speech diſtinguiſhes Men from Brutes, as being the image of their Reaſon, whoſo falſifies it, renders himſelf unworthy to be a man. Beaſts have no deceitful cries, except thoſe terrible Animals that are bred upon the banks of *Nilus*; there is none but man, whoſe wickedneſs perverts the uſe of the Voice. Moreover, truth is the Univerſal bond, which maintains order in the World; the Publick-Faith, the Law of Nations, and Juſtice are founded upon it. It bears the ſupreme ſway in Love and Friendſhip; without it, the World would be nothing but confuſion, all men would be cheats, cowards, and impoſtors; and there would be neither honour nor pleaſure in the World, if truth were baniſht out of it. There is no greater inconvenience then a ſervant that is a Lyar, that aſſures you he has done what you commanded him, when he has not ſo much as thought of it. For my part, I confeſs to the ſhame of my Reaſon, I partly owe the hatred I bear againſt Lying, to a Lying ſlave that I had, who caus'd me to loſe my patience a hundred times, and ſpoyl'd the order of my affairs by his continual falſhoods. For he was ſo exceſſive at it, that ſometimes he affected as much to accuſe himſelf by lying, as to juſtifie himſelf by ſpeaking truth. But to return where I was; is there any thing more inſufferable than an Artiſan, who promiſes you what you have commanded him, and deceives you continually? Is there any thing more odious than the practice of thoſe Great perſons, who with favourable words cauſe a thouſand favours to be hop'd from them, which they have reſolv'd not to grant? Is there any thing more cruel, than to diſcover that a friend whom you love, did not tell you truth, when he told you, he lov'd you above all the reſt of the World?

And lastly, is there any thing more insupportable, than to have a Mistress that swears to love none but you, and nevertheless loves several other persons, or (to speak more properly) loves none? for a divided love is no love. A Lye serves for dissimulation, fraud, perfidiousness, cowardise, and almost all crimes, and 'tis only weakness or imprudence to make use of it. For a man continually incurs the commission of a crime that can never be committed but in publick, and by endangering himself to be convinc'd of it. To lye for nothing, is folly; to Lye for interest, is a great crime, since certainly there is nothing so contrary to the Gods as Lying; the Gods, I say, who are so true in the Oracles which they render. And moreover, do not we see that the search of Truth is the Universal design of all men, and especially of the wise? That which I find yet more pernitious in Lying (said *Merigenes*) is, that it is a poyson which speedily communicates it self, and whose effect is scarce possible to be afterwards stopt. For when any one relates a Lye in company, all that hear it Lye after him with confidence, and cause all others to Lye, to whom they impart such false relation; so that I conceive *Herminius* has reason in condemning Lying as much as he does. As for all great Lyes (answer'd *Amilcar*) I think no man can justifie the practice of them at any time. I condemn the middle sort too (added *Plotina*) but as for those small ones which are in use all over the world, I think 'tis no easie matter to be able to disclaim them. For my part (said *Herminius*. I condemn all sorts; yet perhaps I can pardon some, but if I might prevail, none at all should be permitted. But then (said *Plotina*) 'tis requisite I should be fully instructed in this point, and propound Questions to the Company, which may teach me and correct me for the future. In the first place (said *Herminius*) it behoveth never to make either a great or a little Lye which may prejudice any person whatsoever; for since Justice and Generosity require not men to speak endamaging truths, they are far from permitting injurious Lyes. What you say, seems so equitable and generous (answered *Plotina*) that I will not contradict it: but however will you license those officious Lies which turn to the benefit of our Friends, or serve to conceal their faults? I love my friends very well (reply'd *Herminius*) and I am very joyful at any occasion to serve them; but if I should be unable to do them a courtesie except by Lying, I should be extremely perplex'd. Then you would suffer me to die for want of a Lie? (said *Valeria* smiling) I find I could not (answer'd *Herminius*) but I confess, I should have very much regret to save your life by a way so little honourable; for in brief, every Lye is a crime, and all I can do in favour of officious Lies, is to account them excusable in certain occasions. But when a Lye injuries none (said *Amilcar*) and benefits some person, is it not innocent? A Lye (answer'd *Herminius*) never fails to hurt him that uses it, tho it should injure no other person, and be only his own Lye; since it renders him less vertuous: and all that can be said, is, that to hinder a Friend from falling into a great misfortune, kindness may prevail above truth. But as for what concerns me, I confess, I should scruple to secure my self from a very considerable mischief by a Lye. Sincerely (reply'd *Plotina*) my generosity does not go so high as yours; for if I ly'd in behalf of another, I should also Lye in favour of my self. I am of your mind (said *Amilcar*) Nevertheless, that which *Herminius* says is very noble and generous (answer'd *Merigenes*) for I think it shameful to Lye for ones self in any occasion; and it were better to undergo the mischief that threatens us, than avoid it by such means: so that I conclude, a man may Lye to save his Friend's life or liberty, but never for his own interests. I maintain too (said *Herminius*) that Lying is always a crime, and that even when a man Lies to save his friend's Life, he ought to do it with reluctancy and sorrow, because all Lying is unworthy of a man of honour. Moreover it ought not to be conceiv'd, that there is but one sort of Lyers, since there are a hundred different kinds. 'Tis oftentimes to make a Lye, not to speak a truth that is requisite to be spoken; and dissimulation is so dangerous a concomitant of Lying, that they may be confounded one with another. I confess (said *Plotina*) I could sometimes have justifi'd certain persons, if I would have declar'd what I knew: but I care not to oppose what people speak affirmatively, especially when it concerns only indifferent persons, and who are accus'd of no great crimes. But why will you by your silence (said *Valeria*) charge your self with a Lye which you do not speak? For if you can refute it, you are culpable of it; and I conceive well that *Herminius* has reason, when he saies, there are several kinds of Lyes; for there are Lies in deeds as well as in words, Lying looks, deceiving signs, dissembling smiles, and a Lying silence. *Valeria* has reason (said *Anacreon*) and I think too there are Lying civilities, and Lying courtesies; for sometimes people do services to some persons whom they hate, because they have need of them in some occasion, and to others out of fear and weakness; sometimes also they make shew of being glad to see persons that are extreamly distasteful to them. I assure you (answer'd *Berelisa*) *Clidamira* is the person that of all the world has most of this Lying civility you speak of: for 'tis not three daies ago, since a young slave came to tell her there was a man desir'd to see her; *Clidamira* had no sooner heard his name, but she grew red with anger, because the slave had not told him she was not at home; then she sought all waies possible to cause him not to make his visit long, and gave order that a quarter of an hour after his coming, word should be brought her that she was expected elsewhere. After which, changing her countenance, action, and speech, it may be said she ly'd all the waies that can be in receiving this man. For she saluted him with an obliging smile, she caus'd him to sit down with all imaginable civility, and began to entertain him with so pleasing an air, that I am confident the poor man thought he should pass the whole afternoon with her, and that he did her the greatest pleasure in the world in visiting her. Nevertheless it is certain his presence was extreamly disgustful to her. I confess it (said *Clidamira*) but how can we tell unwelcome persons that they are so? It would be discourteous to tell them so (reply'd *Berelisa*) but yet 'tis not necessary to make such a false countenance to them; 'tis enough to shew them only a kind of cold civility, that is inoffensive on the one side, and on the other is not treacherous, and does not attract people that are not lik'd. But does not all the world use to do so? (said *Clidamira*). For my part (answer'd *Valeria*) I could not. I confess ingenuously (said *Plotina*) sometimes I can Lye in this manner, but not so perfectly as *Clidamira*; for they that understand my glances and smiles, perceive well when they are feigned or sincere. In earnest (said *Amilcar*) you could not deceive me with them. But I would know further

ther (ſaid *Plotina*) whether *Herminius*, who loves truth ſo much, does not make complements, as others do. Nevertheleſs, to ſpeak ſincerely, all complements are Lies. I grant it (anſwer'd *Herminius*) but for that they are known to be ſuch, and no perſon laies any ſolid foundation upon complements, they are Lyes without malignity. People know well enough that no great credit will be given to them, they are return'd as they are receiv'd; and I conform to cuſtome without ſcruple, yet with ſuch moderation, that I make as few as I can. But as for pleaſant Lies (reply'd *Anacreon*) you do as little condemn them; and ſhould I go about to make a delightful relation, you would allow me to add ſomething to the Hiſtory; for truth has for the moſt part ſomewhat too ſerious in it, which does not delight ſo much as fiction. As for this ſort (ſaid *Herminius*) I think they may be permitted; for ſince ſtories are no more believ'd than complements, I leave your fancy liberty to invent what pleaſes it; and moreover, it belongs properly to you to enjoy the privilege of lying innocently. Indeed to ſpeak ſtrictly, there are no lyes innocent but thoſe that are related for lyes, as all the ingenious Fables of the Poets; yet they ought to have the appearance and ſhew of truth; ſo true it is, that a lye is foul and unhandſome of it ſelf. Yet there is a ſort of lying (reply'd *Amilcar*) which is an inſeparable companion of vanity; and I ſhould be ſorry if there were none of it in the world: for the lyers that uſe it, ſometimes give me ſufficient divertiſement. What lyers do you ſpeak of? (ſaid *Poltina*). Of thoſe (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) who commend themſelves, every one according to their fancy: for ſome people are guilty of the weakneſs to deſire the world would believe them to have a greater reputation than they have, and tell a thouſand lies to make it believ'd. There are Hectors who make long relations of dangerous enterpriſes, in which they never were; theſe are falſe Gallants, who pretend to good fortune, and ſpend the nights in deviſing amorous adventures, and the whole days in relating of them, as if they had hapned to themſelves. I know ſome ſuch, as well as you (repli'd *Plotina*) and I know others as very fools too: for I know a man that had the impudence to tell me he was deſcended in a direct line from *Danae*, and yet 'tis known he is of a very mean birth. However, he has made a long Pedegree, with which he tires ſuch as give him the hearing. As for falſe pretenders to Heraldry (ſaid *Anacreon*) they diſtaſte me as well as thoſe that would ſeem wealthy, and think to keep themſelves from being poor by lying. I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Æmilius*) I know ſome people very rich, that lye as ridiculouſly as theſe, who have a fancy to make it believ'd, that all that belongs to them is dearer than it is really, and deviſe a hundred extravagant lyes to publiſh their falſe magnificence. There are ſome likewiſe (ſaid *Merigenes*) who have the boldneſs to ſay they have given things which it would not be often in their power to beſtow. I know other lyers alſo (added *Anacreon*) that are ſufficiently extravagant, namely, ſuch as when they have been puzled by ſome perſon in diſcourſe, without knowing what to ſay, make the handſomeſt anſwers in the world at home, and which is more notorious, relate the ſame afterwards as if they made them upon the place. Moreover there are ſome (added *Clidamira*) ſo vain as to report that perſons of quality write to them, and go to ſee them, tho they never ſo much as thought of them. The ſum of all is (ſaid *Herminius*) that there are many fools and lyars in the world, and that I have reaſon to hate Lying extreamly. They that lye to prejudice others (added *Anacreon*) are worſe than they that lye to commend themſelves; but I look upon it as ſo ridiculous to tell lies out of vanity, that I find my inclination would ſooner lead me to utter ſome lye a little malitious, than to commend my ſelf, like thoſe above mention'd. Yet ſome of thoſe that lye in their own commendation (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) cauſe me to pity them, becauſe they do it according to their judgments, and having a better conceit of themſelves than there is reaſon for, lye innocently; but the worſt for them is, that tho 'tis commonly ſaid, The way to deceive others, is to deceive ones ſelf, yet they do not perſwade any to be of their opinion. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina*) tell me further what you think of thoſe that write carefling and lying Letters both together, I think the ſame of them (anſwer'd *Herminius*) as of thoſe who ſpeak lying civilities. In earneſt (repli'd ſhe after a little muſing) if truth were well eſtabliſh'd in the world, people would ſpeak almoſt nothing of what they uſe to ſpeak. This intimates (ſaid *Amilcar*) that we ought not to truſt too much in your words. For the future (anſwer'd ſhe) I promiſe you to be the trueſt perſon in the world; for to ſpeak freely, all that *Herminius* has ſaid in behalf of truth, and againſt lying, hath ſo affected me, that I will never lye more at all. And to ſhew you that I have profited well by what he has ſaid, I conclude alſo with him, that every Lye is a crime, that if it were poſſible, lying ought in no caſe to be practis'd, that 'twere good never to employ a Lye to do a benefit, that it is leſs criminal to lye for ſaving the life of ones Friend, than ones own; that lying good-turns argue weakneſs, that diſſimulation is a baſeneſs, that lying civilities are blameable, that to lye for ones own commendation is ridiculous, and that complements are lyes ſo known, that they do no miſchief to any; that there is an implicite lying in ſilence, which ought to be avoided; that the cuſtome and habit of the leaſt lies is a great fault, and that the Poets are the onely Lyars that deſerve to be commended. You have undoubtedly benefited by the diſcourſe (ſaid *Valeria*) but methinks it might be further askt, whether a Lye be not more criminal in writings than in words? Do not doubt it, Madam, (ſaid *Herminius*) and I wonder all the company has left this to be obſerv'd by *Valeria*. In brief (added *Anacreon*) I conceive that of all the manners in which lying can appear, there is none more criminal and unworthy than that of certain mean wits, all whoſe faculties and genius conſiſting in their own malignant humour, they employ themſelves onely to heap falſities together, to the end to compoſe Satyrs of them. 'Tis poſſible no doubt, to make innocent Satyrs (ſaid *Herminius*) but they ought to be againſt vices in general; and ſuch as theſe do not make uſe of lying, but altogether of truth, But as for ſuch as are made againſt particular perſons, lying and calumny are inſeparable from them, they are alwaies the iſſues of hatred or envy; and the compoſers being never able to keep themſelves from Lying, are the moſt criminal of all others that practiſe it, For they endeavour to fix a Lye (if I may ſo ſpeak) to render it immortal if they could, to impoſe upon poſterity, and to accuſe people even when they ſhall be no longer in a condition to defend themſelves. But whereas the Gods

are juſt, thoſe whoſe hearts are ſo ill temper'd as to affect making Satyrs, are alwayes hated and deſpis'd. even by them that laugh moſt at their calumniating lyes. They are like Tygers and Panthers amongſt men; people deſire to ſee them out of curioſitie, but not to have them at their own houſes. They are fear'd even when they ſport themſelves, and no truſt can ever be put in them. And to ſpeak freely, there is reaſon not to deſire friends which are declared Enemies of Juſtice Humanity, Vertue, and Truth. I ſee well (ſaid *Valeria*) that all the companie approves what *Herminius* has ſaid; but I know not whether a Lye may be excuſable in War and in Love, and whether equivocal and ambiguous anſwers which ſeem to be in the middle between truth and falſhood, may be permitted. As for equivocal anſwers (ſaid *Herminius*) as they are the products of ſubtility and deceit, I have great inclination to condemn them abſolutely, ſaving in certain occaſions wherein out of goodneſs we deſire to avoyd ſpeaking truths that are diſadvantageous to any. Moreover, I ſhould not love to find my ſelf conſtrain'd to uſe them, and to ſpeak ſincerely; it behoves alwayes to anſwer according to the intention or meaning of the perſon ſpoken to, and not to endeavour to deceive him. As for lyes which are made in war (ſaid *Anacreon*) I do not account them criminal, becauſe aſſoon as War is proclaim'd, each party diſtruſts the other. I confeſs it (ſaid *Herminius*) but yet I am aſſur'd no Heroe would take upon him the office of a Spy, or get a Victory to his party, only by a lying ſpeech, without being otherwiſe inſtrumental to it. Wherefore without going about to examine whether in general a Lye be lawful in War, I confidently affirm, that I would never take a Commiſſion to lye, and I ſhould alwayes chuſe rather to fight the Enemies, than to deceive them. But as for Lovers (ſaid *Amilcar*) if you abſolutely deprive them of the priviledge of lying, you take away all their ſtrength. For true Lovers (anſwer'd *Herminius*) I think that at utmoſt I ſhould but permit them to lye in Verſe, provided they always ſpeak truth in proſe. But the caſe is not the ſame in reference to light impertinent Lovers, for I licenſe them to ſpeak all they pleaſe; for ſince they are in no great danger of being beleiv'd unleſs by Goſſips that deſerve to be gull'd, 'tis not needful to deny them their feigned ſighs, and deceitful tears, flattering lyes, diſſembled deſpairs, and a thouſand other counterfeit toyes. Should you have been all your life as very a flatterer as I (reply'd *Amilcar*) you would not better underſtand the practices of extragavant Lovers. If he has not been ſuch (ſaid *Valeria* ſmiling) he may be; and I know not if he follow'd his inclination, whether he would not be ſo a little. I deteſt lying ſo much (anſwer'd *Herminius*) that methinks I ought not to be ſuſpected to be lyable to become a fond Lover, eſpecially by the amiable *Valeria*, who is the fitteſt perſon in the world to cure thoſe that honour her particularly, of ſuch malady. *Herminius* had ſcarce ended theſe words, but one came to advertiſe him, that *Publicola* deſir'd his preſence; wherefore he departing at the ſame inſtant, the diſcourſe was alter'd for a ſmall time, and ſoon after the Company ſeparated. Yet *Plotina* made an obſervation which caus'd her to judge it harder to ſpeak truth alwayes, than it ſeem'd; for all the civilities made by theſe ſeveral perſons, were for the greateſt part more flattering than ſincere. *Herminius* was no ſooner arriv'd at *Publicola*'s houſe, but he underſtood it was requiſite to haſten that deſign of attaquing the two Forts of the Enemies, becauſe it was known they were making new entrenchments, which would render the taking of them impoſſible, if it were longer deferr'd. An hour after, a Council of War having been ſecretly held, at which the ſecond Conſul *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Artemidorus*, *Themiſtus*, *Mutius*, *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, and ſome others were preſent. It was reſolv'd not to attempt the taking both the Forts at the ſame time, becauſe the *Roman* Troops would be too weak, if they were divided; and therefore that only a falſe aſſault ſhould be made upon the Fort that was hardeſt to win, and in the mean time all the Troops ſhould march directly to the other Fort. To this end Gabions, ſheds of boards, faggots, platforms, rams, and other engines neceſſary in like occaſions were provided; and for that the *Romans* would not be commanded but by a *Roman*, *Horatius* had the general command, and under him *Artemidorus*, *Themiſtus*, *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Mutius*, and *Spurius*, had the chief Offices. *Merigenes*, *Amilcar*, *Meleagenes*, *Acriſius*, *Damon*, *Sicinius*, and all the other gallants mingled themſelves amongſt the Bands, or ranked themſelves neer *Horatius*. As for the Conſuls, they ſtay'd in *Rome* for the ſecurity of the City, and to ſend relief to *Horatius* in caſe he needed it, or to ſuccour and receive him in caſe he were repell'd. But as a ſecret is the moſt difficult thing in the world to keep, when an enterpriſe of this nature is in agitation, *Porſenna* and *Tarquin* underſtanding the ſecret preparations that were making at *Rome*, did not doubt but they were intended for the ſtorming of one of the two Forts; wherefore their Army being very numerous, they provided likewiſe to ſuſtain both aſſaults. *Aronces* commanded on one ſide, and *Titus* on the other; the Prince of *Meſſene*, tho a little inconvenienc'd with the ſlight wound he receiv'd at the attaque of the Bridge, did not fail to accompany *Aronces*. The brave *Lucilius*, brother of the generous *Melintha*, was alſo on that ſide, and ſo were *Mamilius Tarquin's* ſon in-law, *Telanus*, *Theanr*, and ſeveral others; *Sextus* not daring to take any command, out of policy, for fear of incenſing the *Romans* too much, and making them more valiant by their hatred of him, continued neer *Tarquin*, who commanded the Body of the Reſerve, that he might ſuccour thoſe that ſhould need it. But at length the day appointed for this grand action being come, the one ſide prepar'd to make a ſtout aſſault, and the other to ſuſtain the force of the Aſſailants. Then it was that *Clelia* had an extreme great agitation of mind, for ſhe doubted not but that this would be a very dangerous encounter, and that *Aronces* would expoſe himſelf to the greateſt hazards of the day. And indeed this valiant Prince to comfort himſelf for not having fought in the moſt dangerous place when the Bridge was attaqu'd, reſolv'd to ſignalize his courage this day, eſpecially having underſtood that *Horatius* had the command of the *Roman* Troops for the execution of this enterpriſe. Not but that when he conſider'd that he ſerv'd *Tarquin* who was a Tyrant, who had uſed *Clelia* unworthily, and was ſtill amorous of her, and moreover when he reflected that he fought for *Sextus* who was the cauſe of *Lucretia*'s death, and afterwards of that of the Illuſtrious *Brutus*; he reſented an exceſſive grief, and judg'd it an intolerable cruelty to hinder proviſion from entering into a City were his Miſtereſs was incloſ'd. It was alſo very hard for him to ſee himſelf with his ſword

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in his hand againſt his deareſt friends: but however, honour and nature tying him to the ſide of the King his father, and his hatred of *Horatius* animating him to a new deſire of glory, he diſpos'd himſelf to fight with a certain kind of boldneſs, which raiſing fierceneſs in his eyes, made him ſeem to have a more high aſpect when he was at the head of the Troops. The opinion of *Tarquin* was only to ſuſtain the charge of the *Romans* in the Fort, but that of *Aronces* was to march out and meet them, and preſent them with battle. And this advice being follow'd, he went to take a ſtand between *Rome* and the Fort that was to be attaqu'd, and ſo marſhall'd the Troops he had with him, that one would have ſaid all *Porſenna*'s Army was in the place. When the *Romane* Forces which march'd in order, appear'd, the two Armies were ſoon in a poſture to joyn battle. *Horatius* beholding *Aronces* in the head of his Forces, was extreme joyful that he had an opportunity to draw his ſword againſt him without ingratitude; and *Aronces* knowing him, felt all the motions in his breaſt, that hatred, love, and glory are able to inſpire. the *Romans* being the Aſſailants, *Horatius* march'd up firſt to the Enemies, after having encourag'd them which were to follow him, both by his voice and action. Almoſt at the ſame time, *Aronces*, follow'd by all his party, advanc'd, and ſo bore up againſt the ſhock of the Enemies, that in ſtead of being broken by them, he broke their Forces. This is the day (cry'd *Aronces* ſpeaking to *Horatius*) that muſt end all our differences. At theſe words the valiant Prince redoubling his ordinary valour, charg'd his Rival with ſuch violence, that he gave him no time to deliberate what to doe, becauſe he was conſtrain'd to defend himſelf. Yet he did not forget himſelf in this conflict, but as he warded off *Aronces* firſt blows, ſince my deliverer (ſaid he) will take away my life, which he has ſav'd more than once, I muſt ſhew him at leaſt, that I know well how to defend it. Hereupon enſued a furious combate between theſe two valorous Rivals, and *Horatius* found himſelf in more danger by having to bear up againſt the ſingle valour of *Aronces*, than he had been when he alone ſuſtain'd the whole power of the Enemies in defending the *Sublician*-Bridge. At length, *Aronces* having ſlightly wounded him in two places, wreſted his ſword away, took him priſoner, and deliver'd him to be guarded by ſome of his Souldiers, whilſt himſelf purſu'd his advantage. But when the *Romans* perceiv'd the taking of *Horatius*, they made ſo great a charge to diſingage him, that they recover'd him indeed, whil'ſt *Aronces* was fighting againſt many together, who having rallied, encompaſs'd him about. At another place the Prince of *Meſſene* who commanded the Cavalry, perceiving *Themiſtus* his Rival and fierceſt Enemy in the front of him, preparing himſelf to receive him, he ruſh'd forward with his Horſe at the ſame time that *Themiſtus* gave ſpeed to his; ſo that meeting with equal impetuoſity, the Prince was dangerouſly wounded in the breaſt, and *Themiſtus*'s right arm was run through. The former reeling with the blow he had receiv'd, was reliev'd by his Souldiers, who carried him off to a place of ſecurity: and *Themiſtus* being unable to bear his ſword with his wounded arm, put it into his left hand, and drawing back to the ſecond rank, did not ceaſe to give Orders till the end of the fight. In the mean time *Aronces* ſeeing the Victory was too long diſputed with him, caus'd *Titus* to advance, who fighting with ſeveral Intereſts that augmented his courage, ſeconded *Aronces* ſo well, that in ſpight of the *Romans* valour, they began to give ground on that ſide. *Artemidorus* ſeeing this diſorder, and obſerving *Titus* in the head of the *Romans*, which were of *Tarquin*'s party, made directly at him with his ſword; but that of *Titus* breaking as he warded off the blow, he retir'd into the midſt of his followers. But *Artemidorus* being unhappily carried forward by his valour in repelling the Enemies, receiv'd an Arrow into his flank, which was ſhot by a common Soldier, hid behind a buſh; whereupon falling down, the Enemies had taken him priſoner, if *Mutius* follow'd by the courageous *Merigenes* had not arriv'd there at the inſtant to reſcue him. Then it was that the valiant *Aronces* ſtood in need of all his courage and prudence; for he ſaw that notwithſtanding all his endeavors, the *Romans* on a ſudden taking heart again, had put their Troops in order; that *Octavius*, *Mutius*, and *Herminius* were advancing, and that his own Soldiers were ready to turn their backs to the Enemies. The Prince therefore taking up a daring and generous reſolution, commanded his guards which follow'd him to kill all ſuch of his party as offer'd to ſtir a foot, or refus'd to follow him. Whereupon joyning a great example of valour to this command, the fight was renew'd with more heat than before. *Horatius* on his part having reſum'd his place, notwithſtanding his wounds, perform'd his utmoſt either to overcome or die. So that in an inſtant all the forces being mix'd together, the perſons of Quality all came to handy-blows, and ſignaliz'd themſelves. *Mutius* perform'd admirable things, *Octavius* did no leſs. *Lucilius* on *Aronces*'s party ſignaliz'd himſelf highly; *Æmilius* fought like a brave and unhappy Lover, that hop'd for nothing, and fear'd not death; and in a word, all acquitted themſelves courageouſly on both ſides. But *Aronces* having too few foot, and for that to goe towards a Batalion which flanked him there was a little Curtain to be paſs'd over, where his Cavalry would be unprofitable, and beſides, that his Infantry was extremely tir'd, he turn'd towards a party of his Horſe-men, and propounded to them to forſake their Horſes and follow him, they obey'd him, and furiouſly charg'd thoſe they were to encounter. Then *Aronces*'s Foot reſuming courage, and ſeeing thoſe of Quality become equal with them in the danger they were to overcome, perform'd incredible things. In concluſion, in ſpight of all the valour of *Horatius* and the brave perſons that accompani'd him, *Aronces* defeated them, and forc'd them to betake themſelves to a retreat. Whereupon the Cavalry which were become Foot, in a moment, reſuming their Horſes, purſu'd the *Romans* very neer to the City. Yet this retreat was made ſomewhat orderly; nevertheleſs it caus'd terrour and confuſion in *Rome*; and had not the Conſuls acted with prudence and authority, the affrighted people had ſhut up the gates againſt the *Roman* Troops, for fear leaſt the Conquerors ſhould have enter'd together with the Conquered. The great number of the wounded which were brought back all bloody, further augmented the fear amongſt the people: and if the love of Liberty had not been ſtrongly impreſs'd in their hearts, they had certainly enclin'd to a ſurrender. Nevertheleſs, in the midſt of the great tumult, no *Roman* was heard to propoſe the receiving of *Tarquin* in order to peace. On the contrary, their firſt fear turning into fury nothing was heard but imprecations againſt him, and the fierce *Tullia*; and the moſt deſpairing amongſt them

them said aloud, that they ought rather to set fire on the City speedily, than deliver up themselves; that it was better to perish quickly and generously by the flames, than slowly and shamefuly by famine. At length the disorder became so great, that the like was never seen. There was a universal consternation in the streets and publick places. *Artemidorus* being brought in as the other wounded were, occasion'd more rumors still, because he was a person of very high Quality, and extraordinary valour. The wound he had received was so dangerous, that the Chirurgions would not promise for his life. Whereupon all his friends were extreamely troubled, and *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* taking no care but for the preservation of this Prince, employ'd themselves in performing all services he needed in this condition. As for *Themistus* and *Horatius*, their wounds were so little dangerous, that they were not necessitated to keep the chamber. *Clelia* had very different sentiments in so great a disorder; for she lov'd her Country, she pity'd all its calamities, and hated *Tarquin*: but for that she affected not *Horatius*, and lov'd *Aronces*, it was something troublesome to her not to rejoyce that the latter had overcome the other. But judging this secret joy criminal, she soon chang'd it into a lawful sorrow. Just Gods! (said she to her self, sighing) wherefore doe you permit me the use of hatred and affection; since my fortune is dispos'd in such sort, that I can neither love nor hate without a crime, nor grieve nor rejoyce innocently? If I hate *Horatius*, I am unworthy to be a *Roman*, since he is a *Roman* that has sav'd *Rome*, that dayly hazards his life to defend it, and comes from shedding his own blood for the safety of my Country. On the other side, if I love *Aronces*, I love a Prince that besieges *Rome*, whose valour is employ'd to subject it to the Tyrant, or reduce it to distruction. But again, if I love *Horatius*, I am perfidious, unfaithful, unworthy to live: and if I hate *Aronces*, I am perjur'd, and the most ungrateful person in the world. What then shall I do, unfortunate as I am? (proceeded she) I will submit my self to the will of the Gods (added this admirable Lady) and without arguing so much upon events, or desiring to foresee what is to come, I will have respect towards my Father, pity for my Country, esteem for *Horatius*, affection and fidelity to *Aronces*, and inocence in all my actions. In the mean time the Consuls and the Senate were in a very great perplexity; for what course soever they could take, all things necessary for the subsistence of the people became so dear, that this farther increas'd the repinings of the multitude. The Enemies who were advertis'd of this disorder, taking advantage of it, streightned the City more than before, so that nothing at all enter'd into it. They dar'd not so much as drive the little remainder of Cattle in *Rome*, out of the walls of the City to feed; and all the Inhabitants were in extreme desperation. All sorts of divertisements were laid aside, even Lovers scarce spoke any longer love to their Mistresses; conversation was alike every where; and *Amilcar* and *Anacreon* who could not live without joy, profess'd they were more likely to dy of discontent than famine, if the state of things did not suddenly change. Nothing was seen every day but Funerals, either of those that had been wounded in the late fight, or whom the necessity of Fate cut off. There was a mortal paleness in most faces, and the fear of famine anticipating sad effects, caus'd the people to believe they suffer'd the misery already which they did but apprehend. Things being in this condition, that which more exasperated the peoples minds was, that they understood the fierce and cruel *Tullia* was arriv'd in the Camp of *Porsenna*, and demanded to live at a Castle, near that wherein *Galerita* was, till the end of the siege. But *Mutius* who had long sought to signalize himself by some eminent service to his Country, and to compel *Valeria* to esteem him above his Rivals, went to wait upon her one morning; and saluting her with a countenance that discover'd he had some grand design in his mind, Suffer me, Madam, (said he to her) to take leave of you alone, and to reveal a secret to you of highest importance. I have long agoe known that the passion I have for you is displeasing to you, and that of four Lovers which adore you, at present *Herminius* is the only affected, *Æmilius* the pity, *Spurius* the hate, and you are insensible towards me. Nevertheless, Madam, in spight of my unhappiness, I have taken a fancie to have a share in your compassion, since I can have none in your affection. Prepare your self therefore, Madam, to bestow a few tears upon me, when you shall understand my death: for I assure you, you have more interest than my Country in the Design which I have laid to deliver it. I cannot speak more clearly to you, time will inform you further, and let you know that bidding you adieu this day, I believe 'tis the last time I ever shall do so: but least your answer should weaken my resolution (added he) I chuse rather humbly to take leave without expecting it. And accordingly without giving her time to answer a word, he went forthwith to the Senate, having first intimated to the Consuls he had something of importance to acquaint them with. When he came before the Assembly, beginning to speak with a heroical stoutness and a firm voice, My Lords (said he) I come to desire two favours of you: the first, that you would permit me to goe out of the City disguised in a *Tuscan* habit; the other, that you would not require me to declare what way I intend to attempt the deliverance of *Rome*. Secrecie is so absolutely necessary to the execution of my design, that I ought not to impart it to a great Assembly; and withal I have so high an esteem of your vertue in general, that I conceive I should doe you injury, if I offer'd to select any particular person of the company with whom to intrust it. Let it suffice that I assure you it is great, and may prove happy; and moreover, that if I dye, I shall account my life very gloriously bestow'd, since I shall loose it in recovering Liberty to my Country. *Mutius* having done speaking, the Senate deliberated upon what he had said; and tho there was little probability to think a single man could effect the raising of the Siege, nevertheless matters were in so bad a condition, that knowing him for a person of illustrious extraction, high courage, very zealous for Liberty, of a resolute minde, and much affected with a powerful desire of glory, they granted him what he requested. Upon which without loss of time, that very evening he disguis'd himself like a plain *Tuscan* Soldier, and taking advantage of the darkest time of the night to pass out of the City into the Enemies Camp, went forth of *Rome* with a Ponyard hidden in his cloaths, none besides himself knowing the great design, which affection to his Country, and love of the vertuous daughter of *Publicola* had together excited him to. *Mutius*'s Nurse having been a *Tuscan*-woman, he spoke *Tuscan* well enough not to fear being discover'd by his language. So he pass'd

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over the *Tyber* at midnight, and was so fortunate as to arrive at *Porsenna*'s Quarter without being stopt. When he was there, he thrust himself into the company of a great number of Souldiers, whom he beheld gather'd together before a Tribunal rais'd only two steps high, upon which stood a man of good aspect, giving orders necessary for the pay of the Souldiers, and who seem'd to have all the marks of Royaltie; for he had a robe of purple on, and guards about him. *Mutius* approacht as neer him as he desir'd; for appearing to have no arms, and being clad in a *Tuscan* garb, no body had any distrust of him. So he approacht the Tribunal, and apprehending the person upon it was *Porsenna*, not daring to inquire for fear of being discover'd, and doubting he should not find another opportunity so favorable to his purpose, on a sudden considering this man as the Enemy of *Rome*, the Protector of *Tarquin*, and finally as a Prince whose death was necessary for the deliverance of his Country, in a moment he divides the press, draws his Ponyard, falls upon him, and sheaths it in his heart, with such speed, that it was not seen till he had drawn it all bloody out of the body of him whom he took for *Porsenna*. This desperate act so surpris'd all that beheld it, that he that committed it might perhaps have sav'd himself in spight of those that encompass'd him, if *Porsenna* coming at that time forth of his Tent, which was hard by, and understanding the matter, had not commanded his guards to bring the man before him either alive or dead. And accordingly, *Mutius*, tho he easily enough escap'd with his Ponyard in his hand out of the throng of the terrifi'd Soldiers who beheld his fact, was constrain'd to yeild himself to be conducted before *Porsenna* by the guards he had sent to take him. This Prince was at that time before his Tent, where he beheld the preparations of a Sacrifice which he caus'd to be offer'd to the Gods every morning, and had standing about him *Aronces*, *Telanus*, *Lucilius*, *Theanor*, and diverse other persons of Quality. *Mutius*'s Ponyard wherewith he had committed that bold act being wrested from him, he appear'd without arms before *Porsenna*, but with a countenance full of fierceness, that spoke his regret for having fail'd in his enterprise, but no fear of the death which he could not but believe was prepar'd for him. Assoon as he was come before the King, the enraged Prince frowning upon him, Who are you? (said he to him) whence come you? tell me, who sent you? who put you upon this? who are your Complices? and whether your aim was only against him you have slain, or you intended to take away my life too? I am a *Roman* Citizen (answer'd he fiercely) my extraction is noble, I am call'd *Mutius*, and the action I have newly done may prove to you that I want not courage. Considering you as the most dangerous Enemy of *Rome*, I resolv'd to take away your life; but to the end you may not think your self safe, when you have put me to death, know, I am not the only person that has layd this design, but there are three hundred of us that have sworn your destruction, of whom I am the most inconsiderable in greatness of courage. The lot is fallen upon me first, but I hope some of the rest will be more fortunate than I have been, and that by your death all the *Romans* shall be reveng'd for the wrong you commit in protecting an infamous Tyrant. But wherefore (repli'd *Porsenna*) have not the three hundred Conspirators you speak of, rather desig'nd to assassinate *Tarquin* than me? Because (answer'd *Mutius*) if the Tyrant were dead, your party would rather become stronger than weaker thereby; but if you were remov'd out of the world, *Tarquin*'s party would be destroy'd. *Porsenna* being then more incens'd against *Mutius*, and desiring to know the names of those, he said, had conjur'd against his life, commanded his guards to compel him by force to discover what he desir'd to understand. But *Mutius*, to hinder them from executing his order, stept suddenly towards the fire that was prepar'd for the Sacrifice, and putting his hand into the midst of the flames, See (said he to him without changing his countenance) by the stedfastness I have to endure the rigour of the fire, how little they fear that ardently love glory, and judge by what I doe, whether I am likely to tell by force of torments what you desire to know of me. *Mutius* spoke this with so undaunted and bold an aspect, and beheld his hand burn with so calm a countenance, that *Porsenna* and all about him were so astonish'd with this action, that they expresst their amazement in shouts which they were unable to contain. *Porsenna* himself advanc'd towards *Mutius*, and commanded his guards to withdraw his hand out of the fire. That which you doe against your self (said the King to him then, beholding him with admiration) is far greater than what you design'd to doe against me; and if I had a Subject that had done as much for my service, there is no reward so high, but the greatness of his courage ought to expect it from me. Yet it were more noble, my Lord, (answer'd *Aronces*) to esteem greatness of courage in the person of an enemy than of a Subject. I grant it (reply'd *Porsenna*) and to evidence to you that I am of that mind, I give *Mutius* his life. I thank you for it in his name, my Lord (answer'd *Aronces* generously) for he seems to me so fierce as not to care for having a good render'd to him which he was willing to loose; and I thank you in my own, for having given me so great an example to follow. 'Tis true, my Lord (said *Mutius*) life is very indifferent to me: but for that 'tis an obligation, that the King is pleas'd to give me a thing which he believes ought to be acceptable to me, I will testifie my gratitude to him, by telling him once again, that his life cannot be in safety unless he give peace to *Rome*, and desert the interest of *Tarquin*, who is too unjust to prosper long. For, in brief, I am the least courageous of the three hundred that have sworn his destruction. Ah! *Mutius* (cry'd *Porsenna*) if I am so hated by three hundred such brave men as you are, that they resolve to destroy my life, an Army of a hundred thousand men could not preserve it; and to testifie to you how highly I esteem your courage, I will adde liberty to the life which I have already granted you. Since that is a thousand times dearer to me than life (answer'd he) I thank you for it, my Lord: but I cannot dissemble my sentiments; know, that as great a benefit as it is, I cannot accept it, if it be on condition to cease being your Enemy, in case you continue to be one to *Rome*. For inasmuch as I can never cease to be a *Romane*, so I can never dispense with hating those that would subdue my Country. Therefore doe not grant me liberty, if you intend thereby to ingage me in your interests. For, 'tis certain (added he fiercely) I can never be absolv'd from the Oath I have made with those three hundred *Romans*, who have sworn your ruine. *Porsenna* being still more astonish'd at the boldness of *Mutius*, commanded he should be led into a Tent, that his hand should be dress't, that he should

be treated very well, and secur'd till further Order. After which *Tarquin* being arriv'd, express'd to *Porsenna* very much animosity against *Mutius*, and ask'd him what punishments he determin'd to inflict upon him. You ought rather to ask (answer'd *Porsenna*) what way I can secure my self from those three hundred resolute persons, who for your interests have conspir'd against my life onely. That which I speak, my Lord (reply'd *Tarquin*) agrees with what you say: for is there any other means to avoid the effect of that Conspiracie, but by striking a terror into the Complices by the dreadful punishments you shall cause *Mutius* to endure? But what can a man be made to suffer (said *Porsenna*) that comes in a manner to seek a certain death, that comes with a Ponyard onely, into the midst of an Army to kill me; that endures the fire without changing countenance, and will not accept either of life or liberty on condition to cease being my Enemy? Voluntary punishments (answer'd *Tarquin*) are no punishments at all: but if you force *Mutius* to suffer, you will see him change his language; especially if the torments you put him to, be long and often repeated. For when all is done (added the cruel Tyrant) fear is the surest guard of Kings in such cases. For my part (said *Aronces*, who could not endure *Porsenna* should hear the Tyrant's Counsels) I conceive that in stead of seeking which way the King may be secur'd from so many generous Enemies, it would be the best and surest course to seek the means to have no occasion to be secur'd from them. But how can that be? (said *Tarquin* roughly.) The matter would be very easie (answer'd *Aronces* generously) if the King would but make Friends of his Enemies. That Counsel (reply'd the Tyrant fiercely) must be extended further, and it should have been added also, that 'tis requisite for the King of *Hetruria* to make Enemies of his Friends. The Counsel of *Aronces* (said *Porsenna*, not permitting *Tarquin* to continue his discourse) is worthy of himself and of me; and when my friends betake themselves to consider only their own interests without considering mine, it will concern me a little if they become my Enemies; I shall then be more strong by having fastned generous Enemies to my Interests, than by losing self-ended Friends, who care only for their own. *Aronces*, *Lucilius*, *Telanus*, *Theanor*, and all the other Commanders that were present, having by a confus'd noise, testifi'd their approbation of what *Porsenna* spoke; *Tarquin* became extremely amaz'd and perplex'd: yet being a Prince whom Policie had taught to conform himself readily according to the most unexpected events, he made no long hesitation, but addressing to the King, My Lord (said he) to testifie to you that I have regarded only the preservation of your life, I without passion receive what you spoke last, and also advise you to clemencie, tho according to my judgement, that vertue ought to be practis'd but seldome, when a Prince intends to make himself fear'd and respected. Pardon *Mutius* therefore since you have such a desire, but doe not loose the opportunity of taking *Rome*, which it cannot avoid, if you will wait but a small time longer. It will not cost you the life of one of your Soldiers; famine is ready to destroy three hundred thousand men, and force them to yeild without conditions, or make a great bonfire of their City, to avoid falling into your power. Every one has his Maxims and his reasons (answered *Porsenna*) and the business is important enough to be consider'd of at leasure. In the mean time (added the Prince) 'tis best to cause the Sacrifice which is prepar'd to be offer'd to the Gods in thankfulness to them for my deliverance from the danger intended to me, and to ask Counsel of them, which they alone can give me. *Tarquin* durst not contradict *Porsenna*; but in stead of being present at the Sacrifice, he withdrew, and went to consult with the cruel *Tullia* what was fitting to be done. Assoon as he was gone, *Aronces* causing all his Friends to be assistant, continued the King his Father in the generous sentiments he had possess'd him with: but for that this Prince was scrupulous to make an absolute resolution, he required two dayes to consider. In the mean time, by reason of those three hundred *Romans Mutius* spoke of, the Kings guard's were doubled, none were suffer'd to come neer his person without first knowing what they were; all that approacht him were searcht, for fear they might have Ponyards hidden about them, as *Mutius* had, and so great care was taken for the guarding of this Prince, that he judg'd this inquietude worse than death. In the evening he went to the Castle where *Galerita* and the Princess of the *Leontines* were, who understanding what had hapn'd, and desiring to incline him to peace, commended him much for having given *Mutius* his life, and caus'd him to be advis'd by his principal Ministers, to send to offer peace to *Rome*. At first he refus'd it, alledging, that having undertaken the Protection of *Tarquin*, honour would not suffer him to desert him; adding also, that it might be thought the fear of being assassinated had induc'd him to take this resolution, tho it was principally because the action of *Mutius* recalling into his memory all the great exploits that had been done since the War, by *Brutus*, *Publicola*, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, and all the other *Romans*, he began to know that *Rome* was protected by the Gods, and *Tarquin* abandon'd by them. Wherefore having some kind of remorse for having protected a Prince so unjust, against People of so eminent vertue, he would willingly have granted peace to *Rome*, if he had thought it consistent with his honour. His mind being thus dispos'd, he understood that *Mutius*'s act render'd the valour of the *Romans* so formidable to his Soldiers, that forgetting the last advantage they obtein'd, a pannick fear seiz'd upon their minds in such sort, that at the least noise their Sentinels heard, they imagin'd they beheld the three hundred companions of *Mutius* coming to fall upon them. *Porsenna* understood at the same time, that *Tarquin* had drawn all his own Soldiers to his Quarter, which was on the other side the River; that he had had consultations with the fierce *Tullia*, that he had sent privily to the Cities of *Cere*, *Cume*, and *Tarquinia*, and lastly, that *Tullia* was coming towards his Castle. Wherefore the proceeding of *Tarquin* incensing him further, he was easily brought to have such sentiments as *Aronces* desir'd he should. But for that *Galerita* fear'd the subtlety of *Tullia*, she took upon her self to receive her, whilst the King going another way return'd to the Camp. When that cruel Queen arriv'd, she was receiv'd by *Galerita* with the civility due to her condition. She seem'd surpris'd not finding the King there, with whom she desir'd to speak: but having a bold spirit, not easie to be daunted, she discours'd with *Galerita* as a person ingag'd in her interests would have done. She conjur'd her to hinder *Porsenna* from deserting the Siege of *Rome*; for in fine (said she to her) should *Porsenna* desire to keep his Conquest, I should con-

conſent to it, and ingage my ſelf to cauſe *Tarquin* to conſent alſo: there being nothing which I would not rather chuſe, than to ſee *Rome* in liberty. But whereas it may be (added ſhe) that the King of *Hetruria* deſires not to uſurp the State of a Prince, whoſe Protection he hath undertaken; when *Rome* ſhall be taken, I offer to take my Daughter from *Mamilius*, and to give her to *Aronces*, and afterwards to bring it about, that *Sextus* ſhall be contented to Reign in *Tarquinia*. For my part, Madam, (anſwer'd *Galerita*) I have nothing to ſay to the propoſals you make to me, but only that 'tis eaſie for you to judge that the *Romans* will never ſuffer *Tarquin* to be King of *Rome*, that 'tis abſolutely impoſſible to eſtabliſh him, by reaſon of the horrible hatred they bear againſt him; and conſequently *Porſenna* being unable to make war advantageouſly for *Tarquin*, may make peace honourably for him. Nevertheleſs, I know (added this wiſe Princeſs) the King will make what inſtance he can in favour of your intereſts: but however I am of opinion, it is not to cauſe the deſtruction of a great City and of a great Army, for a thing that is well known can never be brought to paſs; eſpecially (continu'd the Princeſs) when it is attempted in behalf of a Prince who conſiders only his own grandeur, and takes no care for the intereſts of thoſe that hazard all for his. *Tullia* had much ado to reſtrain from returning *Galerita* a ſharp anſwer; but for that ſhe would not make an abſolute breach, to the end ſhe might have more opportunity to prejudice *Aronces* and *Clelia*, ſhe diſſembled her reſentment, and told the Queen that it was neceſſary for her to go and ſatisfie the King of *Hetruria*, that he ſhould not think ſtrange that *Tarquin* ſtaid at his Quarters till he had made his reſolutions, for fear leſt his Enemies ſhould induce him as well to deliver him up to the *Romans*, as to abandon the ſiege of *Rome*. And ſo taking leave of *Galerita*, ſhe went forthwith to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, and handſomely intimated to her, that if ſhe could bring it ſo to paſs, that *Porſenna* took *Rome* and reeſtabliſht *Tarquin*, ſhe would cauſe her to be married to Prince *Titus*; after which ſhe returned to her Chariot. Which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe was informed that the Souldiers that ſaw her paſs along murmur'd openly in the Camp, becauſe their courage was imploy'd to replace a Woman upon the Throne, who had driven her Chariot over the body of her Father, and who ought rather to think of rendring an account to the Gods of all her crimes, than Reigning in a City where ſo many brave people were. This plain advice, which ſhe receiv'd by the Captain of her Guards, caus'd her to change her reſolution. So that inſtead of going to find *Porſenna*, ſhe return'd to *Tarquin*'s quarter, and endeavour'd to perſwade him to ſurpriſe the Kings of *Hetruria*'s Camp by night; or ſince he could not take *Rome*, to imploy ſome correſpondents ſhe had in the City to ſet it on fire. In the mean time the proceedings of *Tarquin* having exaſperated *Porſenna*, the ſiege being not likely to go on well longer between two divided Camps, and *Mutius*'s courage, together with *Aronces*'s counſel having prevail'd upon the heart of the King of *Hetruria*, he ſent *Mutius* back again to *Rome* by *Lucilius*, who had order to offer the *Romans* peace upon reaſonable conditions. *Telanus* alſo accompani'd *Lucilius* to negotiate this grand affair. Their inſtructions were; firſt to demand once more the reſtoration of *Tarquin*, yet without much inſiſting upon an Article which was known could never be granted: Secondly to obtain at leaſt, that all he had by Succeſſion from the firſt *Tarquin*, and all he had gotten ſince, ſhould be deliver'd to him: and thirdly that a ſmall Territory near the *Veientines* ſhould be reſtor'd to *Porſenna*, the *Romans* having uſurpt it from him ever ſince the laſt War. Upon theſe Conditions they were to offer up the *Janiculum*, and withdraw the Army out of the *Roman* Territories. Moreover, to the end all acts of hoſtility might ſooner ceaſe, he enjoyn'd the Ambaſſadors to demand twenty Virgins of Quality for Hoſtages, and twenty Youths of Condition, till the perfect concluſion of the peace: refuſing abſolutely to yield up the *Janiculum* or withdraw his Army without this condition. *Lucilius* and *Telanus* being well inſtructed what they ſhould do, departed with *Mutius*, whoſe heart was poſſeſs'd with extream joy to ſee his deſign ſo happily ſucceed, and that his Lie was as ſerviceable to the deliverance of *Rome* as his valour: for it was not true, that three hundred *Romans* had ſworn the death of *Porſenna*, and he ſpoke in this manner only to induce the King to raiſe his Siege. As for *Aronces* he was ſo joyful with the hope of ſeeing Peace, that he could not contain from going to declare it to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, and the generous *Melintha*. He was alſo much pleas'd that he could ſend that old Man to *Rome*, whom *Galerita* promis'd him to procure deliver'd, and *Plotina* ſo ardently wiſht to ſee, to the end ſhe might learn her extraction, of which ſhe was ſtill ignorant. Wherefore to make uſe of this favourable opportunity of giving *Clelia* intelligence of himſelf, he writ to her by *Telanus*, and to *Artemidorus*, *Herminius* and *Octavius*, and ſeveral other friends, to oblige them to be diligent in promoting the peace. When *Lucilius* and *Telanus* approacht the Walls, and the people beheld them coming with Palms in their hands to ſignifie their bringing Propoſitions of Peace, they ſent forth ſhouts of joy, they run haſtily to the gate at which they were to enter, and expreſs'd ſuch earneſtneſs to know what they had to ſay, that 'twas eaſie to judge they would be favourably heard. So they were immediately conducted before the Senate, to whom *Lucilius* preſented *Mutius*; after which, relating in few words what had paſs'd, and had handſomly magnifi'd *Porſenna*'s generoſity, who was capable not only to give life and liberty to a man that had reſolv'd upon his death, but alſo to ſend to offer peace at a time when he might hope a happy event of the War; he dextrouſly diſpos'd the minds of the Senators to hear the Propoſitions he had to make. Yet he was ſtopt at the firſt Article which he ſpoke of the reeſtabliſhment of *Tarquin*, and the Senate all with one voice ſaid that death being eligible before ſervitude, no peace was to be hop'd, if it could not be made otherwiſe. Whereupon *Lucilius* having order not to inſiſt upon that Article, he ſaid that according to his inſtructions, that at leaſt it was fit to reſtore the *Tarquins* what belong'd to them as ordinary Citizens; ſo that this qualification calming their minds they agreed the reſtitution of what could be yet found had belong'd to them, not as if juſtice requir'd it, but only in conſideration that *Porſenna* had reſtor'd *Mutius*. After which *Lucilius* demanded that a ſmall compaſs of Territory which had been uſurp'd from *Porſenna*'s Dominions ſhould be reſtor'd to him; that twenty Virgins of Quality, and twenty youths of condition ſhould be deliver'd to him in hoſtage; and told them then, that his Maſter would withdraw his Forces out of *Janiculum*, open the paſſages, free the River, and cauſe all acts of hoſtility

to ceaſe, without ingaging more in the affairs of *Tarquin*. *Lucilius* having lay'd open his King's demands, did not long withdraw, but all thoſe that compos'd the Senate unanimouſly declar'd, they found no difficulty in granting what *Porſenna* required. Yet there were ſome that ſcrupled the Article concerning Hoſtages; but *Porſenna* underſtanding how important that peace was, and that they who ſtuck at it could not but have ſome ſecret inclination for *Tarquin* (becauſe having no children themſelves, they were unconcern'd in this Article) he oppos'd his judgment; No, no, (ſaid he haſtily) we ought not to ſtick at a juſt thing; for it is equitable that *Porſenna*, reſtoring the *Janiculum* before the final execution of the Treaty that is to be made, have Hoſtages for ſecurity; and it is not to be fear'd, that a Prince who ſends back an Enemy whom he might with juſtice retain, will keep back Hoſtages, which he cannot withhold without violating the Publick-Faith. But how is it intended (anſwer'd a Senator roughly that was on the contrary opinion) that thoſe twenty Virgins of Quality ſhall be choſen out? To teſtifie to the Publick (reply'd *Publicola*) that I have no intention to except my own daughter from the general rule, and that all that is mine is the commonwealth's, my advice is, that the choice be made by order of Lot without any deceit, and that all the names of Youths of Quality in general be put into one Urne, and thoſe of Virgins of condition in another; and that in the middle of the Temple of *Janus*, which ought to be ſhut up aſſoon as theſe Hoſtages ſhall be delivered, a young Child ſhall draw twenty of theſe Tickets which ſhall be well mingled before hand, after which without any conteſt they whoſe names ſhall be found in the twenty Tickets, to be ſent to *Porſenna*. *Publicola*'s opinion ſeeming juſt and generous, they who had offered to obſtruct the peace, durſt not contradict it. But before they broke up, the Senate Voted to give *Mutius* the Meadow in which he had done that great action of enduring the fire with ſuch extroardinary conſtancy. And accordingly that peice of Land was from that time called, The *Mutian-Meadows*, and he himſelf was term'd *Mutius Scevola* by reaſon of his burnt hand. After this reſult had been taken, it was ſignifi'd to *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, who nevertheleſs could not return till the day following, becauſe the Senate would not abſolutely conclude the buſineſs without the ſuffrages of the people. 'Tis true, it was eaſie to judge they would approve the deliberations that were made, for they had ſuffered far more than thoſe of the better Quality. *Telanus* after he came out of the Senate delivered *Aronce*'s Letters to *Clelia*, and the reſt he writ to; he intended alſo to carry the old man who accompanied him to *Plotina*; but he requeſted him to leave him at *Clelius*'s houſe. However *Telanus* deſir'd at leaſt to ſignifie to that fair Virgin, of whom he was ſtill amorous, that *Aronces* had kept his word which he had paſs'd; and to that purpoſe he went to wait upon her, where he found good company; for *Valeria*, *Bereliſa*, *Anacreon*, *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, *Acriſius*, and *Spurius* were with her, as alſo *Octavius* and *Horatius*. The action of *Mutius*, and the Peace being two matters new and important, they were talked of alone in all companies, every one magnifying or diminiſhing the merit of *Mutius*'s act, according to their own judgements or inclinations. For that *Telanus* was eſteemed by all the World, he was received with joy; he was askt tidings concerning *Aronces*, he was thanked for the peace as if he had made it, and a thouſand careſſes were made to him, For my part (ſaid *Plotina* pleaſantly) I believe *Bereliſa*, *Clidamira* and my ſelf ſee *Telanus* again with more joy than *Valeria*; for being they are not of *Rome*, and I think my ſelf no *Roman*, (tho I know not preciſely what I am) we are not in the ſame fear that ſhe is of going as Hoſtage to *Porſenna*'s Camp. That which you do not fear (anſwered *Telanus*) is that which diſcontents me; for I ſhould be ſufficiently joyful that you were in a place where I could render you any ſervice. 'Tis true (ſaid *Valeria*) with a melancholy aſpect) my joy for the peace is not abſolutely pure, and fear leſt the Lot fall upon me, ſufficiently diſturbs me. Confeſs the truth (ſaid *Bereliſa* to her with a low voice) 'tis not that alone that cauſes the ſadneſs in your eies; but your fear leſt *Mutius*'s action which produces peace to *Rome*, cauſe *Publicola* to change his mind, and be prejudicial to *Herminius*, occaſions your diſcontent. 'Tis true (reply'd *Valeria* bluſhing) my Father is ſo accuſtomed to Sacrifice all things to the Publick-good, that I cannot but fear becoming one of the Victims of the Peace. Whilſt *Bereliſa* and *Valeria* were ſpeaking low, *Plotina* not being able to contain from turning the moſt ſerious matters to raillery: for my part (ſaid ſhe) I confeſs I have at preſent the greateſt ardency in the world to know who were the three hundred men which 'tis ſaid *Mutius* affirmed had conſpir'd to kill *Porſenna*. I know at leaſt I am none of them (anſwer'd *Herminius*). I ſhould be very ſorry to be ſuſpected for one (added *Horatius*) I am of your mind (purſu'd *Octavius*.) *Anacreon* and I (ſaid *Amilcar*) being not born at *Rome*, we have no concernment in it, ſince *Mutius* ſaid they were three hundred young *Romans* who had conſpir'd againſt *Porſenna*'s life. As for me (ſaid *Spurius*) whereas *Mutius* and I have not the ſame intimacy as heretofore, it cannot be believ'd that he communicated his deſign to me. And for my part (added *Acriſius*) I have ſeveral reaſons for which I cannot be accuſed for one; as firſt, I was not born in *Rome*: Secondly, —— Oh! I beſeech you (interrupted *Plotina* laughing, and knowing how much *Acriſius* affected to ſpeak) ſtop there, for I hate nothing more than thoſe people who in a great company where every one has right to ſay ſomething, begin to ſpeak with Firſt, and to proceed to Secondly, and Thirdly, and I am ready to dye with fear, leſt they ſhould go on till they come to Fiftiethly. All the company laughing at the manner in which *Plotina* interrupted *Acriſius*, he was a little abaſhed; but yet he was conſtrained to bear the railery whether he would or no, for fear of offending *Plotina*, of whom he was highly enamoured. However, this fair Virgin that ſhe might not give him leiſure to be angry, chang'd the diſcourſe, and beholding all thoſe that had ſpoken, But according as you all ſpeak (ſaid ſhe) it might ſeem an injury to you to accuſe you of being any of thoſe three hundred Conſpirators. To ſave you the trouble of ſearching for ſo great a number of them (ſaid *Telanus* then) I ſhall aſſure you I believe *Mutius* was the ſole perſon, and made uſe of that untruth to induce *Porſenna* to what he deſir'd; for by the way as he came hither, he ſpoke certain things which ſuffer me not to doubt of it at all. If it be ſo ſaid *Plotina*) I think this unhappy adventure ought to reconcile *Herminius* to lying. 'Tis ſo far from it (anſwer'd he) that I ſhall hate it the more, for tho I am zealous for my Country, yet I confeſs I ſhould not like to deliver

deliver it either by a Lye or an Aſſaſſination; and if I were to chuſe either *Horatius*'s action or that of *Mutius*, I ſhould not deliberate a moment, notwithſtanding the ſucceſs of the laſt is far more conſiderable than of the former. But that it may not be thought I ſpeak as a Rival or as an envious perſon, I ſhall commend *Mutius* for the conſtancy wherewith he endur'd the torment of the flames that burnt his hand, and for his courage in attempting a thing in which it is probable he would periſh: but as for the Lye and Aſſaſſination, I confeſs to you, I cannot find any thing in them that does not claſh with my inclination. For according to my judgement, to do an action perfectly Heroical, not onely the motive to it ought to be juſt, but likewiſe the means noble and innocent. Indeed (added *Valeria*) ſuppoſe an indifferent cauſe in the action of *Mutius*, he will be the greateſt Criminal of all mankind, and the moſt inconſiderate; and he can not be commended ſaving for a happy raſhneſs. Should you ſpeak this at preſent in the Court of the Capitol (anſwer'd *Plotina*) the people would look upon you as an Enemy of *Rome*. Nevertheleſs *Valeria* has reaſon (reply'd *Octavius*). But however (ſaid *Amilcar*) 'tis good there be Heroes of all ſorts, that is, ſuch as are ſcrupulous ſcarce of any thing, raſh and Lyers; for in brief, without *Mutius* you had had no peace: wherefore I conclude, that the Lye he made uſe of, be put in the rank of thoſe innocent Lies of which we ſpoke ſo much here one day. It will be enough (anſwer'd *Herminius* to put it in the rank of happy Lies. In truth (ſaid *Plotina* then) I perceive there are ſcarce any pleaſures how great ſoever, but are mix'd with ſome ſorrow. Peace which is ſo great a good, perhaps will ſhortly cauſe ſeveral diſpleaſures to me: for I apprehend *Bereliſa*, *Clidamira*, and *Anacreon* will ſpeedily go from us: and beſides, I am in great fear leſt the Lot which is to appoint thoſe twenty Virgins of Quality that are to be given in Hoſtage, ſhould cruelly deprive me of all thoſe I love beſt. As *Plotina* had done ſpeaking, *Clelia* enter'd, who came to ſeek *Valeria* there. A little while after *Ceſonia* brought *Clelius* into *Plotina*'s chamber, with the ſame old man whom ſhe had ſeen once before, and who was to inform her of her true extraction. Aſſoon as ſhe beheld him, ſhe chang'd colour, out of fear it might be leſs honourable than ſhe imagin'd. But ſhe was not long in this incertainty; for *Clelius* in the midſt of the company embrac'd her very affectionately, and preſenting her to *Horatius*, You know, generous *Horatius* (ſaid he to him) I have treated you as one reſolv'd to give you my daughter at the end of the War, but in the mean time before I make that promiſe good, I muſt give you a ſiſter, who is a perſon unqueſtionably worthy of that Relation. Receive therefore *Plotina* as a generous brother ought to receive her. But Moreover (added he, turning towards *Clelia*) I muſt give my daughter as well as *Horatius* a ſiſter; and therefore (proceeded he, directing his ſpeech to *Clelia*) embrace *Plotina* as a perſon united to you by blood: and you, *Octavius* (added he) do the ſame. The diſcourſe of *Clelius* ſo amaz'd all the Company, and chiefly *Clelia*, *Horatius*, *Octavius*, and *Plotina*, that they beheld one another ſilently, without making the civilities to one another which this diſcovery requir'd. But at length *Plotina* began to ſpeak, and addreſſing to *Clelius*, It is ſo little advantagious to you, my Lord (ſaid ſhe) to give ſuch a perſon as I am, ſiſter to *Clelia*, that I doubt not you are my Father, ſince you profeſs it your ſelf: but I confeſs I do not apprehend how I can be ſiſter both to *Horatius* and *Clelia*. Since 'tis a thing which muſt become publick (reply'd *Clelius*) it is not unfit to begin the publiſhing of it before ſuch a Company as this is. For my part (ſaid *Horatius*) I am ſo impatient to know how it comes that I have the happineſs to be *Plotina*'s Brother, and brother to a daughter of *Clelius*, and a ſiſter of *Clelia*, that you cannot more ſenſibly oblige me than by declaring to me what I vehemently deſire to underſtand. Know then (anſwer'd *Clelius*) that you were ſon of a woman of very great wit and vertue, for whom I had almoſt from my childhood the moſt reſpectful affection that ever was, and whoſe memory is ſtill extreme dear to me. You know ſhe loſt her Huſband during her baniſhment; that I was exil'd as well as ſhe, that I have been ſo thrice in my life by the cruel *Tarquin*. During this baniſhment I became more charm'd with her conſtancy; and whereas melancholy had rendred her health very infirm, ſhe fear'd to leave you without a careful guardian. Wherefore this conſideration rather than that of the affection I had for her, oblig'd her to marry me ſecretly, as you may know of an ancient Prieſt ſtill living, who is at preſent here amongſt the *Salians*; for you were not then with her. Our marriage was thought fit to be conceal'd, becauſe if *Tarquin* had known it, it had been impoſſible for us to hope ever to return to *Rome*, ſince hating us ſeverally, he would have hated us more if he had underſtood our intereſts were united. During this ſecret Marriage, and whilſt we were at *Ardea*, *Plotina* came into the world, and we conceal'd her birth. But eight daies after, her mother and yours dy'd; and this prudent old man whom you ſee, being our intimate Friend, took care of *Plotina*, whom he cauſ'd for ſome time after to paſs for his own daughter, and that eaſily enough; becauſe having one near of the ſame age that dy'd in the Country, he conceal'd her death, and ſubſtituted *Plotina* in her ſtead, without my knowing any thing of it, becauſe I continued not long in that place. Your Mother before her death writ a ſcroll with her own hand that ſhe left a daughter, and oblig'd me to deliver that writing to the Grand Veſtal, who dy'd ſome daies ſince, and was her intimate friend, to the end it might remain in her hands as an indubitable teſtimony of the birth of *Plotina*. Shortly after I was oblig'd to depart from *Ardea*, and came back to *Rome*, where for the intereſt of my affairs I married *Sulpicia*; ſince which, you know I was compell'd to fly and go ſeek a Sanctuary at *Carthage*. At my departure I writ to that Friend I had at *Ardea*, but I had no anſwer from him. When I return'd, I inquir'd of him, and was inform'd it was not known what was become of him ſince the War *Tarquin* made againſt the *Tuſcans*. I underſtood indeed he left a daughter, but for that it was after my departure that his dy'd, I did not imagine it was mine. Nevertheleſs the Gods have been pleas'd that this prudent old man whom you behold, became firſt a priſoner of War, and afterwards a priſoner of State for a great many years, without being known where he was: and the ſame Gods have permitted that by *Aronces*'s means he underſtood tidings of me, came hither firſt with that Prince, and has at length been ſet at liberty by his procurement, to come and oblige the wife *Octavia*, who is at this day chief of the Veſtals, to cauſe the writing to be ſought out which was entruſted with her predeceſſor, who at her death intended

intended certainly to ſpeak concerning *Plotina* when ſhe began to declare a thing which ſhe did not finiſh, as all the world knows. Thus there is no doubt but *Plotina* is your ſiſter; you know your Mothers writing, ſince you cannot but have many things by you written by her hand. The quality and vertue of him that brought up *Plotina* is not unknown to any, and I conceive you are ſufficiently perſwaded of my honeſty not to doubt of what I ſay. In the mean time I declare to you, I do not intend *Plotina* ſhould diminiſh any thing of your eſtate, I charge my ſelf with her potion; and this ſage old man before you, deſirous not to ceaſe altogether to be her father, tells me, he gives her all he has. *Clelius* ſpoke this with an air that took away all ground to doubt of what he ſaid; and moreover *Horatius* was ſo joyful to find he had a ſiſter that was able to do him good offices with *Clelia*, that he was wholly diſpos'd to believe himſelf her brother. *Plotina* was alſo very much ſatiſfied to underſtand ſhe was a *Roman*, daughter of *Clelius*, and ſiſter of *Octavius* and *Clelia*. Not but that I could have wiſh'd (ſaid ſhe, ſmiling) I had not underſtood this till four daies hence, to the end my name might not be put amongſt thoſe which are to be drawn by Lot to give Hoſtages to *Porſenna* The caſe is now otherwiſe, daughter (anſwer'd *Clelius*) and it concerns you it were not; but I hope the Gods will exempt you from that trouble, as well as *Clelia*, who I ardently wiſh prove not one of the number of the Hoſtages. After this, *Octavius* made a complement to *Plotina*, *Clelia* did the ſame, and, in brief, all congratulated her for the diſcovery. *Amilcar* in particular us'd a thouſand pleaſant expreſſions to her, whilſt *Clelius* and the old man of *Ardea* drawing *Horatius* aſide, ſhew'd him his Mothers Letter to the Grand Veſtal, and ſo manifeſted the buſineſs to him, that he could not doubt of ſo advantageous a truth. Indeed he did no longer doubt at all, but that now he had cauſe to redouble his hopes. The end of the War was near, he knew *Porſenna* had not changed his mind concerning *Aronces*'s love; he underſtood *Clelius* was already his Father-in-law, that he had a ſiſter who was an intimate friend to *Clelia*, and was ſiſter alſo to that fair Virgin as well as to himſelf. Wherefore he abandon'd his heart to joy, and teſtifi'd it both by his actions and words. As for *Clelia* tho ſhe had a great affection for *Plotina*, yet ſhe was inwardly troubled at this adventure; becauſe ſhe perceived *Horatius* had ſtill more power in the mind of *Clelius*, and fear'd leſt knowing her ſelf ſiſter to *Horatius*, ſhe ſhould engage in his intereſt. But that lovely Virgin made not that uſe of her affinity; but on the contrary obſerving part of *Clelia*'s thoughts in her eies, ſhe handſomely ſeparated her from the reſt of the Company, and embracing her with tenderneſs, I beſeech you, my dear ſiſter (ſaid ſhe with a low voice) do not look coldly upon me as a ſiſter of *Horatius* that intends to undertake his intereſts againſt you; for I declare to you, that by becoming his ſiſter, I do not ceaſe to be *Aronces*'s friend, and that I will not employ the right given me by nature of ſpeaking freely to him, onely to tell him that ſince he cannot be lov'd by you, he ought not to ſeek his own happineſs with the prejudice of yours; and I ingage my ſelf alſo to tell my Father whatever you dare not. And now after this, love me as before, and if poſſible a little more. I had long ſince ſo great an affection for you (anſwer'd *Clelia*) that it would be hard for me to augment it: but after what you have ſaid, I aſſure you, my dear ſiſter, that if I cannot add to my affection, I will encreaſe my eſteem, and will ſerve you in reference to *Sulpicia* as ardently as you ſhall me in reſpect of *Horatius*. As *Clelia* ended theſe words, *Horatius* approacht the two fair Virgins, and looking upon *Plotina*, Well my dear ſiſter (ſaid he to her) will you not aſſiſt me to overcome the obſtinate conſtancy of *Clelia*? No, brother (anſwer'd ſhe) but to give you the Counſel of a good ſiſter, I will adviſe you to endeavour to overcome your ſelf. She would have proceeded, but *Amilcar* imagining he ſhould do a pleaſure both to *Clelia* and *Plotina* by inſinuating himſelf into the converſation of *Horatius*, went to them, and ſo did *Anacreon*; whilſt *Clelius* was manifeſting to *Ceſonia*, *Bereliſa*, and *Clidamira* the adventure he had related. *Plotina* not having chang'd her humour with her condition, ſmil'd after having mus'd a little while, and addreſſing to *Clelia*, I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe to her) I gain an advantage this day above you, which I much fear will be much diſadvantageous to me in *Amilcar*'s opinion: for at the ſame time I know I am your elder ſiſter, as being of the firſt Marriage; I alſo learn that I am at leaſt four or five years older than I thought my looking-glaſs intimated to me, and I almoſt believ'd it, that I was only nineteen years of age; but I conceive by what *Clelius* has related, I am twenty four. Oh! amiable *Plotina* (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) you will never be above ſeventeen to me; for as long as a woman pleaſes me I account her young. And on the contrary, I know ſome Virgins of fifteen years, who ſeem to me above an Age old, becauſe they do not pleaſe me. Moreover, to ſpeak the truth of things, twenty four years are oftentimes the age of perfect beauty, and in which reaſon and beauty may moſt frequently be found together: for uſually when reaſon comes, beauty departs: but at that time they are exactly together. Nevertheleſs, there is no general rule; for ſome women are more beautiful in the midſt of their lives than in the prime of their youth; others too, more fools at the end of their daies than at the beginning of their lives; and there are ſome in whom reaſon is found from their very Childhood. For my part (ſaid *Plotina.*) I am of this latter ſort, and I do not remember that I ever was without reaſon: for from my tendereſt youth, I knew I ſhould one day be no longer young. I know above a hundred women (ſaid *Amilcar*) that are not of your mind. You have reaſon (repli'd ſhe) but I wonder all the fair ones do not foreſee the end of their beauty. Yet I know ſome as well as you, that believe they ſhall never be above eighteen as long as they live; altho 'tis eaſie enough to judge time paſſes away very ſwiftly. Methinks, 'tis but a moment ſince I was a child; and if I ſhould conſider the future in the ſame manner as I do the time paſs'd, I ſhould think I ſhould ſoon ceaſe to be young. Believe me, amiable *Plotina* (ſaid *Amilcar*) the paſs'd and the future are not alike regarded. But how can that be which you ſay? (demanded *Plotina*) We ſee things paſs'd clearly (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but there is ſo great obſcurity in the future, that the imagination not being able to penetrate into it, deceives it ſelf, and believes that that which it does not ſee, is very remote; ſo that whereas people always love to beguile themſelves to their own advantage, they look upon old age as ſo remote, and flatter themſelves ſo pleaſingly, that they do not fear even the things which muſt undoubtedly happen. That which further has perſwaded me (reply'd *Plotina*)

me) that I had use of Reason betimes, is, that from my first youth I extremely hated sadness, and lov'd every thing that was capable to please me. That sentiment is so natural (said *Clelia*) that I conceive you ought not to boast of it, and on the contrary I apprehend it to be the practice of reason oftentimes to accustome ones self to sadness, and to refuse delightful things. If what you say be true (answer'd *Plotina*) I shall never be wise as long as I live; for I cannot much refuse that which pleases me, nor accustome my self to that which does not. After this *Clelius* calling *Clelia* commanded her to go and prepare *Sulspicia* to receive her Sister, assuring her he had acquainted her with the matter before he came. Then he requested *Cesonia* that she would please to lead *Plotina* to his house; and accordingly that amiable Lady accompani'd with *Berelisa*, *Cledamira*, and *Plotina*, and conducted by *Clelius*, went to *Sulspicia*'s house, where *Clelia* was arriv'd before. But altho *Sulspicia* very much respected her husband, and esteemed *Plotina* infinitely, and altho *Clelia* had inform'd her of the generous and noble mind of this fair Virgin: yet it was easie to observe that she had a secret regret in the botome of her heart, to see that *Clelius* had heretofore married a Person whom she hated, and had a daughter by her. Nevertheless she receiv'd very civilly all that *Plotina* spoke at her arrival at her house, and this interview pass'd as it ought among persons of honour and prudence. Moreover, he that had been instrumental to the owning of *Plotina*, continu'd also at *Clelius*'s house, who to testifie more favour to *Horatius*, took *Plotina* by the hand, and beholding *Clelia* with authority in his countenance, 'Tis your part now (said he to *Plotina*) to promote the happiness of your brother, and to induce your sister to obey me willingly when the Peace shall be concluded. After which he left these two fair Virgins, without giving them leave to answer. The next morning the people being assembled confirm'd the Senates Votes with a thousand acclamations: which gave *Lucilius* and *Telanus* all the contentment they could desire. The people also would not consent that both of them should return to *Porsenna*; and therefore it was resolv'd that *Lucilius* should go to the Camp, and *Telanus* should stay at *Rome* to be present at the choice which was to be made of the Hostages by Lot. The multitude, on which the hardship of the Siege had fallen, being impatient to see the passages open, and the *Janiculum* restor'd into the power of the *Romans*, according to the conclusion of the Treaty, there was necessity of making haste, for fear of some sedition. Wherefore the Consuls caus'd notice to be given to all women of quality to bring their Daughters to the Temple of *Janus*. Things standing thus, *Horatius* being led by his passion, and forgetting what he one day promis'd *Clelia*, went to visit her Father, and addressing to him, My Lord (said he) I come to make a Proposal to you, which I know indeed contains something that may displease you; but being I act for your interest, and the quiet of my whole life, you ought to pardon me. You know (added he) that you have promis'd *Clelia* to me at the end of the War; and that lots are to be drawn for the Hostages which *Porsenna* demands. Now if it pleases fortune to chuse *Clelia*, she will not be long in your power, since the little Territory which is to be render'd to the King of *Hetruria* will not be soon restor'd; for besides that such like Articles are never perform'd speedily, Policy also requires, that *Porsenna*'s party be not strengthned till *Tarquin* be absolutely discarded by him. Therefore, my Lord, to prevent *Clelia*'s going to a place whither you would be sorry she should goe, cause her to change her condition; for if I marry her to day, she will not be to morrow expos'd to the inconvenience of the Lot, since it concerns only Virgins, and wives are exempted from it. I wish with all my heart (answer'd *Clelius*) I could grant that which you desire; but I cannot do it with honour: for it would clearly appear that I hastned the match on purpose not to expose my daughter to the hazard of being given in Hostages, which were unworthy of a true *Roman*. But hoping I shall be more happy than to become oblig'd to let her goe into *Porsenna*'s hands, I promise to make her your wife assoon as the Treaty shall be accomplisht. And so let us speak no more of this matter; for I will not be liable to the reproach of intending to effect an especial priviledge to my self to exempt my daughter from a troublesome chance in which all others of her condition are concern'd. In fine, the business was perform'd the very next morning, and some *Romane* Ladies desirous out of generosity to testifie their willingness to sacrifice all for their Country, brought their daughters tho sick to the Temple of *Janus*, for fear of being suspected of intending to exempt them from this ceremonie. The generous *Racilia* led thither the fair *Hermilia* her niece, whose countenance expresst all the grief she resented for the death of her illustrious brother and her Lover; and her sorrow renewing more in this occasion, appear'd so affecting an object, that it touch'd the hearts of all that beheld her. Indeed she was not the only person that appear'd sad; for the Lot being promiscuously contingent to all, there was none but fear'd it might fall upon her self, and accounted it a hard fate to goe to the Camp. *Clelia*, for her part, was not a little apprehensive of being under *Porsenna*'s power, *Valeria* fear'd to be remov'd from *Horatius*, *Plotina* to leave *Rome*, and her Friend, and all in general, to goe alone into the hands of an Enemy Prince. But all these fair Victims being at length ranked in the middle of the Temple of *Janus*, which was enlightned with a hundred magnificent Lamps, the Grand Vestal came, follow'd with three of her companions to render the ceremony more solemn, and that with such majesty and grace, that she drew the eyes of the whole Assembly upon her. The Consuls plac'd themselves beneath her in this place. But *Clelia* transcended all the other fair ones in beauty; *Valeria*, tho less fair, yet did not seem much less amiable; *Hermilia*, notwithstanding her sadness, wholly gain'd the heart of *Octavius*; *Colatinia* also appear'd very fair to all that beheld her, and *Plotina* with her free, natural, and pleasant aspect and the amiable freshness of her countenance, augmented the love of *Amilcar*, *Telanus*, *Acrisius*, and *Damon* too, who presently departed. *Valeria* likewise increased the passion of *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, and *Mutius*.

But to be brief, the Priest having taken the names of all the Virgins of Quality, whose number was very great, put them into a large Urne, and having mingled them together, plac'd it at the foot of the Altar: after which offering a Sacrifice only of Incense and Flowers, the Grand Vestal in the name of all the fair Virgins tender'd their acquiescence to the Gods, to the end that all submitting themselves to the Orders of Lot, all might have a share in the merit of the action, and in the Liberty of *Rome*. *Octavia* perform'd this with so noble an air, that she excited

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the admiration of all the Spectators. This being done, a young childe approaching to the Urne wherein all the names were confusedly mingled, drew forth twenty of them one after another. The first was that of *Plotina*, who seem'd not to be discover'd for a *Romane*, but only that she might be presently given in Hostage. The second was of a sister of *Flavia*; the third of a niece of *Spurius*, who was very fair; the fourth of *Hermilia*, who could not hear her self nam'd without tears in her eyes; the fifth, of *Valeria*, who blusht when she heard her name; the sixth, of a daughter of the second Consul; the seventh, of *Colatina*; the eighth, of a Cousin of *Solomina*; and the ninth, of a niece of *Clelius*. After this ten more were drawn. So that there remaining onely one more to be drawn, it was thought *Clelia* would have escap'd. But at length the twentieth Ticket being drawn and open'd, *Clelia*'s name was found in it. *Clelius* was very much troubled at it, but he conceal'd his discontent; which *Horatius* was not able to doe, but it was apparent enough in his eyes that he was extremely afflicted for *Clelia*'s going to *Porsenna*'s Camp, because he fear'd her vertue would mollifie the King's mind; or if it did not, she would not be well treated. *Octavius*'s heart was mov'd to see *Hermilia*, so afflicted as she was, go into a Victorious Army which would alwayes bring into her memory the death both of her Brother and her Lover. As for *Mutius*, he was not very sorry that *Valeria* was to goe to *Porsenna*, by whom he hop'd to be protected, tho he had intended an attempt upon his life; but *Herminius* and *Æmilius* were so afflicted at it, that their sorrow serv'd to comfort *Spurius* for that grief he would have resented if he had been ignorant of their affliction. As for *Amilcar*, perceiving no very great sadness in *Plotina*'s eyes, and being free to see her in *Porsenna*'s Camp as well as at *Rome*, he thought to himself this change of life would give him a new affection without being oblig'd to change his Mistress. *Telanus* was very glad of this adventure; but *Acrisius*, *Sicinius*, and *Damon* much afflicted. As for *Clelia*, she did not certainly know what sentiments she ought to have: by reason of her natural modesty she could not but regret at her going to *Porsenna*'s Camp; but otherwise her interests were so intricate, that she could not well disintangle them. She was not sorry to be remov'd from *Horatius*, and glad to think she should see *Aronces*: but she was to leave *Sulpicia*, and goe into the power of *Porsenna*, with whom she conceiv'd *Tarquin* and *Sextus* were not likely to make a total breach, and who she knew well did not approve the love *Aronces* had for her. Yet it was a consolation to her to have *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and *Hermilia* for her companions: but for all this, she was very sad as well as the rest of her Friends. All the influence the Publick interest had in the minds of these fair Virgins, only caus'd them to constrain themselves as much as they could, that they might not seem much afflicted for a thing that conduc'd to confirm the peace. Assoon as their names were drawn, crowns of flowers were put upon their heads, and they were oblig'd to thank the Gods for chusing them to establish the liberty of *Rome*. Moreover, the names of twenty young youths of Quality were drawn by Lots; after which it was resolv'd to send the Hostages assoon as *Lucilius* was return'd, and *Porsenna* had confirm'd the Articles of Peace carry'd to him; and every one departed home. Then the fair Virgins prepared for their departure, and receiv'd the Adieus of their Lovers and Friends of both Sexes. *Horatius* express'd himself to *Clelia* in the most pathetical words the most violent love could dictate, and the most nice jealousie suggest to him. *Mutius* spoke to *Valeria* with more fiercenes's than ordinary, and like a man that thought nothing could be refus'd him after having procur'd peace to *Rome*. I know well, cruel *Valeria* (said he to her) that you look upon what I have done for *Rome*, as if I had done it against you; but perhaps you will change your thoughts during your absence; in the mean time you must permit me to hope that *Publicola*, who is more sensible of the Publick-good than you, will thank me for what I have done for it, and be unwilling you should render me miserable. If my Father could render you happy (answer'd she) without violating his own word, and forcing my will, without doubt he would doe it; and were it in my power to hinder you from being miserable, I would doe it out of gratitude. But, *Mutius*, you require a thing absolutely impossible, therefore preserve no ill-grounded hope in your breast; *Herminius* is the only man in the world that I can love; and if I could cease to be his, I ought then to favour *Æmilius*, and not you. Ah! cruel *Valeria* (cry'd *Mutius*) consider what the Lover you despise is capable of doing, and fear lest he act that against his own Enemies which he has done against the Enemies of *Rome*. As you pretend to have perform'd a brave action (answer'd she) so there is reason to believe you will not blemish it by an ignoble one; and besides, to tell you freely, threatnings never cause any fear in me. You intend then (added he) that I must dye with despair, and burn eternally without hoping a moment of release in my torments. You can endure the fire so constantly (reply'd she with a little too sharp raillery) that you are less to be pityed than another. But, in brief, *Mutius* (added she) content your self with the glory you have acquired, doe not blemish it with unjust menaces, addict your self rather to ambition than love, and leave me in quiet. I shall obey you, Madam (said he to her) and if I cannot leave you in quiet as you desire, I shall employ the same hand against my self that has lately given peace to *Rome*. Since I am alwayes alike equitable (answer'd *Valeria*) I oppose that which you intend to doe against your self, as I would oppose that which you should offer to attempt against another. No, no, Madam (said he to her) I have nothing to doe with your equity; and when the fancie takes me, I shall know well how to doe my self justice. In this manner *Mutius* parted from *Valeria*. *Æmilius* bid her Adieu like an unhappy Lover that dar'd not hope any thing, *Spurius* like a man that never despair'd of any thing, but alwayes believ'd what could not be obtain'd by merit or force, might be by subtlety. As for *Octavius*, his farewell to *Hermilia* was so respectful a declaration of Love, that this fair Virgin, as sad as she was, could not be offended at it. *Sicinius* following his own humor, bid *Plotina* Adieu in two words; *Acrisius* on the contrary employ'd a thousand in saying almost nothing to her. *Damon* who knew of the Dialogue *Amilcar* made while he was sick, spoke to her more against his Rival than of his own passion; and as for *Amilcar*, he told her he would conduct her to the Camp, and assist *Telanus* to convoy her. *Colatina* had no Lover at *Rome* whom she regretted, and so was not troubled to bid adieu to any but her friends. *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* were much afflicted to see all these fair persons depart

depart, and so was *Anacreon*. Indeed *Artemidorus*'s sickness most of all took up their care, they went to visit him very frequently, sometimes with *Sulpicia*, *Berelisa*, or *Cesonia*, but with this advantage to *Berelisa*, that the Prince notwithstanding his weakness, observed this fair Virgin was more troubled for his wounds than *Clidamira*. He perceiv'd her more sad and dejected, and beheld in the other more pretence than true sorrow.

Lucilius being at length return'd, and having brought back the confirmation of the Peace, notwithstanding the negotiations of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* to break it, preparation was made to send away the Hostages. Accordingly the next morning all the young Youths that were to be given in Hostage, were led to the foot of the *Janiculum*, and the twenty fair Virgins conducted by their relations were put into the hands of the Consuls, who having caus'd magnificent Chariots to be prepar'd for them, caus'd them to be convey'd by *Horatius*, *Octavius*, and *Herminius* with the Troops that accompani'd them to the foot of the *Janiculum*. By the way as they went, all the people made a thousand vows for their preservation; and being come to that place, *Lucilius* and *Telanus* sent *Porsenna*'s Orders to cause the passages to be quitted, and did the like to those that kept the *Janiculum*. Whereupon the forces that kept this place began to draw off towards the King of *Hetruria*'s Camp, at the same time that those which follow'd *Horatius*, *Octavius*, and *Herminius* possess'd themselves of the Post which the other abandon'd. Then the twenty Youths and the twenty fair Virgins, being put under the power of *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, began to march to a place where the Forces of *Porsenna* that relinquisht the *Janiculum* made a halt till these Hostages were arriv'd. *Horatius* separating himself from the *Roman* Troops, approacht to the Chariot wherein *Clelia* was; so did *Herminius* to that of *Valeria*, *Octavius* to that of *Hermilia*, and the other Lovers that follow'd, to the Chariots wherein the persons they lov'd were. But *Amilcar* follow'd *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, and was alwaies near the Chariot of *Clelia*, wherein *Plotina* was. But for that there needed a good time for *Porsenna*'s Forces to break up their Camp, and the *Romans* to take possession of the Post they deserted, all the Chariots wherein the Virgins were, stay'd in a Meadow at the head of those Troops, who put themselves in Battalia as they descended. In the mean time the fair Virgins discours'd together amongst themselves, or with *Amilcar*, who sometimes went to one and sometimes to another. They had purpos'd to be negligently enough attir'd, but they were enjoin'd to adorn themselves, to the end they might draw more respect, and be more fitting to be presented to the King of *Hetruria*, with whom it was not doubted but *Galerita* and the Princess of the *Leontines* would be, when they should be presented to him, so that they never seem'd more fair than now. *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* were in the same Chariot; *Hermilia* and *Colatina* in another, every one having follow'd their own inclination. *Amilcar* being near *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina*, told them he had a great advantage in being an *African* at this time; for I may now accompany you throughout (said he) whereas, if I were a *Roman*, I durst not follow you this day, because the *Roman* gravity would not permit me to go into the Enemies Camp till matters were compleatly pacifi'd. But since I take special priviledges to my self wherever I am, I go boldly to *Porsenna*, as if I were an Hostage. In good earnest (answer'd *Plotina*) you are so more than you imagine; for to speak sincerely, as often as you give your heart to any fair one, 'tis alwaies on condition that she shall restore it to you. Ah! perverse *Plotina* (cry'd he) if you were as long in *Porsenna*'s hands, as my heart shall be in yours, you would never return to *Rome*. I assure you, (said she to him) that tho I hope restitution will shortly be made to *Porsenna* of that little corner of Territory that has been heretofore usurp'd from him, and consequently the Treaty being accomplisht, he will soon remit us back to *Rome*, yet I would not swear your heart should not go out of my power before I go out of that of *Porsenna*. But however that be (continued she) 'tis not the thing in Question at present, and only tell me, whether you know a man on Horse-back whom I see coming here, who methinks has a very blockish aspect, and is follow'd by five or six others that appear not much wiser. *Clelia* and *Valeria* turning their heads on that side, perciev'd it was the infamous *Sextus*, who led by his own inclination, which alwaies carri'd him where women were, came insolently from his Quarter to see who they were that Lot had chosen out. For tho *Tarquin* was much discontented with *Porsenna*, yet he did not manifest it, and forbore to break wholly with him, hoping alwaies something would happen to disturb the Peace. Assoon as *Clelia* and *Valeria* knew *Sextus*, they gave a great shreek, and turn'd away their eies. But *Telanus* who was in the head of the Forces, whil'st *Lucilius* gave Orders in other places, encouraged them a little, judging it was not in *Sextus*'s power to attempt any thing against them. Whereupon they took heart a little, and were contented to salute him with a sullen and cold aspect, which made it apparent that if he had not been sort of the King, they would not have render'd him that civility. On the other side, *Sextus* who never consider'd any thing besides his own pleasure, judg'd *Clelia* so fair at this instant, that his old passion reviv'd in his heart for this excellent person. He beheld her with agitation of mind; and approaching to her Chariot with earnestness, he address'd his speech to *Amilcar* with the same cheerfulness he could have done at the time when he was in *Rome*. I confess (said he to *Amilcar*) I was in an error when heretofore I preferr'd brown beauties before the fair, since 'tis certain I never saw nor never shall see any person so beautiful as *Clelia*. This speech of *Sextus* minding *Clelia* and *Valeria* of the Lamentable death of *Lucretia* (because it was in maintaining the beauty of that vertuous woman that he had spoken against the fair) they blusht with indignation, and *Clelia* speaking to him, No, no, my Lord (said she) do not give your self the trouble to commend me, but know there is no surer way to make me displeasing to my self, than to signifie to me that I please you. Therefore, if you believe me, depart from hence; besides (added she) I conceive 'tis no great pleasure to you to see the *Janiculum* delivered to the *Romans*. Your aspect, Madam (reply'd *Sextus*) makes them that behold it, unmindful of their own felicities. But, my Lord (interrupted *Amilcar*) I know not whether it be not a new unhappiness to you, to see *Clelia* according to the present posture of affairs; and therefore, I think it would be good you satisfi'd her desire. Go, my Lord, go (interrupted *Valeria*, who could not contain her self) go hide your crimes in some place so remote from *Rome*, that you may never there meet a friend

of *Lucretia*. But to what place soever you go, remember there is not a moment wherein a hundred thousand persons do not hate you. I should laugh at their hatred (answer'd he, without being mov'd) were I lov'd but by one person. If you desire to be so by any one (reply'd *Valeria*) go into some place where you are not known, and where you may change all your inclinations; for if you do not, you will be driven out every where, as you are from *Rome*: and remember, 'tis the most faithful friend of *Lucretia* that foretels you this day, you will alwaies be as unfortunate as you are criminal. Since there are pleasures in all places (reply'd he) I make no great reckoning of banishment. Pleasures (said *Plotina*) are not many to those that are exil'd. Not to such as are covetous and ambitious (answer'd he) but they are to be found every where by those that seek after them, and prefer them above all things. Whilst *Sextus* was speaking thus, *Amilcar* made a sign to *Telanus* of the disgust his presence gave to these fair Virgins; wherefore to deliver them from it, he commanded the Chariots to advance; for just about that time also all the forces of the *Janiculum* were arriv'd. So *Telanus* causing the Chariots to be drawn into the midst of them, *Sextus* was constrain'd to return to his own Quarter. But before he parted from *Clelia*'s Chariot, Know (said he to her with unparallel'd boldness) I lose not the hope to be happy; and having lost *Rome* for *Lucretia*, I should be still ready to lose a hundred Kingdomes for you, if I had them. After this, *Lucilius* coming up to joyn with *Telanus*, the whole body marcht towards the Quarter of *Porsenna*. Where when the fair Virgins were arriv'd, *Lucilius* went to know the King's pleasure concerning presenting them before him. But *Porsenna* having understood *Clelia* was amongst them, would not see them, and sent to seek the Prince his son, to the end he might not entertain them, giving order they should be put into tents, serv'd well, and guarded diligently. Nevertheless *Aronces* who had been advertis'd by *Telanus* that *Clelia* was amongst the Hostages, us'd his interest with the Princess of the *Leontines* to oblige *Galerita* to come that day to the Camp; and he caus'd such diligent notice to be given him when the Chariots would arrive, that he was precisely at the place were they made a halt, whilst *Lucilius* went to receive *Porsenna*'s Orders. He was habited this day more splendidly than ordinary, tho in a military attire. His Horse was of a dapple-gray, his Feathers were white, *Isabella*, black, and sky-colour, he had a scarf of the same colours buckled upon his shoulder with the muzzle of a golden Lyon inrich'd with great Diamonds. The guard of his Sword was of the same; and in short, his garb was so magnificent, that he drew the eyes of all. He was also lookt upon very favourably by *Clelia*, who made it very apparent that the sight of the person lov'd embellishes, at the first appearance after absence; for assoon as *Clelia* perceiv'd *Aronces*, her eyes became more sparkling, her complexion had a fuller tincture of carnation, joy augmented the gracefulness of her mouth, and all the charms of her countenance became thereby the more inevitable. *Aronces* on his part, could not at that moment reflect on all the consequences that might follow upon this interview, but so gave up himself to joy, that alighting from his Horse, he went directly to *Clelia*, who descended from her Chariot, together with her Companions; and it hapned to be in a place where she could do it conveniently, for there was a large and thick-spread tree about ten paces from her Chariot. Ah! Madam (said he to her, after having saluted her and those that follow'd her) is it lawful for me to rejoice to see you in a place where I am not Master? yet you would forbid me in vain to do so, for 'tis impossible for me to see you without resenting a pleasure which I am unable to express. That which I have to see you, my Lord (answer'd she) teaches me sufficiently, that the first sentiments of the heart are not in a peoples disposing according as the condition of their fortune requires; for tho I am alwaies very unhappy, yet I am extream joyful that I can also tell you I am alwaies the same, provided you be not changed. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Aronces*) that which you say is not obliging, and you have too little esteem of me, if you do not repent of it. After this, *Clelia* told *Aronces* that *Plotina* was her sister, and that tho *Horatius* was her brother, yet was she alwaies his friend: so that there was a very sweet and ingenious conversation among these amiable persons. As they were in it, *Lucilius* came to bring *Porsenna*'s Orders; but they so strict, that out of friendship he counsel'd the Prince not to oppose them, nor provoke the King. This Order sensibly afflicted *Aronces*, *Clelia*, her Companions, and *Amilcar*, who was come to them; but yet it was necessary to obey it. So *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* re-entered into their Chariot, after *Aronces* accompani'd by *Amilcar* had told the admirable person he lov'd, that she ought to fear nothing, and that he would dye rather than be wanting in fidelity to her. *Aronces* being mounted on Horse-back, and the Chariots beginning to march in order to conduct the fair Virgins to the Tents which were appointed for them, they beheld a Troop of Ladies appear on Horse-back, in very great gallantry, and following a stately Chariot that went very slowly, which was the Queen of *Hetruria*, and with her *Melinthe*, and a very fair and amiable person nam'd *Herfilia*. She that rid in the head of these Ladies was the Princess of the *Leontines*, her Horse being white with a black star in the forehead; her attire was of a flying stuff, silver and blue, and the shape of it very agreeable and advantageous; she wore hanging at a rich scarf that was fastned with a knot of Diamonds, a little Bow of Ebony garnisht with gold, and a Quiver of the same adorn'd with jewels. Her hair curl'd in half rings was carelessly spread upon her shoulders. So that having upon her head a great Plume of Feathers, the colours of which were pleasing and well suted, and the order irregular (as I may so speak) made an agreeable confusion, this Princess never appear'd more beautiful than she did this day. She was follow'd by *Aurelisa*, *Terentia*, and *Amielea*, and several other Ladies very handsome and gallantly clothed. Assoon as *Aronces* beheld this fair Troop, he left *Clelia* and went to meet the Queen of *Hetruria* and the Princess of the *Leontines*, to the end to desire their protection of that excellent Virgin. In the mean time the Chariots of the twenty fair *Romans*, whom Lot had chosen for Hostages, turning to the right hand towards the *Tyber*, were not so distant but *Clelia* could discern the magnificent garb of the Princess of the *Leontines*, and with what a respectful gesture *Aronces* saluted her; for indeed out of his desire to induce her to protect *Clelia*, he approacht to her with extraordinary respect. Upon which *Clelia* having her heart inflam'd with new affection towards *Aronces*, whom she lately saw, and affected with discontent occasion'd

mon'd by the rigorous order of *Porſenna*, her mind became ſo troubled, that ſhe could not hinder her ſelf from giving ſome ſigns of her inquietude. She chang'd colour ſeveral times, ſhe had her head alwayes turn'd toward the ſide where the Princeſs of the *Leontines* was, as long as ſhe was in ſight, and moreover ſhe ſigh'd very heavily. But that which compleated her anxiety, was, that putting forth her head; ſhe heard one of thoſe that guarded her, ſaying to another as they beheld *Aronces*, See, our Prince there is much taken up with his new Miſtreſs. Theſe words were no ſooner underſtood by *Clelia*, but jealouſie as ſuddenly ſeiz'd upon her heart, as an hour before Love did upon that of *Sextus*. But whilſt this ſecret trouble was exciting in her breaſt, *Plotina* and *Valeria* were reaſoning concerning *Porſenna*'s Order. Nevertheleſs the change hapned in *Clelia*'s fair eyes did not eſcape their obſervation; whereupon *Valeria* addreſſing to this admirable perſon, Whence ariſes this new ſadneſs? (ſaid ſhe) and what thought has come in your minde? Tho *Porſena*'s Order be ſomething ſevere, yet we are delivered from an unpleaſing ceremony, in that we ſhall not be preſented to him. Therefore ſince I believe he dares not violate the Law of Nations, nor treat you ill, I ſee no cauſe for the exceſſive melancholy that appears in your eyes. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I am of *Valeria*'s mind; and therefore let me intreat you, my dear ſiſter, not to abandon your ſelf to ſadneſs. When the heart is poſſeſs'd with jealouſie (anſwer'd ſhe bluſhing) it is not poſſible but that it ſhould alſo be abandon'd to ſadneſs. But how can you become jealous in ſo ſhort a time? (ſaid *Plotina*). *Clelia* ſeeing her ſelf urg'd by her friends, told them what ſhe heard, and what ſhe obſerv'd. But do you not know (ſaid *Valeria*) *Aronces* ſuffers it to be believ'd that he is amorous of the Princeſs of the *Leontines* to the end *Porſenna* might not propound to him the marriage of the Prince of *Ceres* daughter? I know it (anſwer'd *Clelia*) but I know too that the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, is infinitely charming, that I am unfortunat, and that it is not impoſſible but that *Aronces* conceiving he cannot marry me, has ſuffer'd his heart to be toucht with the beauty of that Princeſs; for, for my own part, I find that were I a man, I could not chuſe but love her. Ah! my dear ſiſter (cry'd *Plotina*) you think you ſhould love this Princeſs if you were a man, only becauſe you have at preſent a great diſpoſition not to love her. That is, in brief, the jealouſie which will cauſe you to hate her, makes her appear more lovely than really ſhe is, tho ſhe is ſo in a high degree. But however, you are unjuſt; for after all *Aronces* has done for you, you ſuſpect him upon too light an occaſion. No, no, (reply'd *Valeria*) blame not *Clelia* ſo much; for when a perſon loves ardently and is unfortunate, it is very eaſie for jealouſie to ariſe without cauſe; and certainly only ſuch as know not how to love, are wholly free from jealouſie. Theſe fair Virgins ſpoke many things more to this purpoſe, till they arriv'd at the Tents prepar'd for them, where they were receiv'd with magnificence and reſpect. *Lucilius* and *Telanus* caus'd them to be attended with all imaginable care, and omitted nothing that might ſerve to evidence themſelves the moſt honorable perſons in the World. Nevertheleſs at the ſame time, not daring to diſobey *Porſenna*'s Order, they caus'd them to be guarded diligently. This King (imagining there had been ſome deceit in the choice of the Hoſtages, and that *Clelia* was purpoſely ſent to his Camp out of hope to mollifie him, and to augment *Aronces*'s love by her preſence) was much diſpleas'd about it, both against the *Romans* and againſt *Aronces*, whom he ſuſpected to have had ſome influence in the buſineſs. Yet ſeeing him arrive with the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, he knew not what to think of it. But *Galerita* and the Princeſs being much ſolicitous to ſerve *Aronces*, aſſoon as they came to *Porſenna*'s preſence, they declar'd the joy they reſented in ſeeing the peace ſo well advanc'd, and askt him wherefore he did not ſee the Hoſtages. Becauſe (anſwer'd he) the perſon is ſent amongſt them who of all the world undoubtedly hates me moſt. And therefore (added he, looking upon *Aronces*) I abſolutely forbid you to ſee her, or have any correſpondence with her. My Lord (ſaid the dejected Prince) the order you have given for the guarding of the fair *Romans*, is ſo ſtrict, that it will be no merit to obey you; but if it be lawfull for me to anſwer ſomething that is contrary to your ſentiments, I ſhall beſeech you to conſider that nothing ought to be more ſacred than the perſons of Hoſtages. I grant it (reply'd *Porſenna*) and 'tis to that end that I require they be diligently guarded. *Aronces* judging then that *Galerita* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* would doe him more ſervice if himſelf were not preſent than if he were, he withdrew, and left them in effect the liberty to protect himſelf in protecting *Clelia*. Yet they durſt not ſpeak to *Porſenna* concerning that admirable Lady in particular, but only of her and all her Companions in general. At firſt the King of *Hetruria* would not allow that any perſons ſhould ſee them: but the two Princeſſes ſo earneſtly repreſented to him that that would cauſe an ill rumor in *Rome*, as if they were kept Priſoners, that he yeilded to their Counſel, being contented only to prohibit the Prince his ſon the liberty of ſeeing them; but he granted the Princeſſes permiſſion to goe and viſit them. In the mean time the Prince *Titus* who alwayes lov'd *Colatina* paſſionately, went from *Tarquin*'s Quarter to that of *Porſenna*, to endeavour to get liberty to ſee her; *Sextus* who was become violently amorous of *Clelia*, went thither too with the ſame purpoſe: and the fierce *Tullia*, whoſe mind was alwayes bent to doe miſchief to ſome or other, and to make all things ſubſervient to her revenge, or ambition, deviſ'd in her mind (ſo fertile in inventions of wickedneſs) what ſhe ſhould doe to hinder the accompliſhment of the peace, or at leaſt to torment *Clelia*. *Tarquin* for his part, in the mideſt of his misfortunes had his thoughts imploy'd upon *Clelia*, and was ſomething pleas'd, to hear *Aronces* was deny'd liberty to viſit her. The day after the fair *Romans* came to *Porſenna*'s Camp, the Queen of *Hetruria* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* went to ſee them; but by the way they met with *Sextus*, and could not hinder him from accompanying them, tho they urg'd him as much as they could to forbear. As for the Prince *Titus*, he was ſo belov'd by both parties, that they did not ſcruple to take him into this viſit; and the curioſity to ſee theſe twenty fair *Romans* being almoſt general, the Princeſſes were accompany'd by the generous *Melintha*, the amiable *Herſilia*, *Amielea*, *Aureliſa*, *Terentia*, and ſeveral men of Quality. The *Roman* Ladies having been advertis'd by *Lucilius* and *Telanus* of the viſit they were to receive, they adorned themſelves more ſpeedily this day; and *Clelia* out of a jealous conceit, and to pleaſe the Queen of *Hetruria*, omitted nothing that conduc'd to make her appear amiable. Only *Hermilia* was in a negligent dreſs, which teſtifi'd ſhe

did not care to please: yet being fair, young, and tall, she did not cease to be very graceful. It may be said, there was never a more glorious sight, than when these twenty fair Virgins went to receive the Queen of *Hetruria* at the entry of their Tents. For the Lot had so happily chosen them out, that there was not one of them but was extremely handsome and agreeable. *Valeria*, *Clelia*, and *Platina* being in the front of this fair Company, the first as being daughter of the first Consul spoke thus in the name of all her Companions, when she saluted *Galerita*. Had my Companions and my self had liberty to doe our duty, Madam (said she very gracefully) we should have had the honour to have gone and saluted your Majesty assoon as we saw you arrive in the Camp: But, Madam, since we are not in our own power, no doubt you are so equitable as not to accuse us of being deficient in the respect we owe you. The Queen of *Hetruria* very civilly receiv'd that which *Valeria* spoke to her, and also made an answer to it; but it was almost without thinking what she was doing; for the Princess of the *Leontines* having before caus'd her to take notice of *Clelia*, she beheld her with so great admiration that she could not refrain from giving advantageous signs of what she thought of her. Assoon as she had done answering *Valeria*, she turned her self towards the Princess of the *Leontines*, and speaking to her, Report is injurious to *Clelia's* beauty (said she) for certainly it transcends all the praises that are publish'd of it, and I believe it can never be sufficiently extoll'd. *Galerita* had scarce spoke this, but all that accompani'd her, perceiving it was free for them to speak what they thought, commended *Clelia* so highly, that she blusht at it; whereby modesty imbellishing her more, she confirm'd all the applauses that were given her. After which *Galerita*, having commended all these fair Virgins in general, separated *Clelia* from the rest, and talkt with her for some time, whilst the Princess of the *Leontines*, *Melintha Horsilia*, and the other Ladies were speaking to *Valeria*, *Platina*, and their companions. As for Prince *Titus*, he entertain'd *Colatina*, whom he had not seen since his leaving *Rome*; but *Sextus* was wholly silent, and only beheld *Clelia* so attentively, that it was easie to perceive that he had not lov'd the unfortunate *Lucretia* more ardently. *Amilcar*, who had follow'd the Queen of *Hetruria*, joyn'd in the discourse with the Princess of the *Leontines* and *Platina*; *Telanus* did the like; *Aurelisa* and *Torentia* admir'd these fair *Romans*; and *Valeria* and her companions returning them commendations for those they gave, this first conversation pass'd in reciprocal civilities. But *Clelia* spoke so handsomely to *Galerita*, that she was as much charm'd with her wit, as her beauty; yet she would not mention any thing to her concerning *Aronces*, but assur'd her in general, she would protect her in all things, and omit no opportunity to doe her good offices. After which turning her self towards the other *Romane* Ladies, the Princess of the *Leontines* approacht to *Clelia*, with intention to assure her she would serve her with all her heart, and give her an account of the sentiments *Aronces* had for her. But *Sextus* coming to her at the same moment, it was impossible for her to execute her purpose; besides, that *Clelia* appear'd to her with so cold an aspect, that this did sufficiently amuse her. Nevertheless, soon after she thought *Sextus's* presence caus'd that coldness of hers, so that hoping to see her often, she was not very earnest to discourse with her apart. On the contrary believing she should doe her a pleasure in taking off *Sextus*, she pretended to have something to say to this Prince, and accordingly whisper'd a little to him; but presently after, the Queen of *Hetruria* being retir'd, she could doe no more but tell *Clelia*, she would see her again speedily. Notwithstanding she spoke this with a very obliging air, yet the secret jealousie this fair Virgin had in her breast caus'd her to answer her with some coldness, tho with sufficient civility. The Queen of *Hetruria* as she return'd spoke of nothing but the beauty of *Clelia*, and the charms of her mind. *Sextus* seem'd so transported with it, that he could not refrain from speaking things which made it apparent he was deeply enamour'd of her; and all that accompani'd *Galerita* were so taken with her, that they contended who should extol her most. Her companions were also much Commended, and tho fair Ladies love not very much to applaud those that own that advantageous quality, yet *Aurelisa*, *Torentia*, and all the rest acknowledg'd nothing could be seen so handsome as *Clelia*, and that next her, *Valeria*, *Platina*, *Hermilia*, and *Colatina* were the most charming persons in the world. When *Galerita* arriv'd at her Tent, she understood that the cruel *Tullia* was in private conference with *Porsenna*, and she was told of it by *Aronces*, who was extremely troubled at it. And so was she too; for she knew well of what dangerous artifices this person was capable. But to comfort him, she talk'd with him so advantageously of *Clelia*, that it gave him satisfaction in some measure. You have reason, *Aronces* (said *Galerita* to him) to prefer *Clelia* above all the rest of the world; for being noble, vertuous, ingenious, and the greatest beauty that ever liv'd, and having an affection for you, I conceive nothing is to be desir'd for your happiness but the consent of *Porsenna*. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Aronces*) that consent is hard to be obtain'd. I confess it (answer'd the Queen) but nevertheless I am perswaded, if the King saw *Clelia*, it would be more easie to prevail with him; and I purpose to continue some dayes in the Camp, that I may endeavour to bring him to resolve upon it. *Aronces* thanked *Galerita* for this design of hers, and afterwards requested the Princess of the *Leontines*, to assist her in moving *Porsenna* to see *Clelia*. As he left the Queen, he saw his Father the King, who seem'd to be sufficiently pensive; he understood by some of the Officers that were faithful to him, that when *Tullia* departed from *Porsenna*, he told her, he would keep his word, provided she kept hers; and that this Princess went away with an aspect sufficiently satisfi'd. But the unfortunate *Aronces* not being able to see *Clelia*, writ to her in the most passionate manner in the world, and oblig'd *Titus*, *Telanus*, and *Amilcar* to tell her a hundred things every day in his name. At the same time, liberty of intercourse between *Rome* and the Camp being ratifi'd, excepting for such *Romans* as had follow'd *Tarquin*, the Princess of the *Leontines* went to see the Prince her Brother, who was a little recover'd; and *Herminius*, *Horatius*, *Octavius*, *Æmilius*, *Xenocrates*, *Anacreon*, and many others caus'd themselves to be presented to *Porsenna*, to the end they might have liberty to visit the twenty fair Virgins that were given as Hostages. By this means the conversation became very delightful both at the Tents of the Queen of *Hetruria*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, and those in which the fair

fair *Romans* were. As for *Mutius*, his mind was so incensed with the last conversation he had with *Valeria*, that he would not go thither; and he was observ'd to avoid almost all the world, and to be discontented and pensive, tho the glory he had acquir'd ought to have afforded him very great satisfaction. About this time the Prince of *Messene* found himself reduc'd to extremity; but at his death he caus'd *Iberniſtus* to be advertis'd that he might go and receive the recompence of his fidelity, and that some daies before he had stopt a man that had order to deliver a Letter to him from the Prince of *Syracusa*, and another from the Princess *Lindamira*, which inform'd him that he might return. And accordingly *Iberniſtus* understanding this agreeable news, and seeing the War ended, hasted himself to depart assoon as the wound in his arm should be cured. The Prince of *Messene*'s death, and the happiness of his Rival, serving then for discourse to all the world, it hapned that *Clelia* and *Plotina* observing *Zenocrates* very melancholy, the latter askt him if he had any particular interest in that adventure. Alass! Madam (answer'd he, sighing) I am concern'd onely with my own miseries, of which both the felicity and misfortunes of others do alike reduce the remembrance in my mind. Yet some troublesome thing must needs have befallen you within this little while (said *Clelia*) for the bare remembrance of remote unhappinesses does not produce the melancholy which I perceive in your eies. 'Tis easie to appear sad (reply'd *Zenocrates*) when greater are apprehended to come. But *Valeria* interrupting this discourse by speaking something apart to *Clelia*, *Plotina* continu'd, and so urg'd *Zenocrates* to tell her the cause of his discontent, that he confest to her he was extremely jealous, but would not discover to her who was the person he lov'd. After which *Plotina* told *Clelia* what *Zenocrates* had confest to her. An hour after the Princess of the *Leontines* being arriv'd, *Clelia* heard *Amiclea* say to *Zenocrates*, as she pass'd by him, You are to blame, and more than you can imagine. She also observ'd that the Princess of the *Leontines* blusht as she lookt upon *Zenocrates*, and that *Zenocrates*'s dejectedness increas'd by beholding the Princess. So that comparing all these circumstances, she conjectur'd that *Zenocrates* lov'd the Princess, and that *Aronces* was the cause of his jealousie. Which thought so augmented her own, that she was forc'd to pretend her self a little indispos'd, for fear lest the alteration of her humour should be taken notice of. Nevertheless she had so great curiosity to know perfectly the Adventures of the Princess of the *Leontines*, that she requested *Plotina* and *Valeria* to ingage her to relate them; and these two fair Ladies acted with such address, after *Zenocrates* was gone, that they prevail'd with her to grant that which *Clelia* desir'd. That which you request of me (said this charming Princess to them) is harder to grant you than you imagine; but I cannot refuse a thing that is possible, to three such amiable persons as you: moreover, to speak freely, I foresee that within a few daies, that will be known which I have hitherto so carefully conceal'd. However (added she) *Amiclea* must relate to you what you desire to know; for I confess to you that I should not be able to tell you divers things, the bare remembrance of which makes me blush, tho they be not criminal. *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina*, having consented to what she desir'd, she went away, and left *Amiclea* with these three fair Virgins, who being alone in their Court, beseech'd her to give them a full Relation of all that concern'd the Princess of the *Leontines*. And thereupon according to the order she had receiv'd from her, she began to speak in this manner.

The HISTORY of the Princess LYSIMENA.

IF you did not know the Princess of the *Leontines*, I should begin her History with her Elogium, thereby to interess you in her misfortunes; but since you are not ignorant that she is very beautiful and very amiable, that she is a person of extraordinary wit and merit, and that nevertheless her vertue surpasses all her charms; it remains only that I acquaint you with her infelicities, to the end to excite your compassion to her, and to relate her Adventures to you, thereby to encrease your admiration of her. I will not take much pains to describe to you how the Court of *Leontium* stood when we were there; I shall onely tell you by the way, that there was none more delightful in all *Sicily*, tho (as you know) there be a great number there, and it be at this day one of the places most fam'd for splendor and politeness in the world. The Country being very handsome and fertile, the air agreeable, and liberty sufficient, it is undoubtedly extreme pleasant living there. But it must be confess'd, that during the first years of the Princess *Lysimena*'s life, the Court of *Leontium* was more delightful than it can be at this day. For when the principal Persons of a Court have well-temper'd minds, their example renders all their inferiors more civilis'd and vertuous. The late Prince of *Leontium* was certainly a very accomplisht Prince; and the Princess of *Leontium*, his wife, was indu'd with all the Qualities that can cause a Person of Honour to be admir'd. Moreover, it may be assur'd that the Princess *Lysimena* resembles her as much, as *Artemidorus* does the late Prince, his Father. He that reigns at this day, has unquestionably some Qualities that ought to be commended; for he is indu'd with wit and courage: but he is naturally distrustful, excessively jealous of his Authority, when he need not, and besides has some inclinations to cruelty. But to return to the Princess *Lysimena*, you shall know, that she from her infancy was very amiable, & that at twelve years old she was the greatest ornament of the Court. It was believ'd at that time, that she had but one Brother; for you must know, *Artemidorus* at the age of ten years was taken by *Pyrates*, as the Prince of the *Leontium* sent him to *Greece* under the conduct of a wise Governor called *Cleanthus*, to be brought up there till he should come to the age of eighteen years; after which no tidings had been heard of him. So that when the Prince his Father dy'd, *Lysimena* remain'd under the Authority of the Prince of *Leontium* her Brother, who Reigns at this day. Whilst the Princess her mother was alive, she was not without some consolation; besides, being then but sixteen years old, grief more easily wore out of her mind, and she became capable of all the joy that can be found in a splendid Court by a Person that holds the chief rank there in all things, and sees her self as much superior to all about her both in beauty, wit, and Quality. The Princess *Lysimena* has always had the advantage to be free from one of those defects which are sufficiently common in those of her rank; for she had never any of that intolerable pride, through which such as are possess'd with it, think they do too much honour to those that serve them,

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when they only take notice of the respect they bear to them; who despise all that are not of a very considerable rank; who are not oblig'd by any thing whatsoever, who will be lov'd without loving again; who scorn gratitude, who will be yielded to in every thing, who understand nothing of liberality, and who have not so much as the art to chuse their own pleasures well. On the contrary, I can assure you she has alwaies very well known how to discern the truth of all things, she has lov'd those that lov'd her person more than such as respected her condition, and has been as diligent to render her self worthy to be lov'd, as if her birth and beauty had afforded her no advantage. And to speak truth, the diligence she has us'd has admirably succeeded. I was some years elder than the Princess; but she attaining to an early prudence, lov'd rather to converse with such as exceeded her in age, than such as were younger: so that my mother being very much belov'd by the late Princess of *Leontium*, I went frequently to the Palace, where I had the good fortune to be chosen amongst a hundred more amiable Virgins than my self, to be the Princess favourite. At that time a very near Kinsman of the Prince of *Syracusa* who dwelt at *Leontium*, became extreme amorous of *Lysimena*; his name was *Meleontus*, and he a is person of undoubted courage, wit, and magnificence; but he is naturally distrustful: and tho he be very noble, yet he is so little master of himself when he is in choler that he is at such times capable of many things which he would not have done when his choler is pass'd. Moreover, *Meleontus* is a very goodly Person, and has a kind of noble boldness in the air of his countenance, which sutes both with his Quality and humour. Being usually a partaker in all the pleasures of the Prince, he had the freedome to see the Princess *Lysimena*, very often. Whereby it is to be wondred, if seeing a most amiable person every day, he could not hinder himself from loving her. Besides, to speak truth, it was so much the mode to love *Lysimena*, that it was said at Court, She had not one slave that was not amorous of her. It was discover'd that a Painter, as he drew her Picture, became her Lover; and one of the Gardeners of the Palace, to whom she had spoken very often (because she much delights in flowers) lost his reason through the excess of love he had for her. Moreover, it was for this cause that she was styl'd so as she is at this day; for a certain person saying one day pleasantly, that to distinguish her from the Princess her Mother, who was call'd the Princess of *Leontium*, she ought to be term'd the Princess of the *Leontines*, since she reign'd in the hearts of all the Prince her Brothers Subjects; the conceit was taken up, and she came by degrees to be generally styl'd so. Nevertheless, this universal love caus'd her to be hated and envy'd by several beauties: *Clidamira* who you know, was certainly a little envious at her, but amongst others there was a woman of Quality, that thought her self more beautiful than *Lysimena*, who proceeded so far to wish her as much mischief as if the Princess had undone her in her fortune, tho she was guilty of no other crime but being as amiable as you see. This woman, who is call'd *Amerintha*, is indeed very fair, and has no common temper of mind, as you shall know in the sequel of my discourse. *Meleontus* having been her servant for some time, and afterwards forsaking her to adore *Lysimena*, she thereupon began to hate the Princess (as I told you) altho she dissembled it as much as she could. In the mean time *Meleontus* omitted nothing which he judg'd might serve to make his passion known to *Lysimena*, who had no inclination at all towards him. But because the Prince her Brother did not disapprove this affection, she durst not treat him unkindly: but her particular humor was so averse from all Courtship, that upon all occasions she commended Friendship above Love, maintaining that there is nothing more delightful than to have Friends, and nothing more troublesome than to have Lovers, whether they be lov'd again or no. And accordingly she was very severe to the former, and very gentle at the latter. *Zenocrates* was at this time at *Leontium*, where having been very amorous of an amiable Lady nam'd *Andromira*, his love at length turn'd into friendship. Which, besides, was a friendship without ardour, and not much pleasing; so that he said sometimes laughing, That there is far more pleasure in having a Friend of a Lady that had alwaies been a Friend, than in having one that had been considered as a Mistress, and is no longer lookt upon but as a Friend. *Andromira* being a little related to me, I frequently reproacht *Zenocrates* with his change, and this is no unusual subject of our conversation. If you did not know him, I should tell you of the goodliness of his personage, the vivacity of his wit, and all the good qualities he is indu'd with; but it will be sufficient to let you know that he is of a very noble extraction, that he is Originally a *Greek*, tho he was born at a City call'd *Herbesa*, which was his Father's, and is not far from *Leontium*; I shall add further, that he was at that time of great esteem in this Court. That which hapned between him and *Andromira* being a very rare case, all the world talk'd of it, and *Lysimena* making advantage of it in reference to her own sentiments, said, it was easie to perceive thereby the expedience of returning to Friendship. For my part (said I to her one day in the presence of *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates*) I do not conceive how any one is capable of Friendship towards another that has been lov'd; for if I had once had an affection for a man, I think I could not desist from it without hating him, or at least without having an indifference for him, which could never become Friendship. I am of *Amicles*'s mind (said *Meleontus*) and I do not think it possible for me ever to be a Friend to my Mistress. For my part (said *Lysimena*) Friendship is so high in my esteem, that I account it good at all times. But how is it possible (said *Meleontus*) for Love to become Friendship? What becomes of the desires, impatiencies, melancholies, fears, transports, little and great pleasures, suspitions, hope, jealousie, and all the other passions that are inseparable from Love? In truth (said *Zenocrates*) I cannot tell you what is become of all these, but I know at present I have the greatest tranquillity of the world in reference to *Andromira*, and that she cannot give me either great trouble or great pleasure. I behold her without desires or without hopes, I should serve her if it were in my power, I esteem her, I love her, and I visit her also very often: but for the most part, our conversation is but luke-warm, and our Friendship has nothing in it that affords much inquietude or great delight. But did you ever love that person? (said *Meleontus*). More than you can imagine (answer'd *Zenocrates*). I can witness (reply'd I) that he has made very amorous Verses upon her, and I have seen him inquieted, jealous, and much solicitous concerning her. But that which I admire

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most (said *Lysimena*) is, that *Andromira* should be capable of returning to Friendship as well as he. Ah! Madam (said *Meleontus*) *Zenocrates* must needs have lov'd but weakly when he was amorous, since he could become a Friend of a Lover; however, I am well assur'd (said he with a lower voice) I finde I shall never have any Friendship for the admirable *Lysimena*. That which you speak is so disobliging to me (answer'd the Princess) that you deserve I should give you a sharp answer. That which I said is so true and so passionate, Madam (reply'd he) that I cannot believe it possible for you to be so unjust as to hate me for it. After this other Ladies being arriv'd, the discourse was changed. Nevertheless, from that day *Meleontus* became more confident to speak to *Lysimena* concerning his Love, altho she always forbid him, and *Zenocrates* became so intimate a friend to her, that no man in the Court was so high in her favour, nor had so much liberty to see her. For *Zenocrates* had in a short time got such a reputation of being inconstant, that not fearing he would become her Lover, she was joyful that he was her Friend. We oftentimes reproacht him that he had only the beginnings of love; and he was so expert at raillery thereupon, that it render'd our conversation very delightful. *Meleontus*'s love in the mean time augmented to the highest degree he was capable of, he being a person more inclin'd to this passion than to Friendship. These two persons were often together, and seem'd to be considerably intimate, tho indeed they communicated nothing of importance one to another; for *Zenocrates* loves not to declare his secrets, and *Meleontus* is so distrustful, that he car'd not to put confidence in him, especially in what concern'd *Lysimena*. 'Tis true, he had no great secrets to tell of in this respect, for tho he had the most violent passion for the Princess, that ever was, yet she answer'd it so little, that she afforded him no great matter for secrecie. Nevertheless, he was not discourag'd; for tho the Princess of *Leontium* did not much approve his pretensions to the Princess her daughter, yet the Prince her Son so upheld him in them, that he was not destitute of hope. In the mean time there were made continual feasts, at which *Zenocrates* was always present as *Lysimena*'s friend. This Quality was no doubt very advantageous to him and gave him many occasions of conversing with her, which otherwise he could not have had, if his inconstancie had not secur'd him from being apprehended by *Lysimena* as a man that was amorous of her. So that by degrees she came to have a very dear friendship for *Zenocrates*; who one the other side lov'd her no doubt as much as he could, and often told her, that he lov'd her more than four of his Mistresses. Thus *Lysimena* taking much delight in the amity of such an agreeable Friend, and (if I dare say it) in mine, dayly confirm'd her self in the opinion she then had, That Love is less sweet than Friendship. *Zenocrates* in the mean time was better treated as her Friend, than *Meleontus* was as her Lover. *Andromira* was sometimes present in their conversations, and one day the Princess ask'd her, whether *Zenocrates* were a more agreeable Friend than a Lover. In truth, Madam (answer'd *Andromira*, smiling) I cannot well resolve your Question; all that I can tell you, is, that when our affection was a little more tender than friendship, we had more pain and more pleasure; but at this day when it has chang'd its nature, we doe not divert our selves much in our familiarity. That answer of *Andromira*, to *Lysimena* seem'd to her so remarkable, that being alone the next day in her Closet, she made a description of that person's sentiments, she painted her out to the life, and did me the favour to shew me what she writ upon this subject, which was extremely pleasant. For without pencil or colours, she made so exact a picture of *Andromira*, that none could but know it. At first the Princess would have conceal'd this Portraiture; but telling *Zenocrates* of it, and *Zenocrates* not being able to hide a thing made for the honour of the Princess's wit, told it to the Prince, the Prince to *Meleontus*, and *Meleontus* to the whole Court. Upon which, as all the world is full of imitators, good or bad, in a few dayes all the men of the Court became Painters, and all the women made their own Pourtraits, without considering that it is very difficult to speak handsomely of ones self: for if a person set forth his own commendations, he becomes ridiculous and insufferable; if he blame himself justly, he would doe better to amend his faults than publish them; and if he speak neither good nor ill of himself he is sufficiently tedious.

But in brief, a Constellation stronger than Reason put all the World into this vein. The most excusable were such as overcommended themselves, for they delineated themselves according to their self-conceit; and the most faulty were such as made Satyrical Pourtraitures against persons whose goodness and vertue ought to have exempted them from envy. Tho indeed the Authors injur'd themselves, by describing themselves amongst all the worthy persons, and did no hurt to those they intended to injure. Upon this occasion all discourses were only concerning Pourtraitures, every one had some in their Pockets, and the end of the Composers was only to give Copies from one to another. One day, amongst an honourable Company, at the Palace of the Princess of *Leontium* where *Lysimena* was at that time, arose a discourse concerning the Portraitures in fashion. For my part (said *Meleontus*) I like not this ardency of doing that always which others doe, and that because some one person has made a handsome Portrait, therefore all the world should betake themselves to make bad. In truth (added I) I believe there is not a person at *Leontium* that has a Looking glass, but has made their own picture, excepting my self who could never resolve to speak either good or ill in my own behalf. After this, *Lysimena* ask'd if there were any new Portraiture, and *Zenocrates* told her two were made of the same person by no ordinary invention; which the Princess desiring to see, *Zenocrates* who had them, gave them to her to read, telling her, the first of them seem'd to be made by some Lover or some friend of *Amerintha*. I easily believe (answer'd *Lysimena*) it might be made by a Lover, but as for a Friend, I doubt it: for *Amerintha* loves not to have Friends, and I am perswaded few people have many, against their own wills. After this *Lysimena* began to read that which follows.

The Portraiture of *AMERINTHA*.

AMerintha is of a tall and handsome stature, of a good aspect, and has all the lustre of a great Beauty: her eyes are sparkling and sweet, they excite love, fear, and hope all at the same time. They are the fairest azure in the World, and

and her hair is of the most goodly flaxen that ever was seen. She has a little mouth, ruddy and smiling, and a thousand charms in the air of her countenance. Her complexion is clear even to admiration, and she has such an agreeable mind, in which sweetness and confidence, modesty and gallantry, chearfulness and sometimes pensiveness appear together. She is obliging and civil; she speaks well, she has a good grace, she pleases all that see her; and whoever is not in love the first time he sees her, is incapable of ever being so. Her heart is resolute enough to undertake difficult things without scruple, nothing perplexes or astonishes her; she trusts always either to her beauty or to her address. And indeed she has reason to confide in them, since to this hour she has almost always done whatever she desired to do, nothing being able to resist her; and I believe she will perpetually do her own pleasure.

It must be confess'd (said *Lysimena*, after she had done reading) that *Amerintha* has all that this Portraiture attributes to her. I acknowledge it (answer'd *Meleontus*) but she has some things that are not expres'd in it. Nevertheless (added I) there is none but would know her by this description. If it be so (said *Zenocrates*) you will not judge the other Portrait made of her to be very like. There are Pictures sometimes (answer'd *Lysimena*) that doe not resemble one another, and yet are very like the persons for whom they were made: but to judge whether this be so, let us see it. After which she began to read the Second.

Portraiture of *AMERINTHA.*

AMerintha is a Person (you think perhaps I am going to say Wonderful, but it is more just to say) Incomprehensible; and no doubt you will agree with me by that time I have made her Picture. Her beauty is gay, her Complexion pale, her Eyes sufficiently terrible, and her words pass through one of the handsomest mouths in the World. Her Hair is fair, and the air of her whole Person noble enough: but her Hands are not made to catch Hearts, for they are so deform'd, that she always hides them in a corner of a great veil she wears, for fear she should shew them either to her Lovers or herself. Nor are her Arms more handsome; her neck too is sufficiently ill shap'd: and for my part, I confess my imagination perswades me that all which I do not see, more resembles that which displeases me than that which seems agreeable to me. But which is strange, that which is handsome in this Person serves only to injure her; since she does not attract Lovers but to make her self enemies; and it may be said she never causes her self to be lov'd, but the better to render her self hated. For they that do not love her, admire her more than they that do; because as soon as any one has had time enough to know her, he finds that she loves none but her self, that her heart is full of dissimulation, and that she uses a certain false goodness only the better to deceive such as she desires to destroy, that her Wit only serves her to frame intrigues, and to perplex all those she calls friends; that her confidence is seldome employ'd but to performe actions worthy to be repented of; that she does Civilities to none but those from whom she knows she shall receive greater; that she imployes craft in all things, and understands not true Prudence. She is expert enough in disguising truth, tho on some occasions she has been liable to conviction of falshood; she loves liberality in another, and never practises it; she would have it believ'd that she knows how to love, tho she never lov'd any. In the mean time she does many things which nothing but love seems to be able to cause them to do who mit absolutely possesseth. But lastly, the greatest truth that can be said of her, is, that no other Person ever excited so much love and hatred, or attracted so many praises and reproaches: and that which troubles her most of all, is, that all Persons begin with admiration, and alwaies end with contempt.

Ah! *Zenocrates* (said *Lysimena*) if there were any stranger here, I would say this does not much resemble *Amerintha*; but since I conceive none can contradict what is here said of her, I must acknowledge this second Portraiture resembles *Amerintha* as much as the first; for tho one extols her, and the other blames her, yet both are like her. The first would seem admirably well made to a man that had seen her but eight dayes; and the latter to those that have lov'd her a long time. He that made this Picture (answer'd *Zenocrates*) calls these Pourtraits, two-fac'd Pourtraits; because in the one he speaks all the good, and in the other all the evil. This malitious invention has no doubt some wit in it (reply'd *Lysimena*) but for that it may prejudice virtuous persons, I will not commend it. Not but that *Amerintha* deserves her picture should be made in such manner, that it may please every one; but however, 'tis better to conceal the defects of others, than to discover them, altho it be never so ingeniously done. That which you say, is very generous, Madam (answer'd I) but above all things it behoves not to reproach any person for want of Beauty, or for bad fortune, unless people desire to be accounted malitious or scurrilous; and if it be lawful to speak disadvantageous truths, it ought to be against such as are wicked, back-biters, slanderers, cheaters, envious at others glory; because sometimes well drawing the Character of a bad man, vice may be render'd odious. But withall, these descriptions ought to be general, and not to point at any one in particular, unless it be necessary to make perfidious persons known, for fear they deceive such as are not so. For as in certain places of great Rivers, Marks are set up, to advertise such as pass that way, of Rocks hid under the water, which might occasion Shipwrack; so sometimes dangerous persons may be made known, to the end the virtuous may more easily avoid them. That which you say is extreme reasonable (reply'd *Zenocrates*) and whereas so many unprofitable Pourtraitures are made, I wish some were compos'd that might be of good use. I would have an envious man painted forth, that so envy might be hated; a detractor, to the end to cause detraction to be detested; a deceiver,

that

that perfidiouſneſs might be render'd odious; and in like manner many other evil qualities. But as for an inconſtant perſon (interrupted *Lyſimena* ſmiling) you ſay nothing of him. Tho I am perhaps leſs ſuch than I am taken to be (anſwer'd he) yet I ſhall not at preſent offer to ſay I am not ſuch at all; but only, that for the moſt part inconſtant perſons are rather reckon'd amongſt the giddy-brain'd, than the wicked; and for that reaſon I did not think to mention them in this occaſion. But as for *Amerintha*'s two-fac'd Portrait, it was compos'd by one that deſires not to make a ſecret of it; all the Court has ſeen it, and many have ſince attempted the like. Nevertheleſs, the Princeſs ſo openly profeſt her ſelf an Enemy to all that made ſuch kinde of things, that in a very few dayes none dar'd to write in that manner; and this is a great inſtance, that 'tis extremely important for perſons of the principal rank in Courts never to approve of thoſe that wound the reputation of others. And it concerns them ſufficiently; for, by not permitting the glory of their inferiors to be blemiſht, they preſerve their own, and place a Bar between calumny and themſelves. Yet this diſcourſe of *Lyſimena* did not hinder but that *Amerintha* underſtanding by *Andromira* (who told her of it unwittingly) that her Portraiture had been read in the Princeſſes lodgings, was extremely inrag'd at it, and deſign'd to doe her ſome miſchief, tho in truth ſhe had no cauſe to complain of *Lyſimena*. But diſſimulation being neceſſary to all ſuch as would doe an injury, ſhe made no ſhew of any diſguſt at all; but contrarily ſhe viſited *Lyſimena* more frequently, ſhe ſought my friendſhip and abſolutely gain'd that of a Virgin who at that time belong'd to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*. In the mean time *Meleontus* was infinitly amorous of *Lyſimena*, and *Zenocrates* thinking himſelf her friend, was her Lover; tho indeed he ſhortly perceiv'd that he deceiv'd himſelf. As for the Princeſs, ſhe thought nothing of it, and was ſo pleas'd with his friendſhip, that ſhe boaſted of it to all the World. But as one day ſhe was ſpeaking of it to him, he found himſelf ſufficiently perplex'd. For you muſt know, *Zenocrates* having deſerted all his Miſtreſſes for ſome time before, ſeem'd to have nothing elſe to doe, but to render his devoirs to *Lyſimena*. Upon which the Princeſs not deſiring that her friendſhip ſhould reſtrain him; told him one day pleaſantly, that ſhe in no manner pretended to ingroſs him; and tho ſhe ſometimes jeſted with him about his inconſtancie, yet ſhe would not hinder him from having ſome of thoſe half Miſtreſſes, who without poſſeſſing his whole heart, might afford him divertiſement, and occaſion him to write pleaſant Letters, and delightful Verſes. *Zenocrates* bluſht at this ſpeech of *Lyſimena*, and was much puzzled how to anſwer to it. For according to the thoughts he then had, he lookt upon the permiſſion the Princeſs gave him, as the moſt cruel in the World. Yet he durſt not give her any ſign of his paſſion, of which he ſaw well ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpition; nor was he willing to ſpeak any thing that altogether oppos'd her Counſel. But anſwering ambiguouſly to that which ſhe ſaid to him, The Friendſhip wherewith you honour me, Madam (ſaid he to her) muſt needs be very weak, ſince inſtead of correcting my faults, you adviſe me to abandon my ſelf to them. You have a hundred times reproacht me for my beginnings of Love, but I ſee now you would have me have three or four Miſtreſſes at once? Is it, Madam (added he) becauſe my frequent converſe is diſtaſteful to you? In no wiſe (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) but 'tis only becauſe I have an extreme fear leſt Friendſhip ſhould become faſtidious to you. As *Zenocrates* was going to reply, *Meleontus* enter'd; whereupon not being able to hide his diſcompoſedneſs of mind, he withdrew ſufficiently penſive. *Meleontus* had opportunity ſo ſeldome to ſpeak to the Princeſs apart, that he would not loſe this; and aſſoon as *Zenocrates* was gone forth, he began to ſpeak to her of his paſſion. I know well Madam (ſaid he to her) that I am going to diſpleaſe you; but I know alſo, that if I do not ſpeak to you of my love, I muſt needs loſe either my life or my reaſon. Not but that I am perſwaded (added he without giving her leiſure to interrupt him) that you know I love you as much as I am able to love. All my looks, my words, and my actions declare it to you; the Prince likewiſe being my Protector, ſpeakes to you to my advantage; and your own merit being favourable to me in this caſe, does not permit you to doubt of my paſſion. Yes, Madam, not ſo much but your looking-glaſs tells you I adore you; but however, I will declare it to your ſelf, at the hazard of ſeeing as much anger in your eyes, as there is love in my heart. I know well, *Meleontus* (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) that the Prince my Brother ſpeaking to me in your favour, and approving your affection for me, I ought not to anſwer you ſharply, and that I cannot be offended at what you tell me, without offending him. Therefore I will anſwer you like a good friend, rather than as an incenſed Miſtreſs. I tell you then, with much ſincerity, I find no diſpoſition in my heart ever to love any perſon; and if I did, it would not be your ſelf. Not but that if the Prince my Brother went about to conſtrain me to marry you, I ſhould be capable to obey him, rather than to make a great noiſe in the world: but *Meleontus*, you would be more unhappy thereby, and I ſhould be more miſerable too; for, certainly, the love you have for me would ſoon be chang'd into averſion, when you obſerv'd the indifferencie I have for you turn'd into hatred. For, indeed, if after what I have ſaid to you, you ſhould oblige the Prince my Brother to force my will. I ſhould believe I had cauſe to hate you. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Meleontus*) what you ſay is extreme rigorous to me to hear, and ſufficient to induce me to reſolve to be reveng'd upon you, by marrying you againſt your will. For, altho, Madam, I ſhould be enforc'd to hate you after having marry'd you, yet I ſhould be more happy than I am in loving you without being lov'd, or hoping to be ſo by you. Hatred has its pleaſures as well as Love; there is contempt and revenge in it: whereas when a perſon loves, tho he be ill-treated, nevertheleſs he cannot refrain from adoring the perſon by whom he his ſo receiv'd. But, Madam, let us not proceed to ſuch hard extremities; doe juſtice to my love, ſuffer your ſelf to be prevail'd upon by my conſtancie; and I aſſure you, aſſoon as you reſolve to pity my unhappineſs, you will account me leſs worthy of hatred than you doe, and your ſelf leſs unhappy.

Lyſimena was going to anſwer, when the Prince of *Leontium* enter'd, who obſerving *Meleontus*'s diſſatisfaction in his countenance, drew the Princeſs aſide, and told her ſo earneſtly, that ſhe would diſoblige him if ſhe did not regard *Meleontus* as a man deſerving to pretend to marry her, that ſhe was extremely afflicted at it. Nevertheleſs, ſhe ingag'd her ſelf to nothing, and yet did not abſolutely tell the Prince, ſhe was incapable to obey him. In the mean time, the

fair and dangerous *Amarintha*, being incenſed in her mind againſt *Lyſimena*, both becauſe ſhe had drawn away *Meleontus* from her, and becauſe ſhe believ'd ſhe had took pleaſure in reading that humorous Portraiture at her chamber, diligently ſet her ſelf to obſerve her. Whereby, having a cunning wit, ſhe came to know that the Princeſs had a very great averſion for *Meleontus*, and as violent an inclination for *Zenocrates*. Wherefore imploying both theſe paſſions for her revenge, ſhe endeavour'd to cauſe *Meleontus* to marry *Lyſimena*, and to cauſe her ſelf to be lov'd by *Zenocrates*, onely to the end to hinder the Princeſs from being lov'd by him. And indeed, within a ſhort time her revenge became more eaſie, becauſe the Prince fell in love with her. This induc'd her to give over the deſign of getting *Zenocrates* for her Lover; and ſhe did all ſhe could to augment the Prince's paſſion, that ſhe might conſequently more eaſily obtain the end ſhe propos'd to her ſelf. And tho ſhe hated *Meleontus* as well as *Lyſimena*, yet out of a malicious craft, ſhe acted as if ſhe deſir'd to render him happy, with a ſecret intention to make him miſerable. For being perſwaded *Lyſimena* hated him, and had a very tender affection for *Zenocrates*, ſhe well ſaw, that ſhe could do nothing more diſadvantageous either for him or for her, than to oblige the Prince to force *Lyſimena* to marry *Meleontus*, tho the paſſion he had in his Soul ſuggeſted to him, that a greater felicity could not befal him. To this purpoſe a great reconciliation was made between *Meleontus* and *Amarintha*, who paſs'd mutual promiſes to ſerve one another in all things. *Zenocrates* all this while was very amorous of *Lyſimena*, but dar'd not intimate the leaſt ſign of it to her; and having experienc'd that in loving *Amerintha* his love turn'd into friendſhip, he found that in loving *Lyſimena*, his friendſhip was become love. As for the Princeſs, ſhe ſtill thought her affection to *Zenocrates* was only friendſhip; ſo that ſhe imparted all her diſcontents to him as well as to me: by which means he had the ſatisfaction to know that ſhe had a great averſion for his Rival, but the grief too, to underſtand that the Prince highly promoted his intereſts, and to obſerve the intimacy between *Meleontus* and *Amarintha*, whom the Prince was paſſionately enamour'd of. *Amarintha*'s purpoſe on the other ſide being onely to torment *Meleontus*, ſhe told him, ſhe believ'd *Zenocrates* was in love with *Lyſimena*, and that *Lyſimena* took no notice of his boldneſs. But all the Court talks of it (added ſhe maliciouſly) and I doubt not but 'tis very important to advertiſe her of it. Nevertheleſs, becauſe ſhe would receive this intelligence very ill, if I gave it her, I ſhall not meddle with the buſineſs. *Amerintha* had no ſooner ſpoke this, but *Meleontus* wonder'd he had not ſuſpected *Zenocrates* of loving *Lyſimena*; and as jealouſie takes things alwaies in the extremity, he believ'd at the ſame time that poſſibly *Lyſimena* was in love with *Zenocrates*. Which thought taking deep impreſſion in his mind, he reſolv'd to be ſatisfied in the matter, thank'd *Amerintha* for the information ſhe gave him, tho it render'd him more unhappy. Within a few days after, he went to the Princeſs, finding her alone, I know not, Madam (ſaid he to her) how you will receive a matter which I have to tell you, but I know the reſpect alone I have to your glory, induces me to advertiſe you, that *Zenocrates* deports himſelf in ſuch a manner, that it is believ'd he is extremely amorous of you, and that you cannot but perceive it. Becauſe you believe jealouſie is an indubitable proof of love (anſwer'd *Lyſimena* with a cold aſpect) no queſtion you would make a Rival to your ſelf, on purpoſe to have a pretext to act like a jealous Lover. But, *Meleontus*, have not recourſe to ſuch an extravagant device; for I have but too certain a belief that you love me: but to my unhappineſs, the knowledg I have of your affection cannot produce the like in me; ſince to tell you ſincerely (added ſhe) I have done all I could to love you, but in vain. However, for what concerns *Zenocrates*, I anſwer you, that he is no more but my friend, and as long as he comports himſelf only as ſuch, I will not be brought to treat him ill as a lover. The Princeſs had ſcarce ended theſe words, but *Zenocrates* enter'd: aſſoon as he appear'd, *Lyſimena* bluſh'd; of which *Zenocrates* not knowing the cauſe, the inquietude it gave him caus'd him to do the like. But he ſoon recover'd himſelf, and adverti's'd *Meleontus* that the Prince enquir'd for him; ſo that this Favourite was conſtrain'd to leave his Rival with his Miſtreſs. Aſſoon as he was gone, *Zenocrates* percieving ſome diſcontent in the fair eyes of *Lyſimena*, conjur'd her to tell him what ſhe had in her mind. In truth, *Zenocrates* (ſaid ſhe to him) I wiſh you knew, but I think I have not the power to tell you. It muſt be ſome ſtrange thing then (anſwer'd he) and I fear (added this ſecret Lover) 'tis ſome artifice of *Amerintha*. I do not doubt (reply'd *Lyſimena*.) But I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid *Zenocrates*, who is naturally very curious) tell me whether I am concern'd in that which you wiſh I knew. You are as much as my ſelf (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*). 'Tis then ſome horrid wickedneſs I am accuſed of (reply'd he) if it be, I conjure you, Madam, to believe that I am perfectly innocent. I believe ſo (anſwer'd ſhe) and to teſtifie ſo much to you (proceeded the Princeſs, bluſhing) I will at this inſtant reſolve to acquaint you with what *Meelontus* has told me. I ſhall be oblig'd to you for it, Madam (reply'd *Zenocrates*) ſpeak therefore I conjure you, and tell me exactly all that *Meleontus* ſaid to you againſt me. He told me (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*, not imagining really that *Zenocrates* was in love with her) that all the Court believes you have an affection for me, and that I underſtand it without taking it ill. I leave you to judge (added ſhe) whether this be well-pleaſing to me to hear. Ah! Madam (cry'd he) I am unhappy. No, no, *Zenocrates* (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) do not fear that this accident ſhall deprive you of my friendſhip; for tho I am much troubled at the rumour, yet I will not puniſh you for a crime which you have not committed. Alaſs! Madam (repli'd he) you ill interpret my words. For, in brief (added he out of a tranſport of love) that which cauſes me to account my ſelf unhappy, is, that the whole Court knowes I almoſt dye for love of you, and you alone are ignorant of it. Yes, Divine Princeſs (proceeded *Zenocrates* with the moſt paſſionate looks in the World) I have not power to tell you that I do not love. I acknowledge, that without this occaſion, perhaps I ſhould never have told you that I love you, and I had almoſt reſolv'd to dye without giving you any teſtimonies of my affection; but finding a neceſſity upon me to declare my ſelf exactly, I am too ſincere, Madam, to offer to excuſe my ſelf of a crime, which I eſteem glorious to commit. For in truth, Madam, the ſeemingly inconſtant *Zenocrates* is the moſt faithful Lover that ever liv'd; and moreover, you might have obſerv'd that for ſome time ago I have chang'd my manner of acting.

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But *Zenocrates* (answer'd the Princess much surpriz'd) you do not consider what you speak; for if you perswade me that you are amorous of me, you hazard the losing of my friendship. Should you deprive me of your Friendship, Madam (reply'd he) you would take nothing from me that could render me happy. No, Madam, that friendship as precious as it is, can no longer content me; I am a rash person, and have desires more ambitious. Nevertheless, I promise you to keep them secret for fear of offending you. But is it possible, *Zenocrates* (interrupted the Princess) that there should be any truth in your words, and that you will force me to banish you? I permit you still to contradict your self (added she) for I have so tender a friendship for you, that I will do all things to preserve it. Were I assur'd to dye at this very moment (answer'd *Zenocrates*) I could not resolve to contradict the most certain truth in the world. But, Madam, I conjure you by that Friendship wherewith you have honor'd me, have pity upon an unhappy Friend that has lov'd you in spight of himself, that has receiv'd love into his heart under the appearances of friendship; and do not destroy him, for perhaps you would regret him after you had destroy'd him (added he sighing). But *Zenocrates* (reply'd *Lysimena*.) what can I do for you in this case without acting against my self? Is it not true, Madam (said he) that if you had not discover'd I lov'd the Princess of *Syracusa*, or some other person that probably could not render me happy, you would have pity'd me, comforted me, and given me Counsel? I confess it (answer'd *Lysimena*). Then I beseech you (reply'd he) comfort me, and counsel the unhappy *Zenocrates*. He desires no more of you, he has really ceas'd being your Friend, to become your Lover; but being thereby more unhappy, does not he deserve your compassion? I know I have told you, your friendship could render me happy no longer; but however, in the deplorable condition I am, become at least my Friend, tho I am no longer yours. I promise you, Madam, to do exactly what ever you please; you shall be Mistress of all my actions, looks, and words. Suffer me therefore to love you as I am able to love you, and love me also as you ——— But what say I? (added he). No, no, Madam, I know not what I would say; and should I have said it, I should have repented of it the next moment. Hate me then, and banish me; for I see but too well, that I can never be happy. No doubt you deserve never to be so (said *Lysimena*) but the interest of my Honour, requires me not to make any stir in the world, that might be to my disadvantage; therefore, *Zenocrates* since you desire me to act like a friend still, I counsel you to cure your self, to become inconstant again, and to get a new Mistress to morrow, to whom you may be so diligent a servant as to extinguish the unpleasing rumour *Meleontus* has told me of. Moreover, I forbid you ever to speak to me of your love, as you tender the enjoying the liberty to see me. But yet once more, *Zenocrates*, resume your accustomed manner of acting, be a servant to all the Beauties, one after another, till you find your self perfectly cured. *Zenocrates* endeavour'd at first to oppose this advice of *Lysimena*; but the Princess becoming angry, and speaking to him with an air that intimated there was no other course to be taken but obedience, he crav'd her pardon for having resisted her, he submitted absolutely to her pleasure, and he engag'd never to speak to her of his passion, to be cur'd of it, and to appear a Lover of some fair one of the Court. And accordingly within a few daies after, *Zenocrates* accustom'd himself to visit a Kinswoman of *Clidamira*, who is sufficiently fair. But for that he would not have the Princess suspect him of being become amourous of this Lady, he shortly after deserted her for another, and that other for a third. And thus he seem'd inconstant in the eyes of all the Court, that he might seem constant in those of *Lysimena*, to whom he sufficiently testifi'd by his looks, that his heart was not chang'd in reference to her, and that his constancy was imputable to her as the cause. In the mean time he suffer'd more than can be imagin'd; for he talk'd eternally of love to women whom he did not affect, and never spoke of it to the person whom alone he could love. When he made Verses, he avoyded putting any thing into them, that might particularly suite to the person for whom he pretended to compose them, because he would have the Princess attribute them all to her self. And indeed he contriv'd them so ingeniously, that without any ones observance he alwaies accommodated them to the Princess, who having such a wit as she has, understood well enough what *Zenocrates* desir'd she should. But being very prudent too, she took no notice to him of any thing.

In the mean time *Amerintha* (who made poyson of all occurrences) perceiving she had no longer any ground to tell *Meleontus* that *Zenocrates* was amourous of *Lysimena*, made divers railleries upon her, believing that *Zenocrates* had given over loving her as well as his other Mistresses. 'Tis true, all the world had so great respect for *Lysimena*, that her raillerios were ill taken, and serv'd onely to manifest her malice. As for *Meleontus*, he no longer knew whom to accuse as the cause of *Lysimena*'s aversion, and continued to serve her out with much assiduousness, omitting nothing that might please her. His magnificence was conspicuous in all things, she had more divertisement than she desir'd, and he visited her continually: but being of a violent and unequal temper, he sometimes spoke to her with extraordinary submissiveness, and sometimes imperiously, relying upon the Prince's favour, who still continued his Courtship to *Amerintha*, tho she was not much more faithful to him than another; for an humoursome woman can never be determin'd to any person, how much soever it concerns her to be so.

But the Princess having honoured me already with a tender affection, made me privy to all that befel her; she declar'd to me her aversion for *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates*'s love to her self, with the new cause of his inconstancy. About this time *Zenocrates* finding scarce any Lady in the Court to whom he had not made some professions of devotion, was a little longer servant to a Kinswoman of *Amerintha* than he had been to all others. Which *Lysimena* observing, spoke to me one day concerning it, after a manner that evidenc'd to me she had a greater kindness for him than she imagin'd. But before I tell you what she said to me thereupon, I must describe the place to you, where she spoke of it, because 'tis something pertinent to my discourse, and because I naturally love Gardens so well, that I cannot resolve to mention them meerly by the way. Wherefore as I willingly use to make some stay in traversing a Garden, so my mind as readily stays to describe a handsome place when I have occasion to speak something of any such. Know

then, that there's a man at *Leontium* called *Adimantus*, who is lookt upon as a very happy man. His Lineage is noble; when he was young he was handſome, and well-ſhap'd, dextrous at all things, very prudent in all affairs he takes in hand; at preſent he is of a great age, but has a comely ſtature ſtill, and a very noble and becoming aſpect. He has riches even in abundance, as perfect health as a young man, inclinations to love pleaſures, and wherewith to enjoy them, a Wife handſome and prudent, many good and ingenious children, and amongſt the reſt an elder Son, who is known and eſteem'd by the whole Court. He has likewiſe a Daughter, whom I account handſomer than *Amerintha*, tho *Amerintha* is one of the handſomeſt perſons in the world, but with this difference, that ſhe I ſpeak of has as much wiſdome as beauty, and the other yields in vertue almoſt to thoſe that have the leaſt; Moreover, *Adimantus* is happy too in the Wives of his Children, and I know one of them that has a pretty agreeable and delicate air which renders her infinitely lovely. But *Adimantus* being a prudent man in his pleaſures, he took care in the beginning of his life to chuſe ſuch as might laſt him till death. To which purpoſe beyond one of the Suburbs of *Leontium*, he has a garden that is one of the moſt handſome and delightful in the World, and it is made uſe of to walk in by all people of Quality in *Leontium*, of either Sex; for *Adimantus*, who is of a magnificent inclination, permits free entrance to all Perſons of Condition. The way that leads to it is plain and not long; there are certain Walks before the Gate, the Architecture of which is not curious, but ſufficiently handſome. The firſt entrance is into a fair Court, which has in the upper end a large Baluſtrade of Iron, beyond which is ſeen a ſpacious and ſtately Garden-Plot, with a goodly fountain in the middle, and beyond that a long Walk, which endeth in a great Arch'd-Porch, where there is a gate made with grates. Through which one may ſee another Walk which reaches to a little Terraſs, from whence is a proſpect of all the Country about, and of part of *Leontium* at a diſtance. But the better to deſcribe this excellent place, you muſt know, that on the right and left ſides of the Gate that enters into the Court, there are two other grated ones, which open into two Courts ſeparated from the firſt. On each ſide are Pavilions both alike, of handſome ſtructure, the apartments of which are no leſs comely than convenient. The firſt Baluſtrade I ſpoke of, being paſs'd, and two little green plats incloſ'd with ſmall pillars of Marble being croſs'd, upon which are ſeen ſundry Garden-plots with emboſted and carved work, you enter into a ſpatious Plot bordered about with Pyramidal Cypreſſes, and having a fountain in the midſt. Which being paſs'd over into a Walk beyond, there is a concourſe of eight large and very pleaſant Walks, and there is one that lies on the left hand, the whole length of the Garden, which is admirably handſome. But to the end *Adimantus* might leave more freedome to thoſe that walk there, and have more himſelf; you muſt know, he has ſeveral Walks that are only for his own uſe. Beyond the Grated gate which is at the end of the great Walk, there is the Terraſs I ſpoke of, very pleaſant Vines, and a handſome Orchard. On the other ſide there is alſo another ſpacious Orchard, which is onely for himſelf; there is a particular Garden for Orange-trees, wherein are ſeen the rareſt Flowers and Plants in the World. So that in all ſeaſons, admirable Fruits and Flowers are found in this delicious place: many times there is Muſick there, and almoſt continually good Company. But to come to the place which belongs to my Story, you muſt know, that deſcending from this fair Garden, there is a long walk encloſs'd with quickſets which has two Banquetting-Houſes at the two ends, on the one ſide whereof along the wall, and on the other ſide along the Hedge, are the goodlieſt Fruit-trees that ever were ſeen. The Pavilion that is toward the Terraſs ſerves only for ſhelter from the Sun and the rain, or to repoſe upon the Seats that are in it, as well as in the other two Pavilions that are in the ſame row. But as for that which is on the ſide towards the entrance, 'tis the moſt lovely Cabinet that ever I beheld. For, conceive, Madam, that it is ſquare, made with a round lover roof, pav'd with Marble, having a Baluſtrade round about it, a Fountain ſpurting out in the midſt, which falls into a Baſon of Jaſper; and that the ſide oppoſite to the Gate that opens to the end of the Walk has a great Looking-glaſs which augments the repreſentations, multiplies the Fountain, and cauſes the Walk to be ſeen in what place ſoever one ſtands. So that ſitting in this place, one may muſe very agreeably at the purling noiſe and coolneſs of the water, which alſo makes divers agreeable and diverting Figures when you pleaſe. In this place it was that the Princeſs *Lyſimena* going to ſit one day, commanded me to follow her, whilſt all the reſt that attended her remain'd in the walk. The Princeſs was ſometimes weary with walking, and at firſt intended only to enter in and ſit down a while in this Cabinet. As for me, I plac'd my ſelf at her feet upon a ſquare ſtone which I found there by chance. She had not long been there, but ſhe began to ſpeak to me concerning *Zenocrates*, and ask me if I believ'd he was become conſtant, and lov'd *Andromira*'s Kinſwoman in good earneſt. But, Madam (ſaid I to her) you are not ſufficiently conſiderate in ſpeaking as you do; for if *Zenocrates* were become conſtant, to her you ſpeak of, he muſt neceſſarily be inconſtant to you. Ah! *Amicles* (anſwer'd ſhe bluſhing) it cannot be call'd inconſtancy when a perſon alters his mind towards one that is not willing to be lov'd. For my part (ſaid I to her ſmiling) I conceive that he that ceaſes to love one that is not willing to be hated, he may alwaies be call'd inconſtant. If your opinion be true (anſwer'd ſhe, bluſhing again) then *Zenocrates* is really inconſtant; for I confeſs I would not that he ſhould hate me. Then you are willing, Madam (reply'd I) that he ſhould love you; for not to flatter your ſelf, you muſt not think to be eternally lov'd without your conſenting to it, and perhaps not without loving too. But, *Amicles* (ſaid *Lyſimena*) the inclination I have for *Zenocrates* is certainly no more but Friendſhip. For my part, Madam (anſwer'd I ſmiling) I have thought long ſince, that when one has Friendſhip for an agreeable Lover, it wants not much to turn it into Love. For, confeſs the truth, Madam; you would not like that *Zenocrates* ſhould have a violent paſſion, for any other. I acknowledge it (reply'd the Princeſs)

cess) but tis only because I think a great Friendship cannot consist at the same time in the heart with an ardent Love. But, Madam (said I) that which you say does not well suite with the case of *Zenocrates*, for you know he is possess'd with Love. Sincerely (answer'd *Lysimena*, turning away her head a little) I will not name his affection so; and besides, if he continues so diligent a Courtship to *Andromira*'s Kinswoman, I believe in a short time he will have neither Love nor Friendship for any other person, and She will wholly engross his heart. 'Tis no: (added she) that this ought very much to displease me, for I would not have given the least hope to *Zenocrates*, but out of a humor I am not Mistress of, I could be willing he would alwayes consider me more than all the rest of the World. As the Princess was speaking this, she lift up her head, thinking she heard some noise about the pav'd steps which lie round about the Cabinet. And it happened that she saw *Zenocrates* leaning upon the Balustrade, who being there when we enter'd into the Cabinet, durst not shew himself, because the Princess immediately began to speak of him. *Lysimena* perceiving him, made a great shreek, which causing me to look on that side her eyes turn'd, I beheld *Zenocrates* almost as much surpris'd as *Lysimena*. Yet he recollected himself in a little space, and descending with extreme diligence, came to cast himself upon his knees before the Princess, before she could resolve what to doe: I beseech you, Madam (said he to her) pardon me a crime which Chance and Love have caus'd me to commit; I would not speak in these terms before *Amiclea*, If I had not understood from your own mouth and hers, that you have told her something concerning the passion which I have for you, and the indifference which you have towards me. *Zenocrates* (answer'd *Lysimena* hastily) you are not indifferent to me, for I had a Friendship for you a quarter of an hour agoe, but at present I find that I am going to hate you horribly. Was there ever any boldness equal to yours (proceeded she) to dare to hear what I speak in secret to *Amiclea*? Alas! Madam (reply'd *Zenocrates*) if you knew how it came to pass, you will find that I am innocent. I conceive, Madam (said I to the Princess) no person ought to be condemn'd without being first heard, and therefore you may please to give *Zenocrates* the hearing. If I thought he could justifie himself (answer'd *Lysimena*) I would forbid him to speak; but being perswaded, the more he speaks, the more criminal he will appear, I permit him to say what he will. I shall tell you then Madam (said he to her) that I am an unfortunate person. That's not the thing I would have you tell me (interrupted she) but only what you came hither for. I came hither to entertain my self, with thinking upon you, Madam (reply'd *Zenocrates*) at a time wherein I could not be with you with liberty to entertain you alone. But to think of me (said the Princess) it was not necessary for you to be alone. I acknowledge it, Madam (answer'd he) but having purposed to write something in my Tablets, with intention to cause you to read it, I made choice of the place of greatest solitude; and if you please to see whether I speak true, give your self the trouble to read what I was writing when you came hither. At first the Princess refus'd to read what *Zenocrates* had written, but at last she took the Tablets, and therein found these words:

Will you never go farther than Friendship, incomparable Lysimena? ***and those fair eyes which have excited so great Love in me, will they never behold me with compassion? I have promis'd you, Madam, not to speak of Love to you, but I have not promis'd you, not to write to you of it; and indeed tho I had sworn it, the torments which I suffer would dispense with me for my Oaths. Consider therefore seriously, Madam, what you would have become of me, for ——***

The Princess blusht as she read what I have repeated to you; after which, beginning to speak, If you think to justifie your self by this (said she to *Zenocrates*) you are extremely deceiv'd. I pretend only (answer'd he) to prove to you that I came hither for no other reason but to meditate of you. But when you saw me (said she) Why did not you come down? Why did you not go forth? Or at least; why did not you shew your self? When I saw you, Madam (answer'd he) I thought of no more but seeing you; but presently after I heard my self nam'd, and Love making me curious, I hearkn'd what you said concerning me; and after that, respect caus'd me to stay where I was; and the fear to displease you, constrain'd me not to change my place. This, Madam, is the cause of my Crime; nevertheless, I am sufficiently punished for my rash curiosity, for I have heard nothing that I can draw to my advantage. Ha! *Zenocrates* (reply'd she) you are better pleas'd with me than you signifie, but I am so angry both with my self and you, that I will punish both of us alike; and therefore I resolve to deprive my self of a Friend, and you of a Mistress. Goe, leave *Leontium* for some time (said she to him) goe to *Herbesa*, whither your affairs call you; and if it be true that *Andromira*'s Kinswoman has not laid very powerful chains upon you, every place will afford you objects of consolation. Ah! Madam (cry'd he) you are too cruel: No, no, you shall never banish me so easily; and as for the reproaches you make me, I will soon put an end to them; I will never more see the person you speak of; and if it be still your pleasure that I should counterfeit being a Lover to hide the passion I have for you, I promise you never to serve one and the same person above eight dayes, but to appear so inconstant for the future, that your self shall never have reason to doubt of my constancie. Yet *Zenocrates* could not prevail at all with this discourse, nor make his peace all that day. *Lysimena* went away without granting him pardon, and we left *Zenocrates* in that place so pale, sad, and so afflicted, that I was moved with his discontent. And so was *Lysimena* too as well as I, and more; but she endeavour'd to hide her sentiments from me, and counterfeited pleasantness the rest of the day. Nevertheless, *Zenocrates* made good his word, he gave over courting *Andromira*'s kinswoman, and seem'd so chang'd, that he was constrain'd to pretend he was sick. But, in fine what cannot the constancie of a deserving person doe, when he knows well how to improve all opportunities fortune presents him with, and the aversion his Mistress has for his Rival? *Lysimena* at length found that she lov'd *Zenocrates* more than she thought she did; she permitted him to adore her, and acknowledg'd to him that if her fortune would permit it, she should account her self happy in being able to make him so. Moreover, she had this advantage, that the Princess her Mother favour'd *Zenocrates*. Yet

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after all, she took from him all hope of being happy, and promis'd him only to continue her resistance to the Prince her Brother, when he interceded for *Meleontus*. After this *Zenocrate*'s life was pleasant enough, for tho he was not permitted to hope, yet he did not cease to doe so. But to the end not to give occasion to *Meleontus* or *Amerintha* to trouble their innocent affection, he still seem'd the most inconstant man in the world, and he counterfeited so exquisitely, that the two persons who had such extraordinary subtilety in the discerning the most ingenious artifices, were deceiv'd in this occasion. But that which was remarkable in this Adventure was, that the Princess her self was many times deceiv'd, by believing that *Zenocrates* was really inconstant. 'Tis true, 'twas easie for him to justifie himself; for he offer'd *Lysimena* to visite none but her self, to converse with no other, and to renounce all the rest of the world, and all kind of interests and considerations, if she requir'd it. So that notwithstanding the disgust *Meleontus*'s love gave her, *Lysimena* injoy'd some agreeable moments. The Princess her Mother hated *Meleontus* and loved *Zenocrates*. She found in this agreeable Lover, submissiveness, respect, wit, and constancie; and to render all this more sweet, their affection was so secret, that none of the Court imagin'd there was any thing more than a bare friendship between them. Yet oftentimes they had little Quarrels, not only because *Lysimena* suspected he took delight in being inconstant and counterfeiting too well; but also because *Zenocrates*, being naturally a little subject to distrust, he had now and then a causeless fear that *Lysimena* would at length suffer her heart to be touch'd with *Meleontus*'s passion. But however, these small fallings out serving only to invigorate the dearness of their affection, they were not much to be pity'd. Yet the Princess did not tell *Zenocrates* she lov'd him, but so agreeably suffer'd him to love her, that he told it to himself. As for *Meleontus*, he made many splendid and costly entertainments; but *Zenocrates* with less shew made gallantries that more affected *Lysimena*'s heart. I remember one day amongst the rest, *Zenocrates* bethought himself of a thing sufficiently gallant, which I shall tell you by and by; but first you must know there was at that time a man of Quality of *Syracusa* at *Leontium*, a great Friend of the Princess, and that deservedly, being a person of no ordinary merit.

I beseech you, dear *Amicles* (interrupted *Plotina*) make us know a man whom you believe worthy to be *Lysimena*'s Friend; for, for my part, I love much to judge of people by their Friends. I am much of *Plotina*'s humor in this (said *Valeria*) and I know *Clelia* is so too.

Since 'tis so (said *Amicles*) it will be easie for me to satisfie you; besides, I must confess to you, it was hard for me to resolve to mention this illustrious friend of *Lysimena* without commending him. Know then, *Theander* is a man of Quality, whose Character is so particular, that 'tis not easie to describe it well. He is tall, of a goodly shape and noble Port; his aspect is extreme graceful, and there is a certain air in his whole Person, that denotes part of his nature, and promises with sincerity, and goodness. He has a large rising Nose, his Visage is somewhat long, his Eyes are sufficiently little, but so sweet and smiling, that 'tis easily seen his heart is sensible of pleasures. His action is careless enough; his hair is of a good length; and sometimes he uses so sprightly a silence, that 'tis manifest he hears nothing but what he understands most throughly, and of which many times he is able to speak better than those he hears. And indeed, *Theander* has a great natural wit, which he has so carefully improv'd, that there are scarce any Sciences in nature he is not capable of. When he is amongst some of the Disciples of the wise *Thales*, *Democritus*, *Hippocrates*, or *Phythagoras*, he makes it known that he is perfectly skill'd in all the Secrets of Nature, and that Philosophy has nothing conceal'd from him. If he be amongst such as love polite learning, and especially Poetry, he is of so exquisite a judgement, that (as I have heard from intelligent Persons) he understands all the excellencies and all the defects of *Homer* and *Hesiod*; and if he should undertake to compose an Heroick Poem, he would doe it according to all the rules that the most accurate Masters have given for such works. He is a curious examiner of all the graces of Poetry, and accurate as to the defects that are found in most Verses; yet his Criticalness is without inhumanity: he excuses small faults in handsome Compositures, and never condemns any thing unjustly. He speaks with facility and exactness, and when he pleases, he writes Letters of a certain pleasing strain, peculiar to himself. Moreover, *Theander* is grave and something melancholy; but his melancholy is serene, and easily admits of joy. For he loves pleasures and seeks them; but he seeks them without ostentation, he loves to chuse them his own way, and not to divert himself with the multitude. He has a sincere and upright heart, a firm and generous Soul; he looks upon ambition as a passion which he has overcome, and the Victory over which has establisht the quiet of his life. By this means he is free from the cares that possess such as desire to advance their fortunes; he is content with his own, which indeed is sufficiently good, and he enjoys it peaceably in the midst of the tumult of a great Court, where he is not interessed in any thing that might disturb his pleasures. Furthermore, *Theander* is indued with an heroical Courage, whereof he has given very eminent proofs in several occasions; he hath been seen to break through an Enemy Army, that he might put himself into a Besieged place, and at another time to pass almost alone through an Enemy Country to get to an Army, and be present at some dangerous enterprise. But the Valour of *Theander* has alwayes been without vanity, and he has more car'd to assure himself of his own heart, than to attract applauses which he values not. His indifference in respect of this kind of glory is so much the more commendable, in that his heart is not otherwise indifferent. For he loves his friends very tenderly and generously, and is much lov'd by them; and that which is very glorious to him, he has a great number of illustrious ones. But besides, *Theander* has the best temper'd mind in the world, and as he is not capable to regulate his own sentiments by those of others, so he does not oblige others to follow his: By meanes of which candor, he has friends whose Maxims are absolutely contrary to his, with whom nevertheless, he converses with great kindness. His Soul is indu'd with sweetness, equity, tenderness, and humanity. He is much mov'd with worth and vertue; he loves liberty above all things, and places supreme felicity in contentment, Of which never to endanger the loss, he has renounc'd the love of all that is troublesome and painful. He loves handsome Objects in general, but no particular one is able to confine him so far as to render him unhappy; so that love is rather

ther a naked delight in his heart, than a paſſion. A young Shepherdeſs pleaſes him with her graceful ſimplicity, more than a Princeſs with exceſſive magnificence. Novelty likewiſe has ſome influence upon him, and variety in certain things, as much delights his Eyes, as it does all the World in the Flowers of a Meadow. He loves alſo to be fully inform'd of certain weakneſſes of which the Wiſeſt are ſometimes capable, and ſometimes he makes to himſelf pleaſures of curioſitie, which are not common to all the World. The famous *Rhodopis* has had nothing ſo private in her life, but he knows it; and drawing divertiſement out of the follies of others, he his much delighted to underſtand them. As for women, in reference to his Friendſhip, he finds few worthy of it; but when he meets with any one of a prudent and agreeable wit, and of a firm and free heart, he places her in the rank of his Friends; being far from their injuſtice who believe it is impoſſible there ſhould be any woman capable of a rational converſe. *Theander* was never dazled with Grandeur, and he knows ſo well how to abſtract things from that which is extrinſecal to them, that nothing ever deceives him. He has alſo a facility peculiar to himſelf, for he is often ſeen to walk alone, becauſe he has lent out his Equipage. Yet he does not lend out theſe kind of things out of the thought to be repai'd in the ſame nature, for many times he does it to perſons that are unable to render him the like office. Moreover, he has a little Galliot upon a river that runs at the foot of a houſe of his upon the Bank of *Himera*, which ſerves his own conveniencie leſs than that of others; for even to ſtrangers that deſire it, he willingly lends it, provided they be fair; and ſo it goes to and fro continually without being almoſt ever imploy'd in his own ſervice. Nor is it material whether ſuch ſtrangers be Perſons of Quality, or no: Beauty is ſufficient in this caſe; and be they but only young, yet the Galliote ſhall not be deny'd them. In a word, *Theander* is indu'd with vertue advantageous both to himſelf and others, which renders him very acceptable, and is undoubtedly very expedient to the felicity of his life; for being free from all the tumultuouſneſs of the world, and the paſſions, he affects nothing but what ſutes with his own Genius, and conſequently finds himſelf leſs expoſs'd than other men to all the misfortunes of life; becauſe vertue alone ſuffices to render him happy; and never ſeeking any good but ſuch as is attainable, he never imploys his time unprofitably to himſelf. Thus you ſee what a Perſon the illuſtrious Friend of *Lyſimena* is, who was at *Leontium* when matters ſtood in the poſture I have related. About that time *Lyſimena* made a ſhort journy of pleaſure to a houſe belonging to the Father of an intimate Friend of *Theander*, who is a perſon of no ordinary merit. *Amerintha* was one of the Company, and ſo was *Andromira*; *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates* took care not to fail to be there, and indeed nothing render'd this appointment leſs agreeable to *Lyſimena*, than the too good Company. For *Amerintha*'s charms, and *Meleontus*'s merit were ſufficiently troubleſome to her. The place deſign'd to goe to, being wonderfully delightful, afforded no ſmall pleaſure at the firſt arrival. For not to mention the fore-Court which is handſome and ſtately, the Arch'd-walk which is on the right ſide of the entrance, and gives an excellent proſpect over a ſpacious part of the Country, till the light loſes it ſelf; the two large Banquetting-houſes, which are at the Corners of the Court; the Statues which ſtand in nieches in ſeveral places of the front of the building, the Symmetry of which is exact, ſtately, and agreeable; the lofty Cupulo that ariſes out of the middle of it; the magnificence of the Porch, with the number of its Pilaſters and Pillars; the ornaments of the Stairs and ſeveral Appartments; the Cabinet out of which are divers handſome proſpects; nor the excellent Pictures which are ſeen in all places; 'tis ſufficient to tell you, that there is a Hall in this ſtately Houſe, whoſe greatneſs, form, carv'd work, Pictures, and Ornaments aſtoniſh all that enter into it, tho the outſide gave them an expectation of ſeeing nothing but what is excellent. It is no improbable conjecture, that this Hall was built by one of thoſe Kings of *Ægypt*, who erected the famous Pyramids; and indeed the Structure repreſents no ordinary Magnificence. But this is not the only admirable thing in this place; for there is a Garden which is one of the greateſt that ever was ſeen; it is rais'd after the manner of a Terraſs; in the middle is an admirable fountain; and notwithſtanding the place is very high, and diſcovers a great compaſs of the Country, to the great delectation of the ſight, yet 'tis not perceiv'd that there is a River beyond it, tho it ſerves very much to augment the agreeableneſs of the place. On the other ſide of this Garden is ſeen below, a Meadow and a very large Pond; and the Park being very ſpacious, and the wayes of it unequal, the Proſpects of it are alſo very different; ſo that it is very delightful to goe about it in a Chariot. 'Twas to this place (which is called *Erycina*, becauſe in its raiſed ſituation it ſomething reſembles the Temple that ſtands upon Mount *Eryx*) that *Lyſimena* deſir'd to goe: but *Meleontus* having been the propoſer of the deſign, was the Perſon that gave a magnificent Collation. Yet it was an unhappy time for him, for *Lyſimena* was more offended when he did things well, than when he did them ill; ſo that this day her mind was in a very bad temper; for all the ſervice was admirable, the Muſick excellent, and *Meleontus*'s deportment all the day both in actions and words very noble and generous. As they were ſitting in the ſtately Porch (which was cooler than any other place) he acquitted himſelf very handſomely of a diſcourſe, which by reaſon of his own concernment in it was not a little perplexing. For after ſeveral things tranſiently ſpoken of, it came to be ask'd, Whether benefits produc'd Friendſhip, rather than Friendſhip it ſelf, or great deſert without benefits. I aſſure you (ſaid *Lyſimena* thereupon) that benefits alone produce no great dearneſs in the hearts of moſt people; for uſually the remembrance of benefits wears out of their minds, as grief does out of the hearts of afflicted perſons, from whence, every moment ſteals a part. So that time weakens and diminiſhes gratitude, as well as it does affliction. 'Tis true, Madam, in ingrateful minds (anſwer'd *Meleontus*) but not in ſuch as are generous, which are alwayes grateful. For my part (reply'd *Zenocrates*) tho I am not ungrateful, and will never be ſo, yet I conceive that if I received benefits from a Perſon without merit, the friendſhip I ſhould bear him would be more in my will than in my heart. But, if benefits without merit (ſaid *Amerintha*) cannot produce Friendſhip, doe you think that friendſhip without merit can produce a very tender one? and doe you think that deſert alone without friendſhip and benefits is able to beget a great affection? In truth (ſaid *Andromira*) if friendſhip be not joyn'd with deſert and benefits, thoſe latter will have

no

no great effect. But how can we doe otherwiſe (ſaid *Meleontus*) than love thoſe that ſerve us and doe us good upon all occaſions? And how can we but love ſuch too (ſaid *Amerintha*) as love us very ardently? Many times (anſwer'd *Zenocrates*) they that are ſo officious, doe it out of Vanity, and not out of any honeſt principle; wherefore, provided we publiſh their good deeds and be ready to return the like in caſe of need, I conceive we may diſpenſe with loving them, and yet not be ingrateful. For friendſhip and gratitude are two different things; and I think we ought to have the latter towards all, from whom we receive benefits, and the former only for thoſe that affect our heart either by their deſerts, or their friendſhip, or by reaſon of our own inclination. But will you love People of no merit (ſaid *Amerintha*) becauſe they love you? and is it not juſt to love thoſe that doe you ſervices? For my part (ſaid *Lyſimena*) if I were to love people of little merit, I ſhould think my ſelf more oblig'd to love ſuch as lov'd me, than ſuch as ſerv'd me; but to ſpeak ſincerely, Friendſhip not depending upon our Wills, 'tis in vain to diſpute of a thing that is not in our power; and all that can rationally be ſaid in this caſe, is, That deſert alone produces eſteem only, which is alwayes a great diſpoſition to friendſhip; That benefits ought inſenſibly to ingage the receivers to their intereſts from whom they receive them, and at leaſt beget a kind of gratitude in their minds, the effects whereof reſemble thoſe of friendſhip: but as for friendſhip ſingly without deſert and benefit, I conceive 'tis ſufficient to have a complacencie and pity towards ſuch as bear it; for to ingage to love all people without merit, of whom we may be belov'd, would be injurious to our true friends. All which you ſay is extremely ingenious, Madam (anſwer'd *Meleontus*) but I know ſervices and merit are of no account with you, unleſs your own inclination ſet a value upon them. So that, Madam, for the obtaining of your love, it is neceſſary to ſeek rather to pleaſe you, than to ſerve you; but the miſchief is, 'tis more difficult to be agreeable to you than to render you ſervice. I acknowledge it (reply'd ſhe riſing up) but I conceive all the world is of the ſame mind, and ſo I am not to be blam'd for it. *Meleontus* was no doubt dejected as he obſerv'd the aſpect wherewith the Princeſs anſwer'd him; but he diſſembled it, tho his diſcontent was extreme violent. Upon which the Princeſs, notwithſtanding her averſion for him, could not but judge that he acted like an honeſt man; which ſhe being vex'd at, and perceiving *Zenocrates* took no notice of nor determin'd to be melancholy this day as well as her ſelf, the debonair humor of *Zenocrates* diſguſted her nice mind; ſo that when he approacht to her in the walk to ſpeak to her apart, ſhe frown'd upon him, and told him he lov'd her ſo little, that he was not diſpleas'd to ſee that *Meleontus* deportment was extraordinary commendable. I confeſs it, Madam (anſwer'd *Zenocrates* wholly ſurpris'd) that I did not think of being diſcontented, becauſe the Muſick was good, and the Collation magnificent; but I am ſo at preſent with the commendations which you give my Rival. Ha: *Zenocrates* (ſaid ſhe to him, as ſhe went from him) I will not thank you for the indignation which I have by force excited in your heart. After this ſhe call'd *Amerintha*, that ſhe might not be alone with him; ſo that the converſation became general all the reſt of the day, *Zenocrates* not having opportunity to ſpeak one word in private. *Lyſimena*, to avoy'd it, propos'd it to conſideration, Whether it is more pleaſing to be very lovely without being much lov'd, than to be much lov'd without being amiable. But after every one had ſpoke their Reaſons, it was concluded, That 'tis better to deſerve to be lov'd and not to be ſo, than to be lov'd without deſert; yet it was granted, that whereas uſually people deſire to be lovely, chiefly that they may belov'd, it is more pleaſure to be lov'd than to be barely lovely; becauſe inſtead of receiving of contentment thereby, the lovely perſon is diſguſted with living amongſt people that underſtand not to doe juſtice to deſert. But at length night approaching, preparation was made to return to *Leontium*. Which returning was with ſufficient melancholy; *Lyſimena* was penſive, *Meleontus* dejected, *Zenocrates* ſad, *Amerintha* vexed, and they proceeded in the way after a ſilent manner; when by chance a young Hart coming from amongſt the buſhes, a Greyhound that follow'd one of *Meleontus* Attendants, gave chaſe to him in the plain. Which unexpected Adventure cauſing the Ladies that were on the ſame ſide to give a great cry, *Amerintha* would oblige *Lyſimena* who was on the other, to turn her head to ſee the young Hart running ſwiftly upon the Plain. But the Princeſs was in ſo deep a muſe, that not being willing to break it off, ſhe told *Amerintha* careleſly, ſhe would not ſee the chaſe unleſs it came on her ſide, without taking the pains to turn her ſelf. She had no ſooner ſpoke this, but the young Heart chancing to ſee people coming towards him in the Plain, turn'd ſhort, and paſſing before the heads of the Horſes of *Lyſimena*'s Chariot, came ſo near her, that it ſeem'd to thoſe that heard what ſhe ſaid juſt before, to happen by ſome inchantment. *Lyſimena* being agreeably ſurpris'd with this Accident, could not hinder her ſelf from taking pleaſure in beholding this caſual divertiſment. But it laſted not long; for by this time it was grown late, ſo that both the Hart and the Dog were ſoon loſt out of ſight. And in fine, the night ſav'd the Young Harts life, and the Dog returned to his Maſter before we got to *Leontium*. *Zenocrates* knowing well enough how to improve all occaſions, remember'd he had ſeen at the Houſe of one of his intimate Friends, a Young tame Hart. Wherefore he went and requeſted it, and having caus'd a ſilver collar to be put about its neck engraven with the Characters of the Princeſs, the next day at noon he ſent it to her with the moſt pleaſant Verſes in the world. He feign'd that the young Hart ſpeaking to *Lyſimena*, told her ingenious things, which bearing a double ſenſe had reference both to the condition of *Zenocrates* and his unhappineſs in diſpleaſing the Princeſs that day.

But doe not you remember the Verſes upon the young Hart? (interrupted *Plotina*). If I had remember'd them (anſwered *Amiclea*) I would have repeated them; but all I can ſay of them is that they began thus,

I, like a young Actæon *follow you,*
Happy Diana, *with too raſh a view.*

And after divers ingenious fancies they concluded thus

But if, for having ſeen your charms, I dye;
No ſighs, no tears ſhall wail my deſtiny.

I am very ſorry I cannot recite more of them to you; but I muſt be contented with telling you, that this gallantry extremely pleas'd *Lyſimena*; ſhe accepted the Hart with pleaſure, pardon'd *Zenocrates*, and obligingly anſwer'd the Verſes he had made, in the name of the young Hart, which in a ſhort time became one

of

of her chief divertiſements. For ſhe put it into one of the Gardens of the Palace, where it grew ſo familiar and amiable, that almoſt every one made much of it, to pleaſe *Lyſimena*. And it was ſo proud of the careſſes made to it, that contrary to the Nature of Stags, it became valiant, and was oftentimes ſeen not only to hold the Dogs at Bay, but to go towards them and force them to fly. A few days after this gallantry, *Zenocrates* made another; the Princeſs having purpoſed to go very early in the morning to offer Sacrifice in a Temple a good diſtance from *Leontium*, would not be follow'd by any beſides her own Attendants. *Zenocrates* not being able to indure that the Princeſs ſhould continue from morning to night without hearing of him, gain'd an intereſt in one of her waiting-women, and gave her three Letters to deliver to her at ſeveral hours of the day. And accordingly there being none but this Virgin and I in her Chariot, aſſoon as we were out of the City, ſhe being of a debonair humour, and well belov'd by the Princeſs, gave her the firſt Letter, telling her ſhe receiv'd it a little before they ſet forth. Being *Zenocrates* us'd to write to her often, ſhe was not ſurpris'd at this firſt Letter, but took it, and opening it, requir'd me to read it at the ſame time with her; and we found it to contain theſe very words:

ZENOCRATES to *LYSIMENA*.

IT ſeems Madam, you intend to ſpend a whole day without thinking of thoſe that think of none but you, and you believe you cannot be conſtrain'd to think of them whether you will or no. But you ſhall ſee, before the day be paſt, that they who know how to love, find inventions, which indifferent perſons never think of.

After this Letter was read, *Lyſimena* imagin'd *Zenocrates* thought it would be ſufficient to oblige her to think of him all the day; but ſhe was much ſurpris'd four hours after, when ſhe ſaw one of her ſlaves (whom this waiting-woman of the Princeſs had ſo inſtructed) deliver her a ſecond Let from *Zenocrates*. She open'd it with more haſte than the former, and found that in it which I am going to repeat to you.

ZENOCRATES to *LYSIMENA*.

PErhaps you believe, Madam, it is but four hours ſince you departed from hence, but I ſwear to you I judge them to be four Ages. For a moment of diſcontent, and that cauſed by abſence, ſeems ſo long to a Lover, that he may be allowed to reckon it for more than a year. In the mean time you account moments but for moments, and hours for hours. But if you imploy'd them in thinking of the conſtancy of the inconſtant Zenocrates, *it would be ſomething; but you ſeem to mind nothing but Trees, the Meadows, and the Mountains which you ſee, whilſt I am wholly taken up in thinking of your Charms, your Wit, and my own unhappineſs.*

Well, Madam, (ſaid I to *Lyſimena*) what ſay you to *Zenocrates*'s Gallantry? I ſay (anſwer'd ſhe) that he diverts himſelf at my coſt; for I told him yeſterday, I would not remember him all the day, but would only think of the Sacrifice I went to offer. Nevertheleſs, he endeavours to force me to think of him. After which *Lyſimena* reprov'd the waiting-woman that was with her; but ſhe did it ſo weakly, that it was apparent ſhe was not much ſorry for being deceiv'd. A little while after we arriv'd at the Temple, the Sacrifice was offer'd, and we went to the Prieſts houſe where the Princeſs was to dine; but before that, an unknown perſon, whom the ſame waiting-woman found in that place, deliver'd a third Letter to *Lyſimena*, who being now accuſtom'd to receive them, took it ſmilingly, and drawing me aſide. It muſt be confeſt (ſaid ſhe) *Zenocrates* is not too wiſe. You have more reaſon (anſwer'd I) to ſay *Zenocrates* is an ingenious perſon and of good invention. After this ſhe open'd the third Letter, which, if I am not miſtaken, was in theſe terms.

ZENOCRATES to *LYSIMENA*.

PErhaps you think, Madam, you are ſo remote from me, that I cannot trouble you, but know, that ſhould you go to the Worlds end, my love would follow you every where; and in whatever part of the Earth you were, I ſhould deviſe ſome invention to make you know that I am the moſt ardent Lover amongſt mankind.

At leaſt (ſaid the Princeſs after ſhe had read the Letter) *Zenocrates* is the moſt happy, in's having to do with a perſon that is not offended with his follies. After which we ſpoke very obligingly of him for a quarter of an hour, and laught ſufficiently at this Gallantry, which was ſo much the more ingenious, for that *Lyſimena* durſt not refuſe the Letters that were preſented to her, for fear of cauſing ſuſpition in her attendants; beſides, their affection being only innocent, there was no reaſon for it. At length we departed from the Temple, and put our ſelves upon the way to *Leontium*. But when we were gone half way, a man on Horſe-back approaching *Lyſimena*'s Chariot, delivered her a fourth Letter; after which he retir'd, and the Princeſs, having open'd it, found it contain theſe words.

ZENOCRATES to *LYSIMENA*.

IF you believe abſence to be a remedy of love, you are extremely deceived, Madam; for ſince your departure, methinks I love you more by half. Yet I lov'd you yeſterday more than ever any perſon loved, and I am confident I have ſurpaſſed my ſelf alone, in loving you more than I did. You ſee, Madam, that againſt your will you have been conſtrained to think four times this day upon the unhappy Zenocrates. *I beſeech you force him no more to have recourſe to the ſame Artifices; think upon him ſometimes voluntarily, that he may be obliged to you for it; and, if it be poſſible, make a pleaſure to your ſelf of the moſt conſtant and reſpectful paſſion that ever was: for tho I can force you to think upon me, yet I find that I cannot conſtrain you to love me, and that without you I ſhall always be the moſt miſerable perſon in the World.*

This fourth Letter being read, *Zenocrates* attain'd the end he propounded to himself: for as long as the reſt of the way laſted, we talk'd of nothing but him; and when we drew near to *Leontium*, we beheld him coming forth on purpoſe to meet the Princeſs upon one of the handſomeſt Horſes in the World. But he had time onely to make a reverence and ſpeak four or five words to her; becauſe the Prince and *Meleontus* returning from hunting, appear'd and came to us. Now obſerve how matters ſtood at this time the Prince of *Leontium* lov'd *Amerintha* who out of a deſign of intereſt countenanc'd him; *Amerintha* was officious to ſerve *Meleontus* to the uttermoſt of her power for the ſame reaſon, and becauſe ſhe knew it was a way to prejudice *Lyſimena*. *Meleontus* lov'd without being lov'd again; *Zenocrates* appear'd inconſtant, that he might be faithful to *Lyſimena*; and the Princeſs loving *Zenocrates* more than ſhe imagin'd, very patiently endur'd the pretenſions of *Meleontus*, but agreeably cheriſh'd the affection of *Zenocrates*, tho ſhe did no more than ſuffer her ſelf to be lov'd by him in ſecret. At this time, the Princeſs of *Leontium*, *Lyſimena*'s Mother, went to ſpend a month at a fair houſe of her own in the Country, whither the Prince went ſometimes to viſit her; but no perſons durſt go thither without him, becauſe ſhe had ſignified ſhe would be there in ſolitude. So that *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates* did not ſee *Lyſimena*, but when the Prince went to viſit the Princeſs his Mother. As for me, I had the happineſs to follow *Lyſimena* in this little journey, which was very agreeable to me, I had more time to converſe with her than at *Leontium*; and knowing all the ſecrets of her heart, I was her comforter in her diſcontents. Being ſhe knew *Amerintha*'s vigilant ſubtlety, ſhe prohibited *Zenocrates* to write to her ſo often as he wiſh'd, for fear any of his Letters might be loſt, and cauſe ſome great unhappineſs to them. Whilſt we were in this retirement, the idleneſs of the Country occaſioning the invention of pleaſures which otherwiſe would not be thought of, the Princeſs one evening reſolv'd to go abroad on Horſe-back, followed onely by two of her waiting-women and my ſelf, into a ſpacious Meadow which has a River on one ſide, and a Wood on the other, and ſhe was attended by no more than four or five Slaves. We were no ſooner come into that place, but we beheld ſix Horſemen iſſuing forth of the Wood, who approach'd towards us, and ſeem'd to have a purpoſe to rob the Princeſs of the Jewel ſhe was adorn'd with this day, or elſe to carry her away; for their grim looks caus'd us to believe they had no good deſign. This ſurpriſing ſight aſtoniſht the Princeſs; for having none but Slaves about her, who being without Arms betook themſelves to their heels, ſhe was in great fear leſt ſome hard Adventure ſhould befal her. But at the ſame inſtant we ſaw appear at another place of the Wood, a man on Horſe-back, young and admirably handſome, follow'd by three others that ſeem'd to be his Attendants; he obſerving the aſpect and action of the Robbers, and the air and equipage of the Princeſs, did not demur a moment what to do, but drawing his ſword couragcouſly, caſt himſelf between *Lyſimena* and the Thieves. This valiant action no doubt ſurpris'd thoſe that intended to ſet upon us, but it did not cauſe them to fly. For being inrag'd at it, they endeavour'd to encompaſs and kill our ſuccourer; but he taught them to their coſt that his valour was more redoubtable than theirs. At firſt they kill'd one of his followers, but a moment after he kill'd two of theirs, wounded three, and beat them back into the Wood. After which coming to *Lyſimena* with much civility, he offer'd her to accompany her whither ſhe pleas'd. You may judge with how obliging an air, the Princeſs receiv'd this gallant ſtranger. Whoſoever you are (anſwer'd ſhe) I promiſe you my friendſhip as long as I live; for the ſervice you have done me is ſo conſiderable, that I will not expect till I am oblig'd to grant it to you out of the gratitude I have for your merit. That which you ſay, is ſo obliging (reply'd the valiant Stranger) that I account my ſelf too highly rewarded: yet I aſſure you (added he) I have reaſon to hope you will not repent of what you have promis'd me, when you know me more particularly: and I aſſure you too, you ſhall ſoon know there is no vanity in ſpeaking as I do. After this *Lyſimena* took the way towards the Caſtle, where the Princeſs of *Leontium* being inform'd of what had paſs'd, receiv'd the Stranger with very high civilities. Aſſoon as ſhe beheld him, ſhe felt an extraordinary commotion in her heart, and lookt upon him with pleaſure and attention; ſhe imagin'd ſhe had formerly ſeen ſome perſon that reſembled him, and could not contain from ſighing as ſhe conſider'd him: I beſeech you (ſaid ſhe to him) generous Stranger, ſatisfie me whence you came. I come at preſent from *Phœnicia*, Madam (anſwer'd he). But were you born in that Country? (demanded ſhe) and who taught you ſo well the Language of this? That's a ſecret, Madam (anſwer'd he) which I cannot tell but in private, and I am extremely deſirous to inform you of it. Upon which the Princeſs led him into her Cabinet, whilſt *Lyſimena* went to her Chamber to recover her ſelf a while from the fright ſhe had been in. Aſſoon as the valiant Stranger was there, beholding her with reſpect. Ah! Madam (ſaid he to her) do you not know the unfortunate *Artemidorus*, whom you gave life to? I was no doubt but a child when the Pyrates carried me away, but I remember ſo accurately all that I ſaw here, that whatever change time has made in my countenance, methinks 'tis eaſie for you to obſerve that I have the honour to be your Son. Ah! *Artemidorus* (ſaid ſhe, embracing him) my heart knew you ſooner than my eyes; and this very moment wherein I conſider you better, I behold in your Viſage an indubitable proof of your words. If you doubt of it, Madam (ſaid he to her) I ſhall tell you the very words you us'd to me alone in your Cabinet, when I departed with *Cleanthus* to go into *Greece*; Go, my Son (ſaid you to me) go learn in a ſtrange Country, how to make your ſelf eſteem'd in your own, when you return to it; and if it be poſſible, do not come back hither, till you can by your merit obſcure that of the moſt worthy perſons you will find here. If I could give you a more preciſe token of what I am, I conceive I ſhould not have caus'd you to remember that generous command you laid upon me, becauſe I confeſs to my ſhame I have not been able to become ſuch as you commanded me to be. Howſoever, I can aſſure you, 'tis no fault of the wiſe *Cleanthus*, for he has omitted no induſtry to render me worthy to be your ſon. But where is *Cleanthus*? (ſaid the Princeſs of *Leontium*) and in what places have you paſs'd your lives? As for *Cleanthus* (anſwer'd he) I hope he will be here within a ſhort time; and, as for our adventures, I will relate them to you in few words. You know, Madam, we took ſhip to go into *Greece*, and no doubt

doubt you are not ignorant that we were made captive by Pyrates. But you never heard that they sold us to others, who carried us into *Phœnicia*. For I that was no uncomely person in my childhood, I was bought to be presented to the Queen of that Country. But as for *Cleanthus*, he was sold to a Priest of the Temple of *Neptune* at *Tire*, who soon observing his wisdome and abilities, propos'd to the King of *Phœnicia* to place him about the young Princes his sons, who are indeed the most goodly and accomplisht Princes in the World. The eldest reigns with all imaginable glory; and the youngest is the ornament and delight of the Court. At first *Cleanthus* not daring to discover who I was, pretended I was his son; by which means I being restored to his governance, he had as great care of me as of the young Princes, with whom he was plac'd to teach them several accomplishments. Sometime after, thinking he had given sufficient testimonies of his honesty, and perform'd service enough to obtain what he desir'd, he confided in the King, told him my quality, and requested liberty to bring me back hither. But in this occasion the vertue and worth of *Cleanthus* were an invincible obstacle to his design; for the King of *Phœnicia*, judg'd him so necessary for the education of the two young Princes, that tho he doubted not the truth of his words, yet he made semblance that he did, and told him at length that however it were, he would not give him the liberty to depart from his Court till the Princes his sons were of age to need no more instructions. The King of *Phœnicia* sent the Princes his sons, *Cleanthus* and me to a very fair house, where we liv'd a long time. Afterwards we return'd to Court, but without any liberty, and liv'd there in that manner till the death of the King of *Phœnicia*. After which the Prince his son who reigns at this day to reward *Cleanthus* for the services render'd him, gave him leave to bring me back hither on condition that he would return again to him. To which purpose having given us a vessel to return, we made use of it to go into *Greece*, to the end to follow your intention that I should see that Country. After which being embarqu'd at *Corinth*, and our ship joyning with another Merchant ship that was bound for the same place with us, it hapned unfortunately one day, that *Cleanthus* going one morning into that Ship to visit the Commander of it who was sick, a sudden tempest arising, seperated us in such sort, that we could never come together, or so much as see one another more; but I landed at the Port neerest to this place, where I hope *Cleanthus* too will in a short time arrive. *Artemidorus* having done speaking the Princess of *Leontium* made him a thousand caresses: but after this told him it was requisite to defer making this discovery to the Prince his brother until *Cleanthus* were arriv'd. For whereas (added she) we have different sentiments in many things, I should be glad that your acknowledgement depended not upon my testimony alone, but that *Cleanthus* who is reputed for a man of eminent honesty, confirm it. As you please, Madam (answer'd *Artemidorus*) but I remember so many particular things which my brother said to me during my childhood, that I believe he cannot have forgot them all. Believe me, *Artemidorus* (reply'd the Princess) do not trust to his memory, and let us wait for *Cleanthus*. But, Madam (said *Artemidorus*) if *Cleanthus* had suffer'd shipwrack, it would have been necessary to have dispens'd with his absence. Were that his misfortune hapned (answer'd she) we might then do all that we can do at this day. After this, *Artemidorus* desir'd permission of the Princess of *Leontium*, at least to make himself known to *Lysimena*; and accordingly without more delay the Princess writ three or four lines in her Tablets, which she gave *Artemidorus* to deliver to her. Upon which he went to find *Lysimena*, and beseeching her that he might speak to her without being heard by any other, the Princess withdrew into her Cabinet, where he deliver'd the Tablets to her, in which she found these words.

He that you see, is Artemidorus, who you have so often beheld me lament; love him *as a good sister ought to love a brother*, and discover this great secret to none.

At first *Lysimena* knew not whether she ought to believe what she read: but *Artemidorus* spoke to her after a manner so full of tenderness, that on a sudden suffering her self to be convinc'd, she embrac'd the Prince her brother with all the testimonies of joy and dearness imaginable, and express'd her self with so much the greater passion: because at that instant she look'd upon *Artemidorus* as a Protector that might oppose the violence the Prince her brother intended to use towards her, to constrain her to marry *Meleontus*. The door of her Cabinet hapning to be open, a Waiting-woman belonging to the Princess whom *Meleontus* had corrupted, beheld the caresses she made to *Artemidorus*, which nevertheless she attributed to the service which she had receiv'd from him. After which *Artemidorus* forbad his attendants to tell his name to any person, and liv'd as a stranger unknown in the Castle. But *Lysimena* who did me the honour to keep nothing secret from me, told me what had pass'd and ask'd my counsel whether she should write to *Zenocrates* concerning it. Because I knew Letters are liable to a thousand accidents, I told her that I counsell'd her not only not to write him word of it, but also judge it prudence not to tell him any thing of it, altho he should come thither with the Prince; and that it were better he knew it not, but with others, for fear least not being able to contain from giving some intimation of it, it might prove prejudicial to the owning of *Artemidorus*. And the Princess was satisfi'd with my advice. In the mean time, the rumour of the accident that had befallen her, and the succour she receiv'd from a stranger, was soon known to all the world. The Prince of *Leontium* being a little wounded at his last hunting could not make a visit to the Princess his sister upon this occasion, but out of favour to *Meleontus*, he sent him to do it: so that *Zenocrates* had the discontent to see his Rival go to visit *Lysimena*, without daring to follow him. *Artemidorus* being an extreme goodly personage, *Meleontus* no sooner beheld him but he was troubled that *Lysimena* had had a protector of so admirable an aspect. But this first sentiment made no great impression in him, but soon pass'd out of his mind. For he fell to extol *Artemidorus*, and thanked him in the name of the Prince and his own, for the assistance he had given the Princess. *Artemidorus* answer'd to all that *Meleontus* said to him with so noble and gallant an air, that this Lover of *Lysimena* was astonish'd at it: but he was more so, when having discours'd half a quarter of an hour in a walk of the Garden with the Waiting-woman whom he had gain'd to his interests, he understood by her that since the four days this stranger was in the Castle, he had al-

most continually have been in particular converse with *Lysimena*, or with me: she related to him also how she saw the Princess imbrace him with tenderness; and told him she had never seen so great an affection in any person; that as soon as the Princess awaken'd, she sent to know of the stranger's health, that he saw her dress her self, and was in her Chamber till she was ready to go into bed. And indeed, tho I was opinion that it was requisite to use greater dissimulation, yet *Lysimena* would not believe me, being secure, in that there was none but her own attendants, and those of the Princess of *Leontium* in the Castle. This discourse produc'd strange sentiments in *Meleontus*'s mind, who knew not what to think of it. However he resolv'd to remove this stranger from *Lysimena*, and to propound it to the Princess of *Leontium* to conduct him to the Prince, but she told him she would do it her self when she return'd to *Leontium*, and that in the mean time, the stranger would expect the arrival of his Attendants and equipage in the Castle. *Meleontus* press'd her for some time; but perceiving it was to no purpose, he ceas'd his importunity, and return'd back with a great disposition to be jealous. At his return he open'd his heart to *Amerintha*, who promis'd him to come to us, and to observe all *Lysimena*'s actions so diligently, and those of the stranger too, that she doubted not but to discover the truth. And accordingly *Amerintha* came to visit the Princess of *Leontium* upon pretext of the adventure lately befallen *Lysimena*: but for that some time was needful for attaining the real end she came for, she feign'd her self sick as soon as she arriv'd and stay'd four days with us. During which, having a cunning and malicious wit, she observ'd there was a great friendship between *Artemidorus* and *Lysimena*. She perceiv'd their familiarity, correspondence, and something more liberty and equality between them, than ought to be between a stranger and a Princess. Nevertheless *Artemidorus* very much pleas'd her, and out of a desire that nothing should escape her beauty, she did her utmost to excite him to love: but the heart of *Artemidorus* was not dispos'd to be wounded by her fair eyes. Besides, this Prince having understood by *Lysimena* that the Prince of *Leontium* was extremely amorous of *Amerintha*, he was careful to defend himself from her charms. Wherefore *Amerintha*, finding her allurements had not the effect she desired, imagin'd the reason of it to be because he was already amorous of *Lysimena*. Which exasperating her mind, she observ'd the Princess with more diligence, she put an ill construction upon all that she saw, she believ'd she beheld more than she did; and resolv'd also to report many things which she was sure she had not seen. So that at her return she told *Meleontus*, she found that the stranger was a very handsome and goodly personage, and was in love with *Lysimena*; adding moreover that she much fear'd *Lysimena* was so likewise with him. She related to him that she had discover'd that they were very frequently in private together, that in the morning he had liberty to enter into her Chamber, that he was there very late in the evening, that they understood one another by their looks, that they had a hundred little secrets to communicate between themselves; and she added of her own inventing, that walking in the Garden with them, at the turning of a palisade, she saw the stranger kiss *Lysimena*'s hand, without her being offended at it. You may judge what effect this relation had in the heart of *Meleontus*. It was such, that jealousie seising upon his mind, and his violent nature being very prone to put him upon attempting the most important things precipitantly, he oblig'd *Amerintha* to inform the Prince of all that she had told to himself, promising her to do thence forward all that lay in his power to bring her to be Princess of *Leontium*. *Amerintha* (who was possess'd with ambition, envy and hatred) easily suffer'd her self to be perswaded, and related to the Prince of *Leontium* all that she had said to his favourite: which he no sooner heard, but he conceiv'd a violent indignation against *Lysimena*, and without considering upon the matter resolv'd to go speedily to the Castle where his Mother was, to the end to cause the stranger to remove from thence. And accordingly having consulted with *Meleontus*, they set forth about break of day, the Prince being then absolutely cur'd. He took only his guards with him and eight or nine men of quality, amongst whom *Zenocrates* was one, who was not without some inquietude in his breast, for the comely person, wit and valour of the Stranger was highly extoll'd in the Court at that time. But as chance does very extraordinary things when Fate has determin'd to bring some surprising accident to pass; it hapned that the Princess of *Leontium* was gone that morning to offer a Sacrifice to *Diana* in a Temple about five or six miles distant from the Castle: *Lysimena* hapning to be a little indispos'd in the preceding night, did not accompany her, no more did *Artemidorus*, and I likewise remain'd at home to bear *Lysimena* company. But almost all the rest of the family follow'd the Princess, and there was very few persons left in the house. As soon as *Lysimena* was out of bed, her Woman began to attire her head; but the tresses of her hair were scarce undone, when *Artemidorus* enter'd into her Chamber to shew her a Letter from the wise *Cleanthus* which he had newly receiv'd, whereby he understood that he would arrive suddenly, and perhaps that very day. The Princess being unwilling to read it before her Woman, she did not continue to dress her head, but went into her Cabinet with *Artemidorus*. And there passing insensibly to speak of several things, the Princess forgot she was not attir'd, and stay'd discoursing a long time with the Prince her brother. During which, that Waiting-woman who had intelligence with *Meleontus*, left her companions to wait till the Princess came out of her Cabinet, and went to walk beyond the first Court of the Castle, where there is one of the fairest Walks, that ever was seen. As for me, I was than in my Chamber leaning upon a window that lookt towards one of the handsomest Courts in the World; for 'tis large, square, all pav'd with white Marble, environ'd with stately structures, and has a Pedestal in the middle, upon which are represented the three Graces, holding one another by the hand like Shepherdesses dancing; but made with such exquisite art, that these three Statues are an admirable spectacle in the midst of that fair Court. Having mus'd a while at my Chamber window, as I told you, I retir'd from it, and betook my self to read. In the mean time the Waiting-woman, whom (as I mention'd to you) went to walk beyond this stately Court, was no sooner there but she saw the Prince and *Meleontus* arrive, the latter of which came directly to her to enquire what the Princess was doing, and to hinder her from going to advertise her of the Prince's coming. The Woman telling him the truth, inform'd him that the Princess of *Leontium* was gone abroad in the morning, and that the Princess *Lysimena*, who would not

not accompany her, as ſoon as ſhe was out of bed, went with her head half dreſs'd into her Cabinet with *Artemidorus*, where ſhe believ'd they were ſtill in great familiarity and conference. *Meleontus* no ſooner heard this, but returning to the Prince and telling him what he had learnt, and animating him againſt his Siſter, without conſidering what hurley-burly he was going to cauſe, or what the conſequences of the courſe he took would be, he commanded his Guards to ſecure all the Gates of the firſt Court. After which the Prince of *Leontium* enter'd into that ſtately Court, and went directly to the ſtone ſtairs leading into the Caſtle. But for that this could not be done without ſome noiſe, the Princeſs being advertis'd of his arrival, ſpoke to *Artemidorus* to go forth of her Chamber and meet the Prince, to whom *Meleontus* (who had ſeen him before) might preſent him. For ſince *Clearchus* is to arrive ſuddenly (ſaid ſhe) it is not yet fitting to think of making your ſelf known, eſpecially too, the Princeſs my Mother being abſent. Accordingly *Artemidorus* paſſing through an Anti-chamber went into the Court; but the Prince conjecturing by the place he came out at that the Princeſſe's Waiting-woman had not ly'd, and himſelf having ſeen at the windows of her Cabinet (for *Lyſimena*'s apartment was next the ground) with what haſte ſhe caus'd this man of good perſonage to come forth, he did not doubt but ſhe was very culpable, and that the affection ſhe had for him was criminal. Upon which, without conſidering any thing but his deſire to puniſh the Princeſs and ſatisfie *Meleontus*; as ſoon as *Artemidorus* was in the Court, he look'd upon the violent *Meleontus*, who tranſported with choler, jealouſie and fury, My Lord (ſaid he to the Prince) permit me to puniſh the boldneſs of this Stranger who comes inſolently to affront you. If you knew me well (anſwer'd *Artemidorus* without being mov'd) you would find it rather belong'd to me to deſire juſtice of the Prince for your inſolence. Whereupon the Prince of *Leontium* becoming ſuddenly enrag'd, and believing the Stranger intended to counterfeit himſelf a man of quality, that he might ſave his life, roughly commanded his Guards to ſeiſe upon him. After which he went towards the entrance, follow'd by *Meleontus*, *Zenocrates* and many others. *Artemidorus* deſir'd to ſpeak to him, but he was not heard: ſo that ſeeing ſeveral of the Princes Guards with their ſwords drawn about him, he was no longer maſter of his indignation, and could not contain from drawing his ſword, and diſperſing them ſo dextrouſly, that one of the Guards running himſelf upon *Artemidorus*'s ſword, fell down dead immediately. The reſt thereupon making a great cry, and all preſſing hard upon him, he recover'd the Pedeſtal upon which the three Graces ſtood, to the end he might not be ſurrounded or aſſaulted on any ſide but before. The Guards made a great cry again, which cauſing me to give over my reading, I look't out at the window and beheld the moſt ſad ſpectacle in the world, for the pavement of white Marble was ſprinkl'd with bloud in many places, *Artemidorus* had ſlain two more of the Guards, whoſe bodies lay at the feet of this valiant Prince, who defended himſelf like a Lyon. Preſently after, all the Guards that were left at the Gates, quitted their ſtations to come and revenge the death of their companions. *Meleontus*, *Zenocrates* and all the reſt, and the Prince himſelf return'd back to the ſtairs of the enterance, aſtoniſh'd at the valour of this man who defended himſelf ſo couragiouſly, and immediately ſlew a Brother of *Meleontus* that advanc'd againſt him. Yet it muſt be mention'd to the commendation of *Zenocrates*, that tho jealouſie was deeply impreſt in his mind, yet he extremely diſapprov'd this violence, and told his ſentiments to the Prince: but he would not hearken to them. All this while whatever *Artemidorus*, ſaid to make himſelf known, was not regarded; he had no other recourſe but to his own valor: which indeed was ſuch, that none durſt approach him; wherefore ſome of the Guards without the Prince's order ſhot arrows againſt him, and others caſt javelins, tho the Prince and *Zenocrates* endeavour'd to reſtrain them. As for *Meleontus*, his fury was ſo impetuous, that he wiſh'd nothing but the death of *Artemidorus*, believing he was his Rival, and a greater Favourite. For my part, I confeſs to my ſhame, I was in ſo great amazement, and ſeis'd with ſuch exceſſive fright, that I was unable either to ſpeak or ſtir from the place. The Princeſs was more valiant than I; for when ſhe ſaw ſo many ſwords turn'd againſt *Artemidorus* (who was ſlightly wounded in the left hand) ſo many arrows ſhot at him, and none heard what he ſaid: ſeeing, I ſay that tho by his dexterity, courage and agility, he repell'd all that ſet upon him (who durſt not approach nearer to him than as far as the bodies of thoſe he had ſlain) yet it would be impoſſible for him to avoid being overcome at length; ſhe went forth with extreme diligence as ſoon as ſhe was return'd from her firſt aſtoniſhment, and without conſidering that ſhe had nothing upon her but a plain flying robe of white ſtuffe, that her neck was half naked, her hair looſe, and her arms bare, ſhe paſs'd through the porch into the midſt of all the armed people, endangering her ſelf to be wounded with the arrows and javelins, and by her rare beauty ſhaming the Graces, at the feet of whom *Artemidorus* defended his life ſo valiantly, ſhe plac'd her ſelf between this valiant Prince and thoſe that aſſaulted him, deſiring by this generous action to cauſe the fight to ceaſe, and to make *Artemidorus* known to the Prince his Brother. And indeed all the fierce aſſailants ſuſpended their fury at her appearance: but for that this action was interpreted by the Prince, *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates* for a great teſtimony of love towards *Artemidorus*, it produc'd in them very different effects. The Prince redoubling his fury, Infamous Siſter (cry'd he) do you come to defend your unworthy Lover in my ſight? I ſhall puniſh you for your wickedneſs. At which he advanc'd towards her with with his ſword drawn, and had infallibly kill'd her, if the amorus *Zenocrates* (as jealous as he was) had not out of an exceſs of love caſt himſelf between the Prince and *Lyſimena*. *Artemidorus* alſo offer'd to doe the ſame; but at the very moment, *Meleontus* (whoſe jealouſie and fury was redoubled by the generous action of the Princeſs) took a bow from the hands of an Archer, and ſhot with precipitation: but inſtead of killing *Artemidorus* as he deſign'd, he wounded *Lyſimena* dangerouſly in the neck, and the ſame arrow glancing from her unhappily, enter'd into the body of *Zenocrates* (for *Meleontus* ſhot from the right ſide to the left) upon which both of them falling down, *Lyſimena* reſented the moſt violent grief that ever was, for ſhe ſaw her ſelf no longer able to hinder *Artemidorus* from periſhing by the hands of her Brother: ſhe ſaw her dear *Zenocrates* wounded for her ſake, and underſtood by ſome words which he ſpoke as he fell, that he ſuſpected her of being unfaithful. On the other ſide, *Artemidorus* being tranſported with grief to ſee *Lyſimena* wounded, without caring to defend himſelf, offer'd to lift up the Princeſs: but the jealous *Meleontus* enrag'd for having wounded his Miſtreſs and *Zenocrates*

(whom

(whom he now conſider'd not as his Rival) inſtead of *Artemidorus*, did his endeavour to kill this valiant and generous Prince. But at the ſame inſtant the Princeſs of *Leontium* coming back from the Temple of *Diana* on the one ſide with all her train, and the wiſe *Cleanthus* arriving on the other, ſuppreſs'd the fury of the tumult. You may judge how aſtoniſht the Princeſs of *Leontium* was to find the Prince and *Meleontus* with their ſwords drawn, ſo many people ſlain, *Artemidorus* wounded, and *Zenocrates* and *Lyſimena* at the point of death, for the loſs of bloud depriv'd them both of ſpeech. As for *Cleanthus*, as ſoon as he appear'd and beheld this ſtrange ſpectacle, he went directly to the Prince, and ſpeaking to him with the authority of one that had inſtructed him in his youth. How comes it, my Lord (ſaid he to him) that I find you with your arms in your hand againſt the Prince *Artemidorus* your Brother? Theſe words caus'd the Prince to bluſh, and *Meleontus* to wax pale, who was approacht whilſt *Artemidorus* having broken through the throng went to give the Princeſs his Mother an account of what had hapned. The ſpeech of *Cleanthus*, whom the Prince knew very well, ſtrangely aſtoniſht him; for he was conſcious there was no ground to ſuſpect his probity. Nevertheleſs not being able to reſolve ſuddenly to believe him, How? (ſaid he) is he that I behold my Brother? and is that Brother my Siſter's Lover? No, my Lord (anſwer'd *Artemidorus*, who led the Princeſs his Mother) and if you would have heard me, you had not done as you have, nor enforc'd me to kill thoſe unhappy perſons whom I I knew not. Ah! my Son (cry'd the Princeſs of *Leontium*, ſpeaking to the Prince) I cannot but accuſe you of a great crime, and regret my own unhappineſs. However (added ſhe) leave me in peace in this deſert, endeavour to ſave my Daughter's life, and be aſſuredly perſwaded *Artemidorus* is your Brother. He made himſelf known to me firſt of all; your Siſter underſtood his quality from my mouth; and had it not been that I waited for the arrival of *Cleanthus* you had been informed of the truth before. Then *Cleanthus* adding many circumſtances for the conformation of his being Son to the Princeſs of *Leontium*, the Prince better conſider'd him, & acknowledg'd him to be his brother, and thereupon being much aſhamed of his action, he deſir'd pardon of him for it. My Lord (anſwer'd *Artemidorus*) I am ready to forget the injury you have done me; but I beſeech you that he who wounded the Princeſs my Siſter, may appear no longer in my ſight; otherwiſe, all the reſpect I bear you cannot hinder me from puniſhing him for ſo deteſtable an action. In the mean time, I being deſcended, approacht to the Princeſs, and fell upon my knees by her, endeavouring to bring her to her ſelf again. *Meleontus* was at his wits end for what he had done, and came to help me to hold her up; but as I was going to thruſt him away, he heard what *Artemidorus* ſpoke: upon which his rage being redoubled, You have reaſon, my Lord (ſaid he to him) you have reaſon; and to teſtifie to you that I judge my ſelf as culpable as unhappy, behold what a generous repentance ſhall lead me to. In ſpeaking which, he offer'd to ſtrike a Ponyard into his own heart; but the Prince (who lov'd him much) abating part of his impetuoſity by ſeiſing upon his arm, the Ponyard did not pierce ſo deep as he deſign'd it; but yet it did enough, to cauſe ſome compaſſion even in him whom he had deſir'd to kill.

The Princeſs having caus'd *Lyſimena* to be carried to a bed, and given order for care to be taken of *Zenocrates*, and the dead to be remov'd out of the Court, the Prince committed *Meleontus* to the cuſtody of three or four of his followers, and caus'd him to be conducted into a back Garden-houſe, notwithſtanding all his own reſiſtance; for he was reſolv'd to dy, and would by no means admit of any courſe to preſerve his life. In the mean time, *Cleanthus* diſcourſing with the Prince, and employing all his prudence to perſwade him that *Artemidorus* would remember nothing that had paſs'd, reduc'd his mind to a good temper, and counſell'd him to return that evening to *Leontium*, and to carry thither him that deſigning to kill *Artemidorus* wounded *Lyſimena*, till this firſt diſorder were compos'd, and it were ſeen what would become of *Lyſimena*'s and *Zenocrates*'s wounds; for, as for the Prince *Artemidorus*, that which he had received in his left hand, was very ſlight. So the Prince following the counſels of the wiſe *Cleanthus* (for whom he ſtill retain'd much reſpect) departed aſſoon as he underſtood *Lyſimena* was come again from her ſwoon, and caus'd *Meleontus* to be put into a Chariot, having firſt caus'd his wound to be dreſs'd by force, leaving *Cleanthus* order to tell the Princeſs his Mother, the Prince *Artemidorus* and *Lyſimena*, all that he judg'd conducive to appeaſe their minds; tho to ſpeak truth, this Prince thought himſelf guilty of nothing but precipitancy. And as for the action of *Meleontus*, he conſider'd it as a violence which love and jealouſie might excuſe. But *Meleontus* himſelf was more equitable, for he accus'd himſelf in good earneſt. How unhappy am I (ſaid he upon the waies he return'd, to one of his own and my friends, who told me this) and how great a Criminal! I have committed all crimes imaginable, I have raſhly ſuſpected the moſt virtuous Princeſs in the World, I have accus'd her, I have incens'd the Prince's mind againſt her, I have put fury into his heart, and weapons in his hand againſt the Prince his Brother, & the Princeſs his ſiſter; and wretch that I am, after that I had ſeen *Artemidorus* perform the greateſt actions in the world, I went about to kill him with the ſhot of an Arrow. But moreover, the Gods to puniſh me for it, have permitted that unfortunate Arrow to wound mortally both an innocent friend, and the only perſon for whoſe ſake life could be acceptable to me. And nevertheleſs, they will not let me dye, they force me to live, they keep me too, as if I ſtill deſerv'd, that any care ſhould be taken of my life. But 'tis in vain (added he) that I am watcht, and that every thing which might procure my death is remov'd from me; I need neither ſteel nor poyſon; my grief alone will be ſufficient to diſpatch me. For when I reflect, that I am he who have brought my Princeſs into danger, and that in attempting to kill a man whom I believ'd my Rival, perhaps I have ſlain my Miſtreſs; I reſent a torment a thouſand times more cruel than death, a torment greater than can be apprehended, and which I cannot wholly conceive my ſelf; ſince at the ſame time I am overwhelmed with ſhame, repentance, grief, and abhorrence of my ſelf, as much love as is needful to render my fault for ever unpardonable, and as much rage as is neceſſary to make life odious, and death deſirable every moment. Beſides, what have I to do longer in the World? the Princeſs did not love me, whilſt I did nothing but ſtudied to ſerve her; judge therefore, what ſentiments ſhe will have, if ſhe eſcapes, for a man that would have blemiſhed her honour, taken the Prince *Artemidorus*'s life away after an unworthy manner,

and

and who has endanger'd her own? Had I gone about to kill this Prince, as a man of courage may kill an Enemy, it would be more pardonable, but jealouſie ſo tranſported me, when I beheld *Lyſimena* hazard her life to ſave that of a man whom I believ'd my Rival, that in that accurſed moment I abandon'd my reaſon, and caſt off all ſenſe of virtue and honour, to mind only a ſpeedy revenge. But alaſs! the Gods have already reveng'd the cauſe of *Lyſimena*; for I hate my ſelf ſo horribly, that I never had a more ardent affection for her than I have now deteſtation for my ſelf. In this manner reaſoned the unfortunate *Meleontes*, whilſt the wiſe *Cleanthus* endeavour'd to pacifie matters at the Caſtle, where he ſtay'd.

Cleanthus (ſaid *Plotina* interrupting *Amiclea*) has done me a pleaſure in arriving, and I ſhould be glad to know a perſon who has ſo excellently educated the Prince *Artemidorus*. For my part (ſaid *Clelia*) I fancy him to be like one of the Sages that are ſo much ſpoken of. For I have heard him ſo extoll'd by *Merigenes*, the young King of *Phenicia*, and the Prince his brother, whom he inſtructed, that I imagine him to be a very excellent perſon.

To teſtifie the ſubmiſſion of my will to yours (anſwer'd *Amiclea*) I ſhall deſcribe him to you, and indeed I am ſomething of ſuch an humour, that I am loath to paſs over my Friends without commending them a little, when I ſpeak to perſons that do not know them; and I conceive generoſity requires as much from all people, and that there is ſome pleaſure, when we are alone to remember we have done juſtice to our friends when they were mention'd.

I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina*) let us ſpeak of *Cleanthus*, and leave the pleaſures that we find in our ſelvs; for, as for my part, I am perſwaded they are the ſaddeſt pleaſures in the world. Yet they are the moſt ſolid (anſwer'd *Clelia*). Believe me (added *Plotina* agreeably) ſolidity is not to be requir'd in pleaſures; 'tis ſufficient if they be ſprightly and jovial, if they dazle reaſon, and follow one after another, if they be various and deceive us, and amuſe us agreeably; and to put the thing in practiſe, after having had the pleaſure to relieve my ſelf from a long ſilence by what I have ſaid, tell us, amiable *Amiclea*, what a perſon the wiſe *Cleanthus* is.

Know than (reply'd *Amiclea*) he whoſe deſcription you deſire, is a man of tranſcendent merit, and his eminent vertue has plac'd him above envy and the envious. His lineage is very good, and it would be eaſie to find wherewith to commend him in many things which are extrinſical to him: but not to ſpeak of ought but himſelf, I ſhall content my ſelf with telling you, that tho *Cleanthus* be arriv'd to that age, wherein time is wont to efface part of the lineaments that compoſe handſomeneſs in a face, yet he has ſtill a ſerene aſpect full of ſpirit and ſweetneſs which pleaſes infinitely. His eyes partly diſcover his wiſdom and goodneſs; and tho he is not tall, yet he has a good perſonage, and the abſolute air of a Phyloſopher that practices more vertue than he teaches. There appears ſo modeſt a joy in his converſe, ſo prudent a complacency in all his diſcourſe, and a goodneſs ſo real in all his actions, that his converſation begets a love of vertue in all that are capable of it. Moreover, he has been choſen (as I told you before) to inſtruct two of the greateſt-Princes in the World in ſeveral conſiderable kinds of knowledge, beſides the Prince of *Leontium* and *Artemidorus*. He has all his life ſo paſſionately lov'd ſtudy, that it may be ſaid, he never ſpent day without learning ſomething: ſo that he has compos'd an infinite number of excellent works, which are indubitable teſtimonies of his knowledge and vertue. For there is ſcarce any thing of which he has not written plauſibly, with intention to profit the publick, and render the Readers of his works, either better or more knowing; which in my judgement is a very great commendation. But tho *Cleanthus* be very learned, and his works, deſerve to live immortally, yet I admire his vertue more than his knowledge, eſpecially having preſerv'd it immaculate in the midſt of a great Court, where for the moſt part, ſuch as are moſt vertuous find it ſomething difficult to perſiſt exactly in the purity of their own ſentiments. But, as for *Cleanthus*, nothing changes him, he is ſo ſolidly vertuous: but his vertue is ſociable, far from aſperity or ſavageneſs, which perſwades rather by ſweetneſs than impetuoſity, and which by the calmneſs of his mind renders it ſufficiently manifeſt apparent, that he has been a long and happier Studier of Wiſdom; for he is none of thoſe who know vertue without following it, and teach the vertues which they never practice. On the contrary, *Cleanthus* ſpeaks more morality by his actions than his diſcourſes, and inſtructs no leſs by his manners than by works. Thus you ſee what a perſon the wiſe *Cleanthus* is, whoſe preſence calm'd ſo great a tempeſt.

But to proceed, as ſoon as the Princeſs came out of her ſwoon, ſhe thought upon *Artemidorus* & *Zenocrates*, and ſeeing me in her chamber with tears in my eies, ſhe call'd me as weak as ſhe was, and (tho her wound ſufficiently pain'd her) ſtretcht forth her hand to me, and graſping mine gently, I beſeech you, my dear *Amiclea* (ſaid ſhe to me, beholding me wiſhly) tell me whether the tears you ſhed be for *Artemidorus*, or for the unfortunate *Zenocrates*. The Prince *Artemidorus* (anſwer'd I) is ſo little hurt, that he feels no wound but yours! and as for *Zenocrates*, I know not yet what the Chirurgions ſay of him: ſo that, Madam, my tears are only for your ſelf. Since my life is ſo dear to you (reply'd ſhe with a lower voice) take ſome care of that of *Zenocrates*, and let me know what condition he is in. Whereupon ſoon after I underſtood that his wound was dangerous indeed, but yet not deſperate. As for the Princeſs, ſhe was in very great danger, becauſe ſhe was taken with a Fever. *Zenocrates* greateſt affliction was occaſion'd, for that no perſon, except my ſelf, knowing the love he had for *Lyſimena*, he was told of the danger in which ſhe was. By which means his weakneſs became greater than it would, if he had been ignorant of that of *Lyſimena*. As for *Artemidorus*, he had ſo tender a friendſhip for her, that he could not have been much more afflicted if he had been her Lover; and as we are eaſily led to love ſuch as have been willing to ſerve thoſe whom we love, this Prince had likewiſe in a little time a very great friendſhip for *Zenocrates*, who ſo generouſly oppos'd the violence of the Prince of *Leontium*, and was wounded with the ſame ſtroke that hurt the Princeſs. *Zenocrates* knowing I was not ignorant of his love, us'd to me the moſt moving and paſſionate expreſſions in the world as often as I went to viſit him from the Princeſs. Whoſe vertue (on the other ſide) I aſſure you I could not but admire in this occaſion, for tho ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhould dy, yet ſhe always preſerv'd the ſame prudence, and did not ſpeak one word which ſhe ought to repent of: ſhe talk'd with me concerning *Zenocrates* always with expreſſions of great dearneſs, but yet it was with ſuch caution too, that what ſhe ſaid might as well agree to an

amiable

amiable Friend as a faithful Lover. But at length *Lysimena*'s youth overcoming the greatness of her distemper, her Physicians one day assur'd she was past all danger of death! of which *Artemidorus* transported with joy went to inform *Zenocrates*, who receiv'd this good news with so much delight, that the Prince perceiv'd he was amorous of *Lysimena*. But he was rather glad than displeased at it; for he hated *Meleontus*, and knowing *Zenocrates* was descended from the ancient Princes of *Herbesa* (altho his rank was now inferiour to that of his Ancestors) he was not sorry that so worthy a man lov'd the Princess his Sister, judging too, that this might rather hinder him from pardoning *Meleontus*. This discovery exciting the Prince to a curiosity of knowing *Lysimena*'s sentiments as well, one day when she was able to suffer his conversation, he began to glibe at her a little about *Zenocrates*, whose life, he said, she had almost endanger'd. The Princess blusht when *Artemidorus* spoke thus to her; wherefore fearing he had displeas'd her, I beseech you (said he to her) do not think I speak to you as the Prince my brother would do, namely, with a design to persecute you; No, my dear sister (added he) I have more equitable sentiments, I speak to you as a faithful Friend, and desire not to know your thoughts, for any other end, but to conform my self to them; for I know you love glory, and are uncapable of loving any thing without it. My Lord (said the Princess than to him, recollecting her self) to testifie to you that I consider you more as a faithful friend than a generous brother, I will make you privy to the only secret of my life, and confess to you, that if I did not take care to rule the sentiments of my heart, I should have as great inclination for *Zenocrates* as I have aversion for *Meleontus*. But for as much as I foresee fortune cannot permit us to live together, I speak to him always as an agreeable Friend, and I forbid him to hope any such thing as a Lover might pretend to, beyond a certain free and unin-terested kindness, which I cannot refuse him. This, my Lord, is the onely secret of my life, use it as you please; and if you find me Criminal, you will do me a pleasure in telling me so, to the end I may endeavour to correct my fault. This freedom so extremely pleas'd *Artemidorus*, that he gave her a thousand thanks; he approv'd all her sentiments, and there became such an intimate and confiding a friendship between them, as will last all their lives. Afterwards *Artemidorus* with the Princesse's consent intimated to *Zenocrates* that he understood his affection; which produc'd in a few dayes a very strait amity between these three persons, who moreover had such an esteem of me as to communicate to me all their sentiments. In the mean time *Cleanthus* found it a matter of difficulty to compose matters; for the Prince loving *Meleontus* dearly, urg'd that *Lysimena* and *Artemidorus* would pardon him: these two persons on the contrary could not yield to see a man who had committed an action likely to prove so fatal to them. Nor could the Princess their Mother be brought to consent to return to *Leontium* as long as he was there, and desir'd that the Prince would banish him for ever. But *Amerintha*, whom the Prince was amorous of, protecting *Meleontus*, there was no obtaining of what she requir'd. So *Cleanthus* made frequent journies from the Castle where we were to *Leontium*, and from *Leontium* to the Castle to no purpose. All this while *Meleontus* was under a guard, tho it was more to hinder attempts upon his life then to satisfie *Lysimena* and *Artemidorus*. At length the Princess being recover'd from her sickness, became able to walk in the Gardens of the Castle, which are indeed admirably handsome. As soon as she was in a condition to see the world, all the chief Ladies of *Leontium* came to visit her, and *Clidamira* (whom you know) amongst others came thither with one of her Kinswomen. It hapned that *Artemidorus* accounted her so amiable that day, that he began to be possest with the passion which occasion'd all the adventures I know you have heard of. And therefore I shall tell you scarce any thing of it, but only that one day she came with *Andromira* and several other Ladies who stay'd to pass that night with us. Towards the evening the Princess and the Ladies went to walk in the Gardens, and *Amerintha* so brought it about that her self discours'd with *Artemidorus*, *Andromira* entertain'd *Zenocrates* (tho he did not much desire it) another Lady imploy'd her self in recounting to me a hundred things which did not concern me; and in the mean time one of her friends, who is as crafty a person as any in the world, led the Princess insensibly into a walk, at the end of which was a Pavilion that had a door opening into the fields. The further end of the place was set about with seats, in which to repose without the inconvenience of the Sun, or being seen of any that walk in the Garden, (tho it be wholly open on the side towards the end of the Walk), because there are great curtains before it which may be drawn at pleasure. The Princess having unwillingly suffered her self to be conducted into this Cabinet, beheld the Curtains half drawn, and observ'd that the gate looking into the fields half shut: but making no reflections upon these two circumstances, which might proceed from several causes she enter'd into the Cabinet without minding that the Lady did not follow her into it, but was gone back into the Walk. She had scarce made three steps in it, but she beheld *Meleontus* at her feet, who holding her by the Robe; notwithstanding her reluctancy forc'd her to hearken to him; for she being still weak by her late sickness, and astonishment redoubling her weakness, she was constrain'd to sit down for fear of falling. At which instant she was in a fear left *Meleontus* intended to carry her away, and therefore made a great shreek: which nevertheless was not heard by any person, because the company was all in another Walk, where she that was *Meleontus*'s Agent knew well her Friends would upon handsome pretences retain them. Wherefore *Meleontus* not to lose an opportunity he could not easily recover, being upon his knees before the Princess who was sat down, began to speak to her with a strange commotion of heart: I beseech you, Madam, (said he to her extream submissively) hear the unfortunate *Meleontus* this last time; which certainly you ought to do, Madam, since he does not pretend to obtain the pardon which he desires of you with tears in his eyes. The unfortunate *Meleontus* (answer'd the Princess) is so criminal, that there are no misfortunes of which he is not worthy. I acknowledge it, Madam (reply'd he hastily) and I took the liberty of coming hither for no other end but to confess it. How dare you, *Meleontus* (said the Princess) come to present your self before me, after you have believ'd me capable of a crime? for in comparison of this, I count it almost nothing that you wounded me neer to death. But to speak truth, I resent most of all, that you went about to kill the Prince my Brother after the most unworthy manner in the World.

Ah!

Ah! Madam (anſwer'd *Meleontus*) when I ſaw you ſo fair, and ſo charming paſs amongſt the ſwords and the arrows with contempt of the danger to ſave the life of a man whom I believ'd my Rival, and thought was lov'd by you, I reſented that which I am unable to expreſs; and in this caſe I muſt have been void of love, if I could have preſerv'd reſpect and generoſity. I confeſs therefore, that I minded only to kill him whom I believ'd your Lover; and if *Zenocrates* had been ſtill amorous of you, he would queſtionleſs have done the ſame that I did. Be it how it will (ſaid ſhe) I am well enough pleas'd with *Zenocrates*, but I am not ſo with you. Alas! Madam (anſwered *Meleontus*) How can you, ſince I am not ſo my ſelf, but on the contrary am my own moſt mortal Enemy? Yes, Madam, I hate my ſelf more than you hate me, and I have at this preſent ſuch remorſe for my violence, and ſuch reſpect for you, that I dare not dye here before your eyes, for fear the Prince who loves me ſhould reproach you with my death. Know therefore, Madam, that perceiving the diviſion which I cauſe between the Prince of *Leontium*, the Prince *Artemidorus*, and your ſelf, I am reſolv'd to put an end to that conteſt by my flight. To which purpoſe, I have ſuborn'd my Guards, whilſt the Prince is at hunting, and by ways which I need not tell you, am come into this Garden, to aſſure you here, that I will go ſeek death in ſome place ſo remote from *Leontium*, that no tidings ſhall ever be heard of me. I will alſo leave the name which I bear, to the end it may be no more diſtaſteful to you, and retaining all the love I have for you, I will live the moſt miſerable of men, whitherſoever I go, if at leaſt I have ſtrength enough to live any time longer, only to adore you. *Meleontus* ſpoke this ſo paſſionately, that the Princeſs told me all her hatred and indignation could not hinder her from having a little commiſeration of him. Nevertheleſs, ſhe conceal'd it, for fear he ſhould alter his purpoſe; and therefore ſpeaking to him with a ſevere air, After bad actions are committed (ſaid ſhe to him) 'tis not enough to ſpeak fine words; a long repentance, a long abſence, and a thouſand ſervices are requiſite to the producing of a reaſonable hope of being indur'd amongſt perſons of honour. Howſoever, ſince I am equitable, I commend the deſign you take, as that alone which is fitting for you. Go therefore, *Meleontus*, go (continu'd ſhe, riſing up) go ask pardon of the Gods; for, as for me, I ſhould delude you if I ſhould tell you that I pardon you. I have already told you (anſwer'd the afflicted *Meleontus*) that I did not hope to obtain the pardon which I deſir'd; but at leaſt grant me the favour to believe that the exceſs of my love is the cauſe of all my Crimes, and that if I had lov'd you leſs, I had been always innocent. 'Tis the only and laſt favour I ſhall ever requeſt of you, not daring to deſire ſo much as a little compaſſion when you ſhall imagine that I am dead in exile only for love of you. As the Princeſs was going to ſpeak ſomething to him, *Meleontus* ſaw all the Company appear afar off, who (notwithſtanding all the contrivance of the Lady that return'd back to amuſe them handſomely in the mean time) were ſeeking for the Princeſs, and could not longer want her preſence. So that *Meleontus* being conſtrain'd to go away, roſe up, and the Princeſs ſuddenly leaving him without ſpeaking, he went forth at the door of the Pavilion which opened into the fields, mounted upon a Horſe held ready for him by a ſlave, and loſt himſelf in a wood not far diſtant. Yet this could not be done but that *Zenocrates* knew *Meleontus*. As for *Artemidorus*, he obſerv'd nothing, becauſe he was ſpeaking earneſtly to *Clidamira*; and there was none but *Zenocrates* and my ſelf who ſaw *Meleontus*. He no ſooner perceiv'd him, but he chang'd colour, came to me, and looking upon me with ſomewhat a diſturb'd countenance, What did I ſee? *Amiclea*, (ſaid he) Did my eyes deceive me? Is it poſſible *Meleontus* could be where I believ'd I ſaw him? Has the Princeſs pardoned him? What think you of that which I know you perceiv'd as well as my ſelf? In truth (ſaid I to him) I know not what I ought to think of it, but I know well the Princeſs can never be unjuſt, and that her aſpect tells me ſhe is as much ſurpris'd as we. I beſeech you, generous *Amiclea* (replyed *Zenocrates*) know the truth of this Adventure, for the reſpect I bear the Princeſs withholds me from asking it of her. And accordingly approaching towards *Lyſimena*, ſhe drew me aſide, and did me the honour to tell me what had hapned. After which having called *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, ſhe related to them the ſame ſhe had told me before. At firſt the departure of *Meleontus* ſeem'd very advantageous; but afterwards conſidering the Prince would be afflicted at it, it was fear'd his diſpleaſure would fall upon *Lyſimena*, *Artemidorus*, or *Zenocrates*. However it was judg'd convenient to advertiſe the Princeſs of *Leontium* and *Cleanthus* of what had paſſed; and accordingly *Lyſimena* ending her walk ſooner than otherwiſe ſhe would have done, return'd into the Caſtle. She was not long there, before there arriv'd a friend of *Zenocrates*, who came to advertiſe the Princeſs that *Meleontus* was gone away from the place where he was guarded without being known whither, that the Prince was extremely troubled at it, that this Favorite had left the moſt paſſionate Letter in the world for him, and that *Amerintha* was much imploy'd in comforting him. It was requiſite therefore to have recourſe to the prudence of *Cleanthus* who was at *Leontium*, to the end to appeaſe the Prince's mind whom he found very ſad for the departure of *Meleontus*. He found him alſo much incens'd againſt *Lyſimena*, whoſe rigour was the innocent cauſe of all theſe diſorders: but at length *Cleanthus* telling him that the way to cauſe *Meleontus* to return, was to treat *Lyſimena* well, and to endeavour thereby to win her, things were pacified in the end, in ſpite of the artifices of *Amerintha*. Yet this diviſion extremely afflicted the Princeſs of *Leontium*, ſo that ſhe fell ſick and dyed within a few days after. *Lyſimena* and *Artemidorus* were ſenſibly touch'd with this loſs: but for the Prince of *Leontium*, he was not much afflicted at it, becauſe he believ'd *Lyſimena* would thereby be more abſolutely in his power. Shortly after, *Lyſimena* returned to lodge in the Prince's Palace, and during ſome days led a life pleaſant enough. *Artemidorus* at that time became perfectly amorous of *Clidamira*, which ſtrangely incens'd *Amerintha* who could not touch his heart. Wherefore ſhe obliged the Prince highly to diſapprove the affection he had for that Lady; and it was ſhe that prevail'd with him to cauſe her to be put amongſt the vailed Virgins, as no doubt you have heard in the relation of the Hiſtory of *Artemidorus*. For ſhe deſigned thereby to croſs a Prince whom ſhe did not love, and to ſerve *Meleontus*, with whom 'tis believ'd ſhe has always had ſome ſecret correſpondence. For it was eaſie to judge that *Artemidorus* would not fail to fall out totally with the Prince after this violence; and ſo *Lyſimena* would loſe a

powerful protector. The event manifested that she was not deceiv'd; for you know *Artemidorus* voluntarily exil'd himself, to deliver *Clidamira*. But whereas it is not his History that I am relating, and you are ignorant of nothing that befel him, I will not tell you of his departure, his shipwrack, the resolution he took to go to the War, and in what manner he became prisoner to the Prince of *Agrigentum*, nor how he fell in love with *Berelisa*; but only what concerns *Lysimena* and *Zenocrates*. You shall know then, that after the departure of *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* (to continue to act according to his custom) made semblance of being in love with *Clidamira*, as soon as she came out from amongst the vailed Virgins, that afterwards he made Courtship for some days to another, but at length conceiving that since *Meleontus* was absent he might dispense with this dissimulation, he continued for some time without a Mistress. Whereupon it was said of him in railery, that of an inconstant person he was become indifferent; and I remember, *Clidamira*, being one day with *Lysimena*, undertook to maintain that it was much more honest to be inconstant than to be indifferent. For, I know nothing more hateful (said she in defence of her opinion) than such people as neither love nor hate, who determine themselves to nothing, and have so lukewarm a soul, that they are not very strongly on their own side. Ask them if they will walk; they know not: inquire of them, whether they would have people love them; they are dubious of it: do them any service; they take no notice of it: offer to displease them; they scarce perceive it: so much are they afraid to disquiet their happy indifference. But as for inconstant persons (added she) they have always something to do; they go, they come, they are imployed; and though they desire nothing vehemently, and disclaim obstinacy, yet they are always determin'd to something. They fill some place, and signifie something in the World, and at least make themselves to be spoken of, be it well or ill. 'Tis true (answer'd *Lysimena*) but if you observe, the indifferent and the inconstant are not too opposite. For an inconstant person loves indifferently all the Beauties of a City; 'tis only because he has some kind of indifference in his heart, that he loves several persons. And, for my part, methinks, I should love an indifferent person who is determin'd to nothing, better than an inconstant who determines himself to inconstancy, who makes a glory of his weakness, who believes he cannot be a gallant without being a profess'd shittle-brain, and who loving nothing ardently, yet passes all his life as if he lov'd. For the name of Love is not to be given to those transient affections which succeed one after another, which perplex hearts without possessing them, and which almost produce nothing but Sonnets. The Princess spoke this with a certain air, which made *Amerintha* (who was present) suspect something; for she judg'd that *Zenocrates* appearing to be so much in her favour ought to take ill her arguing so strongly against inconstancy, if she believ'd him inconstant. So that observing these things, and inquiring diligently of that waiting woman who formerly gave *Meleontus* intelligence of all *Lysimena*'s actions, and whom the Princess had discarded; she came at length to discover that *Zenocrates* was always ardently amorous of her, and that his inconstancy was but dissembled. And forasmuch as she could turn the Prince's mind after what manner she pleas'd, *Lysimena* was one morning extremely amazed to understand that the Prince had commanded *Zenocrates* to depart his Court at an hours warning, with prohibition to see her before he went away. You may judge how displeasing this news was to her, especially too being advertis'd that *Meleontus* had writ to the Prince two days before. So it behov'd *Zenocrates* to go from *Leontium* without seeing the Princess; nevertheless, he came back thither the same night, conceal'd himself at the house of one of his Friends, and three days after contriv'd a way to speak with *Lysimena* by night in a Garden. Their conversation was the most pathetical in the World; for they saw no ground of hope ever to live happy. I know well (said *Lysimena* to him) That your descent is more illustrious than the Rank you hold at present is eminent. I know likewise that your merit sees nothing above it, and I will believe that your affection cannot be surpass'd by any other; but, when all is done, the Prince my Brother is extreme unjust and violent. He loves *Meleontus* whom I hate, and *Artemidorus* is not here; adde hereunto that his Mistress hates us, and does us no less mischief than his favourite. We have no Sanctuary in any place; and though we had, a sentiment of honour would not suffer me to wish we were there together. But, Madam (said *Zenocrates*) what then will you shall become of me? I would have you (answer'd she) endeavour to find *Artemidorus*, adhere to his fortune, and trust to my constancy. Alas! Madam (reply'd he) may an unfortunate absent person be assured of a thing which he ardently desires? Yes, *Zenocrates* (answer'd *Lysimena*) when she that promises him is indu'd with generosity. But your self (added the Princess) take heed absence do not change you, and that I have not cause one day to make you a thousand reproaches. Time shall justifie me, Madam (said he to her) and you shall see me during all my life the same I am this day, that is, the most faithful Lover that ever was. Alas! *Zenocrates* (answer'd she) there was never an unfaithful Lover in the World, but a moment before his infidelity swore he would be eternally faithful; therefore answer nothing, and leave me to fear that which I cannot but be apprehensive of. *Zenocrates* then made a thousand the most earnest protestations of fidelity that can be imagined; after which he departed, and went first to *Syracusa*, and from thence to *Agrigentum*, where you know he found *Artemidorus*, from whom he has ever since been inseparable. During his stay there, he writ very diligently to *Lysimena*; but having made a long practise of appearing inconstant, he was so accustomed when he was with a fair person, to use Courtship to her, that he did not change his manner. For when *Clidamira* was at *Agrigentum*, there were some days in which she was not unpleasing to him. And indeed *Zenocrates* is a little of the humor of those people who think an honest man cannot be call'd unfaithful, though he make some transitory Gallantries, and that the true Mistress ought to be contented, provided she be the chief Lady (to speak in their own terms) and that the Lover be always ready to Sacrifice the rest to her, when she knows it and requires it. So then without being scrupulous in his passion, he came to have something that seem'd like love for *Clidamira*. And this person who has always lov'd to trouble the contentment of others (though she then lov'd *Artemidorus* who did not love her any longer) writ maliciously to *Leontium* to a Friend of hers, that *Zenocrates* had been very amorous of her, and would have been so still, if she had hearkned to him. Forasmuch

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as ſhe knew that ſhe to whom ſhe writ was no keeper of a ſecret, her deſign ſucceeded; the Princeſs ſoon heard of this news, which ſhe the more deeply reſented, for that after the departure of *Artemidorus*, ſhe had ſuffered a hundred perſecutions from the Prince, who continually regretted the caſe of *Meleontus*. Whereupon ſhe complain'd to me with much tenderneſs; not that ſhe did not believe *Zenocrates* always lov'd her, but ſhe could not endure he ſhould have any kindneſs or complacency for another. How unjuſt men are? (ſaid ſhe to me) They will have an intire heart, they are jealous of a ſhar'd glance, and nevertheleſs they take a liberty to divide themſelves upon the leaſt occaſion that is preſented; and I am perſwaded they are ordinarily much more inconſtant when they are lov'd, than whilſt they only ſeek to have themſelves lov'd: though nothing is more unreaſonable than to be leſs faithful to a perſon that loves you, than to one by whom you are not lov'd. Such were the ſentiments of *Lyſimena*; who being advertis'd that *Meleontus* was ſhortly to return, profeſſed her ſelf diſcontented with the World, and retired amongſt the Veiled Virgins which are near *Leontium*, and I accompany'd her. The Prince was highly offended herewith, though he conceal'd his reſentment; and cauſing *Meleontus* to haſten his return, this Favorite ſoon after came again to Court, hoping that during the abſence of *Artemidorus* he might obtain his pardon of *Lyſimena*. But whereas at his taking leave of this Princeſs, he had ſpoken to her like a man that went to ſeek death, and was never to come again, he therefore writ to her at his return almoſt in theſe terms.

The unfortunate *Meleontus* to *Lyſimena*.

IF you knew, Madam, all that I have done to dye of grief, you could not accuſe me of living contrary to my word: for I have continually remembred your rigours, my Crimes and my infelicity. I have ſighed, I have lamented, I have not had a moment of quiet, I have complained of you, and I have complained of my ſelf; I have loved you, I have hated my ſelf, and in brief, I have led the moſt miſerable life in the World. But after all, Madam, I have not been able to dye abſent from you; wherefore being perſwaded Deſtiny would have me dye in the ſame place where I had the unhappineſs to diſpleaſe, and offend you, I am returned hither to ſatisfie you. Theſe, Madam, are the ſentiments of the unfortunate Meleontus, *who loves you more than he ever loved you, although he knows you hate him.*

This Letter being very pathetical, I confeſs to you, though I was *Zenocrates*'s Friend, I told the Princeſs, that ſometimes it was requiſite not to be too obſtinate againſt fortune, that there were unhappineſſes that could not be overcome otherwiſe than by yielding to them, and that perhaps ſhe would not do very ill in pardoning *Meleontus*, yet without ingaging her ſelf to any thing more. How? (anſwered *Lyſimena* haſtily) is it poſſible for me to loſe the natural averſion I have always had for *Meleontus*? Can I forget that he has been guilty of the injuſtice to ſuſpect me of a weakneſs I cannot think of without horror? That he has been ſo unworthy as to go about to kill a man that was aſſaulted by above thirty, and whom he could not wound without endangering to kill me, as indeed he wounded me in ſuch a manner that I look't for nothing but death? What know I but that that he deſign'd to kill me as well as *Artemidorus*? No, no, *Amiclea* (ſaid ſhe to me) *Meleontus* ſhall always be hated by *Lyſimena*, though even *Zenocrates* ſhould prove unfaithful. After this I durſt urge the Princeſs no more. In the mean time the Prince of *Leontium* being urg'd by *Amerintha*, reſolved to force *Lyſimena* to marry *Meleontus*, and deſign'd to come and take her with Authority from amongſt the Vailed Virgins, in whoſe number was a Kinſwoman of the Prince of *Peruſia*, who was ſhortly to be ſent back into the Country of that Prince, there to eſtabliſh a Temple and a Covent of Virgins like this. Wherefore the Princeſs (though her mind was exaſperated againſt *Zenocrates*) ſeeing her ſelf in danger to marry *Meleontus* or a perpetual priſon (for ſhe was advertis'd that this was the deſign of the Prince) took the opportunity which fortune preſented her, and reſolved to paſs the Sea with theſe Virgins, to go to *Peruſia*, leaving order with her that governed thoſe that ſtay'd, not to diſcover whither ſhe was gone. And accordingly the matter was effected, though her Waiting-women endeavoured to avert her from it.

So *Lyſimena* believing *Zenocrates* too little faithful, and fearing to be forced to marry *Meleontus*, went away (as I ſaid before) to *Peruſia*, with intent to reſolve if poſſible to ſpend her life amongſt the Vailed Virgins which were to be eſtabliſht there. As for me, I loving her dearly, and having no Mother, ſcrupled not to follow her fortune, however reſolv'd to hinder her from executing her purpoſe. But to ſpeak truth, I believe the affection ſhe has always had for *Zenocrates* hindered her from it rather than I. In the mean time the Prince ſtill ſuffered it to be believ'd in *Sicily* that the Princeſs *Lyſimena* was amongſt the Vailed virgins with whom ſhe had ſhut up her ſelf, having been a long time without diſcovering where ſhe was. As for *Meleontus*, he continued Favorite to the Prince, and very much afflicted for the abſence of the Princeſs. But for that he has ſeen her flight was a pure effect of her hatred, I believe his love is much diminiſht, and that he ſtudies only to hinder *Artemidorus* and *Lyſimena* from returning to *Leontium*. As for the Princeſs, ſhe found an inviolable ſanctuary with *Mezentius* Prince of *Peruſia*; and you are not ignorant that being there in a time of the great diſorders that happened between *Porſenna* and him, ſhe ſerv'd *Aronces* conſiderably when he came to deliver the Prince his Father; and having afterwards found better protection with *Porſenna* and *Galerita* than *Mezentius*, ſhe has continued in their Court, where ſhe has acquir'd a high reputation, and where *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* underſtanding of her reſidence, paſs'd to *Syracuſa* where *Amilcar* was, and came into *Italy* together, where they have ſeen *Lyſimena* many times. *Zenocrates* has been able to juſtifie himſelf, or at leaſt to deſire pardon for his cuſtomary inconſtancies, in which nevertheleſs he ſwears his heart was never concern'd. But for his puniſhment, he is become jealous within a few days, and we cannot imagine who it ſhould be that gives occaſion to this jealouſie.

However, we have underſtood a thing, which in my judgment will decide the intereſts of *Bereliſa* and

Clidamira in reference to *Artemidorus*; for you ſhall know we have diſcovered by an antient Lover of *Lyſimena*, who came from *Leontium* a while ſince, and has had news from thence within theſe two days, that *Clidamira* has great credit in that Court, and ſo great, that *Artemidorus* and *Lyſimena* cannot return thither but by her negotiation. That which gives her this authority, is, becauſe there is a half engag'd love between her and *Meleontus*, who knows not that ſhe ſtill loves *Artemidorus*. The man whom I mention'd having brought a Letter of *Clidamira*'s to *Meleontus*, which the Favorite loſt and one of my Friends ſends me, the Princeſs has purpoſed to give it to *Artemidorus* aſſoon as his health ſhall be better, to the end to let him fully know the levity of this unfaithful fair one, of whom nevertheleſs they have great need; for being the Prince of *Leontium* is weak and over-rul'd by *Amerintha* and his Favorite, reaſon can prevail nothing at all with him.

Thus, Madam (ſaid *Amiclea* to *Clelia*) I have recounted to you what you and your amiable Friends deſir'd to know; and I beg your pardon for the little art I have us'd in making this relation.

Amiclea holding her peace, all theſe fair Virgins thank'd her: but *Clelia* with a little more coldneſs than the reſt, having her mind ſo taken up with *Zenocrates*'s jealouſie, whereof ſhe thought ſhe knew the cauſe, that ſhe ſcarce took notice of what was ſpoken. But there was none beſides *Plotina* that obſerv'd the alteration of her countenance; for *Amilcar*, *Anacreon*, and *Merigenes* being enter'd, the converſation was chang'd. The firſt diſcourſe was of the War paſt, the Truce and the Peace; then, of Love; and afterwards concerning *Themiſtus* and *Merigenes*, who were ſhortly to depart. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I envy thoſe that go to *Syracuſa*; for I confeſs to you I have heard ſpeak of a Lady call'd *Amalthea*, whoſe merit charms me. Tell me then, I conjure you (ſaid ſhe to *Merigenes*) whether they that brought the intelligence from *Lindamira* to *Themiſtus*, told you nothing concerning that admirable Woman. All that I can ſay (anſwer'd *Merigenes*) is, that *Amalthea* is continually more generous, that her vertue is never weary of obliging the unfortunate, and that after a noble manner, namely, without oſtentation or intereſt; and the young and charming *Clariſta* her Neece is at this time one of the moſt amiable Virgins in the World. For advancing in age ſhe is become more beautiful than ſhe was, ſhe has perform'd more than ſhe promis'd, though there was great expectation of her; and her mind being imbelliſht as well as her viſage, contributes to render her eyes more glittering, her phyſiognomy more agreeable, and her deportment more noble: in brief, ſhe has ſo well improv'd the advantage of reſiding with one of the moſt excellent Women in the World, that in this amiable Virgin are found all the charms of youth without any of the defects that ordinarily accompany that age. She is diſcreet and judicious, debonaire and modeſt, exact both in friendſhip and conſtancy; and it may be ſaid to her honour, that when ſhe is known, it is eaſie to divine under whom ſhe has been educated. I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina* then) when you go to *Syracuſa*, tell the generous *Amalthea* and the charming *Clariſta*, that they have a Friend at *Rome*, whoſe friendſhip will coſt them as little to preſerve as it has to acquire. I promiſe to tell them whatſoever you pleaſe (anſwer'd *Merigenes*) and to tell it them in one of the moſt delectable places in the World. For I am told that ſince my departure the generous *Artaxander* and the virtuous *Amalthea* have finiſhed the building of a low apartment that lies along a fair Garden, and takes up the length of their ſtately Palace. You will do me a pleaſure to ſpeak of me in ſo excellent a place and in ſo good company (replied *Plotina*) but I ſhould not be unwilling that you would at leaſt carry my fanſie thither whither according to all appearances I am never likely to go in perſon. I ſhall obey you (ſaid *Merigenes*) yet I will not undertake to make you an exact deſcription of that magnificent Palace; for I fear I ſhould a little pervert the order of Architecture. You are very prudent (ſaid *Amilcar*) not to perplex your ſelf willingly amongſt Pilaſters, Columns, Frieſes, and Corniſhes; for I remember I once knew a pretender to fine wit, who going about to deſcribe a handſome houſe, put the Chapter in the place of the Baſe, the Pilaſter upon the Column, and (if I am not miſtaken) the Porch at the third ſtory. But yet he had the faculty of imploying all the terms of the moſt exquiſite Architecture, from the Fuming Pots to the Altragals. 'Tis true he did not put them in their right place; but nevertheleſs believing he underſtood himſelf, he conceiv'd he was underſtood too by his hearers, and was very much ſatisfied with it. To avoid therefore the like inconveniences, (anſwered *Merigenes*, after he had laugh'd a little as well as the reſt of the company at that which *Amilcar* ſpoke) I ſhall content my ſelf to tell you in general that the Palace of *Artaxander* and *Amalthea* is large and magnificent, and were it finiſhed, would be one of the goodlieſt in the world. That which renders it more agreeable, is, that it is built upon the Haven of *Syracuſa*, that there is a ſpacious and fair Garden belonging to it, that the Court of it is handſome, that the Stair-caſe is very excellent, that there are great and goodly apartments in it, that there are little ones too, agreeable and convenient; and that all the places and parts of this Palace are uniform, magnificent and well contriv'd. But to deſcribe only the low apartment (in which I purpoſe to ſpeak of you) I muſt tell you it is contriv'd in ſuch a manner, that all that can be wiſht is to be found in it; for there are ſo many rooms upon the ſame plain, that my memory is puzled to retain them. There are anti-chambers, Chambers, a Gallery, Cabinets at both ends; and all theſe ſo well contriv'd that all the doors of thoſe ſeveral places which are upon the ſame rowe exactly reſpond to one another; ſo that when one is at one end he may ſee all that is done at the other, & the view paſſing through all theſe ſeveral places, finds its a very agreeable ſight: but above all the reſt, the Gallery pleaſes infinitely. Imagine, that it is ſo contriv'd as to ſerve for a Gallery and a Cabinet both; for the Architect took room out of the thickneſs of the wall, at ſeveral diſtances, to place ſhelves fill'd with books. The like have been made on the ſide of the Bay-windows; and for the ſafety and neatneſs of the books, there are Curtains which cover them, and great carved Windows which encloſe them. This Gallery is vaulted, which renders it agreeable and cool. It has ſeveral Bay-windows which look towards the Garden, where are ſeen abundance of Orange-trees; and on each ſide and at both ends are ſeen at equal diſtances twenty great looking-glaſſes faſtned into the Wainſcot which is wholly of Cedar. But to render this ſight more agreeable, on the ſide of each of theſe great looking glaſſes there are other little ones, with branches of ſilver iſſuing out at the bottom, each of which ſupported two

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ſtately Lamps. So that when theſe ſixty or eighty Lamps are lighted, the reflection they make in that multitude of Looking-glaſſes, produces ſuch an admirable ſpectacle as cannot be repreſented. And to render this place as commodious as it is handſome, the Cabinet which is at the end remote from the Haven of *Syracuſa* has ſuch a ſemblance of melancholy and ſolitude, that it is impoſſible not to be penſive in it. Two ſteps downward lead into it, it is of no great largeneſs, the proſpect of it is bounded, and there is a ſhadineſs ſo ſutable to a ſolitary retreat, that never was any place ſo fit to muſe agreeably or better contriv'd to tell a ſecret in, as this. But contrarily, the other Cabinet which is oppoſite to this, at the other end of this apartment, being in view of the Haven, diverts the eyes with a thouſand delightful Objects, and a continual diverſity of people going to and fro. So that here is always a choice either of Solitude or of the World; and which is more remarkable, this apartment without many adornments or guilding makes nevertheleſs ſuch a ſhew of magnificence as cannot be expreſs'd.

After what you have ſaid (anſwer'd *Plotina*) I am more deſirous than before of the friendſhip of the generous *Amalthea*, and the charming *Clariſta*. I will not fail (replyed *Merigenes*) to requeſt it for you, and I confidently promiſe you to obtain it, aſſoon as I ſhall have told them who you are. But would you not alſo (ſaid *Merigenes*) be Friend to ſome of my Friends of this Country? I deſire it (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) for according to the humor I am of, I am not very well ſatisfied with all thoſe I have here. Sincerely (added ſhe) if we well conſider, all the World are are but diſſemblers; they whom we confide in moſt, deceive us moſt, and I think 'tis good prudence to diſtruſt all others and our ſelves too. For all the World act like the vulgar at ſome time or other, all the World commits faults, and all the World is to blame in ſome caſes. They who ſeem active, are deceivers; ſuch as are not deceivers are weak; they that are too wiſe, love no body; and they that love really are ſo few, that they make no remarkable number. Never tell me then (added *Plotina* ſpeaking of ſome Friends) ſuch a one is a wiſe man, generous, and incapable of failing; for to ſpeak truly, all men are ſubject to defects. Yes (continued ſhe with an amiable ſeverity) all the World may be prepoſſeſſed with prejudice, all the world is crafty, envious, ſlanderous, falſe, weak; and there is ſcarce a Heroe but in ſome moment of his life finds ſome little low and vulgar ſentiment in his heart; ſo true it is that all men have their imperfections. In truth (ſaid *Anacreon*) *Plotina* has reaſon in what ſhe ſays, for there is ſcarce any perſon that can boaſt of having a true Friend. Then I am more happy than others (ſaid *Merigenes*) for I believe I have many. I believ'd ſo as well as you (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) but upon an occaſion of ſome importance, when I was at the Court of *Polycrates*, I found I had an infinite number of falſe or weak Friends, and very few whom I could account good. 'Tis ſo in all places (replyed *Amilcar*) but in prudence it behoves never to confide in their Friendſhip further than their own intereſt, pleaſure, or glory tyes them to you; and in equity it behoves to love them in the ſame meaſure as they love us, and never with any other affection than that which increaſes and diminiſhes according to occaſion. But Heroical friendſhip is not much leſs difficult to be practis'd than conſtant Love; and for my part, I have rarely endeavour'd it, becauſe the former is more convenient. 'Tis true, 'tis not ſo noble, excellent, and ſolid; but it never cauſes us much perplexity; it never makes us partakers of the misfortunes or ſorrows of our friends; it never renders us concern'd in the injuries which are done them; but taking barely the flowers of friendſhip (if I may ſo ſpeak) we leave the thorns to thoſe ſincere Friends, who reſent all the ſorrows of thoſe they love, who engage in all their intereſts without exception, who maintain the ſame courageouſly againſt the World, who have no fortunes apart, whoſe very honour is mutually common, who can never be poor whilſt one of them is rich, who think themſelves not in health when their friends are ſick. Believe me (added *Amilcar*) this kind of friendſhip is not competent to all ſorts of people, and I know ſome perſons that have not been able to attain to it, though they much deſir'd it. And therefore for fear of the ſame miſcarriage, I content my ſelf with loving according to the faſhion, that is, very commodiouſly for my ſelf. To conclude, whatever *Merigenes* is pleas'd to ſay, he knows no great number of thoſe Heroes in Friendſhip. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I deſire no more of him but the Character of one; for I conceive he muſt needs be a very agreeable perſon, it being almoſt impoſſible to be perfectly a good Friend, without being perfectly a brave man. I grant it (ſaid *Merigenes*) and I aſſure my ſelf, that aſſoon as I ſhall have named *Lyſimantus*, *Amilcar* will confeſs he is an excellent man, and a faithful Friend. I acknowledge it (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and that which renders his friendſhip more ſolid, is, that he is indued with an immutable honeſty; and as for conſtancy, he has given a thouſand eminent proofs of it, and lov'd the illuſtrious *Meriander*, even to the death. Since *Lyſimantus* was Friend to *Meriander*, and is ſo ſtill to *Merigenes*, (ſaid *Valeria*) we muſt needs know, and I joyn my ſelf with *Plotina* to deſire his deſcription. I do the ſame (ſaid *Clelia*) and I aſſure my ſelf, *Merigenes* will not refuſe us. It would be ſufficiently hard to do it, Madam (replyed he) and therefore to obey you, know, *Lyſimantus* is a man of illuſtrious Lineage, and whoſe Anceſtors have born the moſt conſiderable Charges in their own Country. But to ſpeak truly, he is ſo well worthy to be commended by himſelf, that 'tis not at all neceſſary to fetch his praiſes from the vertues of his predeceſſors, and it ſuffices to ſpeak only of what is truly his own. He is tall, of a goodly aſpect; time has a little thickned his ſhape; he has a freſh and lively complexion, handſome and ſprightly eyes, ſomething a great noſe, a happy Phyſiognomy, the air of a Wiſe man, and a very obliging addreſs, eſpecially towards his Friends. Nature has given him a great Wit, but ſolid and firm, with a very exact judgment of the higheſt matters. Not but that he has a pliable mind, which obliges him not to deſpiſe the meaneſt, for he ſpeaks well in the moſt trivial things when he pleaſes to give himſelf the trouble; but it is certain, his mind is naturally more fit for ſerious matters. He has an univerſal knowledge of the World, which ſcarce ever deceives him; he underſtands the ſoundeſt Policie, and the moſt ſolid morality. By his prudence he foreſees the moſt remote and leaſt probable events; and his firmneſs of mind cauſes him to ſupport conſtantly the moſt unexpected misfortunes. He knows how to undergo the changes of Fortune without changing his countenance; exile and impriſonment ſhake not the

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firmneſs of his heart; and never ſtudying but to do that which he ought, he leaves events to the power of Fortune, and always prepares himſelf for the moſt improſperous, that ſo he may not be ſurpriz'd by them. He is honorable, honeſt, punctual, ſecret, and as great a friend as poſſibly can be. His manners are very innocent; yet his vertue is nothing auſtere towards others; but on the contrary, he conceives the wiſer a man is, the more he is oblig'd to excuſe the light follies of his Friends. He is naturally inclin'd to ambition and action, but his vertue renders him ſo abſolute a Maſter of his mind, that he conforms himſelf admirably well to moderation and quiet. 'Tis true, this quiet is ſufficiently honourable to him; for his vertue, and his great love of juſtice and truth being known to all the world, he is the comforter of his unfortunate friends, the umpire of many great conteſts, and the depoſitory of the laſt wills of divers eminent, who would be aſſur'd at their death to have their intentions perform'd. For *Lyſimantus* is incapable of bending for any reſpect whatſoever, when he ſees virtue does not require it; and indeed all the Grandeur of the World, nor death it ſelf cannot make him demur a moment to do his duty. He believes a man is not oblig'd to be happy, but is oblig'd to be virtuous; and he thinks he ſhould be more miſerable if he could reproach himſelf with an action of weakneſs, than if he were expos'd to the moſt cruel perſecution that ever was. In which regard he confines himſelf ſo ſcrupulouſly to do what he ought, that he can never fail in it; and friendſhip, as powerful as it is in his heart, has never been able to cauſe him to omit the leaſt thing which he thought himſelf oblig'd in honour to do, though it were in the moſt nice and difficult occaſions. Nevertheleſs, he loves his Friends very tenderly; for, being Love in general never much touch'd his heart, though he may be not uncapable of a great paſſion, his Friendſhip is thereby the more ardent and tender. But how ſtrong ſoever it be, the love of glory and virtue have always the greateſt influence upon him. 'Tis true, he does not flatter himſelf with ſelf-conceit in theſe occaſions, nor make a pretext of juſtice to the diſadvantage of Friendſhip; but he ſo well underſtands the juſt bounds of generoſity, juſtice, and friendſhip, that he is never miſtaken in them. Nevertheleſs, he has a virtue which he is troubled to give bounds to in his heart. For he believes goodneſs ought almoſt never to have any, and therefore he makes a particular profeſſion of being good; and this is ſo much the more excellent, in that having a very high Soul, his goodneſs has nothing in it but what is noble, and can never be ſuſpected of weakneſs. Were I minded, I could relate to you a hundred eminent actions of this illuſtrious man, which would confirm that which I ſay; but ſince I know he loves not to have his actions publiſht, I ſhall conform to his humor, and deprive you of a very great pleaſure by depriving him of a great glory. But though I forbear to tell you any thing of his life, yet I ſhall at leaſt inform you that he was dearly belov'd by the illuſtrious *Meriander* (whom you have heard ſo much ſpoken of) and is infinitely ſo at preſent by the generous *Theander*, the prudent *Theodamas*, the agreeable *Teramus*, the ingenious *Amilcar*, the illuſtrious *Herminius* (whom he ſaw at *Syracuſa*) and by a man of eminent worth call'd *Clidamantus*, who has a high and tender heart, a very great capacity, with all noble inclinations, who is very ſenſible of Love and Friendſhip, who is honourable and generous, who writes excellently both in Verſe and Proſe, who cannot ſubmit to any thing but Reaſon, whoſe Will is ardent in whatſoever he effects, who is decent and magnificent, and who by a thouſand great and excellent qualities has deſerv'd the friendſhip of *Lyſimantus*. I am raviſht with this Character of your illuſtrious Friend (anſwer'd *Plotina*) but I beſeech you, tell me whether *Meleander* lov'd him always alike till his death. He ſo tenderly lov'd him (reply'd *Merigenes*) that he left him his portrait, and made choice of him to execute his laſt intentions. Nevertheleſs an adventure once befel them worthy to be related to you, which might have bred a feud betwixt them, if both of them had not had well-temper'd minds, and in which honour and friendſhip made a great conteſt in the heart of *Lyſimantus*. I beſeech you (ſaid *Clelia*) tell us that adventure. I will ſo (anſwer'd *Merigenes*) on condition the company will afterwards declare their ſentiments concerning the action of my Friend. I ſcruple not to engage my ſelf to this (replyed *Clelia*) for I perceive in the eyes of all that hear me they will do what you deſire. Know then (ſaid *Merigenes*) there was never a ſtraiter friendſhip than that which was between *Lyſimantus* and *Meriander*; for they had a great mutual affection and eſteem, and had no diſtinct intereſts. Being in this condition, Fortune engag'd them to follow a great Prince into a ſtrange Countrey, where having continued a ſufficient long time, it hapned that this Prince's affairs becoming in another poſture, he took a reſolution to depart ſecretly out of the Countrey whither he had retir'd, and diſcover'd his purpoſe to *Lyſimantus* and ſome other beſides, with order to tell no perſon whatſoever of it, and to ſteal away with himſelf the next night, without giving intelligence of it to any. *Lyſimantus* then found himſelf in an extreme plunge; for on the one ſide honour requir'd him to be faithful to his Maſter, and on the other friendſhip would not permit him to deſert his Friend in a ſtrange Country, where he might be ill treated, or at leaſt arreſted after the departure of the Prince. However, though *Lyſimantus* lov'd *Meriander* more than his own life, yet believing he could not reveal his Maſter's ſecret without perfidiouſneſs, he told *Meriander* nothing of it, and reſolv'd to go with the Prince till he had conducted him into a place of ſafety, and to return afterwards to find his Friend and partake of the ſame Fortune with him, how bad ſoever it might prove. The buſineſs was done accordingly; *Lyſimantus* followed the Prince, and *Meriander* ſtay'd behind, and was extremely aſtoniſht at the departure of his Friend. But having a good opinion of the heart of his Friend, he complain'd rather of his own misfortune than of him, and took it not ill that honour had been more prevalent in his mind than friendſhip, and that not being able to ſatisfie the one without violating the other, he had prefer'd his duty before all things. Wherefore having found out a way to eſcape, and gone to ſeek the Prince upon the frontier, from whence his Friend was ready to return back to him, he was ſo generous as not to make him the leaſt reproach. On the contrary he embrac'd him with ardency; and when *Lyſimantus* would have told him what a ſorrow it was to him to have been prohibited by his duty from revealing the ſecret to him wherewith he had been intruſted, I beſeech you (ſaid he) have not ſo ſad an opinion of me as to ſuſpect that I blame you; for if I did, it would imply that I might be capable of a Treaſon. Do not then treat

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me in this manner, I conjure you, and believe that if I had been in your place, I should have done as you have: but if any alteration has hapned in my heart, 'tis that I esteem you more than I did before. Ha! *Meriander* (cry'd *Lysimantus*) this action of yours is far more excellent than mine; and if you have encreas'd your esteem of me, I am oblig'd to augment (if possible) my affection for you.

Ha! *Merigenes* (cry'd *Plotina*) that which you relate seems to me so excellent, so noble and heroical, that my reason is dazled with it. And sincerely (added she) I know not which deserves the greater admiration, *Lysimantus* or *Meriander*. For my part (said *Clelia*) I judge *Meriander* to have taken a very commendable course: but since there was no other in reason to be taken, and since that which *Lysimantus* did, was more difficult to resolve on, I conceive more praises are to be given to *Lysimantus* than to *Meriander*. If you please to consider (said *Anacreon*) you will find it a greater difficulty to keep our selves from being sway'd by our own interests, and to judge equitably in favour of a Friend when we are both judges and parties. But however (said *Valeria*) the matter was not very ambiguous; for no man ought ever to betray his Master in favour of a Friend. 'Tis true (answer'd *Amilcar*) but there are so many people who betray their Masters for considerations less noble, that a man cannot be too much commended who did what he ought at such a time, when he could not do it without exposing his Friend to be arrested in a strange Country. But yet I would know (said *Plotina*) when 'tis lawful to desert one's Friend. Never (said *Valeria*) but being 'tis forbidden for a man to be perfidious to his Master, in some occasions there may be a necessity of declining to serve his Friends as he desires. But to speak truth, these unhappy occasions are few; for it is requisite that they be indispensable duties, and such as are required toward our Prince, Father, or Country: nevertheless at the same time we ought to be capable of entring into all the interests of those we love, and to be sensible of whatever concerns them: it is requisite that their honour be mingled with our own, and that we be more ready to pardon injuries done to our selves than to our Friends. Finally, we ought positively to do more for our Friend than we would do for our selves. By what *Merigenes* has related (said *Clelia*) it appears that *Lysimantus* thought himself oblig'd even to perish with his Friend, since he resolv'd to return where he had left him; and 'tis easie to judge what he was capable of doing for him, by what he would have done against himself, lest his Friend might suspect him of too little affection. But that which I account most praise-worthy in *Meriander* (added *Valeria*) is, that he believ'd his Friend when he told him of his intention to return, and that without doubting a moment of what he said. For 'tis one of the greatest priviledges of Friendship to believe a Friend, as we would be believ'd by him. For if you think him capable of dissimulation, you ought to withdraw your friendship from him; and for my part, I confess, that I am sensibly troubled when that which I say, is doubted of; because I am incapable of lying: besides, assoon as distrust is admitted amongst friends, friendship it self is in danger to be destroy'd. Undoubtedly *Valeria* has reason (answer'd *Amilcar*) and there is nothing more disgustful than to call in doubt that which a Friend assures you of, and nothing likewise that more argues the weakness of friendship in him that doubts; for if he takes his Friend for a sincere person, why does he not believe him? and if he think him false, why does he not discard him? Assuredly 'tis confidence which is the most indissolvable bond of heroical friendship. So *Meriander* (who was vertue it self) presently believ'd *Lysimantus*; and to conclude, it may be said, without determining precisely which of the two deserves most commendations in this occasion, that either of them did all which they ought to do, to merit a greater mutual esteem. In truth (said *Plotina* then) I think there are not found many such Friends as *Lysimantus* and *Meriander*; and 'tis prudence not to believe lightly that we have found one, for fear of being deceived. For my part (said *Amilcar*) I am perswaded, that the World has in general been always alike, that there has been always vice and virtue, that what is not in one place is in another. And for what concerns me (said *Plotina*) I think *Merigenes* has done a master-piece in entertaining our minds so agreeably with the relation he has made us; for ordinarily narrations somewhat long do not much divert, and the custom of relating such continually ought to be avoided; as I know some who never speak but of the time pass'd, and always recounting what they have seen, say nothing of what they see. 'Tis true (answer'd *Amilcar*) these eternal tellers of Stories are sometimes much to be fear'd. Some are confus'd, others too long, some are so peevish that they will never be interrupted, others on the contrary interrupt themselves, and at the end know not what they have spoken, nor what they intended to speak: such as recount things that are not much cared for nor delightful in themselves, are more troublesome than the Tellers of Stories. Yet I had one day sufficient pleasure (said *Plotina*) in playing a prank once in my life in a company where I was; for after they had diverted themselves with a hundred several things, it was concluded to refer the divertisement of the rest of the day to me. Wherefore when they had walkt, danc't and been entertain'd with a sumptuous collation, I thought it would be best to contrive some kind of amusement in the conversation. But being there were some persons in the company of no great Wit, I confess that judging they were not fit to be diverted seriously, I made a malicious piece of railery, which was to engage them all to obey me, and to speak concerning what I pleas'd. And so chusing such subjects for these people to speak of as they understood least, I made them say very pleasant things. For my part (said *Valeria*) I should be much puzled if I were obliged to speak of several things which I understand not. And, as for me (said *Clelia*) I speak not much but of that which affects my heart. For my particular (said *Amiclea*) I speak indifferently what I have seen; and I what I think (added *Merigenes*.) I am then more dextrous than all you (said *Amilcar*) for methinks I speak alike well of every thing. At least you speak sometimes very pleasantly of others (answer'd *Plotino*) and though you believe you always do wonders (added she) yet I am confident you will not make a description of a handsome place so well as *Amiclea*. I grant it (reply'd he) but I can boast that I do it better than any thing else, except loving you; for, as for that, I not only surpass others, but I daily surpass my self. I beseech you (said she smiling) do not confound your descriptions, leave that of your affection to another time, and content your self to describe to us some fair House, or Garden, that

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we may ſee your skill. But if he deſcribe a place to us which we have not ſeen (ſaid *Valeria*) we ſhall not know whether he deſcribe it well or no. If you will refer your ſelves to *Merigenes* (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I will deſcribe one to you, in which your fancy may walk with incredible pleaſure; for there is not a fairer in the World. They ſay 'tis ſo dry in *Africa* (reply'd *Amiclea*) that I hardly think you can make ſo handſome a deſcription if you chuſe a place of your own Country. No, no (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) do not fear my judgment, for 'tis at leaſt as great as my Wit. And therefore I ſhall deſcribe to you a very fair Place in *Aſia*, which I know *Merigenes* has ſeen, and which is not far from *Babylon*. Then 'tis the fair houſe of *Telaſtus* and *Meliſanta* (reply'd *Merigenes*.) 'Tis the ſame (ſaid *Amilcar*.) Your choice is admirable (anſwer'd *Merigenes*) and you cannot miſtake in the corner of a Walk, but I ſhall perceive your error. But 'tis a long way from hence to *Aſia* (ſaid *Amiclea*.) As for the Voyages of the fancie (anſwer'd *Plotina*) they are ſo eaſily made, that it will be no trouble to me to go to *Babylon* in a moment. But how will you know (ſaid *Valeria*) whether *Amilcar* repreſents a place well which you never ſaw, and never will? 'Tis ſufficient (anſwer'd ſhe) that I ſee whether he knows how to make a handſom Idea of a fair place; he that ſo much derides thoſe that put the Baſes upon the Chapters: for as for my own part, I confeſs to my ſhame, when I have been in a brave Garden, I could ſay nothing of it but that it was extremely handſome, delightful, and admirable. Then I ſhall excel you (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and to manifeſt ſo much, attend to me ſilently, and have a little patience. If I would make a bare plat-form, I ſhould ſoon have done; but intending to make you a faithful Portraiture, I muſt deſire a little time. Yet I confeſs ingenuouſly, the place I am going to deſcribe to you, which is called Mount *Euphrates*, has ſuch extraordinary Beauties, that I think it impoſſible to delineate them well. It is ſo near *Babylon*, that it requires but a quarter of an hour to go thither. 'Tis true, the mountain upon which it is ſituated, is a little towards the right ſide of the City, but nevertheleſs, there is no difficulty at all in the way; beſides, if one pleaſes to go a little about, there is a way leads to it, the ſlopeneſs of which is almoſt imperceptible. As for the Building, it has nothing very magnificent on the outſide, but it is admirably commodious within. The apartments of it are handſome; there are Halls, Chambers, Galleries, and ſo pleaſant, convenient, and agreeable a Cabinet, that nothing can be deſired more in it. For after having paſſed through a great Hall, and a handſome Chamber, one enters into it by a carved Door, the borders of which are guilded. The form of this Cabinet is ſquare, it is painted and guilded all about, and on three ſides of it are Looking-glaſſes with guilded frames, which by reflection receive all the Objects of the moſt goodly Country that ever was ſeen, and of one of the faireſt Gardens in the World; ſo that ſitting upon the rich Cuſhions which are about it, or upon a little Couch which is on the ſide oppoſite to the Door, one ſees on all ſides a moſt agreeable ſight. For theſe ſeveral Looking-glaſſes not only give ſeveral repreſentations of a brave Country, a Garden, and the ſquare Ponds of water, as well as the Company which is in it; but they multiply themſelves, and by the diverſity of their reflexions agreeably deceive the eyes, and pleaſingly amuſe the imagination. And to make an end of deſcribing this admirable Cabinet, I ſhall tell you, that there is a kind of a ſhelf, in form of a Corniſh which lyes round about above the Looking-glaſſes. This ſhelf is painted and guilded, like all the reſt of the Cabinet, and ſeveral curious and magnificent veſſels are ſeen upon it. But that which chiefly renders this Cabinet admirable, is, that it has a large Bow-window from whence is ſeen all that which I am going to deſcribe to you. But to do it well, it is requiſite to return back the ſame way, to the end to repreſent to you all that is perceiv'd in an inſtant, when having gone through a very handſome paſſage, and croſs'd a great Court, one arrives at the Porch, and advances up the ſteps. Conceive then, that one is no ſooner arriv'd at the place I ſpeak of, but there is diſcovered the faireſt ſight in the World; for to omit ſpeaking of a great Terraſs walk which lies between two agreeable Groves, I will only tell you that it is a ſtately ſtone Balcone, beyond which is ſeen a large green plat with diviſions and borders of Flowers round about, and three Walks on the two ſides of it, as it were to lead the ſight to a fair Fountain, which is ſo much the more admirable, for that it is plac'd upon the top of a Mount. Beyond this Fountain which has a very ſtately Baſin, is another green plat made Terraſs-wiſe, with three ſtately entrances of ſtone-work, and two large ſquare lakes of water on the right and left ſide, almoſt as if Nature had inverted her order by placing lakes upon Hills, they are ſo great and handſome. 'Tis true, in approaching towards them, 'tis viſible enough that Art has aſſiſted Nature, for they are encompaſs'd with ſtone, the ſides of them are green turf, and there are low walks to go round about them, the borders of which are covered with perpetual verdure. So that theſe Ponds of water having each of them five Fountains ariſing up with ſharp ſpires, make a very agreeable Object with that Fountain in the middle I told you of before. Below this there is a third Terraſs'd green plat, more ruſtical than the ſecond, from whence being deſcended by other ſtone ſtairs, one ſees a Round of water with ſeveral Jets of Water, Rocks, Priſling-ſpouts, Napes, and all that the induſtry of men can add to Nature. But to bring back your imagination to the Porch (if I may ſo ſpeak) and make you well comprehend that which is ſeen there, know, that beſides the firſt and ſecond green-plat, the Fountain in the middle, and the two ſquare lakes of water, the proſpect reaches to above twenty miles diſtance, though the ſight be agreeably arreſted by a very delectable variety. For beyond the incloſure of the Park is ſeen a hill on the left hand, which is cultivated by husbandry, and in ſtead of hindring the ſight, leads it towards the faireſt Object in the world; for there is diſcovered a Royal Houſe ſtanding in a Plain, which has ſeveral ſtately Towers of ancient ſtructure; and another proud modern Building, which one of the chief men of the World caus'd to be built there, to render this place more fit for the divertiſement of a great Prince. This Caſtle is accompanied with a great Wood, which is diſcover'd likewiſe, and is a marvellous ornament to the Country. More towards the right hand is ſeen another fair Houſe, which belongs to a man very illuſtrious both for his eminent Charges, and his great Qualities. And a little nearer is ſeen a Temple, in which are Virgins conſecrated to *Diana*, and ſeveral other Houſes of Perſons of Quality are diſcerned, which

which adorn this Countrey with an agreeable variety. Beyond these fair Objects, which seem to serve chiefly to render the Prospect from Mount *Euphrates* more divertizing, is seen an admirable Plain which shews as if it were united with the sky; and on the right hand is seen the top of a rustick Temple, solitary plains, hills, copses, heaths, interjacent fields, and remote mountains, which rising insensibly one above another, withdraw themselves out of view by their distance. In brief, this sight is so surprising and excellent, that one cannot be but continually amaz'd and charm'd with it. However, I must change my station, and conduct you from the left side of the Porch into a great Walk which runs through a side of the Grove, and is cross'd by two other very solitary walks, in the concourse of which is a Fountain in the midst. Going towards which, one finds on the right hand a little end of a Walk, which suffering the sight to pass through the trees that reach up to the Sky, discovers at a distance the Royal House I mention'd, the prospect of which is so agreeable. But when amongst the sweet warblings of a thousand Birds who are the perpetual guests of this pleasant wood, you arrive at the Fountain, you find your self in the midst of several Walks, and in an admirable place. That which continues directly from the House, at the end rises up into a little Hill, and hath a Copse on the left side, and a spacious Meadow on the right. If one look towards the side where the sight is free, one sees the same Countrey I have described to you, but with another aspect; because by changing place, all the objects appear after a different manner. But after this, turning to the contrary side you behold the shadiness of the Wood, and pass into another Walk from whence is seen on the left hand a Meadow between two Woods, which is the most agreeable sight in the World; and on the right, another Meadow, and a little further a Copse. At the end of this Walk, one enters into a great Walk of the Wood, the Trees of which are so shady that they wholly intercept the rays of the Sun. From this place is a very agreeable prospect; for this walk at one end terminates in a kind of perspective and rising at the other between two handsome Copses, one mounts up a little Hill where are four Walks, and where the sight is so free that one would think himself master of the World. On one side is seen the same Countrey that was seen from the Porch, and several square Ponds of water; and on the left hand, many brave houses, and a plain of far greater extent. On the one side is seen a corner of *Babylon*, and the shady Woods; and on the other a rustick Temple, all *Assyria*, the proud Monuments of the ancient Kings of this Countrey, Villages, Towns, Cottages, Valleys and Mountains afar off, and so great an extent of Land, that the sight being unable to discern any thing more, the imagination supplies its deficiency, and makes one think he sees that which he does not, because he knows only that things ought to be there. After this you go back the same way, and turning at the bottom of the Hill, you ascend by little rustick solitary Walks which shew as if it were the remotest Desart in the World. All is wild and neglected, there is nothing to be seen there but Trees and shade; nor heard, besides Birds. By the way is seen a little place to take covert, but it was made only to rest in, or avoid the Rain: so that in this place the imagination cannot but be fill'd with solitary objects. But then, having gone some time in these little winding-walks, one arrives at a Walk as high as the Wood. It rises on the side toward the little Hill, and is very open: but at the other end it is very delightful with its shadiness. On the left side are divers cross Walks, which descend by degrees, and whose shew is gloomy and wild. A little further on the same side there is a place so charming, that a Painter could never invent any thing so handsome. And there is another, the objects of which, though handsome, have an appearance of solitariness that pleases infinitely. But without stopping at so many places, I must proceed to tell you, that having gone some time in this high Walk, one sees at the end a kind of shew, which at first is so confus'd, that 'tis not discernable what it is; but going further one would think he beheld a great River and the Masts of a Navy; a little after, one would imagine, it were some piece of admirable Perspective painted; but in approaching nearer, one finds that they are Towers and Pyramids, and that this is the most goodly and magnificent sight in the World. For through three large Windows which make up the whole side of a Cabinet built with a round arch'd roof, is seen in the plain directly opposite the great and stately City of *Babylon*, which by the Towers of its Temples, Palaces and hanging Gardens makes a confusion of gallant objects that dazles and amazes the imagination, especially when the Sun shines upon them in the morning. The admiration this Prospect excites, deprives some of speech, and causes others to make a thousand shouts; and the excellency of it cannot be imagined by any but those that have seen it. But the opposition of divers other things seen from the same place renders it more surprizing. For upon hillocks toward the right hand are seen many little Countrey-cottages, a rustick Temple something nearer, a small thicket of trees; on the left Vineyards, and Corn-fields, in the middle spacious and flowry Meadows, and furthest of all, the heads of Mountains crown'd with stately Palaces. And besides all this magnificence, there is a terrass'd Walk six hundred paces long, that affords the same prospect, which undoubtedly is the most admirable in the World. But fear of tediousness perswades me to omit the description of several cross Walks which meet at the entrances of the Cabinet from whence this rare prospect is seen; and not to mention to you the various and admirable prospects of them, I shall only tell you, that descending to the low Walk of the Wood there is an admirable one for variety, and that from thence is seen the same square Pond that was seen from the little Hill which is directly opposite to it. But in brief, being return'd into the low Walk, one goes out of it by great Stairs of stone, crosses the Court, and comes again into the Porch, the goodly prospect from whence comforts you agreeably for all the other fair objects which are no longer seen. But that which is remarkable, they to whom this gallant House belongs (who are noble *Babylonians*) are so worthy of it, that all the World rejoyces to see it in their power. For *Telastus* and *Melisanta* his wife are persons of great fame for vertue, in which respect they are highly esteem'd by all people of eminent quality and worth. *Telastus* is a comely personage, of a brown complexion, and a tall stature; he has a noble air, an agreeable smile, and is extremely civil. His mind is of a good temper, his conversation sincere, his judgment solid, and his capacity fits him for the most considerable employments. His fortune is no doubt very advantageously establisht: but he uses it so nobly, that no body is envious of his plenty. Whatever can be expected from

magnificence guided by diſcretion, is to be found in his habitation. His Houſes are handſome, his Table is ſplendid, delicate and neat, he loves worthy perſons; and to compleat his felicity, the Gods have given him a Wife whoſe perfectly noble inclinations correſponding to his own, leave him nothing to deſire for his happineſs but to have children that may ſucceed and reſemble them. For *Meliſanta* is indu'd with all that can render an excellent woman conſiderable. She is not tall, but yet ſhe is well made, and has a very agreeable ſhape. She has brown Hair, a fair and lively complexion, blew Eyes, pretty, chearful and ſprightly. The ſhew of her countenance is agreeable, her ſmile very amiable, her Neck well made, her Arms and Hands delicate, and her geſtures free and and graceful. As for her mind, ſhe is infinitely ingenious, and has a ſprightly Wit that exerts it ſelf always in converſation, and never ſuffers her to be penſive. She has a quick and ready Fancy, ſhe ſpeaks very exactly and eaſily upon all occaſions; ſhe makes a divertizing relation in the moſt pleaſant manner poſſible; and her memory is ſo faithful to her, that I once heard her repeat a Diſcourſe made by the moſt Eloquent of the *Babylonian* Magi, without varying ſcarce any thing from it. As for her judgment, the conduct of her whole life gives an advantageous proof of it, it not being poſſible to find a perſon more ſolidly vertuous than ſhe. Nothing ever moleſts her, and ſhe ſatisfies all kind of duties without ſolicitude. There is not a woman in *Babylon* more exact in obſerving all things pertaining to her Religion; ſhe performs to her Relations all the offices ſhe ows them; ſhe does no leſs to her Friends, and never failing in any of the different occaſions whereto decency or civility engage her, ſhe has yet time enough left to ſpend in converſations and things indifferent. As for her Addreſs, one would think ſhe was deſign'd for every thing ſhe does; her Attire is well choſen, her Houſe-furniture is judiciouſly ſuted, and when ſhe gives a Collation to her Friends at her fair Houſe in the Countrey, nothing can be deſir'd more. Her ſlaves ſerve her with order, decency and reſpect, and ſhe underſtands the art of giving in the moſt gallant manner in the World. She has a Friend, to whom one day ſhe made a Preſent very ingeniouſly; for having taken notice of a very handſome Picture-caſe which ſhe wore hanging by a plain ſtring, and this Friend coming to viſit her, ſhe took it from her with more dexterity than a *Lacedemonian* could have done: ſo that this Lady believing it loſt, regretted the loſs of it four days together. But at length *Meliſanta* ſent her the Caſe which ſhe griev'd for, cauſing her to be told that it was recovered out of the hands of thieves; and whereas they had put a chain to it, ſhe conceiv'd ſhe might keep it without ſcruple, becauſe it was not known to whom to reſtore it, and no perſon came to demand it. But indeed this chain, which was of handſome workmanſhip, and had a very neat claſp belonging to it, was put to the Picture-caſe by *Meliſanta*, who by this ingenious liberality would make a Preſent under the colour of a theft. It is for you to judge by this of *Meliſanta*'s mind, who beſides all I have told you, has yet another admirable quality; for ſhe has a very excellent and charming voice. She ſings as well as 'tis poſſible to ſing, and there's no perſon that hears her, but would think ſhe has a very paſſionate ſoul. Yet ſhe is ſometimes accus'd of not being ſenſible enough to friendſhip, and indeed I think it may be confidently ſaid without doing her injuſtice, that hers is uſually more generous than tender, though I think it not impoſſible for her to love with great dearneſs. However, her manner of loving is very commodious to her Friends and glorious to her ſelf, for ſhe is very careful of perſons whom ſhe loves; ſhe is officious, gentle, and agreeable, and ſhe has no friend but ows her a thouſand civilities and pleaſures: in brief, it may be thought that were *Meliſanta* as loving as ſhe is lovely, the friendſhip born towards her would be ſo exceſſive, that it would torment as much as if it were love. Ha! *Amilcar* (ſaid *Plotina*) I am extremely taken with *Meliſanta*, and ſhould like better to be with her at Mount *Euphrates* than in the Camp of *Perſenna*. However, as I am ſincere, I confeſs you are as great a Painter of Landskips as Pourtraitures; but before I commend ſo much as I deſire, *Merigenes* muſt tell me, whether *Telaſus*, *Meliſanta*, and Mount *Euphrates* are ſuch as you repreſent them. They are ſo like (anſwered *Merigenes*) that there is nothing more exact. All that *Amilcar* has ſpoken, has much diverted me (ſaid *Valeria*) but I ſhould not counſel another to make ſo long a narration, unleſs he could perform it as well. That which I admire (ſaid *Amiclea*) is, that *Amilcar* has ſo accurately retain'd all the particularities of ſo excellent a place. As for that (anſwer'd he) wonder not; for you muſt know, that all handſome Objects make ſo ſtrong an impreſſion in my mind, that they never are extinguiſht. But I declare to you freely that in an ordinary converſation I ſhould not have made my relation ſo long, for it is not fit to impoſe ſilence to a whole Company, only to ſhew that one knows how to ſpeak. After this, *Amiclea* withdrawing, the reſt of the company departed, ſo that *Clelia*, *Plotina* and *Valeria* being left alone, the two latter perceived that *Clelia*'s melancholy was ſtill more augmented. What's the matter? my dear Siſter (ſaid *Plotina* to her) What new cauſe produces this ſadneſs? *Clelia* bluſht at this ſpeech, and would have paſs'd it without anſwering; but *Valeria* preſſing her thereto, Is it poſſible (ſaid ſhe to them) that you have not apprehended by the end of *Amiclea*'s relation that *Zenocrates* is jealous of *Aronces* and *Lyſimena*? and that you know not, that this being join'd to all the other conjectures I have of my unhappineſs, I have ground to believe that *Aronces* is unfaithful, and that whilſt I obſtinately reject *Horatius*'s affection, he is unconſtant to mine? To ſhew you (reply'd *Plotina*) that I am ſincere, though I am Siſter to *Horatius*, and think he is worthy of your love, yet I do not ſtick to aſſure you that *Aronces* is innocent, and that your jealouſie is as ill grounded as that of *Zenocrates*. But who knows (ſaid *Clelia*) whether *Aronces* does not conſent to the order which he has receiv'd, not to ſee me? for by this means we ſhall be ſent back to *Rome* without his ſeeing me, and when I ſhall be return'd thither, perhaps he will write to me that he could not diſobey the King his Father; and ſo without being expos'd to my reproaches, he will forget all his Oaths, and perhaps love me no more. But if this misfortune ſhould happen (added ſhe bluſhing with) I find I ſhould hate *Aronces* as much as I have lov'd him, and this bare ſuſpicion I have of him, cauſes ſuch a confus'd trouble in my heart, that I cannot diſtinguiſh what ſentiments I have in my Soul. As *Clelia* was ſpeaking in this manner, *Lucilius* enter'd, and ſeem'd to them very ſad. So that *Plotina* being ſolicitous concerning the cauſe of his

his ſadneſs, askt him haſtily, what the matter was. Alas! Madam (ſaid he ſighing) I am unwilling to tell you. *Clelia* and *Valeria* bluſhr, and looking upon *Lucilius*, Is it (ſaid *Valeria*) becauſe the peace is diſturb'd by the artifices of *Tarquin*? Or is it (added *Clelia*) becauſe *Porſenna* inſtead of keeping us for Hoſtages, determines to treat us like Priſoners? No, Madam (anſwered he) but 'tis becauſe he has caus'd the Prince to be arreſted, without any known cauſe, and ſeems extremely incenſed againſt him. How? (ſaid *Clelia* in a great ſurprize) is *Aronces* arreſted by *Porſenna*'s Order? Yes, Madam (anſwered he) and the Camp is ſo mov'd, all the World is ſo aſtoniſh'd, and the Queen, and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* ſo afflicted at it, that it is impoſſible to expreſs to you the univerſal conſternation occaſion'd thereby. *Clelia* ſigh'd at theſe words, which at the ſame time redoubled both her diſcontents and her ſuſpicions. But is it not imagin'd (ſaid ſhe) for what reaſon he is arreſted? Not at all (anſwered *Lucilius*) all that is known, is, that ever ſince the cruel *Tullia* had ſo private a conference with *Porſenna*, he has been ſufficiently penſive and ſad; that yeſterday there came ſeveral men from that Princeſs, with whom *Porſenna* conferr'd in private; and that ſoon after he caus'd the Prince to be arreſted, and abſolutely commanded he ſhould not be ſuffer'd to ſpeak to any perſon. So that, Madam, I do not ſee, how he can ſo much as give any intelligence of himſelf to thoſe he loves moſt. *Porſenna* has alſo appointed that you be guarded with more care than ordinary, though he has commanded too, that you be always ſerved with reſpect.

The Queen and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* being deſirous to ſpeak concerning the Prince to *Porſenna*, he told them with ſufficient roughneſs, that when they knew his offence, they would hate him as much as they lov'd him; and till he could declare it to them, he deſir'd them not to ſpeak of him more. This I conceiv'd fit to let you know, Madam (added *Lucilius*) to the end that if you know any thing that may be prejudicial or advantageous to *Aronces*, you might make uſe of it as you judge convenient. Alas! Generous *Lucilius* (reply'd ſhe) I know nothing, ſaving that I am unhappy, and that if *Aronces* be no more criminal towards me than towards *Porſenna*, he is the moſt innocent of all men. A little while after this, *Telanus* brought a Letter from *Aronces* to *Clelia*, in which ſhe found theſe words.

The unfortunate *Aronces* to the Incomparable *Clelia*.

I Know not what I am accus'd of, Madam; but I know well, I have done nothing but lov'd you, ſince I began to be yours. Therefore pity me, I conjure you; and whatever befals me, be as faithful as I am.

Clelia read this Letter with a ſtrange agitation of mind; and *Telanus* having promis'd her to endeavor to deliver her anſwer to the Prince, before his Guards were abſolutely ſetled, ſhe writ and gave him her Letter: after which, being unable to diſſemble her grief, ſhe retir'd till *Lucilius* and *Telanus* were gone. But aſſoon as they were departed, Who ever ſaw (ſaid ſhe to *Valeria* and *Plotina*) a more unhappy perſon than I am? for I paſs not one day without ſome new misfortune. 'Tis but a moment ſince I was ſo far jealous as almoſt to hate *Aronces*, and at preſent I ſo commiſerate his unhappineſs, as to wiſh my ſelf priſoner in his room. For if it were ſo, he might deliver me; whereas I am able to do nothing but pity him, and pity him unprofitably. But after all, if I cannot ceaſe to be unhappy, I may perhaps at length ceaſe to live; there being no likelihood that I ſhall be always able to overcome grief. *Valeria* and *Plotina* did all they could to comfort her, but with no effect; and *Clelia* having paſs'd the reſt of the day in complaint, ſpent all the night in ſighing.

The end of the Firſt Book of the Fifth part of CLELIA.

CLELIA:

The Fifth and last Part.

BOOK II.

THE imprisonment of the Illustrious *Aronces*, as it produc'd a passionate sorrow in the breast of *Clelia* at the Camp, so it excited a secret joy in that of *Horatius* at *Rome*; it being not possible for a rival, how generous soever, not to be glad for such a misfortune as may conduce to render him happy. And in order hereunto, he urg'd *Publicola* and the second Consul with much importunity to expedite the performance of the Treaty. *Herminius* also was no less earnest for it; to the end he might see *Valeria* return: but as for *Æmilius*, *Mutius*, and *Spurius*, they would have rather chose never to see their Mistress again, than to be spectators of *Herminius* happiness by her Nuptials. *Octavius* being become amorous of *Hermilia*, ardently desir'd that the peace were concluded; *Clelius* also wisht it impatiently, that he might cause *Clelia* to marry *Horatius*; and all the *Romans* in general, unwillingly enduring that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were still so near *Rome*, made continual vows for the accomplishment of the peace. As for *Artemidorus*, he recovered so fast in a few days, that his Physicians affirm'd he would shortly be able to go abroad; and in the mean time the Princess of the *Leontines* signified to him that she would visit him speedily about an important Affair, but her presence being necessary at *Porsenna*'s Court for serving *Aronces*, she could not exactly set the time. This Message extremely discontented *Zenocrates*, whose mind being prepossess'd with jealousie, he believ'd that the cause of deferring to visit a Brother, could be no other than to serve a lover and not a friend. On the other side *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* seeing *Artemidorus* recover'd, made a resolution to go to *Preneste*, and *Anacreon* offer'd himself to accompany them. In the interim, all the most vertuous Gallants at *Rome* continually convers'd with these two fair persons in the absence of *Clelia* and *Valeria*. But for that their interests were extremely cross, it was easie to perceive that their hearts always dissented, though they liv'd very civilly together. As for *Amilcar*, though *Plotina* were not at *Rome*, and that considering the nature of Love, it may seem his heart ought to have been at the Camp, because his Mistress was there, yet he did not cease to divert himself upon occasion, and to laugh at *Damon*'s hatred towards him. for he perceived that he hated him more for having made that deriding Dialogue against the sect of *Pythagoras*, than because he was his Rival. Nor did *Aerisius* love him very well, because he oftentimes hindred him from speaking as much as he desired, and also because he observ'd that he was attended to more favourably than himself. But, as for *Horatius*, his heart was always fill'd with hope, imagining to himself that when *Clelia* could no longer hope to marry *Aronces*, she would resolve to obey *Clelius*. As for *Themistus* and *Meriones*, they prepar'd themselves to depart speedily, but in the interim, they were almost continually with *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*, to whom also *Cesonia* frequently resorted. The imprisonment of *Aronces* no doubt was sensibly regretted by all that knew him, and even by such too as had only heard of his fame; but being they judg'd not that he was obnoxious to any criminal accusation, they accounted him only a Prisoner of State, whose life was out of all danger, because he was Son of him that caus'd him to be arrested. Wherefore some of his Friends omitted not to entertain themselves delightfully when occasion was presented; *For those people are rarely found, who are deeply sensible of the misfortunes which befall even such as they love, or whose regret is of any long continuance.* Compassionate grief is but transient, and soon dispell'd upon the dawning of the least pleasure; and no doubt the number of those persons is very small, who are so generous as to partake sincerely in all the concernments of those they love, and whose hearts are capable of being thoroughly toucht with the sorrows of others. But *Amilcar*'s natural jovialness being an antidote against all sorts of sadness, he was always debonaire, whether he were at *Rome* or at the Camp; and having gotten a priviledge to himself of speaking the most disgustful truths without offence, he talkt to *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* about their differences with all manner of liberty.

liberty. Sometimes he ſpoke ſuch things to them as, had they not been capable of railery, would no doubt have ſufficiently perplexed them, though they were extremely delightful to the hearers. But one day *Bereliſa* ſaid pleaſantly to him in the preſence of *Ceſonia*, *Clidamira* and *Anacreon*, I fear *Herminius* too much perſwaded you to love truth when he diſcours'd ſo well againſt lying; for I have lately obſerv'd you ſpeak your mind, without ſcrupling at any thing which you ſee. Since I do it, without offence to any perſon (anſwered *Amilcar*) wherefore do you blame me? I blame you (reply'd *Bereliſa*) becauſe you give an example which will be ſo badly followed, that all ſuch as would imitate you will be inſufferable. For it is more difficult than 'tis believ'd, to jeſt with Friends without diſpleaſing them. 'Tis true (ſaid *Clidamira*) uſually people go further than is fitting. Indeed (added *Anacreon*) 'tis not enough to ſpeak plainly that which true reaſon allows one to ſpeak; for we ought to underſtand thoſe perſons fully beforehand to whom we uſe freedom of ſpeech. For moſt frequently, ſuch as love to put jeſts upon others are leaſt willing to take them; and therefore it behoves to conſider ſuch well with whom we converſe in that manner, and to chuſe the words we make uſe of; ſince many times a word a little too hard embitters the pleaſing guſt of railery. Believe me (ſaid *Ceſonia*) leſs than a word will ſometimes make that change; for only the tone of the voice is ſufficient to alter the ſence of a ſpeech; a malicious ſmile turns an innocent jeſt into a Satyr; and in brief, nothing requires more judgment than to practiſe railery inoffenſively. And for my part I never ſaw any but *Plotina*, and *Amilcar*, that knew how to make this innocent war handſomly, which renders converſation delightful, and which always ends in joy when the practiſers of it are good and ingenious. Nevertheleſs, (anſwered *Anacreon*) they are in juſtice to be excus'd who are not ſo dextrous and agreeable as *Plotina* and *Amilcar*. I beſeech you, *Anacreon* (ſaid this ingenuous *African*) do not undertake to praiſe me; for being both of us make Verſes, we ſhall be liable to be reckon'd among thoſe Poets that commend one anothers Verſes, though they frequently jar in proſe. 'Tis true, this laſt can never be applyed to us; for I know you ſpeak much better of me than I deſerve, and I as much of you as you merit. For my part (ſaid *Clidamira*) I confeſs I extremely hate thoſe people who commend all perſons and things without diſtinction, and there is nothing leſs obliging than profaned praiſes, which have been employed a thouſand and a thouſand times in extolling ſuch as ought rather to be blam'd. As for groundleſs praiſes (anſwered *Bereliſa*) I hate them as well as you; but I confeſs I much love to excuſe the defects of others. Yet there are ſome (replyed *Anacreon*) who deſerve not very well to be excus'd. How ſhall we know them? (ſaid *Clidamira*.) It is not very difficult (anſwered *Anacreon*) for I conceive 'tis more juſt to excuſe the defects which are incident to the condition or age we are of, than thoſe which are oppoſite to it. As a covetous old man deſerves rather to be excus'd, than a young miſer; for although 'tis a folly to heap up treaſure when a man has not much occaſion for it longer, nevertheleſs, as 'tis a defect frequently attending old age, they that are guilty of it are the more pardonable. By the ſame reaſon it ought not to be accounted ſo ſtrange for an old man to love to recount what he has ſeen in his youth, and to be addicted to make long ſtories, as for a young, who having yet ſcarce ſeen any thing, affects to be longer in relating that little which he has ſeen than he was in ſeeing it. No Queſtion this is very juſt (ſaid *Ceſonia*:) and I conceive that 'tis fit to excuſe the defects not only which ſeem peculiar to a certain age or condition, but thoſe which are proper to Nations too; for in truth, every people have their faults and vertues. That which you ſpeak, is true (anſwer'd *Ceſonia*:) But are there any conditions that draw their defects along with them? No doubt there are (reply'd *Amilcar*) and for example, is it poſſible for them which are in the chief imployments of Commonwealths never to fail of what they promiſe? Ha! *Amilcar* (cry'd *Bereliſa*) unhappy are they who are conſtrain'd by the greatneſs of their imployments to fail frequently of their word; and happy they, who in great Fortunes retain exactly the vertues of private perſons, and who for fear of being defective to themſelves, are never ſo to any. However (ſaid *Amilcar*) I am perſwaded thoſe which are in a certain degree, cannot always do all that they deſire; and they deſerve to be excus'd, if it appear ſometimes that they do not do all which they ought, becauſe very often we are very ignorant of that which may ſerve to juſtifie them. But to ſpeak a little leſs ſeriouſly, is it not true that when a Lover is long abſent from his Miſtreſs, if he happens to meet with ſome fair perſon who ſeems to tell him by her looks, that ſhe would not be ſorry to be lov'd, he deſerves to be excus'd, if ſometimes he uſes obliging blandiſhments to her? For my part, I am of your opinion (ſaid *Clidamira*.) I imagined you would be ſo (anſwered *Bereliſa* ſmiling) but for my part, who place fidelity above all things, I aſſure you I cannot excuſe unfaithful Lovers, though I willingly excuſe all other weakneſſes. Yet there is ſo great a number of ſuch (reply'd *Amilcar*) that 'tis in a manner neceſſary to excuſe them, for fear of being oblig'd to blame almoſt all men. On the contrary (ſaid *Bereliſa*) 'tis becauſe there are too many of them, that we ought to take heed of excuſing them, for fear of encreaſing the number, which is already but too great. As for me (ſaid *Clidamira*) I believe there are more of them than 'tis thought, for I know ſome who hold it for a Maxim, that conſtancy is always to be talk'd of, but inconſtancy practis'd when any favourable occaſion is offer'd for it. For my part (ſaid *Anacreon*) I conceive it would be more gallant to make a ſhew of greater inconſtancy than we practiſe in reality. And, as for me (ſaid *Amilcar*) I conclude that we ought to to do that always which pleaſes us, without conſidering whether we are conſtant or inconſtant, becauſe pleaſure (to ſpeak properly) conſiſts not in the things which we do, but only in doing our own wills. For example, I confeſs that were I to have a long love in a place where I could have no other, I think, that to avoid the lukewarmneſs of long loves, I ſhould renew the ardor of my paſſion by making now and then ſome ſmall quarrel with my Miſtreſs, ſo as almoſt to break quite off with her, and our reconcilement would ſeem to me a kind of novelty. You are too ingenious by half (ſaid *Bereliſa*) and I doubt not but if *Plotina* continue long at *Porſenna*'s Camp, you will ſeek to comfort your ſelf at *Rome* with ſome fair one, when you ſhall be conſtrain'd to come hither. Ha! charming *Bereliſa* (cry'd he) do not too cruelly taunt me; but believe I have more love for *Plotina* than I had for ſix other Miſtreſſes which I had one day at once. I perceive (ſaid *Anacreon* then) 'tis fit that I interrupt

rupt this discourse a little, and demand of the Company, Wherefore, since Love is a sentiment so universal that Nature never fails to inspire it, men have offer'd to condemn it, or at least to make so great a Mystery of it? To render it more delightful (answer'd *Amilcar* hastily) for without the several formalities that are us'd in it, Love would not be that which it is. Besides, to speak sincerely (added he) Ceremonies make up the principal beauty of many things; for example, separate a sacrifice from the Temple, the Altar, the Wood-pile, the holy Vessels and Knives, the fillets of the Victims, and Garlands of Flowers which crown them, and you will see nothing but a miserable animal, which is no fairer than another of its kind; for, many times men are so wicked as to make but a bad choice of Victims. I beseech you (said *Cesonia* then) do not confound things thus; let us jest about love as much as you please, but never mingle Religion amongst your follies; for you have too much wit to do as some young people, new-come into the World, who think nothing so fit to produce them the reputation of great capacities, as to disdain the sentiments of their Fathers. Than which nothing is more contrary to true reason, or which sooner makes a man be look'd upon as a fantastick. Indeed (said *Berelisa*) it behoves never to make a particular way to ones self in these matters, the wiser sort of people ought to be constantly followed in the ordinary path, and we ought not to go wandring out of a conceit to find one more commodious. But let us take heed we do not wander too much our selves (said *Amilcar* laughing) for we are far from the beginning of our discourse, which was concerning the art of jesting with Friends. We are not very far from it (reply'd *Cesonia* smiling) for in speaking as you do, you imploy your railery upon me, and teach me how to use it towards others. As *Cesonia* was speaking thus, one came to advertise *Amilcar*, that a stranger was newly arriv'd at his Lodgings, who desir'd to speak with him with much earnestness. Whereupon he was constrain'd to go away thither. Presently after, *Themistus* enter'd, and told the company there was a report that *Porsenna* accus'd *Aronces* of a horrible crime: a moment after, *Herminius* came, and said he had heard the same thing; but added, that whatever the rumor meant, he was strongly perswaded that *Aronces* was innocent.

What then is it (said *Berelisa*) which they accuse him of? She had scarce pronounced these words when the Princess of the *Leontines* enter'd, who having first been to see *Artemidorus*, came to *Clidamira*'s lodgings to see *Berelisa*. Assoon as the first Ceremonies were over, I beseech you, Madam (said *Herminius* to her) be pleas'd to gratifie the company so far as to tell them whether it be true that the King of *Hetruria* accuses his Son of a horrid crime. Alas! (answer'd she sighing) 'tis but too true, that he accuses him for having held intelligence with *Mutius* in designing his death; and some body has so strongly perswaded him that this unfortunate Prince was carried by an excess of love to conspire against him, that the Queen of *Hetruria* and my self have no small trouble to restrain his indignation. How! Madam (said *Herminius*) is it possible for *Porsenna* to suspect the most vertuous Prince in the World of having had such a design as this! Yes (answer'd she) and the ease is so much the more cruel, because he will not yet tell by what way he came to be perswaded of this belief. Although none doubts, but that 'tis a contrivance of the cruel *Tullia*. But can credit be given to a Woman (said *Cesonia*) that has pass'd with her Chariot over the body of her Father? It seems she is believ'd (answer'd the Princess) being *Aronces* is a prisoner; and *Porsenna* yesterday said openly, the Prince his Son was a Parricide. Wherefore being desirous to serve him (in all that I am able (added she) I am come to see the Prince my Brother, to get him to go to *Mutius* and oblige him to assist us to justifie *Aronces*, who is accus'd of being an abettor of his intended assassinate. But as ill fortune will have it, though *Artemidorus* has sent to enquire for him at his own house, he is not to be found in any place. Yet I met him last night in the streets (said *Herminius*) I saw him too (added *Themistus*) but it was out from my Windows this morning, and he was on horse-back in a Countrey-habit with two slaves only. If he be gone far (answer'd *Lysimena*) it will prove ill for *Aronces*; for his absence would be interpreted as a flight, and he would be thought to have conspir'd with him, instead of designing only to deliver *Rome*. And therefore (added it) it is very fit to inquire at his house whither he is gone. I shall take that upon me (said *Herminius*) for one of my attendants is a great Camrade of one of his. And accordingly *Herminius* sent one of his followers forthwith to get information of that which *Lysimena* desir'd to know. But word was brought her, that having had a long conversation with *Publicola*, he departed very discontented, without acquainting any whither he went. This caus'd much regret in all the company. However I cannot (said *Herminius* then) think it possible that *Porsenna* will put *Aronces* to death. I will not believe it (answer'd the Princess of the *Leontines*) but I cannot choose but fear it. Nevertheless *Porsenna* is a very noble Prince, and indu'd with humanity; but the cruel *Tullia* terrifies me, and all the *Tarquins* (saving *Titus*) make me apprehensive of the worst. 'Tis true, there are divers eminent persons which protect *Aronces*; for the generous *Melintha* takes all opportunities to serve him, and the fair *Hesilia* who lives with *Galerita*, does no less. *Lusilius* and a Brother of his, are as careful of his interests; *Titus* and *Tolumnius* imploy all their endeavours for him, and the Lovers of *Terentia*, and *Aurelisa* omit nothing that may conduce to his assistance. As for *Galerita*, she uses all the prudent arts possible, to serve him; and for my part were I his Sister, I could not do more than I do. But, Madam (said *Berelisa*) does *Clelia* know what *Aronces* is accus'd of? I believe she does (answer'd *Lysimena*) and that which renders her more worthy of pity, is, that she is unable to afford the Prince any redress, and that to her discontent, *Sextus* is again become as amorous of her as ever, and perhaps more than ever he was of *Lucretia*. So that she is very much to be pity'd; for though *Porsenna* ought not to violate the Law of Nations, and so 'tis probable the Hostages are in safety in the Camp, yet she has some very disconsolate hours, and the Queen of *Hetruria* and my self have desir'd *Lucilius* and *Tolumnius* to take especial care of guarding these twenty fair *Romans*. Since the generous *Melintha*, *Lucilius* and his illustrious Brother (reply'd *Herminius*) are *Aronces*'s friends, I am very much comforted. Being I was not well (said *Berelisa*) when *Lucilius* came hither, I did not see him; but I have heard much good spoken of him. Too much you could not (answer'd *Lysimena*) and to let you know what manner of persons these two illustrious friends of *Aronces* are, I will describe them to you. And

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to begin with him that was not at *Rome*, whoſe name is *Theomenes*; you may know that 'tis not poſſible to be endu'd with more vertue than he is. I need not tell you that his extraction is noble, for you are not ignorant that he is Brother to the generous *Melintha*; you know his family is very ancient, and that his Father was a man of eminent worth. As for his perſonage, he is of an indifferent ſtature, his Hair is Cheſnut, his eyes black, his viſage round, and if one well obſerve it, he has ſomething in his Phyſiognomy ſo pretty and good together, and he always ſmiles ſo pertinently, that ſometimes he makes it appear in a moment that he underſtands things which could not be related in a day if any one ſhould attempt it. *Theomenes* has receiv'd from Nature a great ſtock of wit, eſpecially of that which is judicious and diſcreet, which examines and ſounds the depth of things, which will neither affect nor chuſe any thing without knowledge; of that wit, I ſay, which meddles with nothing without calling the judgment to its aſſiſtance. And nevertheleſs *Theomenes* wants not a lively and quick fanſie, and he is one, whoſe conjectures reſolve the moſt difficult things with the greateſt facility imaginable. I have ſeen him ſometimes in places where you would have ſaid he took no heed to what paſs'd, and yet he not only obſerv'd even the very leaſt things that were ſpoken or done there, but he divin'd the moſt ſecret intereſts of all that were preſent in the company. *Theomenes* has not only a very piercing and ſolid wit naturally, but he has improv'd it with great diligence. So that he judges well of all things, he accurately underſtands handſome compoſures, and never condemns or applauds any thing, for which he cannot give a good reaſon. In the beginning of his life he compos'd very amorous and delightful Verſes, and he makes ſuch ſtill when he pleaſes; he ſpeaks very exactly, and his converſation is extremely pleaſing. For no argument of diſcourſe comes amiſs to him, from Husbandry to Aſtrology, and from the moſt jovial Gallantry to the ſublimeſt Policy. And for my part, I have ſometimes remain'd aſtoniſht to ſee that *Theomenes* equally well underſtood both important and inconſiderable affairs, and to find that ſo wiſe a man as he, did not neglect to be perfectly inform'd of all the follies of his Age. If the profeſſion *Theomenes* has choſen had not oblig'd him to a particular reſtraint, his ſoul would have been capable of very much love, but ſuch a love as is real, tender, firm and generous together. But his fortune having diſpos'd of him after another manner, he underſtands love at preſent only in others, but has abandon'd his heart to friendſhip, which has prov'd very happy to him, for he has many illuſtrious friends of both ſexes, by whom he is greatly eſteem'd and belov'd. He is by natural inclination officious, equitable, good and generous. He is exact both in ſmall and great matters, he knows when 'tis fit to engage couragiouſly in the intereſts of thoſe he loves, to concern himſelf for their honour, to reſent injuries done to them, to love all that they love, to hate all that they hate, and to diſdain all ſuch as do not eſteem them. He is none of thoſe people who would prevaricate in certain occaſions, who would preſerve both Friends and Enemies, and who without diſtinguiſhing the virtuous from them that are not ſuch, ſometimes fail thoſe that never deſerted them. On the contrary *Theomenes* is faithful in all occaſions, ſincere in all tranſactions, and always very ſenſible of whatever concerns his true Friends.

Perhaps I inſiſt a little too long in commending *Theomenes*, for this excellent qualification of his; but I confeſs 'tis becauſe it is ſo very rare in theſe days, and becauſe I believe it neceſſary for a man of honour. For I conceive when our chief Friends tell us they have enemies to fight with, the firſt thing to be ask'd them, is, Where they are? and not, Who they are? For, be they who they will, we ought to be abſolutely againſt them. But on the contrary, when Friends of the ſecond Order come to tell us they have enemies, we muſt firſt ask them, who they are? that ſo we may be never in danger of doing any thing againſt our true Friends, which we know well can never be in the wrong. But as for *Theomenes*, he ſo perfectly underſtands all the rules of true friendſhip, and his heart is ſo naturally addicted to follow them, that 'tis ſcarce poſſible for him to fail in any of them. Moreover, *Theomenes* is gentle, ſociable, complacent, wiſe, and diſcreet. He has both moderation and equity, he conforms himſelf to the World, and diverts himſelf with it, and he knows how to enjoy in ſolitude all the pleaſures which it affords. He knows how to make the Court a Theatre to entertain him; and, which is moſt commendable, he knows ſo to live there, that his vertue is not alter'd by all the bad Examples which he ſees in it. Thus you ſee what a perſon *Theomenes* is, who beſides all I have ſaid of him, has ſo great an inclination to honour all that are indu'd with vertue, that it may be affirm'd, that if he were Maſter of all the favours which are in Fortunes beſtowing, not one vertuous perſon ſhould have cauſe to complain of her. For my part (ſaid *Bereliſa*) I am already *Theomenes*'s Friend, though I never ſaw him. Certainly (ſaid *Clidamira*) you need no more to gain him than ſeeing of him, for you never deſir'd to get any thing but it became yours. *Bereliſa* is ſo charming (anſwer'd *Themiſtus*) that the power you ſay ſhe has is not to be wonder'd at. For my part (ſaid *Herminius*) who have the honour to know *Theomenes*, ſince the making of the Peace, I dare aſſure that the Princeſs of the *Leontines* has not flatter'd him, and that ſhe has made his Picture exactly like. I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid *Bereliſa*) tell me too what *Lucilius* is, who has been ſo much talkt of at *Rome* within theſe few days. He is ſuch a perſon (anſwer'd the Princeſs of the *Leontines*) that no Lover, be he never ſo deſerving, but ought to fear having him for his Rival. But ſince you have not ſeen this illuſtrious Brother of *Melintha* and *Theomenes* neither, I muſt tell you that he is of a tall perſonage, well made, and of a goodly preſence. His geſture is ſufficiently careleſs, his air very noble, his acceſs ſerious and civil, his Phyſiognomy happy, ſage, and agreeable, his hair cheſnut, his Viſage of a peculiar form, and his Noſe a little riſing. As for his eyes they are azure, ſweet, ſprightly, but not great, They have a certain faintneſs in them too, which renders them very ſutable for thoſe paſſionate glances which make things underſtood in a moment, and yet they have in ſome occaſions ſo jolly a ſmile, that 'tis apparent the heart of *Lucilius* may as well be capable of a ſenſible joy, as of a violent grief. His Complexion is good, for a man, and he has a little natural mark under his left Eye, which would well ſute with a Beauty, and is graceful to his countenance. *Lucilius* is neat, he attires himſelf like a man of Quality, and ſo as agrees well with his perſon; and if ſo worthy a perſon as he may be commended for ſmall accompliſhments, I ſay, there are many fair Ladies who would

wiſh

wiſh they had hands as white as his. But indeed, I have too much to tell you of his Wit, his Courage, and his Virtue, to detain you longer with the deſcription of his perſon. Know then, that Nature has been liberal to *Lucilius* in giving him an extraordinary Wit, a Fancie of unmeaſurable extent, and a judgment which ſo well governs both, that he never ſpeaks any thing in converſation, of which he needs to repent. But indeed his Wit is one of thoſe which might well diſpenſe with learning any thing; becauſe conſidering things in themſelves, their own reflections inſtruct them better than they can be by all the Books in the world. For which cauſe *Lucilius* has ſpent no great number of years in ſtudy; but Travel, War, the Court, and his own Reaſon have been his Maſters. Nevertheleſs, he has read very much, and there are few excellent pieces of knowledge, which he does not underſtand; but he has read out of inclination, and not out of obedience, as ordinarily all young perſons do, that are deſign'd to be well educated. However, the Court, War, Travel, and his own Reaſon have ſo well inſtructed him, that 'tis believ'd he owes all his accompliſhments to learning; ſo well he underſtands all things, and ſpeaks ſo rationally of every thing that can be offer'd to diſcourſe. *Lucilius*'s particular virtue is an incomparable fortitude, free from all the defects which are incident to the Valiant; for he is a ſtranger to vanity. He is gentle, civil, and moderate; nor did ever any other hate falſe glory, and love true, ſo much as he. Moreover, *Lucilius* is of an admirable equal temper; for his Friends always find him the ſame, and though he appears ſerious, and his conſtitution inclines a little to melancholy, yet he loves all allowable pleaſures. The jollity and mirth of his Friends pleaſe and divert him, to which he himſelf alſo contributes as much as they deſire, and is never refractory towards them. *Lucilius* has a ſenſe of honour, and generoſity, and he is conſtant in Love and Friendſhip. He has a firm Soul in adverſity, and whereas his Fortune has not been always happy, but he has met with ſeveral difficult encounters, been wounded and taken Priſoner in War, travel'd both by Sea and Land, his virtue has been ſeen to the proof, and 'tis known that he hath come off with honour in all occaſions, to which Fortune led him. In brief, *Lucilius* is valiant amongſt the valiant, learned amongſt the learned, gallant amongſt the Gallants, and equally prudent towards all. His Natural inclination has always carried him to Poetry and Love, and theſe two ſentiments are ſo much the more ingrafted in his heart, for that they ſubſiſt there one by another; for if Love has caus'd him to make Verſes in the beginning of his life, I account it not impoſſible, but that, in caſe he lives to that age in which love is no longer in ſeaſon, his inclination towards Verſes may alſo induce him to write of Love; becauſe Poetry and Love have ſuch a ſympathy, that they can ſeldom be divided one from the other. But I beſeech you, do not imagine that *Lucilius* makes ſuch Verſes as favour a little of the condition of the Authors, which may perhaps be call'd *Gentile* Verſes; becauſe for the moſt part perſons of that Quality are not skill'd enough in ſuch things to make them well. More intelligent perſons therein than my ſelf, profeſs, that *Lucilius* compoſes Verſes which might deſerve *Homer* or *Heſiod* for their Author. For there is a good Fancie, Wit, Strength, and ſo charming a Harmony in them, that all the world is raviſh'd with them. His deſcriptions are ſo handſome, ſo Poetical, and ſo Natural, that you would think you verily beheld all that he repreſents. If he paints the ſhadow of a Foreſt, he deludes the imagination; if he repreſents the Sea in a Tempeſt, the Rocks, and a Shipwrack, the hearts of the Readers tremble at what he deſcribes. If he builds a ſtately Temple, you would think *Apollo* himſelf had been the Architect of it; and if he repreſents an unfortunate Lover, his unhappineſſes excite pity, and ſighs from his relation; and becauſe Sadneſs and Love together have a wonderful operation in Verſe, he very rarely ſeparates them; not but that when he is minded, his Muſe is agreeably debonair. One of the moſt curious Wits of his age having made a very ingenious and gallant Dialogue (after the example of *Anacreon*, who made one between a Dove and a Paſſenger) wherein he introduces a little Bird which returns every year in the Garden of one of his She-Friends, this work afterward occaſion'd *Lucilius* and *Theomenes* to compoſe the moſt delightful Verſes in the world, whoſe natural, pleaſant, and ſprightly Stile, argues that nothing is impoſſible to them. As for Love, *Lucilius* underſtands all the exquiſiteneſs of it, and never was a Lover ſeen, whoſe ſentiments have been more tender than his. He can love conſtantly, even without being lov'd; abſence rather augments than diminiſhes Love in his Soul, and 'tis not eaſie for Infidelity itſelf to extinguiſh a paſſion in his breaſt. He loves with ardour and reſpect, he makes himſelf pleaſures and torments which other Lovers would not think of, and he has ſentiments ſo full of Love, that no other ever had the like. I have heard him ſay, that one day being at Sea, a terrible Tempeſt aroſe, which almoſt ſunk the Ship he was in, in view of a Caſtle which ſtands upon a Rock, at the foot of which there was great likelihood it would be wrack'd, for the wind violently drive it on that ſide, and the Rudder was broken. In this condition, knowing that his Miſtreſs was in that Caſtle, inſtead of abandoning his mind to fear like the reſt, or ſo much as minding what courſe the Marriners took to preſerve themſelves from periſhing, he ran'd againſt the foot of the Maſt, and took pleaſure in thinking that if he were Shipwrackt in that place, the waves might carry his body to the foot of the Rock, where his Miſtreſs going oftentimes to walk, might ſee it and bedew it with her tears; and this thought ſo wholly poſſeſt him, that he obſerv'd nothing at all that was done to reſiſt the tempeſt. But through exceſs of love, he ſlighted the danger and death it ſelf. But, in fine, 'tis enough to tell you that *Lucilius* can be as perfect a Lover as a Friend; for 'tis to tell you in few words that he is a perfectly worthy perſon, and deſerves to be Brother to the generous *Melintha*. I agree with you (ſaid *Plotina*) and if all men were like him, I think thoſe Ladies were to be excus'd that ſuffer'd themſelves to be lov'd by them. After this *Lyſimena* roſe up, and prepar'd to return to the Camp: but before ſhe departed, all the company entreated her to continue to protect *Aronces* and *Clelia*, which ſhe promis'd to do with great ſincerity. After which ſhe drew *Bereliſa* apart, and ſpeaking low to her, I have a while ſince ſo diſcover'd *Clidamira* to *Artemidorus* (ſaid ſhe to her) that you need not fear he will be unjuſt towards you. However I counſel you to haſten to make your voyage to *Preneſte*, for 'tis poſſible that in that place the Gods will change the heart of *Clidamira* who alone at this time hinders our return to *Leontium*, though ſhe makes ſhew of negotiating in behalf of the Prince my Brother and my ſelf. *Bereliſa* was deſirous

to know a little more precisely what *Lysimena* had told *Artemidorus*; but perceiving she haſtned to depart, she was contented only to thank her for the agreeable intelligence she gave her; after which *Lysimena* return'd to the Camp, which was much moved at the imprisonment of *Aronces*, there being no person that could so much as suspect him of ever having had the thought to conspire against *Porsenna*. But what was very glorious for this Prince, assoon as the rumour was spread abroad in *Rome*, all the people remembring *Aronces* had been the cause of winning the Battle in which *Brutus* was slain, murmur'd highly against *Porsenna*, and without considering that the King had Hostages in his hands, or thinking of the consequences of this affair, they declar'd boldly, that it was fitting to break the Peace, and go and demand *Aronces* of the King of *Hetruria*. All the worthy persons of the Senate were as sensibly affected with the unhappiness of *Aronces*, and judging that they could do nothing more dangerous to this Prince than to testifie their zeal towards him, they restrain'd the people as much as they could. But being they could not hinder them from speaking in pity of *Aronces* and complaint against *Porsenna*, *Tullia*, who had intelligence of these murmurings, made use of them to confirm her accusation of *Aronces*, by informing *Porsenna* that the Prince had more friends in *Rome* than in his Army. Whereupon *Porsenna*'s mind being much incens'd against *Aronces*, he could not endure that any one should speak to him in his behalf. Which nevertheless *Galerita* and the Princess of the *Leontines* did not cease to do; the latter of which was not restrain'd by *Zenocrates*'s jealousie from doing her utmost for *Aronces*, scarce any besides her self daring to urge *Porsenna* boldly in his favour. I beseech you, my Lord (said she to him at her return from *Rome*) suffer me to tell you that you do a very great wrong in accusing *Aronces* of a crime whereof no body suspects him capable, and you do no less in giving credit to all that *Tullia* says to you, who, you know, has neither virtue nor probity, who is subtle and cruel, and who hates *Aronces* and *Clelia*. I know all that you tell me (answer'd *Porsenna*) but it does not justifie *Aronces*; and though *Tullia* be wicked, that does not hinder but that *Aronces* is an unnatural Son, and a Parricide, in whose heart love has extinguisht all the sentiments of nature and virtue, and who looking upon me as an invincible obstacle to his imaginary felicity, has design'd to purchase it with my death. But, my Lord (reply'd *Lysimena*) how do you know *Aronces* has been author of such a design, and what proofs have been given of it? I have understood (answer'd *Porsenna*) that *Aronces* during his imprisonment in the Island of *Saules*, underwent that usage with very much impatience, though he always spoke with respect to those I sent to him; I have also been inform'd that he corrupted him that guarded him, that he went secretly to *Rome*, and had some private conferences in a Garden with divers persons: I have further known that during the Siege he never lost any occasion to favour the *Romans* in things which were not absolutely against the order of War. I have been advertis'd too that having taken prisoners on the day the Bridge was assaulted, he remitted them, and writ something in his Tablets which he deliver'd to one that he releas'd: and lastly, I have spoken with two of those three hundred Conspirators *Mutius* told me of, who declare that they were several times imploy'd to make the confederacy between *Mutius* and him, and that *Aronces* promis'd to secure him from perishing in the attempt. And indeed there must needs have been some secret intelligence between them, which I have not yet discover'd; for when *Mutius* had slain him whom he took for me, none offer'd to take him; and if I had not sent my guards for that end, *Mutius* had escaped. Besides, *Aronces* was in effect partly the cause that I pardon'd *Mutius*. But, my Lord (reply'd the Princess) if *Aronces* had been of that conspiracy, 'tis to be believ'd he would have better instructed *Mutius*, so that he should not have taken another for you. Did the Gods favour crimes (answer'd *Porsenna*) the criminals would never do any thing imprudently: but since they do not, they oftentimes in order to their punishment, permit those that would commit a wicked action to be blinded and deceiv'd in their judgments. So *Mutius* hapning to be mistaken by the purple Robe of the person he slew, because it was forgotten to tell him that this man's office allow'd him to wear one; it may be said, that he was deceiv'd happily for me, and unfortunately for *Aronces*. But, my Lord (reply'd the Princess of the *Leontines*) I do not yet see his crime well prov'd; for the two men who accuse him, may be suborn'd to do it. I would to the Gods, generous Princess (said he to her) that these people were false witnesses: but to speak the truth, all probabilities are against *Aronces*. For the obstinacy of *Mutius* not to name his complices, sufficiently argues that there was some one amongst them whom I might cause to be punisht; if all the Conspirators had been *Romans*, there was no reason wherefore he should conceal their names from me. But, my Lord, (answer'd *Lysimena*) the most general opinion is, that *Mutius* told you a lye to induce you to the peace, and that he was the sole person concern'd in the design of assassinating you. I can believe (reply'd *Porsenna*) that there were not three hundred of them, but I shall never believe that *Mutius* was alone. 'Tis also added (continu'd he) that to perswade *Mutius* to this attempt, *Aronces* promis'd him to grant peace to *Rome*, after my death, without other conditions than that of putting *Valeria* and *Clelia* into his power, engaging to bring him to marry the first afterwards. But, my Lord (said *Lysimena*) if *Aronces* had been so wicked as to desire to take away your life, what need had he of *Mutius*, and why should he not rather have suborned one of your guards? That was not the safest course (answer'd *Porsenna*) for by that means he might perhaps have come to be suspected: but in the other way, taking away my life by the hand of a *Roman*, the action would seem to proceed out of zeal for the delivering of *Rome*, and would not at all reflect upon *Aronces*. But Love alone put them upon this crime; and to manifest to you that 'tis so (added he) I am newly inform'd that *Mutius* is fled. Judge then whether after this, I have reason to doubt of their testimony who accuse *Aronces*. And to the end you may doubt of it less, see this Letter from *Clelia* to *Aronces*, which was found in his Chamber, and must needs have been deliver'd him by one of his Guards. *Lysimena* taking it, knew the hand of *Clelia*, in which she had seen several Letters; and opening it, found these words.

Clelia

Clelia to *Aronces*.

AS Criminal as you are, I do not ceaſe to pity you; and notwithſtanding your Crime, I ſhall ſtill make more ardent Vows for your liberty, than I ſhould do for my own.

This Letter no doubt ſeems to make againſt *Aronces* (ſaid *Lyſimena*) but, my Lord, two perſons that love have ſo many little conteſts which embroil them together, that it ought not to be concluded from hence that *Clelia* knows *Aronces* is a criminal againſt you. On the contrary, it is to be thought, that if ſhe did, ſhe would not have written to him in theſe terms. You are a ſtrange perſon, Madam (anſwer'd *Porſenna* roughly) to attribute judgment to perſons prepoſſeſs'd with a great paſſion. However, all that I can do for *Aronces* (added he) is to defer his puniſhment; for I confeſs to you, I would willingly convict him by *Mutius* himſelf. Were it not that Hoſtages ought to be inviolable, I would uſe *Clelia* in ſuch a manner that perhaps I might come to know many things by her, though I do not believe ſhe was privy to the whole ſecret of the Conſpiracy. On the contrary, I imagine that perhaps *Aronces* being unwilling to loſe the merit of his Crime in her eſteem, has only told her ſomething of it ſince. In the mean time, I have two men who will maintain that he is culpable. But, as I told you, I will cauſe *Mutius* to be ſought after, and oblige *Publicola* who affects him not, to force him to declare the truth. After which I will give as great an example of Juſtice, as *Brutus* did, when he beheld his own Sons put to death; for I will not be ſurpaſs'd by a *Roman*. Ah! my Lord (ſaid *Lyſimena*) you make me tremble with fear, to hear you ſpeak in this manner. I beſeech you, examine things well, remember that appearances are fallacious, and rather believe all that the great actions of *Aronces*, than that which the cruel *Tullia* tells you, who is accuſtom'd only to artifices and wickedneſs. For, do you think, my Lord (added ſhe) that this Prince has any great tenderneſs for your life after you have granted peace to *Rome*? and ought you not rather to fear that ſhe deſigns only to ingage you in a Crime? Be it how it will (anſwer'd *Porſenna*) that which ſhe tells me, ſeems to me to be true; all conjectures are againſt *Aronces*, who cannot be happy ſo long as I live; and I will not be prevail'd with, either by your prayers or tears, the murmurs of all my own Subjects, or the complaints of the *Romans* (which moreover teſtifie *Aronce*'s intelligence with *Rome*) nor even the ſecret ſentiments of Nature which I feel in my breaſt in ſpight of my ſelf. But, my Lord (reply'd *Lyſimena*) how comes it that thoſe two men who accuſe *Aronces*, inform you of a paſt danger, of an attempt that has fail'd, and are their own accuſers? They could not have acceſs to me (anſwer'd he) before the buſineſs was executed; afterwards they reveal'd it to the Prince of *Meſſene*, to inform me of it, which yet he did not, undoubtedly becauſe he would not hurt *Aronces*. But for that they apprehend I knew nothing of the truth, they addreſs'd themſelves to *Tullia*, to whom I granted their pardon on condition they told me all they knew of the Conſpiracie. But where are thoſe men, my Lord? (ſaid *Lyſimena*) They are in a ſure place (anſwer'd *Porſenna*) till I cauſe *Aronces* to be publikly condemn'd. You know (added he) I had a purpoſe to make a Marriage between you and him; but, Madam, you have too great a virtue, to have a Parricide given you for a husband, and the Gods, no doubt reſerve you a better fortune. In the mean time ſpeak no more to me of him, and forbid *Galerita* to intercede in his behalf; for the more he is pleaded for, the more I ſhall haſten his puniſhment.

After this *Lyſimena* was conſtrain'd to be ſilent, to retire, and go to augment the ſorrow of the Queen, by relating to her this diſcourſe with *Porſenna*. *Lyſimena*'s ſadneſs appearing manifeſtly in her countenance as ſhe came away from the King of *Hetruria*, all the Court was in fear for *Aronces*; and the rumor of it ſpreading abroad in all places, was augmented in the Camp.

Tullia being thus become neceſſary to *Porſenna*, not only becauſe it was by her means that he could convict *Aronces*, againſt whom he was extremely incens'd, but alſo becauſe his own Army being mutinous againſt him, he fear'd he ſhould have need of *Tarquin*'s Troops; *Sextus* went and came continually to the Quarter of *Porſenna*, whereby he extremely moleſted *Clelia*, who was incredibly ſorrowful to ſee his paſſion for her increaſe in his heart. Not but that ſhe avoided his ſight as much as ſhe could; but in the caſe things were in, ſhe knew not where to find any protection. For the ſentiments ſhe had concerning the Princeſs of the *Leontines* would ſcarce ſuffer her to ſpeak to her. But the greateſt of her griefs was to underſtand *Porſenna*'s ſentiments concerning the Prince his Son, the correſpondence of *Tullia* with that King, and the care that was taken to guard *Aronces* diligently. For this unfortunate Prince, as extremely belov'd as he was, could find no way to communicate his mind to *Clelia*, in anſwer to the Letter which he had receiv'd from her; for *Telanus* being become ſuſpected, durſt not come near one of his guards. *Clelia* had alſo another diſcontent, in not ſeeing her friends of *Rome* ſo often as formerly; for in this conjuncture, a tumult being both in the City and the Camp, the Conſuls caus'd *Horatius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Octavius*, *Spurius*, and all the other *Romans* to forbear viſiting the twenty fair *Roman* Ladies which were given in Hoſtage. Which was ſomething difficult to make them conſent to; but cauſing them to conſider that if matters ſhould fall croſs, and they ſhould be arreſted, *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and all the reſt would be in a worſe condition than if they were at *Rome*, a ſentiment of love induc'd them to reſolve upon that which Policy could not. So that they were conſtrain'd to be contented with ſending to know tidings of the perſons which were deareſt to them in the World. *Themiſtus* though prepar'd to go away with *Merigenes*, was nevertheleſs willing to ſtay ſome days. But as for *Amilcar*, out of particular priviledges he went and came continually from the Camp to *Rome*, and from *Rome* to the Camp. *Artemidorus* being much better began to go abroad, and made his firſt viſit to *Bereliſa*, who was to depart the next day to go with *Clidamira* to *Praneſte*, accompany'd by *Anacreon*, who would not leave them. This Prince being very civil, deſir'd *Bereliſa*'s permiſſion to ſee *Clidamira* at her chamber; beſides, (added he) I have ſomething to ſay to her, which is material for her to know. Ha! my Lord, (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) will you never leave this exact civility towards a perſon,

who has ſo unfaithful a heart? and can you ſtill eſteem her ſo much as to conceal from me her laſt weakneſs? *Artemidorus* bluſht hereupon; for he did not imagine the Princeſs of the *Leontines* had told *Bereliſa* any thing of that which ſhe had inform'd him of. No, no, my Lord (added ſhe) your ſilence is not at all obliging; for when men wholly ceaſe to love an unfaithful perſon, they are willing to publiſh their infidelity. But no doubt becauſe you cannot altogether quit your love to *Clidamira*, you are aſham'd to let me know that ſhe can never ceaſe to deceive you. I muſt have confided in her words (reply'd *Artemidorus*) to be obnoxious to be deceiv'd by her. Wherefore then (ſaid *Bereliſa*) do you not tell me that ſhe has a new correſpondence with *Meleontus*? Becauſe, being your ſiſter-in-law (anſwer'd he) I reſpect you in her perſon; beſides, as I have told you a hundred times, I conceive 'tis a piece of honorable prudence for a man not to publiſh the weakneſſes of a perſon whom he has lov'd, and who would ſtill perſwade him, that ſhe does not hate him. But in the bottom of my heart, I proteſt to you, I ſlight her as much as I eſteem you; I behold all her charms without having my heart affected with them; I look upon the teſtimonies of her affection as ſigns of weakneſs, or diſſimulation; and I never lov'd you ſo much as I do at this preſent. Go therefore, Madam, confidently to *Praneſte*; for ſince the Gods are veracious, you can learn nothing there which will not be to your advantage. If you would have me believe you (reply'd *Bereliſa*) tell me what you know concerning *Clidamira*. I know, Madam (anſwer'd he) that there is a great league between her and *Meleontus*, and that conſequently neither the Princeſs my Siſter nor my ſelf are likely to be ever recall'd from our Baniſhment. 'Tis true, *Clidamira* being crafty, would perſwade me that ſhe deludes *Meleontus*, and entertains correſpondence with him, only to do us ſervice. Nevertheleſs, I know what I ought to think of it; but prudence requires us to diſſemble as well as ſhe; for ſhe has a great influence upon the mind of *Meleontus*; *Meleontus* is Maſter of that of the Prince; and *Meleontus* too, as you know, hates *Lyſimena*, becauſe he has lov'd her too much. Believe me (reply'd *Bereliſa*) one cannot ſatisfie ſo many duties at once, and exceſſive prudence is not always compatible with exceſſive Love; to be a good Citizen, a great obſerver of the Laws, never to fail in any duty to Relations, Friends, Superiors, and fair comportment, is to have too many things to do; and in ſuch caſes, 'tis frequent to fail towards a Miſtreſs. Nevertheleſs, according to the Laws of Love, a man ought to be capable of failing in every thing rather than in that. But you do not conſider, Madam, (ſaid *Artemidorus*) that your intereſt is join'd with mine in this caſe. I know what you ſay (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) but I confeſs I know as well too, that when a man does not hate that which he once lov'd, he loves it ſtill. On the contrary (reply'd the Prince) hatred is many times but a diſguis'd Friendſhip, and indifference is a true proof of an extinguiſh't affection. I confeſs (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) that a clear indifference is a ſign there is no more Love; but when this indifference is accompanied with an exact civility, believe me, my Lord, believe me, if he that is capable of it loves no longer, 'tis poſſible at leaſt that he may love again. But, in brief, without ſhewing you further my weakneſs in not being able to conceal the diſcontent you cauſe me, I will go to *Praneſte*, to learn what ſhall be told me concerning your ſentiments, which your ſelf do not know ſo well as to inform me of them. Ah! cruel perſon, that you are (cry'd he) why do you ſpeak to me in this manner? Think you, I have forgot all that I promis'd you? think you, I can compare *Clidamira* to *Bereliſa*? and do you believe I have not obſerv'd the difference between her ſentiments and yours during my ſickneſs? *Clidamira* ſo well knows how to counterfeit (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) that perhaps you believe ſhe was as ſad as I, to ſee your life in danger. No, no, (reply'd *Artemidorus*) I am not miſtaken in *Clidamira*; I have ſeen her put on an affected negligence, to ſeem more ſorrowful; which yet did not move me: I have ſeen her compoſe her eyes, ſummon up tears, and make ſighs, which proceeded more from her will than her heart; in brief, I have always ſeen her decently attir'd in her negligence, and in the greateſt extremity of my ſickneſs; nor did I ever ſee her relinquiſh the care of her beauty a moment, even then when ſhe believ'd I was not far from death. Ha! my Lord (interrupted *Bereliſa*) you would not have ſeen or obſerv'd any thing of all this. You are very unjuſt (anſwer'd *Artemidorus*) to turn to poyſon all that I ſpeak to cure you. For at the ſame time I obſerv'd all that I have told you, I ſaw a real ſorrow painted in your countenance, I beheld true tears fall from your fair eyes, I heard you ſigh with tenderneſs, I mark'd the careleſneſs of your attire, ſufficiently to be perſwaded that you did not remember that then you were fair; and if I dare ſpeak it, I ſaw your heart affected enough, to believe that perhaps my death would have caus'd yours. And will you quarrel with me after this, Madam? and not permit me to diſſemble a little with *Clidamira* for your intereſt? I know not what to anſwer you (ſaid ſhe) but I know well, I cannot endure that *Clidamira* ſhould hope to be lov'd by you, and 'tis only to deprive her of that hope that I go to *Praneſte*. For when I conſider well upon it, I cannot believe you ſhould make an ill choice between an unfaithful perſon and *Bereliſa*. After this *Artemidorus* ſpoke ſo many obliging things to *Bereliſa*, that ſhe conſented he ſhould go bid *Clidamira* adieu, on condition that ſhe ſhould come into her chamber a moment after him. And accordingly the Prince was no ſooner enter'd into it, but *Bereliſa* was conducted thither by *Amilcar*, who came to take leave of theſe two fair perſons which were to depart the next day. *Anacreon* and *Ceſonia* enter'd preſently after, ſo that *Bereliſa* had the ſatisfaction to ſee that *Clidamira* could not bid Adieu to *Artemidorus* in private. Whereby her mind being more at liberty, her converſation became more agreeable. That which gave occaſion to render it ſuch, was this; *Clidamira* had had a Dream which diſquieted her, and being ſo weak as to believe that Dreams are always of a good or bad preſage, ſhe complain'd to *Ceſonia* of having ſlept ill. Alas! (ſaid ſhe) if you knew what a Dream I had, you would not wonder at it. How! (cry'd *Amilcar*) is it poſſible a bad Dream ſhould cauſe *Clidamira* to have an unquiet night? What? (ſaid ſhe in ſome aſtoniſhment) does not *Amilcar*, who has ſo much wit and is ſo learned, know that ſome Dreams are certain predictions? I know (anſwer'd he) all that can be known concerning Dreams, and if I ſhould make you the Hiſtory of them, you would ſee that I am not ignorant therein. I know that *Homer* ſays, Dreams, and particularly thoſe of Kings are ſent from Hea-

Heaven, that many excellent Philoſophers have believ'd, the Gods diſtribute them to men, and that *Pythagoras*, who made them a great Myſtery, learnt the Art of interpreting them, eſpecially amongſt the *Ægyptians* and *Chaldeans*. I know that there are Temples Built on purpoſe to receive the inſpirations of Dreams, that in *Ægypt* people go to ſleep in the Temple of *Serapis*, to the end to have Prophetical Dreams, and that great care is taken there to record all Dreams which a fortuitous event has verifi'd. Moreover, I know what a Dream *Mandana* had, which preſag'd the power of *Cyprus*; but being an *African*, and not oblig'd to believe that which people believe in *Ægypt* or *Perſia*, any more than what *Pythagoras* believ'd, I declare to you, that I laugh at all the Dreams in the World. For my part (ſaid *Anacreon*, feigning himſelf of *Clidamira*'s opinion) I aſſure you I am not of your mind, for this laſt night I had a Dream, the conſequence of which will occaſion me much trouble. Oh! I beſeech you (ſaid *Clidamira*) tell me what you Dreamt of. Me thought (anſwer'd he with a ſerious countenance) about midnight, *Cupid*, who never ſleeps, came to knock at my chamber door. I askt him who knockt, and he anſwer'd me, 'twas a poor child all wet with a ſtorm, that deſir'd ſhelter of me. Being I thought his voice very ſweet, I pity'd him, and open'd the door to him; when by the light of my Lamp which was ſtill burning, I beheld that this lovely child had two wings, a quiver upon his ſhoulder, and a bow in his hand. Then I wip'd his hair, caus'd him to come near the fire, and dry'd him with very much goodneſs; after which this little Traytor took his Bow, ſaying, he would ſee whether the rain had not ſpoil'd it. But, alas! he no ſooner took it in hand, but he bent it, and ſhot an arrow ſtraight into my heart. After which he laught at me and flew away, only telling me that his Bow was as it ſhould be. Whereupon I was ſo enrag'd for having been deceiv'd, that remembring confus'dly, that people cry, Stop thief when any one is rob'd, I began to cry, Stop *Cupid*, ſtop *Cupid*, ſo loud, that I wak'd. But the miſchief is (added *Anacreon*) that at the firſt viſit I made this day, this dream was turn'd into a Hiſtory, by the charms of a perſon infinitely amiable. This is ſo jolly a dream (anſwer'd *Bereliſa* ſmiling) that I condemn you to make an Ode upon it. If it were made long ago (ſaid *Amilcar*) *Clidamira* would be much deluded; for ſhe has heard this dream with as much attention as if *Anacreon* had had it indeed. But I am confident he has ſaid all this only to intimate to *Clidamira* that he is taken with her to day more than ordinary. Since you have ſo well expounded my real ſentiments (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) I will acknowledge what you have ſaid. How? (cry'd *Clidamira* much diſturb'd) did not you dream as you have related, and are you of *Amilcar*'s opinion that no heed is to be given to dreams? No queſtion, I am Madam, (ſaid *Anacreon.*) For my part (ſaid *Artemidorus*) who ſcarce ever dream at all, I never cared much to reaſon upon dreams. As for me (ſaid *Bereliſa*) I have always found them ſo frivolous, falſe, extravagant and chimerical, that I ſhall eaſily rank my ſelf on *Amilcar*'s ſide. And for my particular (ſaid *Ceſonia*) I confeſs, it has hapned to me to dream of things which have befallen me ſo exactly, that I know not what to think of them. Since chance (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) ſometimes repreſents very regular Pictures in the Clouds, it is not to be wonder'd, if hazard brings to paſs ſome things which are dream'd of. I have heard a *Thuſcan* woman affirm that the moſt ancient manner of Divination was by dreams. She alſo told me that thoſe which we have preſently after repaſt, or in the ſecond ſleep, ſignifie nothing, but that thoſe we have in the beginning of the morning, are the moſt certain; that the dreams of the Spring are more true, than thoſe of the Autumn; and that it's more ordinary to dream in the new Seaſon of the Year than in all the reſt. Believe me (amiable *Ceſonia*) ſaid *Artemidorus*, dreams are only a bare repreſentation of images. They are pleaſant or ſad, according to the conſtitution when they are purely natural. Thoſe which are mixt, have extrinſecal cauſes, which ſupply matter to the fanſie; and this is the reaſon that many times we dream of things which we have ſeen, or thought on, and moſt of all of things which we deſire. And certainly this laſt manner of dreaming has brought Dreams into ſuch credit, when it falls out that we ſee the people by day whom we dream of by night. For many times our hearts deſire or fear many things, which we are not ſenſible of; ſo that in ſleeping, our fanſie, which is mov'd by our deſires and fears, without our conſent, cauſes us to dream more of that which we fear or deſire than of any other thing It is not therefore to be wondred if it ſometimes comes to paſs bychance, that we ſee thoſe we dreamt of, becauſe we uſually dream of thoſe people whom we cannot meet with. Since 'tis certain that we deſire only that which may be hop'd, and fear only that which may poſſibly come to paſs. I agree with you (ſaid *Amilcar*) that Dreams may denote our inclinations, but I deny that they can preſage our fortunes, unleſs as they proceed from our conſtitutions. For, they ſay, cruel people are wont to have terrible dreams as well as thoſe that are melancholick. So that when it falls out that the dreams and adventures of theſe people have reſemblance, it is not to be wonder'd at, foraſmuch as they are produc'd by one and the ſame cauſe. I know well ſuch as are skilful in dreams, ſay there are three ſorts, which they diſtinguiſh and divide as exactly, as if they had travell'd into the Country of Dreams, as men do into *Aſia*. But to ſpeak truth, they are miſtaken; for if the Gods would advertiſe men of that which muſt betide them, they would do it more clearly. And beſides (added he) when I ſee a Grey-hound aſleep dream of a Deer, as I do of my miſtreſs, and perhaps better too, I conclude that my dreams come from my temper alone, I ſet my mind at reſt, and do every thing as if I had not dreamt at all. Indeed (added *Bereliſa*) I know no more pleaſant fanſie than to think that the Gods await till we be aſleep to advertiſe us ſo doubtfully of that which muſt happen to us; the Gods, I ſay, who are Lords of the World and of Events, who can change our wills as they pleaſe, and who inſpire to us all that ſeems good to them. But, I beſeech you (ſaid *Anacreon*) what kind of dream is that which the fair *Clidamira* had? It is ſuch (anſwer'd ſhe bluſhing) that I cannot tell it to any but *Artemidorus*. This Prince then became ſufficiently perplex'd; for he conceiv'd this was but a contrivance of *Clidamira* to ſpeak to him apart before he went away. But though he much fear'd to offend *Bereliſa*, yet he could not reſolve to anſwer *Clidamira* uncivilly before perſons that were ſtrangers. Wherefore, beginning to ſpeak, I am ſo little skilful in interpreting dreams (ſaid he coldly,) that I ſee not why you ſhould chooſe me rather than another. However, my Lord (anſwer'd ſhe) I muſt needs

tell

tell it you; and ſo approaching near, and ſpeaking low to him; Do not fear (ſaid ſhe to him) that I am going to entertain you with my dreams; and if you have any juſtice left, conſider (I conjure you) whilſt *Bereliſa* and I go to *Preneſte*, that your heart was mine before hers was yours, and that I ought not to be ſo generous as to procure your return to *Leontium*, with the certainty of never being lov'd by you. 'Tis too much, Madam, 'tis too much (anſwer'd he, not being able to reſtrain himſelf) to deſire to be lov'd at the ſame time both by *Meleontus* and *Artemidorus*. How? my Lord (ſaid ſhe) do you not underſtand that I endeavour'd to make *Meleontus* who is the Prince's Favourite, my Lover, only that I might be in a capacity to make your peace when I pleas'd? I underſtand very well (anſwer'd he) that *Clidamira* is ever deſirous to gain all and loſe nothing. But as far as I perceive, my Lord (ſaid *Bereliſa* bluſhing) you have dream'd as well as *Clidamira*, for you ſpeak at leaſt as much to her as ſhe does to you. You have very well gueſs'd (anſwer'd *Clidamira*, who delighted to make *Bereliſa* jealous) but *Artemidorus*'s dream is not ſo aſſuredly true as mine. Perhaps if he expounded yours (reply'd ſhe haſtily) it would not be granted to be more true than his. Believe me (ſaid *Amilcar* to *Clidamira*) ſtay till you be at *Preneſte* for the explication of your dreams; for you will find there a Kinſman of the Prieſt of Fortunes Temple, who has ſo great a wit, that what he is ignorant of, is not known by any. But ſince you conceive (anſwer'd *Clidamira*) no heed is to be given to Dreams, you muſt think too that no explication can be given of them. I do ſo, (reply'd *Amilcar*) but I am ſtrongly perſwaded, he I ſpeak of will convince you that none but Phyſicians can make good uſe of the dreams of their Patients, whereby they ſometimes judge very certainly what humor it is that is predominant in them. I beſeech you (ſaid *Bereliſa*, who ſought only to interrupt the converſation of *Artemidorus* with her Rival) give us recommendations to him you ſpeak of. I will, Madam (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but before I write to him (for I contracted a friendſhip with him during my travels) I have a deſire to tell you what manner of perſon he is, that ſo if he does not pleaſe you, I may not loſe a Letter. You are a good husband of your words (reply'd *Bereliſa*) but however I conſent to what you deſire. And ſo do I (added *Artemidorus*) and for my part (ſaid *Ceſonia*) I entreat it of you; For I have heard a good character given of him by a Kinſwoman of mine who was at *Preneſte*. As for me (ſaid *Anacreon*) I ſhall be glad to know what kind of perſon an honeſt man is whom I am to ſee. There remains only *Clidamira* to entreat me (ſaid *Amilcar*.) Since I do not oppoſe the conſent of the company (anſwer'd ſhe) 'tis ſufficient. Know then (ſaid *Amilcar*) that *Telantus* is of a middle ſtature, has black hair, a pale complexion, very large eyes, a handſome mouth, an ingenious aſpect, a ſweet and careleſs air; he naturally loves the world and pleaſures, but having a quick-ſighted mind, he has by his prudence plac'd himſelf out of the reach of many accidents which might have render'd him unhappy. His wit is a little ſlow; but yet he ſpeaks very agreeably, though he has no very ſprightly fanſie. If he followed his own inclination, he would be full of diſcourſe; but he conſtrains himſelf partly out of wiſdom and partly out of policy. Moſt commonly he does not ſpeak his thoughts of what he ſees, but when he pleaſes he ſpeaks them admirably well. Yet he is ſubject to be prejudic'd; and without thinking himſelf to be ſo, he many times does injuſtice even when he believes himſelf moſt equitable; but this defect is not peculiar to him, and the greateſt part of men are guilty of it. Indeed I ſaw him once have a very ſtrange prejudice upon a certain occaſion; for becauſe he did not affect an ancient Prieſt of the Temple of *Fortune*, he judg'd that he did not ſpeak well when he ſpoke in publick. And yet it is certain, that venerable old man charms all that hear him. He ſpeaks with vehemence and elegance, his language is neither courſe nor affected, he knows how to joyn the Graces of Eloquence with the ſolidity of Morality; and if he is not always aſſur'd to perſwade thoſe that hear him, yet he is ſo to be heard with pleaſure, even by ſuch as are incapable to profit by his inſtructions. For all this, *Telantus* does not account him eloquent. Believe me (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) he is not the ſole perſon that is liable to be prejudic'd, and 'tis more hard than we think, not to be ſo at all. When one is but a little (reply'd *Amilcar*) 'tis no great defect; but when ſo much as to account that evil which is good, and ugly which is handſome, 'tis a great imperfection in an elevated mind; for there is a great diſtinction to be made between an error proceeding from ignorance, and an error proceeding from prejudice. But to return to *Telantus*, I believe he has ſomething in his heart that inclines him to be very amorous, and ambitious, and I am perſwaded he has had great conflicts with himſelf to overcome theſe two ſentiments. No doubt he has done well (ſaid *Bereliſa*) for they are many times the cauſes of great diſquiet. That's certain (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) but withal they cauſe a thouſand pleaſures. Believe me (ſaid *Clidamira*) neither all the ambitious nor all the prejudic'd are known, but ſometimes we ſee people that make ſhew of not being ſo, who affect to deſpiſe ambition, to ſatisfie that which they have in their hearts. However it be (ſaid *Amilcar*) I think men are not frequently deceiv'd who believe themſelves always liable to error; and the ſureſt way is to judge affirmatively of nothing upon apparences. But to return again to *Telantus*, he is complacent and civil, he loves company, and particularly that of Ladies, and I can aſſure you, that if he pleaſes he will write you pleaſant Letters, as much Prieſt as he is; for I conceive this faculty is never loſt after 'tis once gotten. I have further to tell you that *Telantus* believes as well as I, that 'tis no eaſie matter to find a great contentment without the aſſiſtance of Fortune. Thus, fair *Bereliſa*, you ſee what a perſon the illuſtrious *Telantus* is; it remains for you to tell me whether you would have me write to him. You will do me a very great pleaſure in ſo doing (anſwer'd ſhe.) For my part (ſaid *Clidamira*) I ſhall be glad to ſee him, but according to the character you give of him, I think I ſhall not ſpeak to him about my dreams. After this, *Artemidorus* went away; but though *Bereliſa* knew he would give *Clidamira* no new opportunity to ſpeak to him, yet ſhe was not fully ſatisfi'd with him, becauſe ſhe was ſolicitous to have him give her an account of what *Clidamira* ſaid when ſhe ſpoke to him apart. So that ſhe look'd a little coldly upon him as he went out; which though his heart reproacht him with nothing, gave him ſome diſcontent; and therefore he writ to her the next morning. But he that carri'd the Letter being ſtopt by the way, *Bereliſa* was gone her journey towards *Preneſte* with *Clidamira* and *Anacreon*, *Artemidorus* not being yet in a condition to travel. Nevertheleſs,

less, to repair the fault of him that he sent, he caus'd a slave of notable wit to depart immediately to *Preneste* and carry *Berelisa* her first Letter accompany'd with another.

In the mean time *Amilcar* continu'd to seek out ways to serve *Aronces*, and so did *Herminius*, and all the virtuous gallants of *Rome*, excepting *Horatius*, who, how generous soever, could not be sorry for the unhappiness of his Rival. As for *Zenocrates*, his secret jealousie caus'd him to avoid speaking of *Aronces* as much as he could, for fear it should be observ'd that he was less his friend than formerly. But though *Amilcar* would not altogether renounce his jollity, yet there were some hours, wherein he was pensive at least, if not sad. For besides the Imprisonment of *Aronces*, and the trouble in which *Plotina* was, his mind was extremely perplex'd by an order brought him by an *African* lately arriv'd, to return to *Carthage*. He lov'd *Plotina* as much as it is possible to love, he had Friends at *Rome* very dear to him, and he had an especial Friend in his own Country, who at that time had great need of him. Thus duty towards his Master, affection to his Friend, the interest of *Aronces* and the love he had for *Plotina* sufficiently divided his heart, to cause those that knew him well, to observe some little alteration in his humour. *Plotina* soon perceiv'd it; and at first thought his resentment of *Aronces*'s danger was the only cause of his discontent; and loving *Clelia* very well, he was sensibly concern'd in her sorrow: as indeed *Amilcar* was extremely affected with the unhappinesses of *Aronces* and *Clelia*. But as love makes an exact discovery of the sentiments of the person lov'd, *Plotina* at length knew *Amilcar*'s disturbance proceeded from some cause of his own. At which being troubled, Whence comes it, *Amilcar* (said she to him) that I see something in your countenance which seems to tell me you are sad? Alas! amiable *Plotina* (answer'd he) I see I can hide nothing from you, for I intended to dissemble the discontent which I have in my breast. But since you have discover'd it, I must let you know, that love does not torment me only in *Italy*, it persecutes me also in *Africa* in the person of an illustrious Friend who is become unhappy by it. I knew all the beginning of his love, and was something concern'd in it: but since I departed out of *Africa*, some things have befallen him, which excite me to pity him, and afflict me so much the more, for that I believe my presence is absolutely necessary to redress the fortune of my Friend. Nevertheless, the affection I have for you is so strong, that I know not whether the command of a Master, and the misfortunes of a Friend will be sufficient to oblige me to make a voyage into *Africa*. I say, a Voyage, Madam (added he) because at this prelent I account *Rome* my Country; for a Lover has no other but that of his Mistress. That which you say, is very obliging (reply'd *Plotina*) but being I am equitable and generous, I will not cause you to be deficient either to your Prince, or to your Friend. All that I desire of you is, that you will not depart till we be return'd to *Rome*, and *Aronces* be acquitted. We hope this will shortly be effected; for the Queen of *Hetruria*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, the generous *Melintha*, and the amiable *Herfilia* have signifi'd to my sister and me this morning, that they were going this day to make their utmost instance with *Porsenna*: I promise you more than you desire, Madam (said he to her) for I engage not to depart at all unless you command me. As he was speaking this, *Valeria* enter'd, and told them *Lucilius* had sent word that all the Friends of *Aronces* were gone to intercede so urgently with *Porsenna* in his behalf, that a happy success was to be expected thereby. Which news something satisfying the minds of these two amiable Virgins, *Plotina* told *Valeria* what *Amilcar* had said to her, and then intreated him to declare what unhappiness it was that had befallen his friend he spoke of. Since the misfortunes of others sometimes a little solace our own (said he) I will content your curiosity, and no doubt you will agree that my Friend is to be pity'd, that love is the same in all places, and that there is no infelicity so great, but that another may be found like it. After this, *Valeria* and *Plotina* knowing that *Clelia* was with *Hermilia*, gave order that none should interrupt them: and then *Amilcar* began to speak in these terms.

The History of *Cloranisbes* and *Lysonice*.

YOu have heard me speak so much of *Carthage*; and you are so well inform'd of all that relates to my Country, of which the persons are, whom I am to speak of, that I shall in a manner wholly forbear to speak any thing of the Original of *Utica*, its manners, magnificence, customs or gallantry, being the same with those of *Carthage*; for I presuppose that as I, being an *African*, am become a *Roman* for your sakes, so you being *Romans* are become half *Africans* for mine. I shall therefore only tell you, that *Cloranisbes*, whose adventures I am to relate, is of a very illustrious Lineage, and that he is one of the most worthy, couragious, accomplisht and agreeable persons in the world. He has a very noble air, a lofty countenance, and in brief, wants nothing that can get a man esteem, merit love or friendship. He has neglected no means to accomplish himself; for he has travell'd, and has been in *Greece* to learn all that could not be taught him in *Africa*. Nor has he done like some young persons, who seem in the beginning of their lives to design to acquire extraordinary worth, but after they have learnt many things which are sutable for the world, they become idle and never practise any thing which they learn. For my part I account those, that have attain'd some good qualities, and afterwards are in a long incertainty what they ought to do, to be as void of Reason as a Pilot, who should furnish a Ship with all things necessary for a long Voyage, weigh Anchor, hoise Sayl, and then not knowing whither he would go, abandon himself to the pleasure of the Wind, and put himself in danger of being swallow'd up by a quick-sand, or split against a Rock. Yet the World abounds with such people, as have learnt the Art Military, and were never afterwards at the War; with others, who have had Dancing-Masters, and never go to Balls, and which is worst, with others who have learnt to speak several languages, and speak their own ill; and with others too, who are born in the world, and do not understand it. I crave your pardon for my comparison and my observations, but I could not refrain them; hereafter I will be more cautious of digressing so far from *Cloranisbes*. Know then, that having learnt all things requisite to the accomplishing of a brave man, he determin'd to pass his life at the Court, and to do all he could to obtain honour there.

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Accordingly in the beginning of his manhood, a War being fallen out between *Numidia* and *Maſſilia*, he ſignaliz'd himſelf in it, and perform'd actions worthy of great applauſe. So that the Prince of *Carthage* was pleas'd to take him into favour, and to reſide about him. I need not put you in mind (amiable *Plotina*, and charming *Valeria*) that this Prince is call'd ſo, only by reaſon he is deſcended from an Aunt of *Dido*, and that ordinarily he dwells at *Utica*; becauſe I ſuppoſe you remember to have heard that 'tis only a Title which he wears, though he has no authority in *Carthage*. Nevertheleſs, he has great intereſt there, but he is a Soveraign only in his own State. So that he is really but Prince of *Utica*, though he is ſtil'd otherwiſe. This City is of a very ſtrong ſituation, upon the ſhore of the Sea, and near a great River, thirty miles from *Carthage*. Its Original is very dubious, it has been ruin'd and rebuilt, it has chang'd its name two ſundry times, and it may be ſaid, that 'tis one of the moſt inconſtant Cities of the World in all things. 'Tis true, the air of the Country is apt to inſpire levity, and therefore the changes are leſs to be wonder'd which happen in theſe places than in others. The *Numidians* and *Maſſilians* who are neighbours, are levity it ſelf; and 'tis not altogether without Reaſon that people relie not too much upon the faith of the *Africans*. Not but that honeſty is of every Countrey, and conſtancy is ſometimes to be met with at *Utica* as well as at *Rome*. Yea, there is a Prophecie which affirms, that in this City ſhall one day be ſeen the greateſt example of conſtancy that ever was heard of, and that it ſhall be accounted a modern City, although it be very ancient. But ſince I know not what is to come I cannot aſſure you, whether this Prediction be true or falſe, but only that the Court of the Prince of *Utica* is very agreeable. For all the brave perſons of *Carthage* go thither frequently to viſit the Prince and moſt of the youth of Quality of *Numidia* come to learn gallantry under the Prince of *Carthage*. The Ladies there have noble aſpects and delightful wits; and though there are few great Beauties amongſt them, yet there are abundance infinitely amiable, and indeed ſcarce any unhandſome. They are all pleaſing, merry, and gentle; but how lovely ſoever they were, *Cloranisbes* at his return from his Travels did not become amorous. His mind was ſo fill'd with the *Greek* beauties that had charm'd him, and the gallantry of *Athens* and *Corinth* ſo ſtrongly poſſeſs'd him, that he had nothing but ambition in his heart when he arriv'd at *Utica*. So that the deſire to pleaſe the Prince was the great ſpur to make him active. The Prince of *Carthage* had at that time a Siſter much elder than himſelf, who taking a fancie to rule him abſolutely, had a ſtrange jealouſie of every one that came near him. Wherefore the merit of *Cloranisbes* cauſing her to be jealous of him, ſhe ſecretly did him all the bad offices ſhe could; though ſhe deported her ſelf civilly enough towards him before the Prince and the whole Court. But he was ſo amiable a perſon, and the Prince had ſuch a great inclination to love him, that her artifices were at firſt unprofitable. When ſhe ſaw ſhe could do him no hurt, ſhe bethought her ſelf to remove him from the Court by ſome honorable way. And accordingly, as young as he was, ſhe caus'd the Prince to ſend him to negotiate affairs of importance in *Libya*; at his return, a War happning between *Carthage* and *Numidia*, he was made a Commander of the Forces which the Prince ſent thither; but taking advantage of his abſence, ſhe caus'd a hundred things to be told the Prince, to render his fidelity ſuſpected to him. She alſo corrupted ſome Friends and ancient Domeſticks of *Cloranisbes*; after which, ſhe caus'd ſome of her own dependants to ſuggeſt ſeveral things to the Prince againſt *Cloranisbes*, which ſhould induce him to believe that he was a man of boundleſs ambition, that he held intelligence with the King of *Numidia*, that he betray'd *Carthage* and him too, and that it was very dangerous to ſuffer him longer in the head of the Army. Whereas nothing of importance was wont to be told the Prince, but he communicated it to the Princeſs his ſiſter, in whom he abſolutely confided, ſhe made ſhew not to believe the informations given againſt *Cloranisbes*, and offer'd to juſtifie him. But in fine (ſaid ſhe to him with unparallel'd diſſimulation) though I am perſwaded *Cloranisbes* is innocent, yet 'tis requiſite to act with as much prudence, as if he were believ'd culpable; and therefore, my Lord, if I may counſel you, ſend a ſtrict order to *Cloranisbes* to come immediately to you. If he comes, it will be fit to obſerve him and endeavour to diſcover the truth: if he does not, his diſobedience will argue his guilt. The Prince judging this advice of the Princeſs reaſonable, ſent an expreſs order to *Cloranisbes* to come forthwith to him, and to reſign the command of the Forces to another whom the Prince nam'd to him. But at the ſame time that this order was diſpatcht away, this ſubtle Princeſs oblig'd thoſe falſe Friends of *Cloranisbes* whom ſhe had ſuborn'd and treacherous Domeſticks to write to him to beware of coming. So that when *Cloranisbes* receiv'd the Prince's order, he received four tickets, which extremely perplex'd him; for, in the firſt he found only theſe words,

Very bad offices have been done you here; have a care, and diſtruſt all things.

In another,

The Prince is much incenſed againſt you; the Princeſs excuſes you as much as ſhe is able, but cannot appeaſe him; take care of your affairs and your ſafety.

There was alſo a third, in which *Cloranisbes* found theſe words:

Your deſtruction is deſign'd, Cloranisbes, *therefore do not truſt to your innocence; for they which have power to ruine the innocent, make them criminal when they pleaſe.*

But that which aſtoniſht *Cloranisbes* moſt was the fourth, which ſpoke thus:

If you obey the Princes Order, you cannot eſcape impriſonment or death; this is all that can be told you by a Friend who hazards his own fortune to ſave you.

You may judge, Madam, in what a perplexity *Cloranisbes* was; for he did not miſtruſt thoſe who gave him this advice. But that which wholly perſwaded him to think himſelf loſt was, that the Princeſs of *Carthage* having cunningly caus'd a rumor to be ſpread in *Utica*, that if *Cloranisbes* came, he ſhould be arreſted, he receiv'd alſo twenty other adviſo's, and particularly one from ſo faithful a Friend, that he could not doubt of it. Yet his own inclination led him to truſt to his innocence, and to go to the Prince. But having conſulted two very prudent friends whom he had in the Army, they diſſwaded him from it. But if I do not obey (ſaid *Cloranisbes*) I render my ſelf ſuſpected, and become culpable. Believe me (anſwer'd one of thoſe that counſel'd him)

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'tis better for a man to render himself suspected than miserable: but to take a middle course in this extremity, and to testifie that you design not to render your self Master of the Forces, leave the Army and go towards *Utica*; and whereas you have a house upon the frontier, feign your self sick, write to the Prince, that assoon as you recover you will go to him, and in the mean time your friends will do their utmost to discover what you are accus'd of, and justifie you to the Prince. This counsel seeming very prudent to *Cloranisbes*, he oppos'd his own inclination, and follow'd the advice of his friends. So he left the Army, made shew of intending to go *Utica*, feign'd himself sick, when he was at his house upon the frontier, and writ to the Prince after the manner that he was counsell'd. But at the same time he answer'd all those that had given him intelligence, and conjur'd them to send him what they could learn. Wherefore they that betray'd him shewing his Letters to the Princess, who endeavour'd to destroy him, she made use of them to perswade the Prince that he was not really sick, and to inform him what a curiosity he had to know all that was spoken of him at *Utica*. For though he spoke in his Letters as being innocent, yet they contributed something to make him seem culpable, because they imply'd that he was not very sick, that he was desirous of intelligence, and durst not trust himself. But to make the matter worse, this subtle Princess pretending to be his Friend, sent one of her own Physicians to him, to the end that if he were in health as she believ'd, he might inform the Prince of it; and that if he were sick, she might make him report that he was not. Now, for that a Feaver is not to be had at pleasure, *Cloranisbes* took his bed indeed, and carried himself like a sick man; but the Physician found that he was in health, and reported so to the Prince, who no longer doubting but that *Cloranisbes* was guilty, was so exasperated against him, that all the intercessions of his true friends could not hinder the Prince from sending to forbid him coming near to *Utica*; for the house where *Cloranisbes* stay'd, was upon the frontier. So that *Cloranisbes* was banisht without knowing the cause of this severity against him. At first he was extremely afflicted; but having a great and firm Soul, he took a resolution on a sudden, and writ to his Friends to desire them not to trouble themselves further about making his peace, assuring them that he found his heart strong enough to be able to live in solitude, and enjoy himself without being concern'd with the rest of the world. 'Tis true, there was a wise old man who contributed much to cause him to take this resolution; for going to see one of his friends a days journey from his own house, he lost his way, and went cross the corner of a Forest. And finding a mountainous and barren Countrey beyond, he perceiv'd some miserable Shepherds tilling a little corner of ground between the Rocks, and observ'd a venerable old man who liv'd in a Cave not far off, and who with a countenance both melancholy and serene, said to them, as he beheld them, Alas! poor people! beware of rendring your fields fruitful, leave your land uncultivated, if you love quiet; for if your Countrey become good, you will soon have War. *Cloranisbes* who stopt to ask the way, having heard what this venerable old man said, seem'd surpris'd at it, and turning towards him, Tell me I pray (said he) for what reason you would make a desart of the Countrey you dwell in. Because (answer'd he) solitude is always inseparable from deserts, barrenness upholds solitude, vertue and peace are in solitude preserv'd, and felicity found, if it be possible for men to be capable of it. This old man who was a *Greek*, though he spoke the *African* tongue, and whose name was *Andronodorus*, spoke this with so grave an air, that *Cloranisbes* believ'd that perhaps the Gods had caus'd him to meet with him for his comfort. Wherefore lighting from his horse, and giving him to the slave which follow'd him, he drew *Andronodorus* apart, and askt him, who he was? where he liv'd? what had caus'd the aversion, which he had against the World? My Lord (said he to him) I was born at *Samos*, and I was banisht by *Polycrates* when he usurp'd the Soveraign Power, because he knew well I could not submit. So I departed from my Countrey with all that I could carry in a Ship, intending to see if it were possible for the monsters of *Africa* to be more inhumane than the men of my Countrey. For in truth, my Lord, I acknowledge to the shame of mankind, I never found any thing but weakness, folly, injustice, and wickedness in all places where I have liv'd, and principally in those where wealth and plenty are to be met with. I have had a father who took no thought for any thing but his pleasures, I have had children who would have me mind nothing but theirs; my wife had vertue, but not goodness; my relations had no humanity, my friends were but little sincere to my interests, my domesticks were of small fidelity; and in sum, I may say, that in all places where I have liv'd, I have seen almost all others as unhappy as my self, though they did not think so. But fortune having caus'd me to suffer shipwrack upon the Coast of *Africa* long ago, and chance conducted me to a Cave on the side of this Forest which you have cross'd, I took it for my habitation, and have liv'd here since by the assistance of a slave, who escap'd drowning with me, and with the help of some poor Fishers has till'd as much Land as is necessary for our subsistence. So that this little Sanctuary being encompass'd with a very great extent of Land which is not husbanded, I have enjoy'd much tranquillity since I came hither, without conversing with any but the Priest of a Temple not far from hence, who taught me his language. But I see these poor people at work, will make my Desart arable; and so I look upon them as those that go about to destroy my felicity; for, in brief, if they bring me neighbours, they will bring me enemies.

Cloranisbes then admiring *Andronodorus*, desir'd him that he would lead him to his Cave; which at first he refus'd: but on a sudden checking himself, Come, my Lord (said he to him) come, for it is not fit for me to belye my self, and after having affirm'd that vertue may be preserv'd in solitude, to shew you only a wild and uncivil vertue. After this *Andronodorus* led *Cloranisbes* by a small path little trodden; before his Cave he found a little rustical Garden, but very neat, and in the Cave a Bed of Bulrushes woven together, Seats of the same, some Books

which he had borrow'd of the Prieſt, and Writing-Tables. Then *Andronodorus* took his turn to ask *Cloranisbes*, who he was? and this illuſtrious exile related his fortune to him. Upon which *Andronodorus*, who wiſht he could make Hermits of all the men in the World, ſet himſelf to perſwade him ſo earneſtly not to offer to reſiſt the will of the Gods, that he fell to tell him a hundred things, whereof I cannot refrain from telling you part. I beſeech you (ſaid he to *Cloranisbes*) ſuffer not your ſelf to run into that general error of all men, who will always force their deſtiny. Reſign your ſelf to the conduct of the Gods, and know that true Wiſdom conſiſts only in this. As long as I was in my own Countrey, I behav'd my ſelf like a good Patriot; but ſince Fortune caſt me into a ſtrange one, without ſubſiſtence and without any ſanctuary, I made my ſelf one, and have found a ſafer in poverty and ſolitude, than I could have done elſewhere. For ſince I came hither, I have deceiv'd no perſon, and none has deceiv'd me. The error of all men, is blindly to ſeek that which they have not; they who have no tranquillity, deſire it, but do not that which is requiſite to obtain it; and they who have, are weary of it, and think they ſhould be happier in a more turbulent way of life. When we are children, we long to be a little advanced in age; when we are very old, we wiſh we could again become Children; and when we are in the prime age of our lives, we never conſider what we have been, nor what we muſt be, nor many times too, what we are; but only addict our ſelves to find out pleaſures, which are ſo momentany, that we ſcarce know whether they are pleaſures or no, becauſe ordinarily ſorrow follows them ſo cloſe, that it extinguiſhes all their ſweetneſs. Thus, *Cloranisbes*, you ſee what the World is, which you have ſo much regret to be baniſht from. But, wiſe *Andronodorus* (anſwer'd he) as I am far from your age, ſo I am from your wiſdom; and therefore I ſhould find it a hard matter not to ſtrive all I could againſt my bad fortune. But, who told you that it is bad? (ſaid *Andronodorus*) do you know the ſecrets of deſtiny? and is it not your duty to conform your ſelf to it? We have ſometimes ſeen people think that they were out of their way, who in the mean time eſcap'd being overwhelm'd under the ruines of a houſe which had fallen upon them if they had follow'd the ordinary way. Therefore 'tis the grand ſecret, as I told you, to ſubmit to the decree of Heaven, and to have ſo noble a ſoul, and ſo rational a mind, as to be always ready to paſs from good to bad fortune, from riches to poverty, from health to ſickneſs, from liberty to ſervitude, and from life to death. This certainly is that which *Pythagoras* intended to ſignifie by his Metempſychoſis or tranſmigration of ſouls; for no doubt he only meant to intimate, that the ſoul of man could not be all things. 'Tis fit then not to reſiſt our deſtiny, it behoves us to ſubmit to it; if the Gods will that you live at Court, they will draw you thither, whether you endeavour it or no; and if they do not, you will but torment your ſelf in vain. But in brief, not to repeat to you all the diſcourſe of the ſolitary *Andronodorus* to *Cloranisbes*, I ſhall tell you that he comforted him, and that *Cloranisbes* reſolving to comply with his fortune without tormenting himſelf more, contracted a friendſhip with this wiſe old man to whom he offer'd his houſe to retire into, which he would not accept, and return'd home without caring for any other counſel but that of *Artamidorus*. And therefore he writ to his Friends at *Utica*, that they would give over ſoliciting for his revocation, telling them it was ſufficient if they only maintain'd that he had done nothing to deſerve his diſfavour, and that he deſir'd nothing more from their aſſiſtance. He writ this to them ſo earneſtly, that they obey'd his pleaſure; and as Princes eaſily enough forget what they do not ſee, and delight in, the Prince of *Carthage* no longer thought of *Cloranisbes*. For my part I much regretted him; for I was his Friend; but, in fine, it behov'd him to comfort himſelf for his abſence, and I comforted my ſelf ſweetly enough with two or three Miſtreſſes, which I courted about that time. Nevertheleſs, as jovial as you ſee me, I can aſſure you *Cloranisbes* was better pleas'd with me than with any of his Friends; for I had the confidence to ask the Prince's permiſſion to go ſee him in his Deſart, though I knew well enough that the Princeſs of *Carthage* was offended at it. In the mean time *Cloranisbes* delighted himſelf in his ſolitude with embelliſhing his houſe, which he made very agreeable; he alſo addicted himſelf much to reading; and having ſlaves that were skill'd in Muſick, he diverted himſelf very innocently. The firſt time I viſited him, I found him ſo merry, ſo ſatisfied with his retirement, in ſo good health, and with ſuch tranquillity of mind, that I took occaſion to jeſt with him about it. How? (ſaid I to him) *Cloranisbes*, ſo goodly a perſon, ſo full of wit, ſo rational, ſo fit for ſociety and gallantry, be happy with Meadows, Rivers, Woods and Fountains? What? can *Cloranisbes* be ſo jovial as I ſee him, without Nymphs, without Ladies, without Shepherdeſſes, and without having ſo much as one poor *Iris*? Yes (anſwer'd he, ſmiling) and I am ſo pleas'd in having no need of any but my ſelf to be happy, as no man can be more. I confeſs to you, I laugh'd at his wiſdom; I gave him the hearing of all that his Hermite had ſaid to him, but he did not convert me; I left him to his opinion, and carried back my own. Six months after, I went again to viſit him; but I found him much chang'd, he ſeem'd ſad and paler than ordinary; and though he was more decent, and even more magnificent than I had ſeen him formerly, yet I perceiv'd well ſomething troubled his mind. Methinks (ſaid I to him aſſoon as I obſerv'd it) your countenance tells me your felicity of ſolitude has not laſted you very long. *Cloranisbes* ſmil'd to hear me ſpeak thus, but though he told me he was ſick, yet I knew that his malady was rather in mind than body. But being I was to ſtay with him ſome days, I would not preſs him too much at firſt, and we went to walk together upon a Terrace, the proſpect of which was very handſome. After which, having ſome orders to give to a Painter who was embelliſhing a Banqueting-houſe at the end of his Garden, he askt me liberty to go thither, and left me to walk whither I would. Wherefore having a purpoſe to inquire of a man that belong'd to him, with whom he intruſted many things, I went to ſeek him in the houſe, from one room to another, and not finding him, I ſtay'd at laſt in *Cloranisbes* cloſet which I found open. And being naturally curious, I could not ſee Verſes upon the Table without reading them; for knowing *Cloranisbes* made very good, and perceiving thoſe that lay there were written with his own hand, my curioſity was redoubled. So that taking them up, I read them with much pleaſure, becauſe they ſeem'd very amorous. But that which made me conſider them more, was, for that I accounted them an infallible proof that *Cloranisbes* was in love, and that his

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ſadneſs only proceeded from thence. At the ſame inſtant a conceit coming in my head to play a prank with him, I ſet my ſelf with all diligence to copy them out, and I was ſo happy that I had done tranſcribing them a good while before I found *Cloranisbes* again. For I went out of his Cloſet without being ſeen by any perſon, and going forth of the houſe enter'd into an Orchard to take a good long turn, feigning to ſeek for *Cloranisbes*, who at laſt met me. All the evening I found him ſufficiently ſad, though he endeavor'd to ſeem otherwiſe: I pretended to be a little weary and ſleepy, to the end I might retire in good time. So being led to my apartment, I was at liberty to execute the deſign I had. I ſpent all the evening in tranſlating thoſe Verſes into *Greek*; for I had formerly travell'd into *Greece*, and ſo had *Cloranisbes*. So that that language was not unknown to us.

Having paſs'd the night in this Tranſlation, I ſlept ſo late, that *Cloranisbes* fearing I was not well, came to my chamber, and ask'd me whether I were ſick, ſlothful, or ſleepy. I aſſure you (ſaid I to him, awaking my ſelf) I cannot tell you which; and beſides (added I) you were ſo penſive laſt night, that I imagin'd I ſhould do you a pleaſure in leaving you to entertain your own thoughts. You are not wont to be ſo complacent to the lofs of your own pleaſure (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) but however riſe, and let us walk. I obey'd him, and we went together into a Grove which is extremely agreeable. We had not gone a hundred paces in it, but turning my ſelf toward him, See, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid I to him) a very fit place to make Verſes in, and I doubt not but your leiſure has occaſion'd you to write excellent things. Solitary people (anſwer'd he) have ſo few ſubjects to write of, that their fancies furniſh them with nothing agreeable; for, to tell you the truth, 'tis ſo common to declaim againſt Fortune, that I would not chuſe it. For my part (reply'd I) Verſes that are not of Love, muſt be admirably good to pleaſe me; for ſince Verſes were no doubt invented for Love and Mirth, they muſt have ſomething of both, to charm me. But as to the matter of verſes (added I) I muſt ſhew you an Elegie that was given me, which in my conceit is very paſſionate, and I have made a Copy of them my ſelf, to give you. In ſpeaking this, I drew forth the Tranſlation which I had of *Cloranisbes* Elegy into *Greek* out of his own Language, which naturally is not very fit for Poetry. At firſt *Cloranisbes* took it without thinking to find any thing in it that he knew, but he had ſcarce read four Verſes, when looking upon me, Ha! *Amilcar* (ſaid he to me) ſee the greateſt chance in the world. How? (ſaid I to him very ſeriouſly.) The ſence of theſe four Verſes (reply'd he) agrees ſo exactly with four which I made, that nothing was ever ſeen ſo like. Such things always ſurpriſe when they happen (anſwer'd I coldly) but 'tis not very frequent; and I my ſelf (added I confidently) have made Verſes which I have found almoſt word for word in *Heſiod*, whom I had not read at the time when I made them. So that it could not be ſaid that they remain'd in my memory unwittingly, and that I believ'd I compos'd them though I only remembred them. Therefore 'tis not to be much wonder'd at, that your conceit ſhould jump with that of another; and when conformity is only in the ſence and not in the words, the chance is leſs marvellous. After this, *Cloranisbes* proceeded to read, but the more he read the more he was aſtoniſht, he ſtopt at each Verſe with incredible amazement, and not imagining it poſſible for me to have ſeen his Verſes, or having ſeen them, to have had time to tranſlate them, he made exclamations at every word, and having told me a hundred times, This is ſtrange, this is admirable, this is wonderful, this is incredible, and teſtified his amazement in all manners he could, he was, in fine, wholly aſtoniſht that I was not ſo at all. No doubt (added he) 'tis becauſe you believe there are ſome thoughts in the Verſes you ſhow me, which reſemble thoſe which I have made. I certainly believe ſo (anſwer'd I) and I wonder as much at your aſtoniſhment, as you do at the conformity of your Verſes with theſe which I ſhew you. Ha! *Amilcar* (cry'd he) you do not underſtand how the matter is, and to force you to admiration, mark well the Elegy which I am going to repeat to you, and if you do not find that the beginning, continuance, and end are the ſame, never believe me. After which *Cloranisbes* repeated his Elegy, and I taking my turn to feign aſtoniſhment, ſtopt at every Verſe, and made cries of admiration, which ſurpaſs'd all his before. But in fine (ſaid I to him, after he had done repeating the Elegy) it is impoſſible this ſhould be the effect of meer chance; you muſt have borrow'd this ſence from ſome other, or ſome other from you. *Cloranisbes* then fell to make a thouſand Oaths to me, that he had never before ſeen the Verſes which I ſhew'd him. It muſt be a long while then (ſaid I to him) ſince you compos'd yours; you gave Copies of them when you were in *Greece*, and ſome one that underſtands our Language, deſir'd to inrich his own with them. That cannot be (anſwer'd he) for 'tis but three days ago that theſe Verſes were made, and I have not ſhow'd them to any whatſoever. So that this accident muſt be look'd upon as a prodigy. But do you know (added he) who is the Author of thoſe Verſes which ſo much reſemble mine? No (anſwer'd I confidently) but a Kinſman of *Theſpis* ſent them to me by a Ship that came to *Utica*. But as far as I perceive (added I) you make Love-Verſes in your ſolitude.

But as far as I perceive (ſaid *Plotina* interrupting him) you intend that we ſhall not hear *Cloranisbes* Verſes, and you have forgot that *Valeria* underſtands the language into which you tranſlated them well enough to hear them with pleaſure. I have not forgotten any thing that is lovely in you (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but becauſe I was but the Tranſlator of thoſe Verſes, I durſt not ſhew you them unleſs you had commanded me, though I ſomething deſir'd it. But ſince you have ſome curioſity for them, you ſhall have them in your own language; for when I began to underſtand it, I tranſlated them a ſecond time in this manner. See then what were the ſentiments of *Cloranisbes*.

Elegy to *Melantha*.

IT was within a pleaſing ſolitude,
Where free from cares and from inquietude,
My thoughts an undiſturb'd ſerenene ſs found,
And in themſelves my eaſie wiſhes crown'd.
A goodly plain, a Meadow flowry fair,
With the ſoft courtſhip of the perfum'd air,
Cenſing the fields, or bubbling ſtreams that paſs
O're pebbles; or that thrid the matted graſs;

The charming notes of birds that move delight,
And the more charming silence of the night,
Courts noiseful pleasures taught me to despise,
And joys of undesigning shades to prize.
There I without ambition, love, or strife,
Pass'd the soft minutes of a careless life;
Until Melantha's *fatal beauty found*
My desart out; straight from th'unhappy ground
Away the disinchanted pleasures flew,
And rest for ever had my Soul adieu.
Since then my mind by melancholy seiz'd,
And raging pangs of jealousie diseas'd,
Like a crack'd Mirrour thousand forms doth shew
Of Rivals, whom Melantha *never knew.*
My lightest wish was death, hopeless to move
That heart that only could ambition love.
And still the more I pay'd profound respect,
My slighted service found the more neglect;
As if my adoration were a crime,
Or dying sighs were murmurs out of time.
And yet obdurate as she is, I find
No other passion can divert my mind
While she not pitying my forlorn estate
Can find no easier object for her hate.
If it be so, ye Gods, I only crave
That last relief despairing Lovers have.
May grief destroy me, and Melantha *find*
A Victime fit for her ambitious mind.

If *Cleranisbes*'s Verses (said *Valerius*) be as passionate as yours, he must certainly have been very amorous. For my part (added *Platina*) I do not doubt of it; for *Amilcar*'s Verses are ordinarily more sprightly than these, but not so passionate. However (added she, turning towards him) proceed if you please to the sequel of the History of *Cleranisbes*; for I extremely long to know whether he told you upon whom he made these so amorous Verses.

I am so desirous to obey you, Madam (answer'd *Amilcar*) that I will not stay to answer the illusive commendation you have given the Verses which I make. To return therefore where I was, I shall tell you, that turning my self towards *Cleranisbes*, But as far as I perceive (said I to him) you make Love-Verses in your solitude, and make them as well as if you were amorous. Nevertheless I do not much believe that you can be so, for to speak truth, there are not many *African* Ladies to be found in the Countrey that are fit to take such hearts as that of *Cleranisbes*. Alas! (answer'd he sighing) I thought indeed to live in safety in my Desart: but, to my unhappiness, I have seen so divine a person here, that I have not been able to resist her charms. Then I press'd *Cleranisbes* to tell me who that fair one was, where he had seen her, and how he became in Love with her: for as for the name of *Melantha* which you give her in your Verses (said I to him) I know 'tis but a name of love. *Cleranisbes* told me that since he was banisht he had seen but two or three of his Friends, and my self, who had visited him twice, excepting the solitary *Andronodorus* whom he saw very frequently, till one day, walking in a great Waste that leads to the way which goes to *Massilia*, he beheld a handsome slave, who saluting him respectfully, told him, some Ladies of quality desir'd him to permit them to see his Garden. Wherefore having not yet forgot to be civil, he answer'd him that he should joyfully receive the honour which they would do his house. But that he might not fail in the respect which it behov'd him to give them, he ask'd the slave their names; and was told that there was the wife of a man of chief quality of *Massilia* at a house not far distant from his; that this Lady's name was *Cyrene*; that she had her daughter with her who was nam'd *Lysonice*, and two of her kinswomen who dwelt with her. The slave added also that, to divert them, *Cyrene* purposed to let them see all the fair houses thereabours. Upon which *Cleranisbes* sending the slave back speedily, prepar'd himself to receive these Ladies in the best manner he could, though it was something troublesome to him at that time to be oblig'd to spend a day in Ceremony; for in the humour he was in then, he could have lik'd better to see a Painter at work whom he had in his house, or hear a slave sing that belong'd to him and had an excellent voice, or entertain himself with a Book, or his own thoughts, than to receive Ladies whom he believ'd he should never see more than this time. Nevertheless in consideration of civility, he order'd his servants to make preparation to receive them. And then causing a handsome horse to be brought to him, he rid to meet them as far as he could. When he approach'd their Chariot he first beheld *Cyrene*, who though of good age seem'd to him to have a graceful countenance. But presently after all that were with her lifting up their Vails, he saw the charming *Lysonice* her daughter, and he saw her so beautiful, that his eyes were dazled, his heart was mov'd, and his reason almost wholly laid aside at that moment, so that he had like to have made his complement to *Lysonice* without speaking at all to *Cyrene* or her Friends, who were notwithstanding very amiable. Yet at length he recollected himself from his dumb admiration; and beginning to speak, I would not have believ'd, Madam, (said *Cleranisbes* to *Cyrene*) that an unfortunate Exile could have receiv'd so great an honour; and if I could have foreseen it, I would have endeavour'd to put my Desart in a condition to divert so fair a company. Since we find you in it, (answer'd *Cyrene* obligingly) we have nothing more to desire. For my part (added one of her Kinswomen, whose name was *Pasilia*) when the Master of the house is a person of merit, I do not much care to find that the Garden-plots and walks are not decently kept. I am altogether of your mind (added a sprightly Virgin nam'd *Delisia*.) And as for me (said the fair *Lysonice*) I have at present the greatest consolation in the World, in seeing an Exile who is neither savage or incivil; for whereas we our selves are Exiles, it makes me hope that we shall preserve some civility in our Desart, since *Cleranisbes* has retain'd so much in his. What? Madam (cry'd *Cleranisbes* looking upon *Lysonice*) can such a person as you be exil'd? If it be so, it must needs be only because your beauty is too redoubtable to those that banish you. *Cleranisbes* had no sooner said this, but *Lysonice* blusht, and he perceiv'd it would have been better to have spoken of the worth of Ladies in general than of *Lysonice* in particular; but it was not in his power to repress his first sentiment. But *Cyrene*, to interrupt the praises given her daughter, entreated *Cleranisbes* that he would do them the favour to let them see his house. And so, they went thither-wards slowly, continuing their discourse.

Cyrene told *Cleranisbes* that the King of *Massilia* had banisht the valiant *Bostar* her Husband by the artifices of some enviers he had in this Court, and that having

having been sent to a house of his own upon the frontier, he had obey'd, and arriv'd there only fifteen days ago. *Cloraniſbes* heard with pleasure that which *Cyrene* said to him; and though he knew no reason for it, yet he was glad that *Lyſonice* was an Exile, and that he had some conformity with so fair a person. At length having pass'd a great Waste and two Courts, this fair company alighted before a stately entrance of stone-steps: for though the Architecture of this house is something barbarous, 'tis notwithstanding magnificent. For instead of the Statues of the Graces, *Venus*, *Diana*, or *Apollo*, as in other places, here were represented huge Lyons, Tygers and Panthers; and in imboss'd imagery, Crocodiles devouring passengers, frays of savage beasts, and shapes of the most extraordinary monsters that have been seen in *Africa*. But, in fine, this house is very handsome though built after the ancient mode; so that *Cyrene* commended it with as much earnestness as a person could do that desir'd to please the Master of it. I beseech you, Madam (said *Cloraniſbes* to her) do not so extol a thing which does not deserve it; for I am none of those who seek to be commended for what has been made by Architects who are dead many ages ago; and if you have any thing to commend me for, it must be (added he smiling) for not having lov'd Lyons, Tygers and Panthers so much as my Ancestors. In speaking this, he oblig'd *Cyrene* to enter into a Hall, the painting of which was newly finish'd, where the history of *Diana* was admirably represented. It not being usual in *Massilia* to see such rare Pictures, all the Ladies were charm'd with those, and stay'd a good time to behold them, during which they all made it apparent that they were infinitely ingenious, and especially *Lyſonice*. After this *Cloraniſbes* caus'd them to pass into a Chamber hung with Tapestry of *Sydon*, for having been a great Traveller, he had renounc'd the simplicity of *Numidia*. Then he led them into a Cabinet open on three sides, the prospect of which was very handsome; it was full of Pictures, Books, and Musical Instruments; and round about it were Cushions wrought with flowers, and a plat of Seabull-rushes cover'd the floor. But as far as I perceive (said *Lyſonice* pleasantly when the company was all set) you purpose to be eternally banish'd, by so delightfully adorning your Desart. Yet I am not of your humour, for I shall always so fancie to my self to return to the Court in a few days, that I look upon all the deformities of a disorder'd house as things which comfort me, and assure me I shall not stay long there. You are so fit for the World (answer'd *Cloraniſbes*) that 'tis not to be wonder'd if you love it: but you are also so amiable, that you ought never to fear solitude in what place soever you be. I know not whether I can fear solitude (reply'd she) but I am sure I very much fear bad company; and that which makes me dislike continuing in the Countrey, is not so much the fear of seeing no body, as of seeing people that displease me. I believe what you say (answer'd *Deliſia*) but I believe too that you love agreeable company. I grant it (reply'd she) but I had rather not see any whatsoever, than see some whom I dislike. Did you consider well what you say, Daughter (said *Cyrene* smiling) you would not speak so positively. Indeed (added *Paſilia*) they who have so ambitious a soul as you, can never think it possible for themselves to conform to solitude; which is a way repugnant to ambition. I beseech you (said *Lyſonice*) do not use railery upon me before such a person as *Cloraniſbes*, who does not know me so well as to discern how far he ought to believe you. No, no, Madam (answer'd *Cloraniſbes*) do not fear that I think any thing of you which is not to your advantage; for your beauty so powerfully disposes hearts to judge favourably of you, that I find I cannot believe any thing against you. Since 'tis so (said *Lyſonice*, perceiving her Mother was talking to *Paſilia* at a window) I defie you to speak all that you please. Then I shall tell *Cloraniſbes* (said *Deliſia* to whom she spoke) what a dispute we had by the way as we came hither; and I believe, as prepossess'd as he is with your beauty, he will not acknowledge that your sentiment is more just than mine. We shall see that (answer'd *Lyſonice* coldly.) I beseech you (said *Cloraniſbes* then to *Deliſia*) do not force me to be against you. Provided you will swear to me (answer'd she) that you will judge sincerely and and without partiality, I desire no more of you; and without so much as expecting your oath, you shall know that, after much discourse too long to relate, *Lyſonice* gave us to understand that she should like better to marry a King whom she hated, and who should always hate her, than a man whom she lov'd, and who always should love her, if he were of a mean fortune. The meanness of mine (reply'd *Cloraniſbes*) no doubt ought to make me declare against *Lyſonice*, but since I judge nothing according to my own interests, I cannot resolve to condemn her without first hearing her.

For my part (said *Lyſonice*) since inclination is a thing which arises in us without the help of our reason, I might, if I would, dispense with speaking any thing upon this matter; but however, I will acknowledge ingenuously, that ambition seems to me the most noble passion of all. I know not, whether it be the most noble (answer'd *Cloraniſbes*) but I know well it is not the most sweet. Be it what it will (said she) I apprehend a thousand pleasures in seeing ones self above all those that surround us, and I fancy endless discontentment in a mean fortune. As for me (said *Deliſia*) I should account my self more happy with a plain Shepherd whom I lov'd, than with a King whom I hated. If I hated his person (answer'd *Lyſonice*) I should love the degree he advanc'd me to, and his greatness. But if I lov'd a Shepherd (reply'd *Deliſia*) I should be contented with his fortune, I should love him even to his Cottage, and I should be more happy in seeing him feed his Flocks by a River side, than you would be upon the Throne, if you shar'd it with a Prince whom you hated. Believe me (answer'd *Lyſonice*); Love is a fine thing in Verses and in Pictures; but considering it a little profoundly, I think all the blessings of it are very imaginary. If you examine ambition aright (reply'd *Deliſia*) you will see that all the favours of Fortune do not affect the Soul sensibly. 'Tis true (said *Cloraniſbes*) the desires of Love proceed directly from the heart, but those of ambition only from the mind. I do not understand these distinctions very well (answer'd *Lyſonice*) but I know, the thought of being a Queen flatters my heart pleasingly; and that of being lov'd makes no great impression in my mind. 'Tis because you do not conceive (reply'd *Cloraniſbes*) there can be any thing in the World worthy of being lov'd by you; and because 'tis more easie for you to imagine that there should be a King so just as to make you a Queen, and give you a Crown which Fortune has not given you. You draw your self very civilly out of this matter (said *Lyſonice*) but nevertheless, I know

know you judge me too ambitious, and therefore I will not give you leisure to explain your self more clearly, for fear *Delisia* triumph to my disadvantage; moreover, 'tis fit to mind my Mother, that we have not too much time to see the Gardens of so fair a house, and to return home. And so rising up, she oblig'd *Cyrene* to go walk, and this lovely company went to see the Gardens, the Orchards, and a Grove which was behind them; but they were much surpris'd to find a very noble and handsome Collation in a Banquetting-house which stood in the middle of the Grove. With which while these Ladies were entertain'd, they were delighted with the noise of a little consort of Countrey-Musick, very agreeably. And after it was ended, the Musician which belong'd to *Cleranisbes*, sung admirably well; by which time it was grown late, and so the Ladies went away extremely satisfied with the civility, wit, and magnificence of *Cleranisbes*, who with several of his Attendants conducted them half their way. When he left, *Cyrene* desir'd him to go and visit them, and he told her, that having intended to request her permission to do it, he should not fail to obey her: after which they parted. *Cleranisbes*, as he return'd home, was sufficiently pensive, though he did not imagine that he was fallen in Love. Yet the idea of *Lysonice* accompanied him in all places; which, being it was agreeable, he did not care to extinguish out of his memory, but on the contrary entertain'd it with pleasure. The next day going to see a Painter work, whom he had in his house, he found him more merry than ordinary; of which desiring to know the cause, Whence comes it (said he to him) that I see you so joyful? My Lord (answer'd he) I have been a whole moneth seeking in my fancy for an air of a head to make a *Venus*, and could not hit upon one; but I found one yesterday without trouble; for whilst the Ladies were at the Collation in the Banqueting house of the Grove, I stole the Picture of her they nam'd *Lysonice*. How? (said *Cleranisbes* surpris'd) could you make any thing that resembles her? Yes, my Lord (answer'd he) and upon the plain design which I made yesterday, I am confident to make an excellent Picture for resemblance. I pray do not execute your intention (said *Cleranisbes* smiling) for it would disturb my quiet, if I saw *Lysonice*'s Picture often. Nevertheless, *Cleranisbes* ask him to shew him the draught which he had made, and found it very much resembling. He also desir'd to keep it; but the Painter who had a *Venus* to make, was so importunate with him, that he was constrain'd to let him have it to make use of for his intended Piece.

The next day *Cleranisbes* went to see *Andronodorus*, and told him of the Adventure he had had; for after he had reveal'd him of his ambition, he gave him an account of whatever happen'd to him. But he had no sooner done relating to him the visit he had receiv'd, but the wise Hermit taking his turn to speak, Ha! *Cleranisbes* (said he to him) have a care of your self; for love is not much better than ambition, and if I am not mistaken, your heart has more propensity to submit to the Tyranny of the one than of the other. I confess it wise *Andronodorus* (answer'd *Cleranisbes*) in this case methinks 'tis so easie for my Reason to defend my heart, that I ought not to fear being surpris'd. For *Lysonice* and I have so different interests, that I think it is not easie for Love and Fortune joyn'd together to unite us; and besides, I have already perceiv'd *Lysonice* has a very ambitious Soul, and so it would be in vain for an Exile to offer to become her Servant. Yet, I say once more have a care of your self (reply'd *Andronodorus*) for if there be no other obstacles than those you mention, to keep you from being in love, you are so already; for 'tis certain, difficulty produces a greater progress towards love than facility. Beware then to fortifie your Reason well, if you mind not to lose the contentment you have obtain'd. But do you think (said *Cleranisbes*) there is no Love commendable? I think there may be (answer'd this wise old man) and I grant there is nothing more excellent than a lawful, tender, and constant Love: but *Cleranisbes*, where will you find two persons that Love one another, who have minds so generous, hearts so tender, and Souls so constant, as to love one another ardently and for ever? And yet without all these conditions, Love is but a weakness, a crime and a folly. So that, considering the almost impossibility to find a woman which deserves to be lov'd, or knows how to love, 'tis best for a man to preserve his liberty. Love founded upon beauty can never out-live it, and many times dies before it: Love which is establisht out of vanity, is but vanity it self, and cannot last: that which proceeds from the interests of Fortune, is nothing but covetousness, that which is inspir'd only by youth, passes away with it, and is nothing but levity and inconstancy: that which arises from the temper or constitution, is blind, gross, and brutish: and there is none durable or commendable, but that which is produc'd by vertue. Defend your self then couragiously against Love, if you believe me, and suffer not your self to be surpris'd by so dangerous an Enemy. Do not flatter your self with the thought that there may be calm Loves; for,

As spring without West-winds has never been,
So Love without desires was never seen.

Therefore enjoy the quiet in which you are, *Cleranisbes*, and remember that flight is the only course that can secure you.

The discourse of *Andronodorus* very much mov'd *Cleranisbes*; and yet he could not resolve to forbear giving a visit to *Cyrene* and *Lysonice*, but he really purposed to go thither but once. At his return home, he found his Painter had finisht the head of his *Venus*, and that this Picture so much resembled *Lysonice* that it was the same. His heart was mov'd with it, and he could not behold it without pleasure and disturbance; nevertheless, at the same time he laught at himself for his weakness, and so went to his rest. But the next morning he could not keep himself from going again to *Lysonice*'s Picture, and the day following he went to the house of the valiant *Bostar*, father of this fair person, who receiv'd him with extraordinary caresses, and led him to the apartment of *Cyrene*, where *Lysonice*, *Pasilia*, and *Delisia* were. Whereas he had receiv'd these Ladies with much civility before, they receiv'd him so now; and this obliging reception adding something to the charms of *Lysonice*, prov'd a further engagement of the heart of *Cleranisbes*. At first *Bostar* began to discourse about their common misfortunes, by which they were both exil'd; complaining that Princes ordinarily think themselves dispens'd with from ingratitude, and that they owe nothing to those which serve them; then, lamenting their unhappiness, in that they can scarce ever distinguish flatterers from their true friends, not know the clear truth; and which is worst, care not to know it, being

being willing to be deceiv'd but not recompenſe ſuch as are faithful to them; and finally, in that they do more good to thoſe that hurt them, than to thoſe that have done them ſervice. But after this *Boſtar* being retir'd upon occaſion of ſome buſineſs, the converſation was chang'd, and became pleaſant, mirthful, and divertiſing, that *Cloranisbes*, to his unhappineſs, judg'd this converſe more delightful than with the ſolitary *Andronodorus*. He offer'd to return home at night, but *Boſtar* and *Cyrene* detain'd him till the next day: whereby having had more time to know *Lyſonice*'s wit, he was ſo taken with it, that he perceiv'd it would be very troubleſome to him to reſiſt her. All her diſcourſe was agreeable, and though ſhe had a little vehemence in her mind, yet her eyes ſhew'd ſo much ſweetneſs, and that vehemence was ſo ſprightly, that ſhe made it part of her gracefulneſs.

Thus *Cloranisbes* who went thither free, return'd home without almoſt the leaſt doubting of his Captivity. Yet he ſtay'd ſix days before he went again to the houſe of *Boſtar*, during which the poor *Andronodorus* dy'd. This loſs afflicted him, and perhaps would have hindred him from returning ſo ſoon to *Cyrene*'s houſe, if all thoſe fair exile, had not ſent a complement to oblige him to viſit them. His ſadneſs being diſcernable in his countenance, they askt him the cauſe of it; which having told them, *Lyſonice* ſpoke with aſtoniſhment concerning ſuch as confine themſelves to eternal ſolitude, not being able to comprehend how 'tis poſſible for any one to renounce ſociety for ever. But ſhe ſpoke ſo ingeniouſly, that though her diſcourſe was repugnant to the ſentiments *Cloranisbes* had at that time, he was an exceeding admirer of her. But not to inſiſt upon ſuch ſmall matters, having greater to tell you, The more *Cloranisbes* beheld *Lyſonice*, the more charming he found her, and became the more amorous.

Shortly after *Boſtar* took his turn to viſit him, and ſo did all the Ladies, who were extremely amaz'd to ſee the Picture of *Lyſonice* at his houſe. This beautiful Virgin immediately bluſht at the ſight of it, and askt *Cloranisbes* where he took it. When you have told me (anſwer'd he ſoftly) fair *Lyſonice* where you have put the heart you have taken from me, I ſhall tell you how I came by your Picture. Believe me *Cloranisbes* (reply'd ſhe) if you had my Picture no more than I have your heart, you would not have it at all. You mean, Madam (anſwer'd he) that you would not have it be yours. In good earneſt (ſaid ſhe to him) I conceive women in baniſhment do not much mind taking of hearts; and men in the ſame condition have enough to do to ſupport their adverſity, without ſuffering them to be taken imprudently. Ah! too charming *Lyſonice* (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) 'tis always pertinent to love you. This little converſation was at this time interrupted; for *Cyrene*, *Deliſia*, and *Paſilia*, who had ſtay'd to conſider the Picture, came and joyn'd with them; but, in fine, though what *Cloranisbes* ſaid to *Lyſonice* might have been taken only in the way of gallantry, yet he was glad he had ſpoken. As for *Lyſonice*, ſhe made no reflection upon it at that time. I do not tell you that *Cloranisbes* gave this fair company all the divertiſement, that could be had in the Countrey: but I aſſure you he became deſperately amorous of *Lyſonice*; and having the counſels of *Andronodorus* no longer, the remembrance of thoſe he had formerly given him was too weak to withſtand the charms of this admirable Lady, whom then he ſaw very frequently. Moreover he ſought an opportunity to ſpeak to her of his growing paſſion, and found it; but ſhe receiv'd him ſo fiercely, that he was more miſerable after he had diſcover'd his love to her than before. Believe me, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid ſhe to him one day when he conjur'd her to ſuffer him to love her) Love is not ſuitable for the unhappy, nor does it belong to the unfortunate to love one another; it would be too much to have complaints to make both of Fortune and Love at the ſame time. Ha! Madam (ſaid *Cloranisbes* to her) I am perſwaded you cannot but have a great averſion for me; for if it were not ſo, you would on the contrary find there would be ſome ſweetneſs to your ſelf in raigning abſolutely in my heart, and that love is a conſolation of all ſorts of infelicities. No, no, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid ſhe to him) do not imagine I have any averſion for you, for I aſſure you I know very well all the excellent qualities you are indu'd with; but you are an Exile, and ſo am I; I love the World; I am ambitious, and I hate ſolitude: judge then, whether, as things now ſtand, 'tis poſſible for you to render me happy. But, Madam (anſwer'd he) Fortune may change, and 'tis eaſie for me not to be perpetually in baniſhment. Nor but that I could eaſily diſpenſe with the World if I enjoy'd you (added he) but ſince you love it, I will love it too for your ſake, I will hate Solitude, and Love ſhall anew inſpire me with ambition.

Thus (amiable *Plotina*) ſtood the caſe of *Cloranisbes* with *Lyſonice*, when I was at his houſe, when I found thoſe Love-verſes, and when I play'd the prank of tranſlating them, to perplex him. After this afflicted Lover had related to me all that I have rehears'd to you, he complain'd of his unhappineſs in a moſt paſſionate manner. For, my dear *Amilcar* (ſaid he to me) no man alive can love more ardently than I do; none can have leſs hope than I have; and finally, none can reſent greater torment. I know *Lyſonice* has ſeveral Lovers at the Court of *Maſſilia*, who beſtir themſelves to their power to make *Boſtar*'s peace: ſo that if he be recall'd, I ſhall loſe *Lyſonice* for ever, and live in my Deſart tormented with love, jealouſie and deſpair. *Boſtar*, without doubt, does not hate me (added he) *Cyrene* loves me very tenderly; and *Paſilia* and *Deliſia* are for me; but *Lyſonice*, with all her eſteem, is ſenſible to nothing but ambition. But however (ſaid I) is not her heart ſenſible of joy? Yes (anſwer'd he) and I know not whether it be partly becauſe ſhe loves pleaſures and is very ambitious. If you credit me (reply'd I) inſtead of complaining continually as you do, ſtudy to divert her, carry me to *Boſtar*'s houſe, to whom I will give hope of your return to *Utica*, and ſuffer me a little to obſerve your Miſtreſs. But if you ſhould go and become my Rival (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) I ſhould be much more unhappy. If I ſhould (reply'd I ſmiling) it would be probably for ſo ſhort a time, that I ſhould not have leiſure to prejudice you. For beſides that 'tis ſeldom I have any long Loves, I am to ſtay here but eight days; ſo that my abſence would cure me of my paſſion.

At that time, charming *Plotina*, you had not yet taught me to love conſtantly. But, in fine, *Cloranisbes* promis'd to carry me the day following to *Boſtar*'s houſe. Where accordingly, I found that *Cyrene* was a handſome woman, to whom one might ſtill offer an idle heart, without being lyable to blame; I found *Paſilia* very amiable, *Deliſia* infinitely agreeable, and

and *Lysonice* so fair and so charming, that if my Friend had not lov'd her, I should have infallibly become her servant. But because I would not augment his miseries, I hastned as much as possibly I could to make choice between *Pasilia* and *Delisia*. And having well consider'd them both, I fix'd my self upon *Delisia*. Whereas I came from the Court, *Lysonice* receiv'd me with joy; and when I said I believ'd *Cloranisbes* was likely to be recall'd speedily, she treated him a little better that day than ordinary. Moreover, I describ'd the Court of *Utica* to her so gallant, and the vicinity of *Carthage* so commodious and pleasant, that me thought, if *Cloranisbes* were recall'd, she would easily resolve to marry him. In the Interim, it being my happiness to please all this fair company, *Bostar* propos'd to us to stay at his house, during the eight days allotted me to abide with *Cloranisbes*. Wherefore, conceiving it would be advantageous to my Friend if we accepted his offer, I carri'd the matter so handsomly, that they seem'd almost to force us to stay there. In this time I lov'd *Delisia*, I did not hate *Pasilia*, I was very complacential to *Cyrene*, and I also lov'd a yonng *Phœnician* Virgin who came to *Bostar*'s house, and whose name was *Phelinice*. She is indeed a very lovely Lady, of an indifferent stature, but extreme well shap'd; she has a round visage, a little dimple in her chin, a lively complexion, a somewhat high forehead, a handsome mouth, a very pleasing smile, black and sparkling eyes, purely white hands, and hair of the fairest bright chesnut, that ever was seen; which is very rare in that Countrey. But though *Phelinice* be always very agreeable, yet she is infinitely more upon one of these days in which she has a certain sweet and a little caressing complacency, which becomes her admirably. She is naturally good, discreet, and generous; she is both debonair and melancholy; she is very ingenious, and is capable of more things than many others who make greater ostentation than she. Pleasure is sufficiently sutable to her inclination, though she can dispense with it when 'tis fitting to do so; as for her friends, she loves them well, but yet a little less than she thinks, because she does not believe her self so well belov'd by them as she really is; and having taken up a conceit, that true friendship may be without an absolute confiding intimacy, it is hard for her to escape the upbraidings of her Friends. Yet this does not hinder her from being very amiable and very worthy to be lov'd; and therefore I lov'd her at least as much as *Delisia* and *Pasilia*. But being she was but one day with us, I was quit of her for four and twenty hours love.

The eight days we stay'd there, were spent very delightfully; for having no other design but to divert our selves, we satisfied our desires, notwithstanding all the ambition of *Lysonice*. We went a hunting and a fishing, we walkt, we made jovial Sonnets, and extemporary Verses; we sometimes talk'd seriously, and many times otherwise, and, in brief, we had very divertising conversations. That which often render'd them agreeable, was, for that there liv'd rustical people in the places adjacent, whose countrey modes made *Lysonice* desperate, and gave her occasion to declare against the Countrey very agreeably. But forasmuch as I know well enough how to counterfeit all sorts of people, I diverted her sufficiently in conversing with these people, as if I had been one of them. For I could imitate their looks, speak their language, and transform my self absolutely into a noble Bumkin. And by this folly I drew pleasure from a thing which otherwise would have been very disgustful to her.

In the mean time *Cloranisbes* imploy'd all his endeavours to win the heart of *Lysonice*; he knew well that she esteem'd him, and nothing was so prejudicial to him as his quality of being an Exile: but this difficulty was in a manner insuperable, and made him extremely unhappy. And the more, because he durst not hope to make his peace with the Prince of *Carthage*; for I had given him to understand that it was the Princess who was his chief enemy. However, he dissembled his sentiments, and omitted nothing whereby he might please *Lysonice*. But at length the eight days being ended, I departed, and I dare say, *Cloranisbes* and I left behind us some regret for our absence. For my part, I was melancholy till I return'd to *Utica*, but especially at my leaving of *Cloranisbes* amidst the inquietudes of his violent affection. I promis'd him at parting, to do him all the service lay in my power, and indeed I did not fail of my word. And I had a better opportunity to do it than at any time before, because the Princess of *Carthage*, who alone had procur'd *Cloranisbes* disgrace, was now out of favour with the Prince her self, and constrain'd to retire into the Countrey. I forgot to tell you, that when I took leave of *Cloranisbes*, I promis'd him not to discover his passion to any, nor so such as to say I had seen *Lysonice*; and that in my return, the Painter who had workt for him in his Desart, follow'd me and came to *Utica*. For that *Cloranisbes* had desir'd me to assist him as much as I could, I did not fail to do so; and he soon got imployment.

Now the Prince of *Carthage* having some secret design to make War, and knowing that *Bostar* was banisht from the Court of the King his Master, that he liv'd not far from *Cloranisbes*, and had a very strong place which belong'd to him, he purposed to gain him to his interest, to the end to make him declare for them; wherefore having happily dispos'd him to recall *Cloranisbes*, I acted so dextrously that he gave me Commission to send to my Friend that he might return. This news made *Cloranisbes* both joyful and sorrowful; for knowing his exile was an obstacle to him to be lov'd by *Lysonice*, he was glad for being recall'd to Court; but then he was on the other side extremely afflicted, for that he could not cease to be an exile without being absent from his Mistress. Nevertheless whereas this absence might possibly prove to the advantage of his Love, he resolv'd upon it, and went to take his leave of *Bostar*, *Cyrene*, *Lysonice*, and the Ladies his Friends. He promis'd them to return to see them, and desir'd their permission to write to them. *Lysonice* was more pleasing towards him this day, than she had been ever before, and having an opportunity to entertain her apart for a quarter of an hour, Suffer me, Madam (said he to her) to complain of the joy which the end of my banishment gives you. You ought rather to thank me for it (said she to him) for 'tis a sign that I sensibly interest my self in your happiness. But, Madam (reply'd he) is it possible for one that has given you his heart to be happy when he is absent from you? I know not whether or no you will be happy at *Utica* (answer'd she) but I know well you would have been always unhappy here. But, *Cloranisbes* (added this fair Virgin) I will not have you go away ill satisfied of me; know then, that I am perswaded, when one loves another ardently, he ought always to study more to content him, than his own pleasure; and so, when a Lover studies only to enjoy his Mistress,

Miſtreſs, without conſidering whether he can render her fortune happy, he loves but imperfectly. Therefore conceiving that adverſity and love cannot ſubſiſt together, I have been unwilling to encourage the affection you pretend towards me, for fear of increaſing your unhappineſs. But, in fine, I eſteem you infinitely, and if I were capable of love, I doubt not but I ſhould affect you rather than any other. This, *Cloranisbes*, is all that can be ſaid by an Exile to a man who is not yet wholly diſcharg'd of his baniſhment (if I may ſo ſpeak) an exile, I ſay, who accounts nothing more unjuſt than not always to imploy the greateſt endeavours for advancing the greatneſs and honour of the perſon lov'd.

Although this which *Lyſonice* ſaid to *Cloranisbes* was not too obliging, nevertheleſs perceiving that ſhe was willing to give him a little hope, he was raviſht with it, and us'd the moſt paſſionate and exquiſite blandiſhments to her that the moſt ardent love can inſpire an Inamorate with; after which, he came back to *Utica*. I had a purpoſe to have gone to meet him, and give him notice that his Painter, who had kept a copy of *Lyſonice*'s picture, had ſhew'd it to the Prince; who was ſo charm'd with *Lyſonice*'s beauty, that he kept the Picture and plac't it in his Chamber: but the Prince having taken me to hunting with him, *Cloranisbes* arriv'd at *Utica* a quarter of an hour before we return'd hither. And going to wait upon the Prince at the Palace, he was extremely ſurpris'd to ſee *Lyſonice*'s picture in her Chamber. This thought ſo wholly took up his mind, that though the Prince's arrival caus'd a ſufficient noiſe in the Court of the Palace, he ſcarce heard it at all. Yet at length he went to meet him in the Court, and being the Prince lov'd him very well, and believ'd he ſtood in need of him, he careſs'd and embrac'd him with tenderneſs. Let us forget what is paſs'd, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid he to him) and make amends for it with the future; ſo that you may be never ſeparated from my intereſts. *Cloranisbes* very reſpectfully anſwer'd to that which the Prince ſaid to him; who after that, fell to ſpeak of the hunting and ſeveral indifferent matters. But ſome time after he was in his Chamber, he caus'd *Cloranisbes* to enter into his Cloſet, where when he had diſcours'd very obligingly to him, and *Cloranisbes* fully juſtifi'd himſelf, he told him that to teſtifie to him that he believ'd him innocent, he would preſently put confidence in him, and impart to him his deſires to bring *Boſtar* to his intereſts. I know he is mal-content with the King of *Maſſilia* (ſaid he to him) that he is couragious, his reputation amongſt theſe Nations, and is maſter of a ſtrong place; therefore you muſt endeavour to gain him to me, and oblige him to declare himſelf for me when I ſhall deſire it. My Lord (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*, who was glad of this imployment) I am ſufficiently capable to bring to paſs that which you deſire; For *Boſtar* has ſome eſteem for me. Then you muſt return ſecretly to him (added the Prince) but ſeeing it concerns me that this negotiation be neither tedious nor unſucceſsful, I am to ask you, whether *Boſtar*'s Daughter, whoſe Picture you have ſeen in my Chamber, be as handſome as it; for, if ſhe be, you muſt tell *Boſtar* I am ready to marry her, on condition he will do what I deſire. You know (added he) I have always ſet up my reſolution never to marry a woman but who is admirably fair; therefore it behoves you to anſwer me punctually, and tell me whether *Lyſonice* be like her picture: for I ſay again, if ſhe be as handſome, I ſhall be glad that ſhe be the means to unite *Boſtar* and me; ſeeing I never beheld any thing ſo handſome as this Picture, and I am in love with it.

Cloranisbes was then extremely perplex'd; the love he had for *Lyſonice* combated with his generoſity, which urg'd him to tell a truth which might content the ambition of that fair perſon; but he had ſo little time to deliberate upon a thing moſt difficult to reſolve upon, that Love being unable to conſent that he ſhould yield up his Miſtreſs, and not daring to tell the Prince he was amorous of *Lyſonice*, eſpecially not being much lov'd by her, he told him, 'twas true, *Lyſonice* was a great beauty, but in his own eye ſhe came much ſhort of her Picture. Perhaps (ſaid the Prince to him) you have not well conſider'd her; for baniſht perſons have uſually ſo many other things to take up their minds, that their eyes may commit injuſtices. But however (added the Prince) it is requiſite that you go to *Boſtar*, and treat with him, and conſider *Lyſonice* well: and then in caſe ſhe be as handſome as her Picture, you may confidently aſſure *Boſtar* that I will marry her. If ſhe be not, offer him a greater fortune in my Dominions than he has in that of the King his Maſter; and do not come back till this treaty be accompliſht. *Cloranisbes* being unable to contradict the Prince, accepted the imployment, which he gave him, and prepar'd himſelf to depart the next day. But when he came to ſpend the evening with me, I ſaw him ſo afflicted that I pityed him. I knew not what to think at firſt; for though the Prince accounted *Lyſonice*'s Picture very handſome, yet I was ignorant of his ſecret intention; ſo that I could do nothing but conjecture. I aſſure you (ſaid I to *Cloranisbes*) I never told the Prince that I had ſeen *Lyſonice*, nor that you were in love with her, but it was your Painter's doing, who being ambitious to ſhew what he could do, caus'd her Picture to be ſeen by the Prince. Alas! my dear *Amilcar* (ſaid he to me) I am unfortunate. After which exclamation he related to me what had befallen him. But (ſaid I to him) you do not account that you need be ſo perplex'd. For if I were in your place, I would tell the Prince I was amorous of *Lyſonice*; it not being credible that he is ſo much in love with her Picture as to contend for her with you. But you do not conſider what you ſay (anſwer'd he) for the Prince has not only had always a fanſie to marry the handſomeſt woman in the World, if he could, but he aims in this Marriage to bring *Boſtar* over to his intereſts; ſo that ſhould I tell him of my love to *Lyſonice*, he would look upon me as an obſtacle to his deſign; and being I am not yet too well eſtabliſht in his mind, I ſhould ruine my ſelf therein for ever; I ſhould cauſe him to baniſh me a ſecond time, and eternally deprive my ſelf of the hope of pretending to *Lyſonice*. But what then intend you to do? (ſaid I.) Alas! my dear *Amilcar* (anſwer'd he) I know not; for, to examine things aright, I betray *Lyſonice* as well as the Prince, by ſaying ſhe is leſs handſome than her Picture, ſince nothing is more true than that her Picture is a thouſand times leſs handſome than her ſelf; and which is worſt (added he) I am a wretch who love only my own felicity, who have no regard to *Lyſonice*'s advancement, who offer to keep her from that which of all things in the World moſt ſuites with her inclination, and who, having no aſſurance of being happy, go about to hinder her from being ſo, as without doubt ſhe would be, if ſhe became wife to the Prince of *Carthage*. For all this, I cannot overcome my paſſion, my generoſity muſt yield

to it, *Lysonice* must be injur'd because I love her, and because I cannot deprive my self of her; and though I am to betray both the Prince, *Bostar* and *Lysonice*, yet 'tis absolutely necessary that I lose not hope, and beware of being the instrument to put her into the arms of another, whose affection being only grounded on her beauty, would in a short time diminish. So that, when I consider well, 'tis for *Lysonice*'s own sake that I must hinder her from becoming Princess of *Carthage*; or, at least I will perswade my self so. *Cloranisbes* spoke this so pathetically, that he caus'd me to pity him. But again, (said I to him) What intend you to do? I intend (answer'd he) to employ all my power to invite *Bostar* into the interests of the Prince, without mentioning the Marriage of *Lysonice*; and if my negotiation prove happy, at my return I will give the Prince an account of it, and at last tell him that *Lysonice* is less handsome than her Picture. And being he does not know her, that fancie of his will vanish. But withal, to hinder *Lysonice* from convincing me of untruth, and appearing so soon at the Court, I will handsomly perswade *Bostar* to leave *Cyrene* and *Lysonice* in that important place which he holds, whither he would not go at first, for fear of rendring himself more suspected to the King of *Massilia*. But when all that you speak is done (said I to him) *Lysonice* will not be yours. No (answer'd he) but she will not be anothers, and 'tis possible in process of time she may be mine.

I spoke many things more to *Cloranisbes*, to which he answer'd as one prepossess'd by his passion. Nevertheless, he could take no very firm resolution, and the incertainty which distracted him made his greatest torment. So he went away unresolv'd, and continu'd his journey in the same manner; and when he was arriv'd near *Bostar*'s house, he was almost in the mind that his great affection might induce him to give over pretending to *Lysonice*, and to tell her ingenuously the truth. But when at his arrival he beheld her upon the Stone-stair entrance, going to walk with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, this sight destroy'd all his designs, and caus'd him to take an immoveable resolution to do all he could to marry *Lysonice*. He had no sooner resolv'd thus, but he look't upon matters in another manner, he believ'd there was no unfaithfulness in doing what he did, that he having lov'd *Lysonice* a long time, and the Prince loving but her Picture, he might innocently practise a deceit, and that provided he could engage *Bostar* in the interests of his Master, he was not Criminal in not mentioning his marriage with *Lysonice*. In effect, without amusing my self too long in telling you after what manner he acted, I shall only tell you, that he manag'd *Bostars* mind so well, that he brought him to that which he desir'd, which was so much the more easily done, because he was advertis'd the King of *Massilia* had resolv'd to destroy him: so *Cloranisbes* almost intirely concluded the treaty with *Bostar*.

All this while *Lysonice* no longer considering *Cloranisbes* as an Exile, but on the contrary as a man that might free her self from being such, treated him better than ordinary, suffer'd him to speak to her of his passion, and did not forbid him even to hope. This confirming *Cloranisbes* in the resolution he had taken, he remain'd firm in it, and was more amorous than he had been; without doubt nothing serves more to augment love than hope.

At his return he was receiv'd very well by the Prince, especially when he inform'd him that his negotiation was successful. Yet he was sufficiently discontented when *Cloranisbes* assur'd him too, that *Lysonice* was not so fair in his eyes as her Picture. Not but that she is handsome, my Lord (said he to him) but either I understand not your inclination, or I am perswaded her beauty would not affect you. For my part (added the Prince in a great indignation) I cannot sufficiently blame the weakness of women in general, who will always have their Pictures made handsomer than themselves, and will be more oblig'd to the Painter than Nature, without considering that it would be more pleasing for them to hear it said, that they are more handsome than their Pictures, than to perceive in the eyes of such as behold their Portraitures, that they judge they have been flatter'd. Believe me (said I to the Prince; for I was present at this conversation) all the world desires to be flatter'd; people will have flattering Pictures, they admit of adulation with delight, they will be flatter'd even in their houses, and trifles; and I know a woman that has a little Dog who would take it very ill if she were not flatter'd in conceit of him; and whoso would be her friend, must confidently affirm that 'tis the handsomest Dog in the world. Judge then, my Lord (added I) if those women are not to be pardon'd who desire to have the appellation of plump, fair, and rosie given them, to have arch'd eyes, little mouths, and fair hands, and handsome arms attributed to them, though they have none of all these. They must therefore be pardon'd a weakness which they cannot be hindred from (answer'd *Cloranisbes*.) For my part (reply'd *Cloranisbes*) I cannot pardon the Painter who has made the Picture of *Lysonice* handsomer than she is; for I should have extremely lov'd a woman as fair as that. But, in fine, since 'tis so, I must be satisfi'd, and to put it out of my mind (added he) I will have that deceitful Picture taken away. And accordingly he gave it to *Cloranisbes*, who receiv'd it joyfully. However (added he) 'tis sufficient that your negotiation succeeds well.

The next day the Prince sent *Cloranisbes* back again to *Bostar*; the Treaty was sign'd, and *Bostar*, not caring any longer for being suspected by the King of *Massilia*, went forthwith to that important place which belong'd to him with *Cyrene*, *Lysonice*, and the two Ladies his Kinswomen. The Prince of *Carthage* sent some men to him to strengthen his Garrison: at length the business became so much rumor'd, that it could not be doubted of. In the interim, *Cloranisbes* increasing in favour, the favours of *Lysonice* were also augmented towards him; and according as he was consider'd by his Master, he was likewise by his Mistress, who at this time gave him all grounds to believe that she would obey without resistance, if *Bostar* commanded her to marry him. *Cyrene* greatly wish this Marriage; and *Bostar* himself desir'd it, both out of affection to *Cloranisbes*, and to content *Lysonice*, who he knew did not dislike it, and more also out of Policy. But sometimes he wonder'd much, that *Cloranisbes*, who he knew was passionately amorous of *Lysonice*, did not speak to him about it.

After divers matters which 'tis not necessary to tell you, because they relate only to the interests of the King of *Massilia* and the Prince of *Carthage*, *Bostar* came to *Utica* to confer with the Prince of *Carthage*, who was then a great Lover of a Lady of Quality in his Court; but he did not bring *Cyrene* nor *Lysonice* thither, who remain'd in the strong place I told you of. *Cloranisbes* love being now very violent, and observing

ving the Prince ingaged in an affection which agreeably employ'd him, he thought he might begin in good earneſt to think of being happy. Wherefore he ſpeaks in private to *Boſtar* about his love to *Lyſonice*, askt him, if he might hope to be happy, and conjures him to open his heart to him, as himſelf is reſolv'd to open his own to him. *Boſtar* approves his deſign, and tells him that he promiſes him his daughter: after which *Cloranisbes* gave him a thouſand thanks. But, my Lord (ſaid he to him) if you pleaſe to have me happy, it lies in your power to render me abſolutely ſo; for I know the Prince of *Carthage* is of ſo nice and ſuſpicious an humor, that if I ſhould appear very amorous of *Lyſonice*, I ſhould be always ſuſpected by him. If I ſhould but expreſs my ſelf deſirous to marry, he would leſs eſteem me for it, and think me leſs addicted to his intereſts: therefore to accompliſh my happineſs, and keep him from believing me more devoted to you than to himſelf, it is requiſite to act in ſuch manner, that he may think I marry *Lyſonice* only becauſe he commands me to do it; and in fine, 'tis your part to bring him to command it. Though it be not the cuſtom (anſwer'd *Boſtar*) for a father to ſpeak firſt of marrying his daughter, yet I have ſo earneſt a deſire to give you mine, that I will diſpenſe with the ordinary decorum for your ſake. And accordingly *Boſtar* manag'd this affair with the Prince in ſuch ſort, that he oblig'd him to think fit of his own accord for him to marry *Lyſonice* into his Court, to the end that important place which belong'd to him, might not after his death be poſſeſs'd by any perſon that depended on the King of *Maſſilia*. 'Tis for that reaſon, my Lord (ſaid *Boſtar* to the Prince) that I preſume to deſire a husband of you for *Lyſonice*. The Prince judging this propoſition of *Boſtar* might be to his advantage, receiv'd it well, and ſet himſelf to think who would be a fit perſon in his Court to marry *Lyſonice*. At firſt he caſt his eyes towards me; but a moment after remembring how great an enemy I was to marriage, he diverted his thoughts to ſeveral others, but he found ſome obſtacles in all: at length he thought of *Cloranisbes*, and neverthleſs he durſt not name him to *Boſtar*, becauſe remembring in what manner he had heard him ſpeak of *Lyſonice*, he fear'd he might have ſome averſion againſt her. Whereof being deſirous to be ſatisfied, he only told *Boſtar* that he would think upon it. Aſſoon as night was come, the Prince ſpeaking in private to *Cloranisbes*, propounded the buſineſs to him with all the Reaſons which Political intereſt ſuggeſted to him, to perſwade him to marry *Lyſonice*. Not that I will compel you to it (ſaid he) if you have any avertſion for her; but if ſhe be indifferent to you, undoubtedly you can do nothing more advantageous for your ſelf, nor important for me; for you are not ignorant of what importance the place is which belongs to *Boſtar*, and which will be yours after his death. *Cloranisbes* heard this which the Prince ſaid to him, with a joy ſo great, that he had ſome difficulty to diſſemble it. Yet he was ſo much Maſter of himſelf, that he receiv'd this Propoſal like a man averſe to marry, and who would not reſolve upon it, but only becauſe it was the Prince's pleaſure; who therefore thank'd him for the conſent he gave to it.

Now the Prince being us'd to proceed haſtily in all things which he undertakes, the next morning he told *Boſtar* he had found a husband for *Lyſonice*, and then nam'd *Cloranisbes* to him, who was accepted as you may imagine. Wherefore being impatient till the buſineſs were accompliſh'd, it was reſolv'd *Cloranisbes* ſhould return with *Boſtar* to marry *Lyſonice*. At firſt the Prince would have had *Lyſonice* have come to *Utica*; but *Cloranisbes* repreſenting to him that there was danger in leaving the place ſo long without the preſence of *Boſtar*, *Cyrene*, and *Lyſonice*, he at length determin'd that it was beſt for *Cloranisbes* to go along with *Boſtar* thither; and the Prince told me, that to render the feaſt more delightful, he would permit me to go to the Nuptials. You may judge how joyful *Cloranisbes* was; for in the tranſports of his contentment, he foreſaw nothing but delight and happineſs for all the remainder of his life. *Lyſonice* had treated him well the laſt time he ſaw her; her ambition had wherewith to be contented, as well as her love; *Boſtar* and *Cyrene* lov'd him; and the Prince being amorous of another at this time, he did not think there was any thing to be fear'd. So then he ſtudied only how to give *Lyſonice* every thing which he imagin'd might pleaſe her. Knowing ſhe affected magnificence, there was no piece of State in *Carthage* that might befit her, but he gave it her; and procur'd her ſuch a handſome retinue, that nothing could be deſir'd more. But, in fine, we departed with *Boſtar*, and went to find *Cyrene* and *Lyſonice*, who having been advertis'd of the ſtate of matters, receiv'd us admirably well. *Lyſonice*, having heard the Prince of *Carthage*'s Court many times ſpoken of as a very gallant Court, was extremely joyful to think that ſhe ſhould be in a very conſiderable rank there; ſeeing ſhe ſhould marry a man whom the Prince lov'd very well, and whoſe merit made him worthy of the love of all the world. *Cloranisbes* obſerving her ſo well ſatisfi'd, was the happieſt man in the world; as without doubt there is nothing more ſweet in love, than to cauſe the felicity of a perſon whom we love. And indeed I never ſaw a perſon have a more real joy than that which *Cloranisbes* had; for though there was ſome deceit in his proceeding, yet Love render'd it excuſable, and his paſſion was too ardent then to ſuffer him to be capable of repenting. But becauſe he was wholly taken up with entertaining his Miſtreſs and his own joys, he deſir'd me to take ſome care for the magnificence of the Feaſt. Wherefore ſearching in my memory all the gallantries which I had ſeen in my travels, I may ſay, I contributed ſomething to the divertiſement of the Marriage. I omit to tell you that *Boſtar* made continual feaſtings for three days, that there were publick ſports, and ſeveral exerciſes, for which *Lyſonice* gave the prize, that on the Feaſt-day there was a very gallant Ball; but I ſhall only tell you, that the next day, becauſe all the *Africans* are exquiſite Dancers, we made a kind of a Maſque, which I had devis'd, wherein *Paſilia*, *Deliſia*, and ſome other Ladies danc'd; and it was receiv'd not without ſome applauſe.

Though we were not at the Marriage (ſaid *Plotina* interrupting him) do not think but we will be at the Maſque, and you ſhall not eſcape without telling us ſomething of it.

If I could remember the Verſes (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I would tell you them with pleaſure, but they were made in ſuch haſte, that I did not think them worthy of retaining. The unpremeditated Poetry of *Amilcar* (ſaid *Valeria*) excels the moſt elaborate of others. However (ſaid *Plotina*) tell us the Subject and Order of the Maſque, and at leaſt ſome of the Verſes. I will, Madam, (anſwer'd he) but firſt, I muſt tell you, that I devis'd it, that being the perſons there were partly of the Court, and partly

of the Country, I feign'd that there were two Cupids, one which might be nam'd the Cupid of the Court, and the other the Country-Cupid. And therefore I intitul'd our Masque

The different Effects of LOVE.

THe Castle wherein we were, having a large Hall, I caus'd a great Theatre to be erected in it from side to side. One end of it was adorn'd with the representation of stately Palaces, and the other with an agreeable Landskip. On the right side of the Theatre appear'd first the *Cupid* of the Court with a Bow painted and guilded, a Quiver of the same, adorn'd with Jewels, his Wings painted and guilded, a Torch in his hand, and follow'd by Jealousie, Dissimulation, Fear and Fury.

On the other side of the Theatre appear'd the Country-*Cupid* with a Bow and a Quiver adorn'd with flowers, follow'd by Hope, Laughter, Sports, Pleasures, and Jealousie, which appear'd not so frightful as the other, and was accompani'd only with light fears and suspicions which I had represented pleasantly enough.

Then either of these *Cupids* made a Speech, in which they related their power. After which defying one another to give proofs of it, they danc'd together in a threatning manner.

After this, the Entries were diversifi'd, namely, there was one of the *Cupid* of the Court, and another of the *Cupid* of the Country, with a different sort of Musick agreeing to either of them: of which I am going to give you as good a relation as my memory will permit me.

But to the end the several Entries might not be confounded, the two *Cupids* always appear'd there alternately, shewing the effects which they pretended to have caus'd.

The first Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court, was a King in Love with a Young Shepherdess; and the first of the *Cupid* of the Country, was a Young Shepherd coming out of a poor Cottage, proper, jovial, spruce, active at all sorts of exercises, though he had been taught the same only by Love.

The second Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court was an old Miser, offering all his Treasure to a Young Mistress, who laught at him as she took them: and the second Entry of the Country *Cupid* was a Young Shepherd, who giving his Shepherdess but a Shephook engraven with the Letters of her name, was receiv'd by him with a thousand caresses.

The third Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court, was three jealous and ill-us'd Lovers, fighting together in the presence of their Mistress who laught at them; and the third Entry of the Country *Cupid* was two Shepherds, who singing the best they could before their mistress, had an innocent contest together, of which her heart was the subject.

The fourth Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court was a foolish Gossip, delivering Letters, Bracelets of Hair and Pictures to four Lovers, without their perceiving it, with which she made her self pleasant with an old fine-friend of hers: and the fourth Entry of the Country *Cupid* was a young Shepheardess, who having a Sheep of her Flock stray'd away, carefully sought for it, and afterwards receiv'd it from the hand of her Shepherd who brought it back to her, after he had slain a Wolf that would have prey'd upon it.

The fifth Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court was a Young *Lacedemonian* virgin, follow'd by four *Athenians*, who require'd their hearts again of her, intimating thereby that the hatred of Nations does not hinder but love may arise between persons that are enemies: and the fifth Entry of the Country *Cupid*, was a Young Shepherdess, looking upon three Young Shepherds who strove for the prize of a race: the first running very swiftly without regarding her, arriv'd at the Goal before the rest; the second turning his head to see her, was cast behind; and the third not being able to pass further, stay'd just before her; after which the Young Shepherdess gave a Garland of Flowers to those that had run best, but she gave her heart to the third: at which the others were so discontented, that they went away in great despair.

The last Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court was men and women of quality, who having danc'd a while, stood in order to hear a Sonnet sung by Youth, which was admirably well represented, and in few words spoke a thousand things in praise of the *Cupid* of the Court, to whom alone belong'd gallantry, magnificence, and liberality: and the sixth and last Entry of the Country *Cupid* was several Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who danc't to Songs under Trees, alternately, answering one another. That which they sung was a kind of Dialogue, in which I made a little merry Satyre against the *Cupid* of the Court, and an *Elogium* in favour of the innocence of the Country *Cupid*. After which those of the Court and the Shepherds uniting, and there appearing but one *Cupid*, who represented something of both the other which had been seen, they acknowledg'd one another, and ended the Mask with a Speech, which concluded, to the honour of Love, and in the name of all those that had appear'd.

Come then and let's adore
At Courts and pleasant Springs,
This lovely Conqueror
Of Shepherds and of Kings.
Unhappy he whose heart
Receives not Cupid's *wound,*
Without the torments of his Dart,
No pleasure's to be found.

How? (said *Plotina*) do you think you shall not tell us some of the Verses of the Mask? In good earnest, Madam (answer'd *Amilcar*) I have the greatest desire in the World to do it, but it does not please my memory; and all that I can do, is only to tell you the four Verses which I made for that young *Lacedemonian* Virgin who was follow'd by the four *Athenians*, which requir'd their hearts again of her: yet they did not serve, and I was forc't to make others, because I had *Greece* so much in my head when I made them, that I did not remember I was in *Africa*. But they were these.

Why, unjust enemies, do you accuse me?
I've stolen a hundred hearts (so Love refuse me!)
But how can any dwells in Greece *not know,*
My Country Sparta's *Laws do these allow?*

No doubt you will say I have studied very deeply, and adde that I have an odde memory; but since I know not how to do otherwise, 'tis better that you do not interrupt me, but suffer me to finish my story. I will not detain you with exaggerating *Clorimbes* joy;

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for it was great beyond the possibility of expression. *Bostar* also was highly contented, *Cyrus* was extremely satisfied; *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, hoping to go to the Court with their Kinswoman, were ravish't with joy; and *Lysonice* having married a very worthy person that lov'd her ardently, and who she believ'd would shortly carry her to *Utica*, seem'd as contented as any one in the World. Soon after I was recall'd by the Prince, and oblig'd to leave *Cleranisbes* with the fair *Lysonice*. At my taking leave of him, he desir'd me to speak as little as I could of *Lysonice* when I should be with the Prince, and only to say by the by that her beauty was much improv'd since I had seen her first; but above all, to beware of discovering that he was amorous of her: and accordingly I did as he desir'd, and that with sufficient address. So being oblig'd by the Prince to come away about some affairs of his, I departed as you have known, and left things in that condition.

But I have understood by a Friend of *Cleranisbes* whom he has sent to me, that the face of things is since much alter'd. For fifteen days after his Nuptials the Prince recall'd him to *Utica*. *Lysonice* was desirous to accompany her Husband; but for that he was loth the Prince should see her so soon, he told her, that having as yet no house there fit for her accommodation, it was more requisite for himself to go alone to make preparations; chusing rather to part for some time from the person whom he lov'd, than to venture to have her seen by the Prince so soon after his marriage; for he found that he had not sufficient power over himself to hide his passion for *Lysonice*, if they should be seen together at *Utica*. Besides, it is always natural enough to defer a thing which we fear, as much as possibly we can. So he left *Lysonice*, and promis'd her that he would return to her with all speed. At his coming to the Court, he found the Prince had broken off with his Mistress, was very much offended with her, likely never to love her more. Whereupon *Cleranisbes* us'd all the industry and address he could to re-engage him, that so having his mind prepossest, he might take less notice of *Lysonice*'s beauty when he should see her: but he could effect nothing. In the interim he writ every day to his dear *Lysonice*, he sent her Presents continually, and not having ceas'd to be a Lover by becoming a Husband, there was no care which he did not use to please her: he went to see her several times; and as often as he saw her, he found out new impediments of her journey to *Utica*. One time he said his house was not ready; another, that it was requisite to expect till the Princess of *Carthage* were reconcil'd with her brother; another, that winter was not a healthful season wherein to go and reside at *Utica*: so that, though *Lysonice* accounted the time very long, yet she did not disbelieve what *Cleranisbes* told her, but hop'd that at least in the Spring she should go to Court. The Winter-time was thus pass'd over, but Spring being come, *Cleranisbes* found himself sufficiently perplex'd; for *Lysonice* knowing he had a house in the Country within half a days journey of *Utica*, she askt him to permit her at least to go thither for a month. Which not daring to refuse her, and judging also that it would be more convenient for him to go and see her there than elsewhere, he consented to. So *Lysonice* went to that place, and *Pasilia* and *Delisia* with her: but as soon as it was known at *Utica* that she was there, several persons went to visit her, *Cleranisbes* with all his address being unable to hinder them. Wherefore, seeing *Lysonice* has one of those surprising beauties, which such as behold the first time cannot refrain from speaking of, all that saw her, highly cry'd her up at their return to *Utica*, and rais'd such a report of her, that the Prince of *Carthage* hearing how exceedingly she was extoll'd, was surpris'd at it, calling to mind what *Cleranisbes* had answer'd him, when he shew'd him *Lysonice*'s picture. Which sticking much in his thoughts, he ask'd one of those that had seen *Lysonice* whether he remembred to have sometimes seen a picture of her in his Chamber. Yes, my Lord (said that man, who knew nothing of what had pass'd between the Prince and *Cleranisbes*) but I can assure you without falshood, that *Lysonice* is a thousand times handsomer than that picture. But are you well assur'd of what you say? (reply'd the Prince) It will be easie for you, my Lord (answer'd the man) to be satisfi'd of it; for 'tis unlikely that *Lysonice* will never come to *Utica*. After this the Prince seem'd sufficiently pensive; for coming to consider that *Cleranisbes* did not cause his wife to come to Court, and that he had seen her while he was in banishment, he began to suspect that he might have told him an untruth; wherefore being desirous to know the certainty, and to be resolv'd by his own eyes, he purposed to go a hunting towards the side where *Lysonice*'s house was; without letting *Cleranisbes* know of it, to the end he might not remove her. And indeed the Prince us'd so much care to hide his intention, that *Cleranisbes* was not advertis'd of it till the Prince was on horse-back for the hunting match. This put him to a great perplexity: nevertheless he conceal'd his disturbance, and went to the hunting with the rest. He seem'd also a more forward Hunter than any of those that follow'd the Prince; and whereas 'tis easie to turn out of the way in a chase, without any notice to be taken of it, *Cleranisbes*, who knew the shortest and most unfrequented passages to go from *Utica* to his House, separated from the rest in a Wood, and putting his Horse on at full speed, went with incredible diligence to find *Lysonice*, who was but beginning to dress her Head, and who in the rediousness of solitude did not much mind attiring her self. When she saw *Cleranisbes* arrive in such apparent haste, she ask him what the matter was, and how it hapned that he arriv'd so early: For you must needs have set forth very betimes in the morning (added she) or else you have travel'd very fast. I have done both (answer'd he) and the cause of my coming in such haste, is, for that I believe the Prince will come hither at the end of the chase. *Lysonice* being very glad of this news, bid her women advertise *Pasilia* and *Delisia* of it; after which, turning her self towards *Cleranisbes*, You have much oblig'd me (said she to him) in giving me this notice; for otherwise, the Prince would have found me in a negligent dress which would have sham'd you. Go then (added she) and give order to your people to make some handsome preparations for entertaining the Prince, and in the mean time (continu'd she smiling) I will go and dress my self to the best advantage I can, to the end to do you honour. I beseech you Madam (said he to her) enter into your Closet a moment, that I may speak with you there. *Lysonice* not being able to conjecture what *Cleranisbes* had to say to her, arise up, and did as he desir'd. She was no sooner enter'd into her Closet, but *Cleranisbes* looking upon her with very much love and sadness together, I beseech you, my dear *Lysonice* (said he to her) do not refuse me a request I have to make to you; and when you have granted it me,

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never ask me wherefore I made it. Since what you say to me (answer'd she) signifies some diffidence, you must permit me to be a little surpriz'd. However, speak, if you please, what you desire of me. I wish (said he to her) that, if you will oblige me, you would feign your self sick to day, and instead of adorning your self, as you intend, be as carelessly attir'd as you can; let the Curtains of your Windows be drawn, let the Pillows of your Bed be depress'd, and finally, let there be so little day in your Chamber that the Prince may not yet know that I am the most happy of all men. How? my Lord, (interrupted *Lysonice*, blushing with anger) is the solitude then in which I am, an effect of so strange a jealousie, as renders you capable of the most outragious caution that ever was? What? my Lord (added she again) do you believe that if I should excite love in the Prince, it would be easie for him to excite the like in me, now I am your Wife? I confess indeed (continu'd this offended Fair) that being naturally ambitious, if he had lov'd me heretofore, he might have been not ill-treated, even though he were not so worthy a person as he is; but as things are now, you do me an injury which cannot be repair'd. Alas! charming *Lysonice* (said he to her) I beseech you do not condemn me so lightly. I swear to you I am not jealous; 'tis ambition alone which causes me to act thus, and 'tis only for your sake that I make you a request which seems so unreasonable to you. But grant me, if it be possible, that which I desire of you, without obliging me to tell you the reason which forces me to it; and go not to imagine that I suspect your virtue, or out of a sentiment of jealousie fear, lest the Prince should excite love in you. That which I do has another cause, I swear to you with all the sincerity which I am capable. No, no, my Lord (reply'd she) you can have no other sentiment in your soul, but jealousie, and I see well (added she with tears in her eyes) that I am only to prepare my self to be the most unhappy person in the world. For what means is there to cure a jealousie which foresees the future so far off? and how can such an injury as this be forgotten? I have in a manner seen nothing but Trees since I was your Wife (proceeded she in great passion) I have heard nothing but Birds, and convers'd with none but *Pasilia*, *Delisia* and your self; and yet, I see, this does not hinder you from being jealous. I protest to you once again, Madam (said he to her) I am not jealous. But if you are not (answer'd she) tell me then the reason which obliges you to make me so strange a request. The fear of being less lov'd by you Madam (reply'd he) is the sole cause which hinders me from telling you that which you desire. I assure you (said she) this motion of yours is so strange, that you can tell me nothing which is more; and my mind is so disturb'd with the ill-grounded suspicion you have of my virtue, that I think this injury will never be obliterated out of it. Then *Cloranisbes* seeing *Lysonice* was extremely incens'd, resolv'd of a sudden to tell her the truth, though he fear'd she would possibly hate him for having hinder'd her from being Princess of *Carthage*. Nevertheless, he had liv'd so well with her, he was in a dignity so considerable, and she liv'd so well with him that he hop'd it might be advantagious to him to tell her the proceeding he had us'd to attain her. So having made a thousand protestations to her, of a serious affection, he began to tell her, that he had given her a testimony of love which she knew not of, and for which withal, he fear'd she would not thank him. After which he ingenuously confest his whole proceeding to her, as it was done, and so let her know that the love he had for her, had oblig'd him to tell the Prince she was not so handsome as her Picture, and consequently to hinder her from marrying. *Cloranisbes* told her this with all the art imaginable: but after all, *Lysonice* knew very well, that had it not been for him, she had been Princess of *Carthage*; whereupon she could not keep her self from seeming surpris'd and changing colour. Which *Cloranisbes* observing, Well, Madam (said he to her) had I not reason to be unwilling to tell you the truth? but I beseech you, consider every thing thoroughly which may render me excusable to you. The sole excess of my passion caus'd me to betray the Prince, and the sole excess of my passion has oblig'd me to make the request to you which I have done. For, in fine, if the Prince see you with all your charms, in the condition wherein I know his mind is to day, he will perhaps banish me, and then you will be the Wife of an unfortunate exile, which is certainly the thing you fear most in the World. For my part, I declare to you, if you were of another humor, I should glory in being banisht with you, and be so far from entreating you to hide your beauty, that I should desire you to make it more conspicuous with all that Art can add to Nature, to the end to be rather banish'd and go live in some agreeable Desart, where you would be instead of all things to me, and where I should account my self happy with you alone. But on the contrary, Madam, your inclination leading you to love the world, and being unwilling to restrain it, I conjure to you appear neglectedly this day in the eyes of the Prince, and defer making your self seen with all your charms, till his Love be setled upon some Lady; for when he is amorous, he is prejudic'd against the beauty of all other women. By this means he may see you without knowing that I have betray'd him; and after this, you shall come to *Utica*, and live there as you please. In the mean time pardon me, my dear *Lysonice*, the Treason I have committed against you, be contented to reign absolutely in my heart, and consider that if I had not lov'd you, I had not debar'd you of a glory which you deserve. Being you have much wit, my Lord (answer'd she) you turn things as you please. Not but that, what you have done in this occasion (added she) has been the act of a self-interessed, and not at all of a generous Lover; for if you had acted nobly, you should first have told me the truth, and afterwards endeavour'd to perswade me to prefer you before the Prince; but, in fine, let us leave what is past as it is, it being always fruitless to speak of it; but for the present know, I do not cease to believe, after all which you have said, that the request you have made to me is sufficiently injurious.

As *Cloranisbes* was going to answer, one came to tell him that a great many Hunters appear'd in the Plain; so that believing it was the Prince, being unwilling he should find him at home, he was constrain'd to leave *Lysonice* in haste, and go forth at a back-door. But before he left her, he said several very passionate things to her, whereto she gave no direct answer. After which getting upon his Horse, he went to fetch a great compass, to come and overtake the Prince, who was not so near as *Cloranisbes* servants had believ'd; because by thinking to take a shorter way, he lost himself in a Wood. In the mean time *Lysonice* who is naturally ambitious, could not hinder her self from having a secret anger for the testimony

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of Love *Cloranisbes* had render'd her; although she had no design to be reveng'd on him for it in a Criminal way: but she could never resolve to counterfeit her self sick, and appear carelesly dress'd. On the contrary, believing that when the Prince had seen her, she should afterwards go to the Court, she lik'd better that he should see her on a sudden, than defer it longer; and as nothing is more repugnant to a handsome person than to shew her self after a manner disadvantageous to her beauty, *Lysonice* attir'd her self as well as she was accustom'd, and something better too; though as I said, she had no intention to excite love in the Prince, but only to despite *Cloranisbes*, and to be afterwards at liberty to live at Court. After she was dress'd, *Pasilia* and *Delisia* who had adorn'd themselves too, came to her, and were much surpriz'd to observe that she had some kind of commotion mix'd with anger in her eyes, which denoted to them that she was troubled. So that demanding the cause of her, she told it them with a certain air, which gave them to understand that ambition was always her predominant passion. A little while after, the sound of hunting instruments was heard, which signifi'd the approaching arrival of the Prince. And presently *Lysonice* beheld a body of persons of Quality, a great number of slaves, and a very magnificent equipage enter into the Court. But this pomp rather afflicted than pleas'd her, out of the thought that *Cloranisbes* had hinder'd her from being wife to the Prince for whom this magnificence was.

In the mean time *Cloranisbes* having fetcht a great turn, had overtaken the Prince of *Carthage*, without his suspecting that he had been at his house; and to act the more cunningly, he made as if he had not known that the Prince intended to go see *Lysonice*. So that addressing to him, If I had known, my Lord (said he to him) that you intended to hunt on this side, I should have order'd *Lysonice* to have caus'd a Collation to be prepar'd for you at the end of the Chase; but I conceiv'd it was not fit to dare to propound to you to go to a place where you are not expected. Persons of my condition (said the Prince) are so accustom'd to be expected, that sometimes they delight to go where they are not; and therefore since I am so near your house, I will go see *Lysonice*. Being she writ to me yesterday that she was a little indispos'd (reply'd *Cloranisbes*, believing his wife would do as he had desir'd her) I know not whether she will be in a condition to receive the honour which you intend to do her. We shall see that presently (answer'd the Prince) for the hunting does not pleasure me so well to day, as that I have any mind to continue it longer. And so taking the shortest way, the Prince being preceeded or follow'd by all his Attendants, went to *Cloranisbes* house, which was not inferior to that wherein he first saw *Lysonice*. But in entring into the second Court, *Cloranisbes* was much surpris'd to see *Lysonice* upon the Stone-stairs of the entrance, accompani'd with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, and to see her there in an attire, which though it had little shew of the Country negligence, was nevertheless graceful and magnificent; for he knew thereby that her mind was much exasperated: yet he dissembled his thoughts at that time. But for that *Lysonice* was handsomer in the open day than in the shadow, the Prince of *Carthage* and all his followers were so surprised with the rare lustre of her beauty, that they could not contain from testifying their admiration. The Prince of *Carthage* who was alighted from his horse, assoon as he perceiv'd *Lysonice*, went towards her with precipitation, and saluted her with a civility which signifi'd to her that he accounted her admirably handsome; for he had almost omitted to salute *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, though they were very amiable. I am more oblig'd to *Cloranisbes* than I thought, Madam (said the Prince to *Lysonice*) for his constant residence with me; for being so fair a person as I see you are, it would be more acceptable for him to be with you. The pleasure of doing a duty is so great (answer'd she) that 'tis not much to be wonder'd, my Lord, if *Cloranisbes* prefer you before me. 'Tis a pleasure (reply'd the Prince sufficient roughly) which perhaps he has not always so much lov'd. After this, being enter'd into the Hall, the conversation of the Prince with *Lysonice* contin'd. The Persons of Quality that accompani'd him discours'd amongst themselves, or with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*: and *Cloranisbes* being in a strange perplexity, spoke sometimes to one and sometimes to another; for his mind was incens'd with *Lysonice*'s proceedings, he fear'd lest the Prince should discover the truth, and he apprehended above all things that *Lysonice* would love him no more, and that she could not pardon him the deceit his passion had caus'd him to commit. In the mean time the Prince of *Carthage* finding *Lysonice* every moment more handsome, could not contain from expressing part of what he thought. For my part (said he to her) I confess I do not understand wherefore *Cloranisbes* has not told me a thousand times of his happiness, and why he hath not continually discours'd to me of you. 'Tis no doubt (answer'd she coldly) because a husband scarce ever speaks pertinently of his wife. But before he had married you (reply'd the Prince) he spoke to me as little of you; but on the contrary he declin'd speaking of you, and moreover affirm'd to me that a Picture which I had of you, was a flattering Picture. Nevertheless, I see at present that he went far from the truth in speaking so. For my part, my Lord (answer'd *Lysonice* blushing with indignation) I so little know my self, that I know not whether *Cloranisbes* had not reason: but I conceive well, he would have done more obligingly for me, by suffering you to believe that I was as handsome as my Picture. I agree with you, Madam (reply'd he) and I think moreover he would have more oblig'd me than you by not opposing my admiration. But to repair the injury that I did your beauty, by believing your Picture handsomer than your self, I will this day begin to admire you anew, and to publish that there is no beauty in the world comparable to yours. *Lysonice* hereupon so modestly declin'd the praises which the Prince gave her, that she appear'd thereby the more charming. And then she acted with such address, that she drew *Pasilia* and *Delisia* into their conversation, which by degrees became altogether general.

After this the Prince with his Company went to walk, and at his return he found a stately Collation, though there was but a very short time to prepare it; and then began the discourse to be about hunting, gaming, and other divertisements. The Prince told *Cloranisbes* aloud, that it was not just to leave *Lysonice* so long in the Country, that she was too fit for the world to live in solitude; and that it was requisite to cause her to go speedily to Court. *Cloranisbes* being unwilling to pass for a jealous husband, answer'd that *Lysonice* was Mistress of her own actions, and might do what pleas'd her self. I have all my life so little known by experience (reply'd she) what

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it is to do ones own will, that I know not whether I ought to begin to learn, for fear if I did it once I ſhould deſire to do it all my life. Not that I accuſe *Cloranisbes* (added ſhe) but all women in general are expos'd to this unhappineſs, and a part of their virtue conſiſts ordinarily in having no other will but theirs to whom the Law of Morality ſubjects them. 'Tis true (ſaid *Paſilia*) we are born under the neceſſity to obey almoſt always, and never to command. On the contrary (anſwer'd the Prince) all obey beauty, and it belongs only to Ladies to command, Men requeſt all their lives, and never command. In truth, my Lord (reply'd *Deliſia*) I know not whether they requeſt or command, but I know well they ordinarily do what they pleaſe. In effect (added *Lyſonice*) aſſoon as young perſons ceaſe to learn to read, they begin to have ſo good opinion of themſelves, as to think they are more able than their Maſters, more deſerving than their Fathers, and more wiſe than the Law: and as for their Miſtreſſes, I aſſure you, they know not very well how to obey them, they love them for their own ſakes only, they ſeek their own intereſt, without caring for the perſons whom they love; and in fine they always do whatever is agreeable to their own humor, without conſidering the will of another. While *Lyſonice* was ſpeaking thus, *Cloranisbes* was gone to ſhew a Kinſman of the Prince a very handſome Horſe which he had a deſire to, ſo that *Lyſonice* ſpoke with liberty of the ſubjection of women. Not that I ſpeak out of diſcontent (continu'd ſhe) becauſe I deſire many things which I do not; but only becauſe there is indeed ſome kind of injuſtice in being eternally ſervile. I account this Law as hard as you do (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) but I confeſs to the ſhame of my Sex, women many times uſe liberty ſo ill when it is allow'd them intirely, that the folly of ſome excuſes in ſome ſort the ſervitude of all the reſt. For I know a woman in *Maſſilia* who has done a hundred extravagancies in her life, which ſhe would not have committed if ſhe had not had a too indulgent Husband. Ha! *Paſilia* (reply'd *Deliſia*) there was never any that could be call'd ſo. For my part (ſaid the Prince ſmiling) I believe a handſome woman can never have one too indulgent. And for my part (ſaid *Paſilia*) I conceive a Goſſip and a young imprudent woman can never have one too ſevere. Yet 'tis a ſtrange thing (ſaid the Prince) for a husband to guard his wife. 'Tis a ſtranger (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) to ſee a man voluntarily ſhut his eyes that he may not ſee how many gallants his wife has that follow her, write to her, ſhew her Letters, boaſt of her favours, and laugh both at her and him. But what ſhould an honeſt man do (reply'd *Deliſia*) when he is ſo unhappy as to have a wife who has no true virtue nor government of her ſelf? for I do not account thoſe wives virtuous, who becauſe they are not abſolutely criminal, make no ſcruple of beginning ſeveral Gallantries which expoſe them to ſlander, and cauſe them to commit a thouſand follies which render them deſpis'd even by them for whoſe ſakes they do them. You have reaſon (anſwer'd *Lyſonice*) not to put the leſs criminal Goſſips in the rank of women indued with virtue; for certainly if they be not the moſt culpable of all, they are always the moſt fooliſh. I am of your mind (reply'd *Deliſia*) but however what muſt a poor husband do, who is ſo unhappy as to have a wife of this humor? If my judgment may paſs (anſwer'd the Prince) he ſhall take his pleaſure on his own ſide as well as he can, and ſee nothing but what he is willing to ſee. And if my judgment may paſs (reply'd *Paſilia*) a husband that has ſuch a kind of wife, muſt flatter her for ſome time, he muſt endeavour to win her by ſweetneſs, reaſon, and addreſs, to procure her virtuous Friends of her own Sex, to ſee that ſhe have not a ſlave to wait upon her that is not virtuous, to cauſe her to love innocent pleaſures; and laſtly, to cauſe her at leaſt in ſome ſort to fear him, if ſhe cannot love him. If all this prove ineffectual, I allow him to act like a Maſter, to regulate the viſits which ſhe gives and receives, and ſend her too into the Country. For, in fine, I will not have a husband peaceably endure his wife to be a Goſſip. But is there any thing which ſeems more ſtrange (ſaid the Prince) than a jealous husband? people laugh at him and flout him, and ſay that by being jealous, he almoſt deſerves to have his wife a Goſſip. A jealous Sot (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) is certainly a ſottiſh thing; but a gallant prudent man ought not to be lookt upon as one that is jealous. On the contrary he is to be pitied and eſteem'd: but as for one that is of a jealous nature, who perſecutes an innocent wife without cauſe or colour, I conſent that he be derided for it, and that whatever may augment his jealouſie be wiſh'd to befal him. Were you deſirous to be married ſpeedily at *Utica* (reply'd *Lyſonice* ſmiling) you could not ſpeak better than you do, to give a good opinion of your ſelf.

After this, becauſe it was ſufficiently late, the Prince retir'd, but ſo ſurpris'd and ſo charm'd with *Lyſonice*, that he could not refrain from expreſſing how amiable he judg'd her. At parting, he askt her, whether ſhe would not come ſhortly to *Utica*, and omitted to tell her nothing which he thought requiſite to teſtifie to her that ſhe pleas'd him infinitely. *Cloranisbes* having been call'd by the Prince, could not ſpeak to *Lyſonice*; beſides, loving her ſo much as he did, and the deceit his love had made him guilty of being diſcover'd to her, he knew not very well what to ſay to her; for how diſſatisfied ſoever he was, he was loth to make any ſharp complaint, and ſo he left her without ſpeaking to her.

The Prince of *Carthage* was ſo penſive all the way as he return'd, that he ſcarce ſpoke twenty words till he arriv'd at *Utica*. But when he was there, and beheld *Cloranisbes* alone with him, he lookt ſtedfaſtly upon him, and ſpeaking to him, Confeſs the truth, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid he to him) when I ſhew'd you *Lyſonice*'s Picture one day, you told me it was handſomer than ſhe, only becauſe you accounted her the handſomeſt perſon in the world? I acknowledge it ingenuouſly, my Lord (anſwer'd he) but if I would I could maintain to you, that I accounted *Lyſonice* leſs handſome than her Picture; for none could convince me of an untruth; ſince we ſee every day, that which pleaſes one, diſpleaſes another, and opinions are different upon all ſorts of things. Ha! *Cloranisbes* (reply'd the Prince) that may be in mean beauties, but *Lyſonice* is not of this rank, and no perſon in the world can pretend to have ſeen any thing, or conceive that a Painter could make a Picture ſo handſome as ſhe: and this was the reaſon (added he) that you would have her be yours and not mine. It was not, my Lord (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) becauſe *Lyſonice* was fair, that I fail'd in my duty, but only becauſe I deſperately lov'd her. I underſtand it ſo (reply'd the Prince) but if it be true that you betray'd me becauſe you lov'd her, it is alſo true that you lov'd her becauſe ſhe was handſome. However it be,

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my Lord (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) I did not fail in my duty without reluctancy, and I account my ſelf ſo unhappy in having been Criminal againſt you, that the thought of it diſturbs part of my felicity. Being what is paſs'd cannot be recall'd (ſaid the Prince) let us ſpeak no more of it. But for that it is not juſt for *Lyſonice* to ſuffer for your ſake, cauſe her to come to Court, and do not keep her longer in a ſolitude, which no queſtion is tedious to her. *Cloranisbes* then ſpoke all he thought conducive to excuſe himſelf with the Prince, who accordingly made ſemblance of being ſatisfied with him. So that *Cloranisbes* was now almoſt glad that the buſineſs was over thus; to the end he might be no longer oblig'd to cauſe *Lyſonice* to ſtay in the Countrey. Yet he was much diſcontented that ſhe had refus'd to be careleſly dreſs'd that day; however believing ſhe had done ſo out of deſpight which had ſomething of noble in it, he ſought to appeaſe himſelf. But ſo did not *Lyſonice*; for having ſeen the Prince, all that great equipage of hunting, and all his Court, ambition reviv'd in her heart; and ſhe was ſo far from conſidering what *Cloranisbes* had done as a teſtimony of his love, that ſhe judg'd it as a weakneſs of his paſſion, and an injurious fact. Yet *Paſilia* and *Deliſia* did all they could to temper her mind; but all they could obtain was, that ſhe would conſtrain her ſelf as much as ſhe could from teſtifying further reſentment to *Cloranisbes*. For, in fine, (ſaid *Paſilia* to her) that which is paſs'd cannot be recall'd; and moreover after all, you are wife of a very worthy man, who loves you dearly, and who being belov'd by the Prince, holds one of the firſt ranks in the Court. I confeſs (anſwer'd *Lyſonice*) but if I am not deceiv'd, he will not hold it long; and if the art of conjectures be not abſolutely falſe, I am expos'd to many infelicities. Yet I am reſolv'd (added ſhe) to ſupport them with the greateſt conſtancy I can, and to do nothing which may cauſe me to deſerve the misfortunes which I foreſee will befall me. Theſe were the ſentiments of *Lyſonice*.

Cloranisbes who always lov'd her with the higheſt ardor, and who would not be accounted jealous neither by her, nor the Prince, nor the Court, writ to her the next day to tell her that he deſir'd her to come to *Utica*, without taking any notice of that which ſhe had deny'd him. This motion ſufficiently pleas'd *Lyſonice*, who reſolv'd without ſcruple to obey *Cloranisbes*. So ſhe joyfully left her Deſart, and went to *Utica* accompanied with her two amiable Kinſwomen. Aſſoon as ſhe arriv'd there, ſhe was viſited by the Prince, all the men of Quality, and all the Ladies; and her beauty was ſo cry'd up in the Court, that ſcarce any thing elſe was ſpoken of. The moſt eminent Beauties willingly yielded to her, and confeſs'd that nothing could equal the charms of *Lyſonice*. This fair perſon much affecting the world, ſhe was at firſt ſo glad of being there, that ſhe forgot part of her diſcontent. Not but that as often as ſhe ſaw the Prince, or beheld only his Palace or Windows, ſome diſpleaſing thoughts aroſe in her mind.

But now the preſence of *Lyſonice*, and the deſire to pleaſe her, occaſion'd the making of ſeveral appointments for divertiſement in the Court. *Cloranisbes* had made indeed ſome obliging reproaches to *Lyſonice* for having refus'd to do as he had deſir'd her: but being he ſtill lov'd her ardently, this little anger was eaſily appeas'd. But if *Cloranisbes* was in quier, the Prince of *Carthage* was not; for though he had a great dearneſs for *Cloranisbes*, yet after he had ſeen *Lyſonice*, it came of a ſudden to decreaſe, and ſhortly to be wholly extinct. But which was moſt cruel, at the rate of friendſhip diminiſh'd in his heart towards *Cloranisbes*, love augmented for *Lyſonice*, and he became ſo amorous of her, that he had not a moment of reſt. He would have oppos'd his paſſion with a ſentiment of generoſity in the beginning, and of friendſhip too for *Cloranisbes*; and to fortifie himſelf to that purpoſe, he diſcover'd his ſecret to him that is come hither to find me, whoſe name is *Anherbal*, and told him that he was the moſt unhappy of all men. For, in fine, (ſaid he to him) I love a perſon, who I know well would have lov'd me out of ambition, if *Cloranisbes* had not betray'd me, and who perhaps now out of honour will never love me. But, my Lord (anſwer'd he to whom he entruſted the ſecret of his heart) would you have been ſatisfied with it, if *Lyſonice* had lov'd you only out of an ambitious ſentiment? Believe me (reply'd the Prince) it matters not much to a Lover out of what ſentiments he is lov'd, provided he be ſo; nor ought he much to care whether it be for his good perſonage, for his wit, or for his quality. For my part, my Lord (anſwer'd my Friend) I ſhould be more ſcrupulous than you; for if I were not lov'd for my own ſake, I would not be lov'd at all. That which you ſay (reply'd the Prince) is plauſibly ſaid by one that loves nothing; but when a man is amorous, he turns to another language; and rather than never be lov'd, I would be ſo for a thouſand extrinſecal conſiderations, in which my merit has no part. As for me, my Lord (ſaid *Anherbal*) I am of opinion the more a man loves, the harder he is to be contented; and ſo, I confeſs ingenuouſly to you, that if I lov'd, I would be lov'd again for my own ſelf; and I ſhould make no eſteem of thoſe favours which I did not owe to a great affection. If it were in my power to chuſe (anſwer'd the Prince) I would wiſh that which you ſpeak; but it being otherwiſe, I content my ſelf with what I can; and there is nothing which I am not capable of ſuffering, rather than to be never favour'd. For the aim of love is the poſſeſſion of the perſon whom we love, and therefore this only ought to be ſought after, and all means whereby it is attainable are good, be it by wit, by merit, or dignity of condition. But, my Lord (reply'd *Anherbal*) do you not think that *Lyſonice* undoubtedly loves her Husband, and that *Cloranisbes* is ſo zealous for your ſervice, that he deſerves you ſhould not deſtroy his felicity? I know all that you ſay (anſwer'd the Prince) but I know alſo that *Cloranisbes* has betray'd me; and if I ſhall have no regard to his intereſts, I ſhould do againſt him but what he has done againſt me: and whereas you ſay, *Lyſonice* undoubtedly loves her husband, I have to anſwer you that an ambitious Wife may be more eaſily unfaithful than another; but becauſe I do not pretend to engage her in a criminal love, I will only oblige *Cloranisbes*, as the Law permits, to reſign her to me, that I may marry her, and he may marry another. How? my Lord (ſaid *Anherbal*) do you care for having divided favours? if ſo, permit me to tell you with all the reſpect I owe you, that you know not how to love well. For according to the humour I am of, I ſhould like better never to obtain any thing of a perſon I lov'd, provided my Rivals were as unhappy

as my ſelf, than to obtain the higheſt favours on condition they were alſo granted to another. Ha! *Anherbal* (ſaid the Prince) this that you ſpeak is too heroical for me, and I am ſtrongly perſwaded it would be abſolutely impoſſible but a man truly amorous, if he were put to his choice, to be favour'd with another Rival, or never to be ſo at all on condition no other ſhould be more, would chuſe rather to be favour'd in that manner than never to be at all. I know well there ſeems ſomething unreaſonable in that which I ſay (continued the Prince) but however I ſhall never conceive as long as I live, that a man can be unwilling to obtain the favours of a perſon whom he loves. I confeſs it my Lord (anſwer'd *Anherbal*) but yet aſſoon as I believ'd a woman capable of dividing her favours, I ſhould love her no longer at all. Therefore my ſentiments are not to be wonder'd at, being more truly amorous than yours. Be it how it will (ſaid the Prince) I love *Lyſonice*; and if ſhe be willing to love me, and *Cloranisbes* to reſign her to me, I will marry her with joy; and I declare to you, there is nothing which I will not attempt to cauſe my deſign to ſucceed.

Anherbal ſpoke many things further to avert the Prince from this reſolution, but they were to no effect. But that he might have more frequent occaſion of ſeeing *Lyſonice*, he recall'd the Princeſs of *Carthage* to Court, who was raviſh'd to obſerve the Prince's paſſion, becauſe ſhe hop'd to make uſe of it to be reveng'd on *Cloranisbes* whom ſhe did not affect. To which purpoſe ſhe made a thouſand careſſes to *Lyſonice*, and ſent to invite her to her continually. *Cloranisbes* ſoon perceiv'd the paſſion of the Prince and the deſign of the Princeſs; ſo that he was extremely afflicted at it, and could not keep himſelf from appearing ſad, what reſolution ſoever he had to diſſemble his diſcontent. Whereupon *Lyſonice* believing he was jealous, was much offended in her mind at it, becauſe ſhe could not endure to be ſuſpected.

In the mean time the Prince's paſſion augmenting every day, he reſolv'd to diſcover it to *Lyſonice*, and ſo afterwards to ſpeak to *Cloranisbes* of it, in caſe he found any favourable diſpoſition in the mind of this fair perſon. Being it is always eaſie for a Soveraign to find occaſion of ſpeaking in private, he ſoon had one to open his paſſion to *Lyſonice*; though indeed it fell out naturally enough, after a converſation which I am going to relate to you.

The Prince found *Lyſonice* at the lodgings of the Princeſs of *Carthage*, where there were alſo *Paſilia*, *Deliſia* and divers other Ladies: *Anherbal* was there too, and ſeveral men of quality. *Cloranisbes* who attended on the Prince, ſeeing *Lyſonice* arrive, would have gone away, that he might not ſee ſuch things in the eyes of his Maſter as would extremely diſpleaſe him, though he was not jealous. But the Princeſs of *Carthage* maliciouſly detain'd him, upon a pretext of having ſomething to ſpeak with him about; for ſhe liv'd very civilly with him, though ſhe hated him. At firſt the diſcourſe was about an inſurrection which was at that time at *Carthage*; but inſenſibly paſſing from Policy to Love, it came to be queſtion'd, Who is the moſt unhappy, a Lover that receives a thouſand favours from his Miſtreſs, and is jealous of her, or one that obtains none other, and has no jealouſie at all. For my part (ſaid the Prince) I put no compariſon between theſe; for I account it the greateſt of all unhappineſſes not to be lov'd at all, and to obtain no favour from the perſon who is lov'd. Though I am not jealous (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) nevertheleſs, my Lord, I am of an opinion contrary to yours, and ſtrongly perſwaded that a jealous Lover will be a thouſand times more miſerable, though he obtain a thouſand favours, than he who obtains nothing, if he be free from jealouſie. What? (reply'd the Prince) do you conceive a greater miſelicity in love than not to be lov'd at all, and to deſire a thouſand things which you dare not hope? Ha! my Lord (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) there is nothing ſo bold as hope, and nothing ſo impoſſible which a man who loves ardently cannot hope. So that in his greateſt torments he makes a comfort to himſelf which does not forſake him; the future ſeems more agreeable to him than the preſent; and hope never abandoning him, he is never altogether miſerable. But on the contrary, a favour'd Lover, who is jealous, has nothing but fear for an inſeparable companion. Every thing cauſes him to fear, every thing diſquiets and afflicts him; and the very favours which he receives, becoming ſuſpected to him, he imagines then when he is favour'd he is deluded, and that he is not treated well but only to be betray'd. All which you ſay, is very cruel (reply'd the Prince) but do you count it nothing to be continually in fear of being never favour'd at all? 'Tis a very ſevere ſentiment (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) but nothing near that which cauſes a perpetual fear of loſing that which we enjoy and think we have purchas'd with a thouſand ſervices, and can never loſe without injuſtice. Inaſmuch as the fancy always magnifies all ſorts of pleaſures (reply'd the Prince) I conceive that a man not hoping to obtain the ſweetneſſes which he imagines infinite, is more miſerable, than he who fears to loſe a good which he knows what it is. Ha! my Lord (cry'd *Cloranisbes*) aſſoon as the advantageous pre-conceiv'd opinion ceaſes in love, love it ſelf ceaſes, and jealouſie would ceaſe alſo if it could. But whereas on the contrary, that prepoſſeſſion of the imagination increaſes at the ſame meaſure that jealouſie does, a man by continuing jealous, comes at length not only to believe that the good which he enjoys is the greateſt of all goods, but withal to perſwade himſelf that all the people in the world believe it ſuch, deſire it, ſeek after it, and are ready to raviſh it from him. Judge therefore, my Lord, if there be any compariſon between an unhappy Lover free from jealouſie, and a favour'd Lover who is jealous. No (anſwer'd the Prince) there is none; for an unhappy Lover without jealouſie, is ſo much the more jealous, in that he can never cauſe his unhappineſs to ceaſe; becauſe it does not depend on himſelf. Whereas a jealous Lover, and who is jealous without cauſe, needs only to make a great reſolution, and to make uſe of his reaſon to cure his evil. Ha! my Lord (cry'd *Cloranisbes* again) you ill underſtand jealouſie, if you believe a jealous man able to cure himſelf of the evil which perſecutes him. On the contrary he increaſes it every inſtant, by falſe conjectures, ill-deduc'd conſequences, a thouſand groundleſs ſuſpicions, continual fears, cruſtleſs reflexions, and imaginations void of all probability. A jealous man accounts nothing impoſſible, he believes he ſees what he does not ſee, he believes he hears what he does not hear; there is not one of his ſenſes but is liable to betray him, and his very reaſon, being perverted by his fancy, and no longer underſtanding the art to diſtinguiſh truth from falſhood, ſerves further to delude him, and render him more miſerable. You ſpeak ſo well of jealouſie (ſaid the Princeſs of *Carthage* maliciouſly) that certainly you muſt needs have been very

very jealous: I ſay, have been (added ſhe) for the vertue of *Lyſonice* is too great to permit you to be ſo ſtill; and ſhe is too fair to ſuſpect you of having any other affection. *Lyſonice* bluſht at this diſcourſe, and to hide her colour turn'd away her head, and fell to ſpeak to *Anherbal*. As for *Cloranisbes*, he ſaid gallantly enough, that the queſtion was not about a jealous Husband, but a jealous Lover, and that in what manner ſoever the caſe were conſidered, he was wholly unconcern'd in the conteſtation. After this, there came ſome Ladies, who caus'd the converſation to change, and propounded to the Princeſs of *Carthage* to go take the air upon the Sea-ſhore, in a place where it is as ſtreight as a and where it is as even as the courſe of the Olympick-Games. So that this motion being agreed to, all the Ladies went in Chariots, and men on horſe-back, excepting *Cloranisbes*, who went not along with the company. When they were arriv'd at the Sea-ſhore, all the Court walkt a foot in the handſomeſt place of the World; for when 'tis calm, the Sea as gently drives its billows upon the ſhore, as if it were no deeper than a ſmall River. The ſand of it is of a fair Colour, the ſhells which are ſeen on that ſide are very agreeable, and the herbs which the waves caſt upon the banks delight the eyes with their lively and various colours. Beſides, this vaſt extent of Sea which ſeems to unite with the Heaven, has a kind of grand aſpect which pleaſes, and inſpires reſpect. On the other ſide ſtands *Utica* which makes a handſome ſhew, and ſeveral other Villages, and many Cottages of Fiſhermen who by their ruſticity adorn this maritime proſpect. In one place people are ſeen drying their Nets, and others mending them; in another, women making Baskets of Bulruſhes which ſerve for fiſhing; otherwhere Fiſher-boats ſcatter'd upon the Sea, and men ſitting upon the Rocks, who holding lines in their hands, are as attentive and immovable as the Rocks upon which they ſit. But however, obſerve what a place it was in which all this fair Court went to divert themſelves. The Sun was then ſetting, and his laſt rays guilding all the ſurface of the Sea, and painting all the Clouds almoſt with the very colours of the morning, preſented ſo fair a ſight to the eyes of *Lyſonice*, that leaving all the reſt of the company to go forward, ſhe ſate down by the Sea ſide upon a Rock cover'd with verdant moſs, and fell to conſider with pleaſure theſe ſeveral effects of the declining Sun. But ſhe had ſcarce began to muſe, when the Prince leaving *Anherbal* to whom he was ſpeaking, went to her, and reſpectfully interrupted her. I beſeech you Madam (ſaid he to her) tell me whether you decide the queſtion in your mind, of which *Cloranisbes* and I lately diſputed. In truth, my Lord (ſaid ſhe to him and riſe up) I was not thinking of it, but I was only conſidering at this inſtant whether the Sea were not more graceful than the Sky. That's but an inconſiderable queſtion to entertain the mind of a fair perſon (anſwer'd he) who has a thouſand other things to think of: however, being this ſight pleaſes you, ſtay where you are, and only ſuffer me to be with you. And ſo *Lyſonice* placing her ſelf again upon the Rock where ſhe ſate, the Prince ſeated himſelf upon another which was right againſt her, and began to diſcourſe to her. I wiſh, Madam (ſaid he to her) whilſt your eyes are diverted with ſeeing all thoſe tremulous lights which the waves beating upon one another ſhew you, you would really tell me, what ſentiment you were of a while ſince during our diſpute, and whether you would not more pity a Lover that were not jealous and had the unhappineſs not to be lov'd, than one that were favour'd and extremely jealous. I am ſo perſwaded (anſwer'd *Lyſonice*) that ſuch as are cauſleſly jealous deſerve all the torments which they ſuffer, that I need not deliberate to determine my ſelf in favour of an unhappy Lover, who is not jealous, and to grant him my compaſſion rather than to a favour'd and jealous lover, who almoſt ever becomes the moſt inacceptable Lover in the world, aſſoon as he is poſſeſs'd with a vehement jealouſie. I am oblig'd to you, Madam (ſaid the Prince to her) and I owe you many thanks. In truth, my Lord (anſwer'd ſhe) you have no great obligation to me, ſince I only ſpeak my opinion ſo as it is. I have more than you believe (reply'd he) and to leave you no ground to doubt of it, know, I am one of thoſe unhappy Lovers, who love with favours and without jealouſie, but who love ſo deſperately, that never was any lover ſo miſerable as I. When I engag'd my ſelf to have compaſſion (ſaid ſhe) I did not imagine, my Lord, that you were concern'd in the caſe. That knowledge, Madam (anſwer'd the Prince) ought not to cauſe you to change that mind; on the contrary, I am perſwaded there is not one of my Subjects for whom you ought to have ſo much compaſſion as for me. Methinks (reply'd ſhe ſmiling) it would be a want of reſpect for any to dare to ſay they have pity on their Soveraign; and therefore, my Lord, you ſhall permit to ſeek out ſome other expreſſion which may agree to you better. That you may find a more exact one (anſwer'd he) ſuffer me to tell you the greatneſs of my evil, for you cannot be ignorant of what nature it is, and no doubt you know, that after having lov'd your Picture which was leſs handſome than your ſelf, I love you ſo ardently, that I have almoſt ceas'd to love *Cloranisbes* who has debarr'd me of that which belong'd to me, and hinder'd you from being Princeſs of *Carthage*.

Lyſonice no doubt, was much amaz'd at this diſcourſe of the Prince, though ſhe knew he was amorous of her. But her ambition made it a little leſs ungrateful to her; *Cloranisbes* diſcontent incens'd her mind, and ſhe was infinitely troubled with the thought of his being jealous. But after all, the ſame temper which inclin'd her to ambition, caus'd her to love honour, and hinder'd her from being able to conſent to a criminal love. Nevertheleſs, being ſhe believ'd *Cloranisbes* guilty of diſloyal proceeding both towards the Prince and her ſelf, and alike deficient in generoſity to them both, ſhe did not reject the Prince with ſo much ſeverity as ſhe would have done in another caſe. I grant, my Lord (ſaid ſhe to him) I am oblig'd to you for the love you had for my Picture, and I ought as long as I live to acknowledge the advantageous intention you had for my fortune at that time; but the caſe is not the ſame in reference to the love you ſay you have for me at preſent, which cannot be but injurious to me. Therefore, my Lord, do not deſtroy that firſt obligation by an injury; for as ambitious as I am, that paſſion is incapable of exciting me to commit an unworthineſs. I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid the Prince to her) do not ſuſpect me of offering to do an injury to a perſon whom I adore; I will but only love you, and I promiſe you too, to do all I can, that I may deſire nothing elſe; but if I cannot give bounds to my paſſion, my deſires and my hopes, I will do all I can to obtain your permiſſion to demand you of *Cloranisbes*; for if you and he be ſo willing, the Laws will permit me to marry you. There are

examples of this kind, and you may ceaſe to be wife of *Cloranisbes*, and ſtill become Princeſs of *Carthage*. I know not, my Lord, whether the Laws allow what you ſpeak of (anſwer'd ſhe and riſe up) but I know well, honour does not allow me to hear you further. Alas! I beſeech you, Madam (cry'd the prince, offering to detain her) do not make me deſperate; for if you do, I ſhall hate *Cloranisbes*, I ſhall revenge my ſelf of him, and be carried to the ſevereſt extremities. Conſider that he minded his own contentment and not your advantage, but I require nothing of you which is not glorious unto you. No, no, my Lord (anſwer'd ſhe and began to go towards the Princeſs of *Carthage*, who was coming to them) all the ambition of my heart ſhall never cauſe me to do any thing againſt my duty; and therefore I conjure you not to perſiſt obſtinately in a deſign which will never ſucceed to you. The Prince could not anſwer her, becauſe *Lyſonice* having joyn'd with the Princeſs of *Carthage*, did not leave her all the reſt of the evening.

But *Lyſonice* ſeem'd ſo diſcontented and ſo penſive to *Paſilia* and *Deliſia*, when ſhe was return'd home, that they did not leave her in quiet till ſhe told them the cauſe of her melancholy. Whereupon, having related to them the diſcourſe ſhe had had with the Prince; Well, too inquiſitive Friends (ſaid ſhe to them) do not you think I have reaſon to be melancholy? Is not my Deſtiny ſtrangely ſevere, to expoſe me to unhappineſſes made purpoſely for me, and which come under the apparences of good Fortune? When *Cloranisbes* married me, I was ſo weary of being in Exile, that I believ'd I was going to be happy. Nevertheleſs, I paſs'd from Exile to ſolitude, and I found I had only chang'd my diſcontent. After that, I came to Court, but there I have liv'd with a continual melancholy to ſee that *Cloranisbes* whom I thought had lov'd me well, has lov'd only himſelf, and hinder'd me from being Princeſs of *Carthage*. However, being he is a perſon of merit, perhaps I ſhould at length have reſolv'd to cure my ſelf of my ambition and pardon him, if I had not obſerv'd in his heart, that if he is not jealous he may be: and for my utmoſt unhappineſs, the Prince is become amorous of me, and propounds to me to ſeparate from *Cloranisbes* and marry me. Judge then in what a condition I am; for although I am ambitious (added ſhe) yet certainly I have affection for *Cloranisbes*; and ſhould my anger have diminiſht it, I confeſs to you, I could not reſolve to marry the Prince of *Carthage*. Such as marry again after the death of their husbands, I can by no means fancy; judge then whether I am capable of reſolving to forſake *Cloranisbes* to marry another. But ſince 'tis ſo (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) I ſee no need you have to be greatly perplex'd. I am of your mind (added *Deliſia*.) But for my part (excepted *Lyſonice*) I am not at all. For do not you conſider that if I be rigorous to the Prince, he will baniſh *Cloranisbes*; and if I keep fair terms with him, I ſhall increaſe his paſſion, and excite jealouſie in *Cloranisbes*, who perhaps will ſend me back into the Countrey? *Cloranisbes* is ſo good a man (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) that you may always do what pleaſes you. *Cloranisbes* loves himſelf ſo highly (reply'd ſhe) that 'tis for his own ſake only that he loves me with ſuch ardency, and ſo he will conſider nothing but his own felicity. But what would you have him do? (ſaid *Paſilia*.) I would (anſwer'd ſhe) that if the Prince propoſes to him to marry me, he love me ſo well, as to come and tell me that he will conſider nothing but my ſatisfaction, and if I deſire it, conſent to our ſeparation, that ſo I may be Princeſs of *Carthage*. Ha! *Lyſonice* (reply'd *Deliſia*) if *Cloranisbes* could part with you to the Prince, he would love you too little. But ſince you ſay (added *Paſilia*) you would not be the wife of two husbands, what matters it to you whether *Cloranisbes* conſent or no to a thing which you do not deſire? It is ſo great a matter to me (anſwer'd ſhe) that I find I ſhall be much diſſatisfied with him, if he be not ſo generous as to do what ſhall pleaſe me without exception. It 'muſt be confeſs'd (ſaid *Paſilia*) the ſentiments of people are very different; for if I had a Lover or a Husband who were capable of parting with me to the greateſt King in the world, I ſhould hate him. I am not of your opinion (anſwer'd *Lyſonice* haſtily) for if *Cloranisbes* conſider only himſelf, I ſhall repine at him in my heart; and though I am reſolv'd to continue his wife till death, yet I ſhall be ſo without any contentment; for I cannot endure thoſe people who love only with reſpect to themſelves, who conſider nothing but their own pleaſure, and mind nothing elſe. Such were the ſentiments of *Lyſonice*.

In the mean time the Prince's love augmenting from day to day, and the Princeſs of *Carthage* (who ſought only to remove *Cloranisbes* from the Court) ſubtilly promoting it, ſhe brought the matter to the utmoſt extremities, and took upon her to ſpeak to *Cloranisbes* in behalf of the Prince, to perſwade him to reſign *Lyſonice* to him. The diſcourſe ſhe made uſe of was ſubtle and crafty; ſhe made ſemblance of pitying his unhappineſs; ſhe accus'd the Prince of injuſtice: but at laſt ſhe gave him to underſtand that it was neceſſary for him to part with *Lyſonice*. *Cloranisbes* appear'd ſufficiently ſurpris'd at this diſcourſe; for though he well perceiv'd the Princes love, yet he did not believe the matter would have gone ſo far. His greateſt diſcontent was, for that he imagin'd *Lyſonice* could not but have given way to the Prince to make this propoſal to him. However, he knew the buſineſs could not be effected without him; becauſe the Law requires that both the Husband and Wife equally conſent to their Divorce. But this did not hinder but that his mind was extremely perplex'd. I know, Madam (ſaid he at length to the Princeſs of *Carthage*) that I owe all things to the Prince, yet this does not hinder but that there are many things which I may deny him without injuſtice; for, in fine, every thing which is impoſſible, is no part of my duty. I confeſs it (anſwer'd the Princeſs) but you can part with *Lyſonice*, and conſequently you ought, ſince the Prince cannot live without her, and you owe all things to him. I wiſh I had never lov'd *Lyſonice* (reply'd he) and the Prince had married her. But, Madam, ſeeing the Gods have permitted that I am her husband, I ſhall be ſo till death. If the Prince will take away my life, I conſent to it; he needs only chuſe ſuch a puniſhment as he pleaſes, I ſhall ſuffer it; but as for *Lyſonice*, I will never ſurrender her, no, though ſhe her ſelf ſhould conſent to the Prince's deſign. Have a care what you do, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid ſhe to him.) I do all which I ought, Madam (anſwer'd he) inaſmuch as I do all which I can. After this, this ſubtle Princeſs feigning to pity him, craftily confirm'd him in the reſolution which he took, that ſo he might exaſperate the Prince againſt himſelf. Which being done, he went to his own houſe, where the Prince had newly been, on purpoſe to tell *Lyſonice* what

what he had caus'd to be propos'd to *Cloranisbes*. 'Tis certain she very ill receiv'd him in spight of all her own ambition, and told him peremptorily, she would never be his Wife, though she much regretted that she was not. Assoon as *Cloranisbes* enter'd, he understood *Lysonice* knew of the proposition which was made to him; and assoon as *Lysonice* saw *Cloranisbes*, she perceiv'd he had been spoken to about the Prince's design. So that being both sufficiently perplex'd, they remain'd some time without speaking; but at length *Cloranisbes* breaking the sad silence, Well, Madam (said he to her) will you be so generous as not to be offended if I desire that you continue in the enjoyment of the unhappy *Cloranisbes* all your life, and if I cannot consent that you be Princess of *Carthage*? You are so accustom'd not to love me but for your own sake (answer'd she) that 'tis easie for me to conjecture what answer you would have me give you. 'Tis as easie too (reply'd he) for me to guess what you would have me say to you; but I confess it, ambitious *Lysonice*, my love for you is still as great as your ambition; and therefore do not think it strange if I cannot resolve to part with you to the Prince. I know I destroy both my own fortune and yours, but I know I cannot resolve to lose you. 'Tis true (added he) perhaps I endanger displeasing you by not resigning you, and losing your heart by desiring to retain your person; but though you should hate me, I cannot cease to love you, nor consent that the Prince be happy with my loss, and enrich himself with my own treasure. But alas! whence is it that your love is not equal to mine? if it were, you would suffer banishment, and the subversion of your fortune would not trouble you: but to speak sincerely, you lov'd the Favorite of the Prince of *Carthage* when you lov'd me, without confiding in the person of *Cloranisbes*, and so 'tis no wonder if you love the Prince better than the Favorite. I hear all which you say (answer'd *Lysonice* coldly) as so many new signs of a self-interested love; however, to assure you that I will not marry the Prince, know, I have this day depriv'd him of all manner of hope. Ha! how happy am I (interrupted *Cloranisbes*) if you speak truth! Do not be so forward to thank me (answer'd she) for I do it more out of honour than affection; for, in fine, I confess to you, *Cloranisbes*, I am not satisfied with yours. You have been diffident of me, and could not resolve to tell me, that I might recover the fortune which you caus'd me to lose by your fraud. However, content your self, that I refuse an advantage which would certainly have affected my heart, and do not pretend I have any obligation to you for a deed which is likely to render both of us unhappy. The worst is, the mischief has no remedy, and our strange destiny will have us prove infallibly miserable. For being you love me only for your own sake, when time shall have a little chang'd me, you will likewise be chang'd towards me; and so I shall see my self without your affection, and you, perhaps, with repentance for having lov'd me. But be it how it will, I must resolve to seek my consolation in my self. If you lov'd me as well as I love you, and shall love you as long as I live (reply'd *Cloranisbes*) you would speak after another manner; but I am not so happy; and 'tis left only to my choice to be more or less miserable. You would certainly have been more happy (answer'd *Lysonice*) if you had less studied to be so.

As *Cloranisbes* was going to answer, one of his Friends came to inquire for him, to give him notice that the Prince of *Carthage* was extremely incens'd against him, and that his love of *Lysonice* was so violent; that it was capable to carry him to any kind of injustice. If he take away my life (answer'd he without being mov'd) he will oblige me; but to pretend to deprive me of *Lysonice*, is that which I will never endure. But you must know the Princess of *Carthage* (who design'd only to ruine *Cloranisbes*, and would not that her Brother should marry *Lysonice*) caus'd it to be told this fair person that the Prince intended to take her away by force; not doubting but this would oblige her to withdraw her self from *Utica*. For though she well understood she was ambitious, yet she knew too that she tender'd honour above all things. And accordingly *Lysonice* no sooner receiv'd this information, but shutting her self into her Closet with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, she told them she absolutely resolv'd to go and return to her Father and Mother, in that fortified place which they held, without imparting her purpose to any person, not even to *Cloranisbes* himself; And then telling them what intelligence had been given her, I shall be so secret (said she to them) in my flight, because if the Prince should violently seise upon me, all the World would believe I was the cause of it my self, and nothing but death could manifest my innocence. 'Tis the best course therefore not to venture the having need of so violent a remedy. Not, that flight and solitude are of more value to me, but I shall at least have the advantage of making it apparent that I know how to over-rule my inclinations when I please. *Pasilia* and *Delisia* would have perswaded her to tell *Cloranisbes* of her purpose; but she was inflexible: No, no, (said she to them) 'tis best that he be able to say with truth that he knew not of my departure; that so the Prince may not accuse him of it. Wherefore without further delay, she pretended the next morning she would go spend the day at the house of a Lady which was her friend, standing without the City: but instead of doing so, she took a by-way which led towards the place where she chose her retreat. At night a slave came to tell *Cloranisbes* that she would lye at her Friend's house: but *Cloranisbes* said nothing to it, though it was not her custom; and the Prince being indispos'd that day, did not go to seek her. The next morning indeed he sent a complement to her to know her health; and when it was told him, she lay out of the City, he took a resolution to go visit her in the afternoon. But he was much astonisht to receive a Letter from *Lysonice*, in which he found these words.

Lysonice to the Prince of *Carthage*.

ACcuse me not Cloranisbes *of my departure; for I protest to you, my Lord, he knows not that I am gone: 'tis a design which I have put in execution without imparting it to him. But I believ'd I could take no better course for your quiet and my own, than to take a person from your sight who can never render you happy, but might render you unjust. I do not pray you to pardon me, but only not to hate* Cloranisbes.

No

No ſooner had the Prince read this Letter, but he was ſtrangely tranſported both againſt *Lyſonice* and *Cloranisbes*. So that as he is of a violent temper, he commanded ſome perſons to ask *Cloranisbes* from himſelf where *Lyſonice* was, and to ſecure him, if he did not tell preciſely. *Anherbal*, who receiv'd this order, was very much perplex'd; for juſt as he arriv'd at his houſe, *Cloranisbes* had done reading a Letter which *Lyſonice* had written and ſent to him, and was conceiv'd almoſt in theſe terms.

Lyſonice to *Cloranisbes*.

YOu will ſee by my flight that I do not care to be Princeſs of Carthage, *and you will ſee by all my actions that you ought to have had more confidence in my generoſity. But as for affection, expect none from a perſon whom you have never lov'd but for your own ſake only. No doubt I will always do all whatſoever honour requires me, but look for no more from me. I juſtifie you as much as I can to the Prince; 'tis all can be done for you by an unhappy perſon who will let you know the place of her ſanctuary when ſhe is at diſtance enough to be no longer in fear that the Prince of* Carthage *ſhould violently ſeize upon her.*

As *Cloranisbes* ended reading this Letter, *Anherbal* enter'd, and told him what order he had receiv'd from the Prince. Did I know where *Lyſonice* is (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) I would not tell you; ſince I underſtand by a Letter which I juſt now receiv'd from her that the Prince had a deſign to ſeiſe upon her by force: but in truth I have no hand in her flight, and I come to learn it by a Letter which ſhe has writ to me. *Anherbal* being of late become one of his intimate friends, he accordingly ſhew'd him *Lyſonice*'s Letter, at which he was amaz'd. Wherefore he took upon him to go tell the Prince that which he had ſeen, without ſecuring *Cloranisbes*. But the Prince interpreting all that was ſaid to him as a colluſion, fell into choler againſt *Anherbal*, and forthwith ſent away the Captain of his Guards to arreſt *Cloranisbes*, who was now extremely glad to know *Lyſonice* was no longer at *Utica*. However, the Prince ſent after her; but being ſhe travell'd all the day and night before, and took an unfrequented way, thoſe whom he ſent after her could not find her. Whereupon, he grew into a rage which nothing could appeaſe, or equal; unleſs it were the griefe of *Cloranisbes*, who in the midſt of all thoſe misfortunes reſented more the diſpleaſure he had in not being lov'd by *Lyſonice*, than any of the reſt.

Aſſoon as this fair perſon was got to *Boſtar*, this generous *African* writ to the Prince to complain of his violence, and giving him to underſtand that if he us'd *Cloranisbes* ill, he would make his peace with the King of *Maſſilia*, and forſake his part. But on the other ſide, the Prince of *Carthage*, who intended to cauſe *Lyſonice* to come back to *Utica*, anſwer'd him that *Cloranisbes* ſhould never be at liberty unleſs *Lyſonice* return'd, and that he would not promiſe for his life, if he deſerted his party to take that of the King of *Maſſilia*. *Lyſonice* ſeeing things in this condition, remain'd reſolute, and always declar'd that ſhe would not return to *Utica*; notwithſtanding *Cyrene* her Mother ſo repreſented to her, that perhaps ſhe would be the cauſe of her husbands death, that ſhe reſolv'd to write to him by a ſecret way which was preſcrib'd to her; and ſhe writ in this manner.

Lyſonice to *Cloranisbes*.

SEnd me word whether you had rather ſee me a priſoner than be ſo your ſelf; if you had, I will go to Utica *to deliver you; for though you love me not but for your own ſake, I will act generouſly for my own.*

This Letter was ſecretly delivered to *Cloranisbes*, who anſwer'd to it in theſe terms.

Cloranisbes to *Lyſonice*.

YOur liberty is a thouſand times dearer to me than my own; therefore take no care to deliver me, which perhaps death will ſhortly do, and then you will be Miſtreſs of your ſelf. If my Vows be heard, you ſhall be Queen of Maſſilia, *but never Princeſs of* Carthage. *And when I ſhall be no longer in being, remember I have never diſpleaſed you but through exceſs of love.*

You may judge that this Letter did not oblige *Lyſonice* to change her mind, and ſo ſhe did not go to *Utica*: but neither did the Prince of *Carthage* ſet *Cloranisbes* at liberty. Divers perſons have beſtirr'd themſelves in negotiating to accommodate ſo great a difference: but for that the Princeſs of *Carthage* has ſo great a power over the Prince her Brother, he is obſtinate not to deliver *Cloranisbes*, againſt whom crimes of State are forg'd which he never committed, to the end the people may repine the leſs. Wherefore this Prince having declar'd that unleſs *Lyſonice* change her mind within four months, he will put *Cloranisbes* to death, this fair perſon believing I have ſufficient influence over the Princes mind, has ſent one of my friends to me to deſire that I would return ſpeedily, to endeavour the calming of this great ſtorm; and by a rare chance, the Prince, not knowing any thing of *Lyſonice*'s deſign, has given order to the ſame man, to come and command me in his name to return aſſoon as poſſible I can. But being uncertain whether I were in *Sicily*, or here, he paſs'd through *Agrigentum*, where by the way he ſaw the generous Prince of that place.

Oh! I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina* interrupting him) tell me ſome news of him if you know any; for the Prince of *Agrigentum* ſeem'd ſo worthy a man when the Hiſtory of *Artemidorus* was related to us, that I ſhould be glad to know whether you have heard any thing concerning him, and whether the amiable *Philonice* his daughter be ſtill among the Veiled Virgins. 'Tis certain ſhe is there ſtill (anſwer'd *Amilar*) and a Lady a very faithful Friend of hers whom ſhe left in the world, regrets her continually. But as for the Prince of *Agrigentum*, he is married again to a perſon ſo accompliſht that nothing can be deſir'd more

more to her. For there lives not a handſomer perſon in the world, and there never was any whoſe vertue has been more ſolid and more generally acknowledg'd, nor whoſe deportment has been more uniformly prudent, nor whoſe goodneſs has been greater or more agreeable. All the lineaments of her countenance are wonderfully handſome, her eyes have as much lovelineſs and ſweetneſs as the moſt exquiſite Painters can fancy; her mouth is very graceful, the ſhape of her viſage very noble, her complexion admirably fair, her hair of a rare bright colour, her ſtature proper, her deportment comely, her aſpect very modeſt, ſweet, and diſcreet, her neck graceful, her arms pure, and her hands well ſhaped; and he that would repreſent vertue, muſt draw the Picture of the admirable *Artelicia*. All the world has approv'd the choice of the Prince of *Agrigentum*, whoſe generoſity is perpetually the ſame. But, in fine, amiable *Plotina*, you ſee reaſon and generoſity require me to take a voyage into *Africa*, to ſerve an unfortunate Friend, and to give the Prince an account of the ſtate of affairs in *Sicily*. But being Love does not require it, I know not what will be done, and beſides I feel I know not what kind of ſecret motion in my Soul, which tells me I ſhall not return into *Africa*. However, I would fain know a little better than I do all the beginning of your life. Content your ſelf (anſwer'd *Plotina*) in knowing that you are much diſavour'd in my heart, and let me leave what is paſs'd, and that which we can have nothing to do with; but at present I have a great deal of pity for *Cloranisbes*. I pity him as much as you (ſaid *Valeria*) and *Lyſonice* alſo; for had ſhe a little leſs ambition, ſhe would be perfectly amiable. She is more ſo than you can imagine (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and 'tis no wonder that *Cloranisbes* is ſtill her Lover though he be her husband, and that the Prince loves her ſo far as to be unjuſt for her. But how came it (ſaid *Plotina*) that you did not love her? As I never had any great paſſion before I ſaw you, Madam (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) ſo I became not much more amorous than I was willing to be; and therefore having regard to my friendſhip with *Cloranisbes*, I over-rul'd my heart in ſpight of all *Lyſonice's* charms, and left it for ſome days between the hands of *Paſilia* or *Deliſia*; for to ſpeak ſincerely, I know not to which of the two I made moſt courtſhip; but this I know with certainty, that I have never lov'd any ſo much as you: and aſſuredly it ought not to be much wonder'd at; for it is not ſo frequent to meet with extraordinary perſons who can inſpire great paſſions. Youth excites nothing but delight; beauty, nothing but deſires; vertue alone, eſteem and reſpect; great wit, admiration; eminent goodneſs, friendſhip: So that to frame a perſon who may produce at the ſame time delight, deſires, eſteem, reſpect, admiration, friendſhip, and love, it is requiſite that ſhe be indu'd with all that I have mention'd, and together with all theſe, with an inexpreſſible pleaſingneſs, ſuch as you have. For, as for my part, I could ſooner diſpenſe with the want of extraordinary youth, and great beauty, than that I know not what charmingneſs which is found in your eyes and in your wit. And, in fine, I ſpeak boldly to the diſparagement of beauty, I have all my life profeſs'd I would have a Miſtreſs who could pleaſe me without ſeeing her, with whom I might walk in the dark without tedioufneſs and melancholy, and who was alſo fit to be an agreeable Friend, in caſe it ſhould come to paſs that I lov'd her no longer as a Miſtreſs. You ſpeak very prudently (reply'd *Plotina*) but to be as wiſe as you are (continu'd ſhe) I think I ſhould have done well not to countenance the affection of a ſtranger; for I begin to fear your departure more than conſiſts with my quiet. Ha! charming *Plotina* (ſaid he) how delightful to me is this which you ſay, and how powerful to retain me eternally with you! While he was ſpeaking thus, one brought a Letter, the ſuperſcription of which was addreſs'd to *Plotina*: but having open'd it, ſhe found that it was not intended to her, and contain'd only theſe four Verſes:

Charming Hermilia *I here at* Rome, *I deem'd*
I only as a friend had you eſteem'd:
But now I find your abſence does diſcover
This truth unknown before, I am your Lover.

Plotina had ſcarce done reading them, but *Hermilia* enter'd, and gave her a Letter open'd; Certainly (ſaid ſhe to her) *Octavius* muſt needs have been miſtaken, for he directs a Letter to me which does not ſute with me. You will be confirm'd in that opinion (anſwer'd *Plotina*) by reading this which I give you, which will manifeſt to you, that my brother is really miſtaken. *Hermilia* took it and read it; but as ſhe was reading it, ſhe bluſht, and her melancholy renewing at that inſtant by the remembrance of her Brother and her Lover, the tears came into her eyes. Which nevertheleſs ſhe reſtrain'd, and returning *Plotina Octavius's* Letter, I am ſo perſwaded (ſaid ſhe to her ſoftly) that in the condition I am in, I am fit only to excite pity, that I cannot think I have been able to excite Love. Beſides, if it were ſo, *Octavius* would be more unhappy thereby: for in truth I love my grief ſo much, that I believe I ſhould hate whoſoever would comfort me of it. *Plotina* would have anſwer'd *Hermilia* if *Telanus* had not arriv'd, who brought *Theomenes* to them, and told them that at the very time he was ſpeaking, *Galerita*, the Princeſs of the Leontines, the generous *Melintha*, the charming *Herſilia*, all the friends of *Aronces* and *Titus* too, were ſpeaking in his favour to *Porſenna*; and he promis'd that the next morning he would let them know what the ſucceſs was. But who is this *Herſilia* you ſpeak of? (ſaid the fair and melancholy *Hermilia*) What? (ſaid *Plotina* looking attentively upon her) did not you take notice, the day the Queen of *Hetruria* came hither, of a very fair perſon who was with her, to whom *Melintha* was almoſt continually ſpeaking, and who has ſo lovely an air? I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Hermilia*) I obſerv'd nothing, but had my mind fill'd only with my own ſorrow, whilſt that great Court was here. Were it but only to do ſomething new (ſaid *Amilcar*) 'tis fit to draw you the Picture of a perſon whom you ſaw and did not ſee. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) who am charm'd with her beauty, I ſhall be raviſh'd to underſtand a little more accurately who ſhe is: and as for me (ſaid *Valeria*) ſeeing ſhe is *Melintha's* friend, and does *Aronces* ſervice, I am very curious of all that relates to her. *Theomenes* can better content your deſire (anſwer'd *Telanus*) than any one, for he is *Herſilia's* intimate friend. I am ready to do what the company pleaſes (ſaid *Theomenes*) but if the fair *Hermilia* has not the ſame curioſity, I ſhall ſpeak nothing of her perſon, but only of her wit and vertue. 'Tis true (anſwer'd this illuſtrious Siſter of *Brutus*) few things in the world can make me curious; but being I am conſcious that it is not juſt to moleſt all the world continually with our grief,

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and that when we ſeek not to cure it by death, we ought to over-rule it, and learn at leaſt to live, without appearing incivil and humorſome; to reproach my ſelf of my weakneſs in not being able to overcome my melancholy, I will confeſs ingenuouſly, that I know not whether *Herſilia* is brown or fair, tall or low; and next, I will demand of you, what manner of perſon it is whom you eſteem, and who (I underſtand) is univerſally eſteem'd. Know then, Madam (ſaid *Theomenes*) *Herſilia* is of a very comely and agreeable ſtature. Her hair is the faireſt brown in the World, her viſage oval, her eyes large and handſome and of ſomething a darkiſh blew, which renders them more ſparkling and agreeable. She has a handſome mouth, pure teeth, and the air and caſt of a ſprightly perſon, of a perſon of condition, and of a perſon of the Court. Her Phyſiognomy is noble, there is luſtre and delicateneſs in her beauty; ſhe has no affectedneſs neither in her looks, nor words, nor actions; and though ſhe has ſometimes I know not what little diſcontented and fierce air, yet it ſerves rather to render her amiable than diminiſh her Charms. Her gracefulneſs is enforc'd, ſhe dreſſes her ſelf very exquiſitely, and eſpecially her head to the beſt advantage without ſhewing too much or too little art therein. One thing is very peculiar to *Herſilia*, namely, that without appearing moroſe, never any other Beauty was ſo averſe from all thoughts of Gallantry. In effect all the Court renders homage to her vertue, and has an extraordinary eſteem for her. *Herſilia*'s heart is naturally very noble, and her mind of good temper; ſhe ſees things as they are, and acts always as ſhe ought. She is naturally magnificent too and generous, ſhe is faithful, ſecret, and diſcreet; and though ſhe is not the freeſt perſon in the world of her careſſes, nevertheleſs ſhe is always very civil. She loves few people ardently, although otherwiſe ſhe is a very generous Friend. She is much affected with merit, and carefully ſeeks all opportunities to ſerve ſuch as are deſerving. She underſtands handſome compoſures exactly, and without making oſtentation of her wit, they that write Verſes well cannot judge of them better than ſhe. She is skill'd in divers Foreign Languages, ſhe ſpeaks very agreeably; and there is ſomething I know not what ſo charming both in her perſon and in her mind, that ſhe cannot be too much extoll'd. Having a conſiderable charge under the Queen, ſhe has many times occaſion to give proofs of her conduct, addreſs, and judgment; but whatever occaſion ſhe meets with, ſhe always comes off with glory; and it may be ſaid, in brief, that *Herſilia* is a Lady infinitely amiable. When ſhe does not eſteem any one, ſhe is ſufficiently put to't to conceal it; and ſhe is more abſolutely Miſtreſs of her inclination than of her averſion. Her piety is ſolid, and not like theirs, who affect a certain outſide auſterity which ſcarce ever reaches to the heart: and it may be ſaid without untruth, *Herſilia* is ſo accompliſht, that no greater perfections can be deſir'd in any perſon. Moreover, ſhe is highly reſpected by the generous *Artander* her husband, who has an eminent Office and a very conſiderable Government under the King, and who no doubt deſerves to have ſuch a vertuous wife as *Herſilia*. For he is of an illuſtrious family, has an heroick mind, great judgment, and capacity to manage the moſt difficult affairs. He is honorable, juſt, and valiant as any mortal can be; he has done ſeveral great and glorious actions in the Wars, which have acquir'd him a fair renown. But his valour produces neither vanity, nor pride, nor inſolence in him; and no man can be found that exceeds him in modeſty and prudence. He has ſome backwardneſs in his firſt addreſſes; but being very civil too, his ſerious humor does not diſoblige any; and in fine, it may be concluded that if *Herſilia* is worthy of *Artander*, *Artander* is worthy of *Herſilia*. All which *Theomenes* has ſpoken is ſo true (ſaid *Telanus*) that if he be deficient in any thing, 'tis in not ſpeaking enough of thoſe two excellent perſons. I acknowledge it (anſwer'd *Theomenes*) but the cauſe of it, is, becauſe I am ſo accuſtom'd to the modeſt humor of *Herſilia*, who will never have any to commend her, that I dare not ſo much as praiſe her in her abſence; ſo great a fear I have of ſtirring up that amiable little frowardneſs, which ſhe is ſometimes in railery reproacht with, and withal which ſo well becomes her. But I would know (ſaid *Amilcar*) whether the fair *Hermilia*, who ſaw her and did not ſee her, the day the Queen of *Hetruria* came hither, has not heard that which *Theomenes* has ſpoken, and not attended to him. No (anſwer'd this fair Virgin) and I know now ſo well what a perſon *Herſilia* is, that if I ſtill took any care for the World, I would with all my heart reſemble her. You have no doubt wherewith to comfort your ſelf without reſembling her (ſaid *Plotina*) but 'tis true, if you ought to ceaſe being ſuch as you are, you would have reaſon to deſire to be ſuch as ſhe is; ſince ſhe is certainly a very lovely and excellent perſon. It needs be no wonder then that the generous *Melintha* loves her ſo much. Yet their humors are not alike (ſaid *Amilcar*) but having both of them very prudent wits, they never claſh, even in ſuch things wherein they do not agree. The truth is (ſaid *Telanus*) *Melintha* is much taken with the delights of ſolitude, which *Herſilia* does not care for: but this diverſity of ſentiments produces only an innocent conteſt, which occaſions them to ſpeak very agreeable things. When *Herſilia* (added *Theomenes*) is for ſome days at a little place of retirement, which my Siſter much affects, ſhe reproaches her pleaſantly for taking more pleaſure, in ſeeing from her Windows great Boats loaden with ſeveral Countrey-commodities paſs by, than in ſeeing ſome ſtately Horſe-race. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I ſhould ſide with *Herſilia* in this conteſt againſt *Melintha*: And I ſhould help *Melintha* (ſaid *Valeria*) to defend her ſelf againſt *Herſilia*. For I think nothing more delightful than to ſee Boats afar off going to and fro upon a great River, to behold the Flocks diſpers'd in the Meadows, the Shepherds playing upon ſome ruſtick Inſtrument, and the Shepherdeſſes dancing at the corner of a Wood. Then you would like *Melintha*'s little houſe well (ſaid *Telanus*) for all things there are ſolitary, Country-like, and agreeable. In what place is this lovely ſolitude? (demanded *Valeria*.) It is near *Cluſium* (anſwer'd *Theomenes*) but I undertake not to deſcribe it to you; *Telanus* muſt do that, if you deſire to know what manner of place it is. I willingly conſent thereto (reply'd *Telanus*) for I confeſs to you, I am extremely pleas'd with it. Tell us then preciſely how it is (ſaid *Plotina*) but have a care what you ſpeak, for I advertiſe you, *Amilcar* who hears you, knows how to make the deſcription of a handſome place admirably. I am ſo accuſtom'd (anſwer'd *Telanus*) to yield to *Amilcar*, that I ſhall not be ſurpris'd if I be inferiour to him in the art of making deſcriptions. For my part (ſaid *Amilcar*) I confeſs to you, I ſhall be much troubled if you ſurpaſs me. Happen

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what will (ſaid *Telanus*, after he had been deſir'd to repreſent the houſe of *Melintha*) I ſhall tell you the ſolitude I am to deſcribe has ſomething ſo pleaſing in it, that all Palaces muſt yield to it. But that which is more remarkable in this matter, is, that the admirable *Melintha* has made ſo conſiderable an alteration in this place, that it may be ſaid ſhe has almoſt wholly transform'd it. The firſt time I was there, I could not conceive it could become agreeable, the Garden behind the houſe was ſo exceedingly narrow, and all the ground was ſo declining and uneven that one would have thought he walkt upon the ſide of a precipice. So that though the proſpect of this place was very handſome, yet it was enjoy'd from ſo incommodious a ſtation, that this diminiſht part of its delightfulneſs. Nevertheleſs in a very ſhort time and with no great expence, *Melintha* has render'd it ſuch as I am going to deſcribe to you. The Court is of a largeneſs proportionable to the houſe, all which is ſeen of the building appears new and of a graceful plainneſs. There is a Hall which has a Chamber at one end and a kind of little Gallery at the other. It is open in the midſt of the ſide towards the Garden, which two ſtages of ſtone-ſtairs lead into, from whence is ſeen a green plat terraſs'd, of a very reaſonable greatneſs, a ruſtical Garden beneath, which leads inſenſibly deſcending into a little Grove, whoſe ſhadineſs is ſo much the more agreeable, for that there is heard from thence the murmur of a very pleaſant River which paſſes hard by. But to return to the ſtone-perron whence I have drawn your imagination, conceive, that you ſee from thence not only the terraſs'd green-plat, the ruſtical Garden, and the little Grove, but above twenty miles diſtance, with ſo charming a variety of objects, that nothing is more agreeable. For beyond all that I have mention'd there is ſeen a delightful River, in which are ſeveral little green Iſlands embelliſhing it in that place, between which many little Boats are ſeen paſſing to and fro. But a hundred paces from thence, this pleaſant River goes toward the right hand to diſcharge it ſelf into a greater, which is ſeen coming afar off; and being it comes winding, it is ſeen in ſeveral places at a great diſtance. So that beholding the water on both ſides, this little corner of Land wherein many Flocks are feeding, ſeems almoſt an Iſland between two Rivers which make an admirable ſhew; and beyond which are ſeen many handſome Villages, till the ſight loſes it ſelf: and on the left hand a ruſtick bridge and a little houſe beyond, whoſe irregular ſtructure contributes ſomething to the handſomneſs of the proſpect, as well as ſeveral remote Temples which are ſeen in divers places of the Plain. But having deſcrib'd this pleaſant Landskip to you, which is ſeen from all the apartments of the houſe, I muſt lead you up a curious and goodly ſtair-caſe, and cauſe you to enter into a Chamber, the hangings of which are blew and ſilver, and the Windows reach from the top to the bottom, that ſo the ſight may be more free. Next, I muſt lead you into a little place in which there is nothing but chains, a little Table, two admirable Pictures with guilded frames, the deſigns of which having ſome correſpondence to ſolitude, agreeably fill the imagination. For in one of them is ſeen a very handſome woman, repreſented in a wild Country, wherein no living thing appears but this fair perſon, who ſeeming to be driven out of the World, leans upon a Tree in a careleſs manner, which manifeſts that the light it ſelf is no longer the object of her view, ſo retir'd ſhe appears into her ſelf. Her graceful fair hair is diſhevel'd upon her ſhoulders, the whiteneſs of which cannot be ſurpaſs'd but by the complexion of this ſolitary fair, in whoſe countenance is ſeen ſo ſweet a ſorrow, that joy it ſelf never caus'd any thing ſo agreeable. Her whole poſture has a negligence full of ſadneſs, which correſponds to her ſentiments. As much as is ſeen of her body is admirable, the little clothing which appears is natural, the Landskip is done to the life, and, in fine, this piece is worthy of the excellent Painter who drew it, of the amiable place wherein it is, and of the admirable perſon to whom it belongs. But from this ſo delightful Cabinet you paſs into a little Chamber, the moſt pleaſant that ever was ſeen. The furniture of it is Grey, Iſabella and White; there is alſo a very handſome ſolitary Landskip, the Bed ſtands in a little room apart: On one ſide of which is a large Window open from top to bottom, like all the reſt, which have an Iron-rail to lean upon, of exquiſite workmanſhip; and on the other, another great Window which opens into a little Cloſet, painted and guilded, where there is a Tablet in which *Jupiter* is pourtray'd, and where *Melintha* performs her devotions to the Gods, on ſuch days as ſhe cannot go to the publick Temples. But to conclude the deſcription of this retreat of the admirable *Melintha*, you muſt know, that returning out of this little Chamber and the Cabinet where the Picture of the fair Hermite is, you go into a Chamber, the Tapiſtry whereof is ſilver and blew, and from thence enter into a Cabinet which is the handſomeſt in the World, out at a great Window of which is ſeen the ſame proſpect which I deſcrib'd to you before. The form of this Cabinet is ſquare; it is neither too high nor too low roof'd, it is hung round with goodly Pictures whoſe frames are richly guilded, and which being of two different ſizes, are plac'd in a very agreeable order. The fretwork has a very handſome piece in the midſt, wherein the Painter has admirably repreſented ſincerity, under the figure of a fair woman holding her heart in her hand. All the ornaments which encompaſs this piece are very exquiſite, and all the other pictures which are ſeen in this Cabinet, by the deſign of the excellent Painter who drew them according to *Melintha*'s order, repreſent ſeveral kinds of Landskips, and ſolitary perſons inhabiting them. Such melancholy objects are ſeen in ſome of them, that they move the hearts of the Spectators; in others, ſo ſweet a ſolitude, as makes the ſolitary inhabitant envied; and, in brief, there is ſo lovely a variety in all theſe pieces, that Nature has not more in her productions than the admirable Painter has expreſs'd in his works. But amongſt the reſt, there is a piece which hangs over a Couch, in which deſigning to repreſent ſeveral ſorts of grief, he has done it ſo admirably, that it cannot be ſufficiently commended. I forgot to tell you that on the ſide the door is of which is oppoſite to that of the Window, hangs a Looking-glaſs, which receiving all the objects of the proſpect, gives a pleaſant ſight of it to one that looks not upon it. In a corner of this Cabinet a little Bay is contriv'd within the thickneſs of the Wall, to place Books in, where alſo *Melintha* would have a piece put, whoſe ſight alone ſhould excite ſentiments of piety, notwithſtanding any indiſpoſedneſs thereto: but this is not ſeen, but when one pleaſes. To conclude, this Cabinet is ſo handſome, ſo uniform and ſo ſtately, that there is no Palace in the World wherein it might not be admir'd. Thus I have ſhew'd you this little houſe, which pleaſes *Melintha* far more than a greater

and fairer, which ſhe has caus'd to be built at *Cluſium*. I wonder not if it pleaſes her (anſwer'd *Plotina*) for as you repreſent it, I think I ſhould delight to ſee Boats, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes and Flocks of Sheep out of that amiable Cabinet: eſpecially (added *Valeria*) if there be good company. I agree with you (anſwer'd ſhe) that agreeable company does no hurt; but, humor may add to the delight of the handſomeſt Deſart in the World. But however, 'tis fit to do juſtice to *Telanus*, and confeſs that if he does not ſurpaſs *Amilcar* in deſcriptions, he may pretend to equal him. I beſeech you (ſaid *Amilcar*) do not determine things ſo preciſely, but rather give an ambiguous judgment, ſo that either of us may believe he has the advantage. Be it how it will (ſaid *Theomenes*) you may be both commended without our fearing to miſplace our praiſes.

As *Theomenes* was ſpeaking thus, there was heard a great noiſe from without the Tents, which *Telanus* going to ſee what it meant, found it was caus'd by Souldiers quarrelling about *Aronces*, ſome of them ſaying the Camp ought to make an inſurrection to deliver him; others, that it behov'd always to obey *Porſenna*, who knew well what he had to do. *Telanus* would have appeas'd and accorded them, but an old Souldier addreſſing to him, How? my Lord (ſaid he to him) ſhall we let *Aronces* periſh without attempting to deliver him, who is all our hope? No, no, it muſt not be; *Porſenna* may remember that heretofore himſelf was not deliver'd but by violence. We are newly told (added he) that the King ſpeaks of putting him to death aſſoon as he has found *Mutius*: but it muſt not be endur'd that he commit this injuſtice, and we ſhall ſerve him, in ſerving *Aronces*. Hereupon *Telanus* judging it might be dangerous for *Aronces* to have the Army ſhew too much ardor for him; to pacifie the incens'd Souldiers, told them he knew the Prince would ſhortly be cleared, and freed from his impriſonment: whereby he repreſſed part of their violence, and went to re-aſſure the fair *Romans*, whom the noiſe had alarm'd.

This evening and the next morning, the Queen of *Hetruria*, the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, and all the friends of *Aronces* made their utmoſt inſtance for him to *Porſenna*; but to no effect: for he was ſo perſwaded *Aronces* and *Mutius* had conſpir'd againſt him, that he could not have been more, if himſelf had been an ear-witneſs of their Confederacy. And therefore (ſaid he to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*) 'tis only out of regard to the formalities of juſtice, that *Aronces* is not yet dead; and aſſoon as *Mutius* is found, and they whom I have in cuſtody ſhall maintain before him and *Aronces* that they were the inſtruments of this horrid Conſpiracy, which Love excited them to, nothing ſhall be able to hinder me from giving that great example of juſtice, which I owe to Poſterity and my own preſervation. All *Aronces*'s Friends perceiving reaſons, ſentiments of nature, and prayers prevail'd nothing with this prejudic'd Prince, told him he hazarded to ſee *Rome* againſt him, and to cauſe his own Army to mutiny. If you are minded to haſten *Aronces* death (anſwer'd he) you need but ſpeak as you do; for if my Subjects rebel for the Criminal *Aronces*, 'tis a ſign that he is a rebel himſelf, that they look upon him as their head, and that the beſt courſe I can take is to puniſh a Parricide ſpeedily. The friends of *Aronces* would have reply'd, but the cruel *Tullia* arriving, they could not; becauſe the King ſignifi'd that he was minded to be alone with her. Yet they repin'd ſo loudly that *Tullia* heard their murmurs: but being us'd to complaints and curſes, ſhe was not mov'd at them, but made ſhew of not having heard them. As for *Tarquin*, he continu'd at his Quarter, that he might keep his Forces in their duty, whilſt *Tullia* promoted her diſmal negotiation. *Titus* indeed was much devoted to *Aronces* intereſt, and was continually active for him: but as for *Sextus*, he had nothing in his heart but love for *Clelia*, and was ſo tranſported with it that he thought of nothing elſe. For whilſt all the Camp was in Alarm, *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were contriving to deſtroy *Aronces*, and all the Friends of this Prince in the Camp or at *Rome* were ſtudying to ſave him, *Sextus* was deviſing to carry away *Clelia*; for in this confuſion the Hoſtages were guarded with leſs circumſpection, though *Porſenna* on the contrary had commanded they ſhould be kept moſt carefully. In order to which, *Sextus* corrupted ſome of the Souldiers which guarded *Clelia*, aſſur'd many to him of the King his Fathers, and whereas the Tents of theſe fair *Romans* were upon the bank of *Tyber*, he gave order to have Boats in readineſs to convey her away by night. He prefix'd a day and hour to do it, and hop'd ſo well to carry on and accompliſh his purpoſe, that it might be believ'd *Clelia* was carried away either by the *Romans*, or by the friends of *Aronces*, for fear *Porſenna* ſhould treat her rigorouſly. Moreover, he reſolv'd to ſend her to *Cume*, becauſe he had an intimate friendſhip with the Tyrant which raign'd there at that time. On the other ſide *Amilcar* going and coming continually from *Rome* to the Camp and from the Camp to *Rome*, divers conſultations were held in both theſe places for the deliverance of *Aronces*; but no ſure courſe could be found out for bringing about ſo juſt a deſign. Some judg'd it beſt to get the Prince out of Priſon, that ſo he might afterwards juſtifie himſelf in freedom; but ſuch as knew him well, believ'd that ſhould his Guards be forc'd or corrupted, he would not have recourſe to flight, for fear it ſhould argue him to be criminal. Others thought it moſt expedient for the Camp and *Rome* to riſe of a ſudden, and go demand *Aronces* of *Porſenna* with Arms in hand; but a Treaty having been made with this King, and *Rome* not being in a condition to venture a ſecond Siege, the Senate would not have conſented that the Pacification ſhould be infring'd. Beſides, the twenty fair *Romans* who were given in Hoſtage, having Lovers at *Rome*, they were not forward to ſuffer any ſuch reſolution to be taken as might bring them into danger. Some there were alſo who propounded to go to *Tarquin*'s Quarter, and following *Mutius*'s example, kill the Tyrant with the execrable *Tullia*: but this Propoſition was not approv'd. However, that ſomething might be done, it was reſolv'd that *Artemidorus* and *Themiſtus*, being two great Princes, ſhould go to *Porſenna* the next day, to tell him a very conſiderable truth: for he interpreted *Mutius*'s departure to be a flight, and it was at length diſcover'd to proceed only from a deſpair of Love. For the laſt converſation *Mutius* had with *Valeria* made a deep impreſſion upon him; ſo that being deſirous to try whether, whilſt ſhe was at the Camp, he could more eaſily bring *Publicola* to be favorable to him, he went to him, and ſpoke to him with an air ſo little ſubmiſſive, that it was apparent he betray'd himſelf like the deliverer of *Rome*. At which *Publicola* being diſpleas'd, anſwer'd him with a generous ſincerity which caſt him into deſpair; for he ſo clearly intimated to him, that he ſhould

not

not take his daughter from *Herminius*, that he became desperate, leaving *Publicola* in a great fury, and soon after departed from *Rome*. Whereby it was easie to judge that Love was a greater cause of his absence than any other consideration. It was therefore resolv'd that *Themistus* and *Artemidorus* should go to *Porsenna* the next day, and tell what they had understood from *Publicola*, to the end *Mutius*'s departure might no longer pass for an evidence against *Aronces*. Not, that what they had to say was a convincing truth, but it was at least a favourable presumption; and being they could do no better, they did as people use to do in great misfortunes, namely, rather to do a hundred things unprofitably, than fail of doing one thing which may be beneficial.

But whilst all in *Rome* or the two Camps, were devising to destroy or save *Aronces*, this unfortunate Prince indur'd the greatest torments an amorous heart which loves honour is capable of. He saw himself accus'd of a horrid crime, by a father whom he had deliver'd from a long imprisonment, and whose life he had sav'd, and by a father whom he respected still notwithstanding the injustice he did him. But that which afflicted him most, was, that the letter he receiv'd from *Clelia*, perswaded him either that she believ'd the accusation charg'd upon him, or else accus'd him her self of something; and to augment his grief, he saw he had lost the Letter, which might be of some ill consequence to him if it were in the hands of *Porsenna*: so that his affliction was more than can be imagin'd. But he did not suffer alone; for *Clelia*'s mind was more disquieted than ever any persons in the World. She lov'd *Aronces* more than her self; but she could not but believe, or at least fear, that he was unfaithful to her. She wisht nothing with more ardor than to hear *Porsenna* was appeas'd, and nevertheless she could not hear without indignation that *Lysimena* acted with that generous confidence which led her to speak to *Porsenna* whatever she believ'd might advantage *Aronces*, without considering that this augmented *Zenocrates*'s jealousie: for being she knew her self innocent, she conceiv'd it would be easie for her to justifie her self at any time; and therefore she continued to act the same generosity in so important an occasion. Which so disgusted *Clelia*, that she almost wisht the prayers *Lysimena* made to *Porsenna* would take no effect, that so *Aronces* might not owe his life and liberty to her. *Plotina* and *Valeria* being the confidents of all her sorrows, she spoke of nothing else to them when they were alone, especially at nights; for these three fair persons lay in the same place, not, but that it might be said that these twenty fair *Romans* were in one and the same Tent, because they had communication one with another; but nevertheless, they had in a manner every one their own. *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* being one evening together lamenting their misfortunes, *Clelia* told her Friends she had still more cause to fear some greater, than they knew of; For I beheld (said she to them) or thought I beheld the virtuous *Lucretia* last night, and I imagin'd too I heard her voice. Being unhappy people (said *Valeria*) seldome have pleasing Dreams, 'tis not to be wonder'd if that dismal Idea came into your fancie. 'Tis true (added she) considering what befel her illustrious Lover, these kind of advertisements seem not altogether to be rejected; for if you remember, *Lucretia* appear'd to him. Tell us therefore in what manner you thought you beheld that fair but unfortunate Lady. My discontents, as you may imagine (answer'd *Clelia*) strangely possess my mind, so that I never sleep but out of weariness. Hereby it hapned, that it was almost break of day before I shut mine eyes. In this condition I know not whether my heaviness forc'd me to sleep, or whether I was really awake; but me thought I beheld a good great light, which nevertheless was somewhat dusky too; a moment after *Lucretia* appear'd to me fairer than ever I saw her; her hair was dishevell'd, she was cover'd with a large white Robe, and held a bloody Ponyard in her hand. In this posture methought I heard her voice, which was something terrifying. Flee, *Clelia*, flee (said she to me) but flee speedily; for I advertise you that the Tyrant, who caus'd me to have recourse to this Ponyard, has a design against your honour as he had against mine. Have recourse therefore to flight, and bring not your self into the necessity of being oblig'd to have recourse to death. After this, the light disappear'd, *Lucretia* vanish'd; but the sound of her voice has made such an impression upon my mind, that all this day I have done nothing else but think upon what I imagin'd I saw and heard, and had not so much power as to tell it you: besides, having not seen you alone, I was unwilling to speak of a thing which seems only fit to make me suspected of having a mind something weak.

Clelia had scarce done speaking this to her Friends, when one of their Guards enter'd into their Tent, with a certain hasty air which signifi'd he had some important matter to tell. I beseech you, Madam (said he to *Clelia*) pardon me the liberty I take of entring into your Tent; if *Lucilius* or *Telanus* had been come back from the King, I would have addressed my self to them; but being they are not here, and I cannot tell that which I have to say, to him that commands us in their absence, I addres to you, to advertise you that *Sextus* will carry you away by violence, if you do not take care to prevent it. I have not been able to learn whether he intends it this night or the next; but I know infallibly he hath laid all his contrivances for that purpose; several of my Companions are to be assistant to him, he that commands us is his Creature, he has Boats in readiness, and is himself to serve in this violence. Wherefore, Madam, conceiving I could never serve the Prince better than by serving you, I come to give you this intelligence. The business is urgent (added he) and I understand the design as fully as possibly one can. But by what means came you to know it? (said *Clelia* much affrighted.) One of my companions, Madam, (answer'd he) who would have engag'd me in this criminal design told me of it, and I made shew of consenting to it, to the end I might give you notice of it. *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and *Clelia*, askt this man divers other Questions, who answer'd them with so much ingenuity, that they were assur'd he did not lye. They thanked him for his generosity, and desir'd him to tell *Telanus*, assoon as he came from the King, that they must necessarily speak with him; and in case *Telanus* did not return speedily, to come himself to speak with them. Well, my dear Sister (said *Clelia* to *Plotina*) the apparition of the virtuous *Lucretia* is but too true, and am not I very unhappy in seeing my self lov'd by the most infamous of men? Was not I sufficiently oppress'd with the misfortunes of *Aronces* and his infidelity, without being more so by mischiefs more dreadful to me than death? But, in fine (added she) I am not resolv'd to await this dismal adventure;

I muſt go from Tent to Tent to awake all my Companions, oblige them all to ſtay with me, till the return of *Telanus*, and engage them by Oath to ſtick to me, and rather tear me in pieces, than ſuffer me to be carri'd away by the infamous *Sextus*. If *Telanus* comes (ſaid *Plotina*) it is abſolutely neceſſary that he give way for us to eſcape; for in the condition things are, we know not who to have recourſe to. For my part (ſaid *Valeria*) I know not whether we ſhould do well to violate the Laws of Nations by going to *Rome* though we might, or whether it would not be better to have recourſe to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*. No, no, (anſwer'd *Clelia*) I will not be oblig'd to that Princeſs; and as things now are, I believe ſhe would not be as ſerviceable to me as ſhe is to *Aronces*; and beſides, do you think *Porſenna* will at preſent believe any thing againſt a Son of *Tullia*? We muſt therefore begin to aſſemble all our Friends together; and ſo *Clelia* cauſing a maid-ſlave to light her, was follow'd by *Valeria* and *Plotina* through the lines of Communication which went from Tent to Tent, where they awaken'd *Hermilia*, *Colatina*, and all the reſt. But after they were come together into one and the ſame Tent, the Soldier who diſcover'd the plot to *Clelia*, came to tell her that *Lucilius* and *Telanus* had ſent notice that they would not lodge there that night, becauſe ſome affairs requir'd their preſence elſewhere. Wherefore *Clelia* interpreting this as an artifice of *Sextus*, who caus'd them to be retain'd, that he might the better effect his deſign, was in a very terrifi'd condition, and the death of *Lucretia* coming into her mind at the ſame time, ſhe thought every moment ſhe beheld *Sextus* entring with his Soldiers to carry her away. All her Friends partaking of her fear, counſell'd her the beſt they could; but ſhe having a great heart, No, no, my Companions (ſaid ſhe, beholding ſome of them with tears in their eyes) 'tis to no purpoſe to weep, we muſt this day ſhew that we are *Romans*, that we love honour, and that death cannot daunt us; for do not imagine (added ſhe) that this deſign regards only me; all they that ſerve a raviſher, are raviſhers themſelves; and I do not queſtion, but the infamous *Sextus* has promis'd you to ſuch as are to be his inſtruments in ſo criminal an action. But were it otherwiſe (continu'd ſhe) I will believe that the affection you have for me, and the ſenſe of honour would lead you to be willing to ſave me, and to take a reſolution to make an eſcape from this place, where we cannot but every moment be expos'd to the inſolence of the two mutinous Camps, which in all probability will ſhortly fall foul together. Let us then make a daring and generous reſolution; our Tents are upon the Bank of *Tyber*, and there is no way to eſcape but by the River. If we dye, we ſhall die with greater glory than *Lucretia*, ſince it will be in avoiding an unhappineſs, which ſhe would not out-live. I know it will be ſaid at *Rome*, that we violate the Treaty; but every thing may be lawfully done to ſave our honours. Nevertheleſs that you may not think (added ſhe) I will cauſe you all to be drown'd for my preſervation, and expoſe you to an inevitable danger, hear what courſe I conceive fit to be taken. You know when we came out of *Rome*, we were adorn'd like publick Victims to be ſacrific'd to the peace; ſo that we have many Jewels amongſt us: let us promiſe all we have to the Souldier who gave us this intelligence, on condition he will be ſerviceable to us; let us not wait for the return of *Lucilius* or *Telanus*, nor tempt them to be unfaithful to the King of *Hetruria*, who committed us to their cuſtody; but let us only deviſe how to deceive our Guards; we may eaſily do it, provided that Soldier and ſome of his companions be for us; let us ſend to him who commands in the abſence of *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, to deſire permiſſion to bathe our ſelves at break of day, which without doubt he will grant us; for being perhaps 'tis the night following wherein he intends to convoy me away, he will believe this will facilitate his deſign. But when we come to the Water ſide, you ſhall do what you ſee me do; ask me no more, but leave me to manage this enterprize; I require no more of you, but of what I will my ſelf ſhew you an example: but above all things, to continue your ſelves in the generous reſolution which I ſee you inclinable to, conſider always, I conjure you, that the buſineſs is no leſs than to keep our ſelves from being under the power of the murderer of the virtuous *Lucretia*, that glory attends us on the other ſide of the *Tyber*, and that we ſhall eternally diſhonour our Country, if we be ſo puſillanimous and weak as to incur a misfortune which we may avoid.

Clelia ſpoke with ſo much courage and eloquence, that all her companions haſtned to give her their Jewels, ſwear not to forſake her, but to follow her example and pleaſure implicitely. After this ſhe went to ſpeak to the truſty Souldier, and communicating her deſign to him, ſhe gave him ſome gratuities, and promis'd him more; which done, he went to the Officer who commanded the Guard, and whoſe name was *Minutius*, to demand his permiſſion for all theſe fair Virgins to go and bathe themſelves in the *Tyber* about break of day. He made no ſcruple to grant this requeſt; and gave orders to ſuch as were to conduct them, without ſuſpecting any thing of the deſign; for *Rome* being on the other ſide of the River, he could not think theſe Ladies would imagine it poſſible to get thither. Beſides, being Hoſtages, and *Sextus* deſign in all probability unknown to them, he was on the contrary very glad of their beginning to bathe themſelves in the River, inaſmuch as it might prove convenient for his enterprize. But to bring it ſo to paſs as to ſend ſuch Souldiers the next day to conduct them, as were privy to this Plot, he ſent others this day; the order of Military duties requiring ſucceſſive attendance of ſeveral perſons. In the mean time the Souldier whom *Clelia* had gain'd, provided Planks, Hurdles, and Bavines; it not being poſſible to get either Boats or Horſes: he alſo ſuborn'd ſome other Souldiers to aſſiſt him, with the Jewels *Clelia* gave him, and in brief, he did all that was in his power. Now when break of day was come, theſe twenty fair Virgins having ſpent the whole night without ſleep, went forth under the conduct of thoſe that were order'd to guard them. It was no lighter when they left their Tents, than juſt enough to diſcern things, and to perceive the agitation of the River through the Willows which grew upon the Bank of it in this place. The place was unfrequented, agreeable, and fit for the execution of *Clelia*'s deſign. The Souldier who was of intelligence with them, haſting to bring them to the place where Tents were erected for them in the River, led them through a way beſet with Willows, whoſe tops were interwoven together, and ſeem'd to make a kind of rude Canopy; and at length they arriv'd at the place where they made ſhew of intending to bathe themſelves. They who guided them ſtay'd at a diſtance out of reſpect, to leave them to undreſs themſelves; and ſome of them too

were

were corrupted to do so by *Clelia*'s Complotter. But the Ladies not thinking them remote enough, desir'd them to retire a little more back; which they did. And assoon as they saw them at a good distance, the honest Souldier who was hid behind a bush to assist them, shew'd them the Planks, Hurdles and the Bavines, which he had caus'd to be brought thither secretly, and had so well fitted that each of them could bear up a person in the Water. But when *Clelia* counted them, she found there was one fewer than needed; at which she being nothing abash'd, No, no, (said she) my companions, trouble not your selves who it shall be that wants something to support her in the water, my courage shall support me, and the Gods will assist me. Let us not therefore lose time (added this magnanimous Lady) the moments are precious; this valiant Souldier whom you see shall help the weakest, and I am so perswaded Heaven will be aiding to us, that I doubt not in the least but we shall all happily get to *Rome*. The God of *Tyber* sav'd *Horatius* when he leapt into it in his Armour; he will save us perhaps as well as him.

After this, *Clelia* having invok'd the God of the River, without expecting the answer of her companions, cast her self couragiously into the water, and turning towards them, If you love glory (said she to them) you will follow me; and so abandoning her self to the stream of the River, she was carried from the shore. There was no delay, but her companions instantly did the same; and the Souldier, having so handsomly ty'd some to the Planks, others to the Hurdles and Bavines which he had provided, that there was no fear of sinking, he leapt into the Water after them, and sometimes helpt one, and sometimes another: their cloaths also were of some use in this occasion to bear them up. But there hapn'd a remarkable accident; for as *Clelia* turn'd her head now and then to see whether her companions follow'd her, she found a Horse in the midst of the River, which had scap'd from one that led him to drink; whereupon this couragious Lady got hold of his Bridle, and made shift to mount upon his back. By which means advancing her self above the water, and day being much clear'd up, the Souldiers who had guarded her, were extremely amaz'd to see her and all her companions about her, whom the officious Souldier help'd forward as much as he could; for they who were not corrupted, believ'd these twenty fair Virgins were in the Tents prepar'd for them upon the River. On the side of *Rome*, they who perceiv'd a woman upon a Horse swimming in the middle of the River, and follow'd by others who were supported by Planks, Hurdles, or Bavins, knew not at first whether they were not men disguised in the habits of women, and whether this were not some subtle project of *Tarquin*: so that they were thinking to shoot Arrows at them; and had indeed done so, if *Horatius* and *Herminius* had not happily arriv'd. For, as Lovers know their Mistresses at a greater distance than others, they were no sooner upon the Bank of the River, but they knew *Clelia* and *Valeria*. Which sight so surpris'd them, that they were thinking to cast themselves into the River, to go and meet them; but this first sentiment being pass'd, reason caus'd them to take some Boats which were there to go meet these couragious Ladies, most of whom were so weary that they receiv'd this succour with joy. In the interim the Souldiers who had guarded these fair *Romans*, having given the Alarm all about, the Bank of the River was in an instant beset with an innumerable multitude of Souldiers on the side of the Camp, that of the City was as much throng'd with the Inhabitants. Now because these fair Virgins were not in condition to go through the Streets, *Horatius* and *Herminius* led them to a house standing near the side of the River, where they dry'd themselves and chang'd their clothes for others which they sent for from their Parents houses. After which, they all went to the first Consul, to give an account of their escape, and to desire him to inform the Senate of it. But they were follow'd with an incredible throng of people, who by this time knowing *Clelia* was she that undertook this adventurous action for the preservation of her honour, gave her a thousand praises, and extoll'd her above all the Heroes of Antiquity. When *Publicola* beheld this fair company arrive, he was surpriz'd at it; for though the rumour of it was brought to him before, yet he did not believe what was told him. *Clelia*, as principal of the enterprize, went formost, and assoon as she saw *Publicola*, My Lord (said she to him) if that which my companions and I have done seem unreasonable to you, I conjure you to lay the blame only upon me, for they have done no more but followed me; and if the Senate conceive me culpable, I am ready to undergo such punishment as shall seem good to them to inflict upon me; for I dread neither pains nor death, I fear nothing but infamy. After this *Valeria* beginning to speak, inform'd *Publicola* of the violence intended by *Sextus*, and omitted nothing that might serve to justifie the action which they had done. Your fact is so glorious (answer'd *Publicola*, speaking to *Clelia*) that were it unjust, it would nevertheless deserve to be eternally commended; nothing undoubtedly being more heroical, than to preserve one's honour with the hazard of death. But since you have acted for yours, you must suffer *Rome* to act also for hers, and therefore I enjoyn you all to stay here till the Senate have deliberated upon the action which you have done.

Then *Publicola* leaving them to the charge of *Domitia*, gave order that the Senate should be extraordinarily assembled. In the mean time *Clelius*, *Sulpitia*, *Octavius*, *Racilia*, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, *Artemidorus*, *Themistus*, *Merigenes*, *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, *Acrisius*, *Sicinius*, *Damon*, and all the relations of these fair virgins, came to visit them, every one making a complement to them according to their humor or inclination, and all extolling *Clelia* with a kind of contest. *Horatius* was extreme joyful in this occasion, and found such pleasure in the glory of his Mistress, that he had not greater when he perform'd that grand action of the *Sublician* Bridge. He fanci'd that *Clelia*'s leaping into *Tyber* as he had done, was a happy presage to him; and it was some delight to him, to think that *Clelia* fled from a place where *Aronces* was. But if his own thoughts gave him hope, the looks and words of *Clelia* gave him none at all: but on the contrary having spoken a moment with her apart, he found her mind still firmer to her old resolution. At least, Madam (said he to her) do not make me unhappy before the time, leave Fortune to act as she pleases, and act your self as you are minded; but do not forbid me to hope that perhaps you will one day find your self forc'd by destiny not to hate me. All humane prudence can foresee nothing, three days ago you would not have believ'd you could have attempted to cross the *Tyber* without a Boat, and nevertheless you have done it with an heroical magnanimity. 'Tis true (answer'd she) none can foresee their own actions; but such as are prudent,

prudent, cannot and ought not to change their ſentiments. Nevertheleſs (reply'd he) 'tis frequently requiſite to conform our ſelves to matters according to the time. As for ſuch Wiſdom (anſwer'd *Clelia*) I renounce it with all my heart: that which is juſt once, is always ſo; I never ceaſe to love that which I love; and even the infidelity and death of *Aronces* ſhall never cauſe my heart to change. I ſay more (added ſhe) for ſuppoſing what is abſolutely impoſſible, that I could ceaſe to love *Aronces*, and have ſuch an affection for you as you deſire, you would not be the happier for it; for a pure ſentiment of honour would hinder me from expreſſing any thing of it, and I ſhould die a thouſand times rather than do any thing that might make me liable to the reproach, that I lov'd twice in my life. But, *Horatius*, matters are not in theſe terms; and I ſpeak to you as I do, only to put you out of all hope, and ſo to oblige you to be hereafter contented with my eſteem and friendſhip. Alas! Madam (ſaid he to her) if you could but ceaſe to love *Aronces*, I ſhould not want much of being happy: for I conceive it not poſſible that a heart diſengaged from all paſſion could reſiſt mine. Have I not told you (anſwer'd ſhe) that though I ſhould love you (which yet can never happen) you would not be the leſs miſerable? Ha! Madam (reply'd *Horatius*) if you lov'd me, you would be no longer Miſtreſs of your own ſentiments, but ſpeak after another manner. But, alas! I am not yet ſo happy, and perhaps never ſhall.

Whilſt *Horatius* was ſpeaking thus to *Clelia*, *Herminius* was converſing with *Valeria*; but for his unhappineſs, it was in the preſence of *Æmilius* and *Spurius*. *Plotina* was alſo importun'd by *Sicinius*, *Acriſius*, and *Damon*. As for *Octavius*, he addreſs'd to *Hermilia*, who though ſhe did not receive him rigorouſly, yet ſhe gave him greater cauſe of deſpair than if ſhe had been more ſevere: for after divers paſſionate expreſſions which he us'd to her, To teſtifie to you that I eſteem you (anſwer'd *Hermilia*) I will diſcover to you my real ſentiments. I confeſs then, that conſidering things according to the courſe of the World in general, it would be very advantagious for me if I could love you; and the illuſtrious and unfortunate *Brutus* would no doubt have judg'd your affection very glorious to me; for that your Birth is noble, you have wit, courage and virtue; but, generous *Octavius*, having loſt the Prince of *Pometia*, whom all the world knows I did not hate, I cannot, I ought not to love any hereafter. When a Lover is loſt by his own inconſtancie, I conceive in proceſs of time another may be admitted; but when a faithful Lover is loſt by death, fidelity ought to be reſerv'd to his aſhes, and never any thing lov'd but his Memory. Theſe, *Octavius*, are my true ſentiments; you know in what manner I have loſt an illuſtrious Brother and an illuſtrious Lover, help me to lament them, and I promiſe you all my friendſhip; but deſire nothing more of me. Had the Gods heard my vows, I ſhould have miſcarri'd in croſſing the *Tyber*; but though I did nothing toward ſaving my ſelf, the too-kind River bore me up whether I would or no. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*, who overheard theſe laſt words) I aſſure you I neglected nothing to preſerve my life, and certainly I muſt needs love honour and *Clelia* ardently, to have indanger'd my ſelf as I did: but however, I do not wonder to ſee ſo many brave Warriors (added ſhe) for no doubt example ſerves much to beget courage; at leaſt, I know, if I had been all alone, I ſhould not have had the power to put my ſelf into the *Tyber*, without other help than a pitiful plank to which I was faſtned: but when I beheld my ſiſter courageouſly leap into the water, without plank or hurdle, *Valeria* as reſolutely follow her, and *Hermilia* haſten to do ſo too, I would not be the laſt, but left *Collatina* the honour to bring up the rear. 'Tis true (anſwer'd that fair Virgin) I was the ſloweſt, but I aſſure you, the reaſon which you imagine, was not the cauſe of it, but rather for that I was not unwilling the generous Souldier who did us ſuch good ſervice, might be near me when I enter'd into the water. I perceive (ſaid *Plotina*) neither the love of Honour nor the greatneſs of danger do deprive you of your judgment. I am leſs aſtoniſht at that (ſaid *Valeria*) than to ſee that nothing abates your joy. I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Plotina* agreeably) that the joy which appears this day in my words is an habitual joy, wherein my heart is not much concern'd. Whilſt theſe fair Virgins were diſcourſing thus together, *Domitia* told them ſeveral times, it would be beſt for them to betake themſelves to ſleep; but they had too great a deſire to know what the determination of the Senate would be. And indeed it was a matter extraordinary and important enough, to make them curious and ſolicitous about it.

When the Senate was aſſembled, *Publicola* faithfully reported the buſineſs as he underſtood it from *Clelia* and her Companions; he highly commended the courage of theſe generous Virgins, and eſpecially of *Clelia*, who attempted ſo daring an action. Then he added, that the people being much taken with extraordinary adventures, would declare themſelves for *Clelia*; and that as he paſs'd the ſtreets, he obſerv'd they approv'd what this generous Lady had done. After which, it belongs to us (ſaith he) to conſider what we have to do, both for the good of the Commonwealth, and for our own honour; for though I have a daughter amongſt thoſe who have certainly offended *Porſenna*, yet I am not backward to declare, that for preſerving the Publick-faith, it is requiſite to remand them to him again. Some Senators leſs generous than *Publicola*, who had daughters or Kinſwomen amongſt theſe Hoſtages, decry'd it as cruelty to ſend theſe Virgins again under the power of an incens'd Prince, who was capable of putting his own Son to death. But *Publicola* anſwer'd, that events ought to be left to the will of the Gods, and that in all caſes our duty is to be perform'd. Which advice of *Publicola* prevailing, the Senate ordain'd that theſe twenty fair Virgins ſhould be ſent back to *Porſenna*, to whom the true caſe of their eſcape ſhould be manifeſted, thereby to oblige him to guard them more carefully: but it was however reſolv'd too, that a Statue on Horſe-back ſhould be erected to *Clelia* in the high part of the Sacred ſtreet. Even *Clelius* himſelf though much afflicted to ſee *Clelia* return to the Camp, was of opinion that ſhe ſhould be remitted thither. But as for *Horatius* and *Herminius*, they would not deliver their minds in this occaſion, being unable to determine to ſay any thing that might intrench upon their honour or their love.

When the Aſſembly was broke up, *Publicola* return'd to his own houſe, follow'd by *Horatius* and *Herminius*; as he was entring in, he ſaw *Amilcar* amongſt theſe fair *Romans*, who came from the Camp, and inform'd him that *Porſenna* being exaſperated by *Tarquin*, *Tullia*, and *Sextus*, was in a high indignation at the action of *Clelia*, that the next day he would ſend Embaſſadors to redemand the Hoſtages, and that if they

they were refus'd to him, he had ſworn to break the Peace and deſtroy *Rome*. *Amilcar* added, that *Porſenna* imagin'd *Clelia* did this action only out of fear leſt ſhe ſhould be forc'd to tell what ſhe knew concerning the pretended Crime of *Aronces*, and that all things therefore deſerved to be carefully examin'd. He added too, that it was a very great unhappineſs for *Aronces* that *Mutius* was abſent. *Amilcar* ſpoke this to *Publicola* in the preſence of theſe twenty fair Virgins who with much impatience expected that the firſt Conſul ſhould inform them of the deliberation of the Senate. But they were aſtoniſht to hear two ſuch different reſults; for *Publicola* firſt told them what honour the Senate had done to *Clelia*; and then (which increas'd their wonder) that it behov'd them to reſolve to return to the Camp the next day. At the firſt News *Clelia* caſt down her eyes out of modeſty; but at the ſecond, ſhe bluſht out of indignation; nevertheleſs, having conſider'd the Publick-intereſt which caus'd the Senate to act ſo, ſhe recollected her ſelf, and beginning to ſpeak, We muſt obey, my Companions (ſaid ſhe looking upon them) and if I find my ſelf in danger of a new unhappineſs, inſtead of flight I will have recourſe to death, and never ingage you to follow me. *Clelia* ſpoke this with ſo reſolute and generous an aſpect, that all who beheld her, judg'd ſhe deſerv'd greater honour than the Senate had decreed to her. *Horatius*'s affection receiv'd new flames hereby; for if beauty produces love, 'tis only virtue which preſerves and augments it long after its production. However becauſe *Clelia* was willing to avoid *Horatius*, and perceiv'd her Companions and her ſelf needed reſt, they retir'd into the ſeveral Apartments which were prepar'd for them; for, being they were to depart early the next morning, to return to the Camp, they would not ſeparate themſelves: wherefore though the houſe *Publicola* now dwelt in, was not ſo ſtately as that which formerly he ſo generouſly deſtroy'd, nevertheleſs, theſe fair Virgins were well enough accommodated in it. But before they retir'd, *Clelia* inquir'd of *Amilcar* concerning *Aronces*, and underſtood by his anſwer that he had none but unwelcome News to tell her of him; ſo that ſhe withdrew with *Valeria* in the greateſt melancholy in the world. Come (ſaid ſhe to her) let us go prepare our ſelves to dye, and perhaps to ſee the unfortunate *Aronces* put to death. After which, ſhe went into the Chamber which was provided for her, leaving *Amilcar* ſpeaking to *Plotina* and *Ceſonia*; but ſhe went with ſo deep a ſadneſs upon her countenance, that it excited grief in all that beheld it.

The End of the Second Book of the Fifth Part.

CLELIA

CLELIA:

The Fifth and last Part.

BOOK III.

LOVERS scarce ever forbear to speak of their passion to their Mistresses when they find opportunity for it; wherefore *Clelia* was no sooner retir'd, but *Amilcar* seeing himself alone with *Plotina* and *Cesonia*, us'd such discourse to them as sufficiently manifested the sentiments of his heart. I know well (said he to *Plotina*) I am requir'd by reason to leave you, but for my consolation I will go pass the evening with *Cesonia*, that I may speak of you, and that with a person who loves you. For my part (said she to him) I am so weary by having watch'd so long and pass'd over the *Tyber* without a Boat, that I dare not promise you the like; for how melancholy soever all my companions are, I believe they are so sleepy, that should I desire to speak of you, I should find none to hear me. But dispense with me at this time, even for thinking on you; for sleep has the priviledge to make us forget every thing, without a crime. However (said *Amilcar*) permit *Cesonia* to tell me all which I desire to know concerning you. I consent to it (answer'd she as she was going away) but take heed your curiosity give you not more trouble than pleasure; and besides it is not incident to persons addicted to jollity to have great adventures; but all extraordinary events are reserved for the melancholick. Assoon as *Plotina* had said this, she follow'd her companions, and *Amilcar* went with *Cesonia*. When he came into the Chamber of this amiable Lady, he pray'd her she would please to relate to him all she knew of the adventures of *Plotina*'s life. As for her birth (said he) I know it already; but that which I earnestly desire of you, is the History of her heart; that is, in one word (added he) I would know by whom *Plotina* has been lov'd, and whether she ever lov'd any person much. Being *Plotina* has permitted me to content your curiosity (answer'd *Cesonia*) I will do it, and the rather because I have no great number of events to relate to you, and I am well inform'd of all that has pass'd in *Plotina*'s heart. And so *Cesonia* giving order for none to disturb her, began in these terms to speak to *Amilcar*, who dispos'd himself to hear with extraordinary attention.

The History of Plotina.

WHereas you know already how *Plotina* believ'd her self Niece of that wise Friend of *Clelius* (whose name is *Rutilius*) and accounted his Wife, *Ersilia*, her Aunt; I need only tell you that my Mother's house (for my Father was deceas'd) was next to that of *Rutilius*, and that there was a great friendship between *Ersilia* and she to whom I owe my life. I will not detain you with describing the manners, customs, or gallantry of *Ardea*, being I conceive you may easily judge there cannot but be very commendable people in the place where *Plotina* could become such as you see her. For it must be said to her glory, she ows none of her perfections to *Rome*. Besides, I remember *Plotina* related my adventures to you heretofore; and so I doubt not but she told you, our City was built by *Danae*, though some conceive it was a Son of *Ulysses* and *Circe* that founded it: but this last opinion has no other ground, but that as *Ulysses* was very eloquent, and *Circe* well skill'd in the knowledge of all the Vertues of Herbs, so they speak more politely at *Ardea* than in any other City, and better understand the good or bad qualities of all Plants. I know also she told you that since the shower of gold *Jupiter* made use of, such women as affect glory accept nothing from a gallant in which there is gold; and that for magnificence, elegancy of manners and gallantry, it exceeds all other places in *Italy*; and that Poetry and Painture are more in request and famous there. This being suppos'd, I am to tell you, that *Plotina* has always been so amiable, that assoon as she was six years old, her wit was spoken of with admiration. She us'd to speak a thousand surprising and ingenious things, and that with all the graces of childhood, and with so charming an air, that it was not possible to see her without loving her. Though I was two years elder, I could not live without seeing her; all her answers were pleasant, innocent and witty, every thing in them was natural, and she spoke nothing but of her self. She had a quick fancy and a sprightly wit, she danc'd gracefully even before she learnt; and whatever she did, it was becoming and pleasing. As she was one day in a Temple, where the whole History of *Danae* is admirably represented, and beheld the golden shower falling into the Tower where *Danae* was inclos'd, she ask'd what the meaning of it was. *Herfilia* telling her that *Jupiter* being become amorous of *Danae* transform'd himself into that precious rain for her sake, that so he might get to see her; she said this invention did not please her. Because (added she) it would have been a better course, for *Jupiter* to have imploy'd his gold to corrupt those that guarded *Danae*; and then he might have appear'd with the more grace before his Mistress. Another time, observing one *Cupid* represented with a Torch in his hand, and another with a Bow, she was askt which of the two she lov'd best: at first she said, she lov'd neither one nor other, as all children use to do. But when she was press'd to tell which of them she thought to be the most dangerous, she answer'd immediately, I fear him that burns more than him that wounds; for I have heard a shot with an Arrow may be cur'd, but if my heart were reduc'd into ashes, I believe there would be no remedy for

it. I could tell you a hundred more pleasant things of *Plotina*'s childhood if I would, but 'tis best not to insist upon them. Yet I cannot but tell you something of a conversation which we had together when she was about twelve or thirteen years of age, and how impatient she was to be no longer treated as a child by them which discours'd with her. For my part, my dear *Cesonia* (said she to me one day as we return'd from a great Feast) I am so weary of being a little Girle, that I wish I could have bought the two years by which you exceed me, with the ten last of my life. I assure you (said I to her) I account your place better than mine; and in reference to years, 'tis better to be preceded than to precede others: for you will infallibly be fifteen years old if you live, and I am pass'd being thirteen any longer. For my part (answer'd she with a pretty discontent) I was a thousand times more happy when I was but six, for I did not care then in what manner I was treated. I play'd with a thousand little trifles, and provided I were not hungry, sleepy, chidden, or too much instructed to have a good carriage, I was the merriest person in the World. But now I am thirteen years of age, and to my unhappiness have my reason of seventeen years at least. I am displeas'd almost with every thing, and I see scarce any people whom I do not hate. But wherefore do you hate them? (said I to her) all the World commends you, caresses you, and speaks to you. 'Tis true (answer'd she) but all the World commends, caresses, and speaks to me as to a child. So that I had rather a thousand times, be neither commended nor caressed, nor that any person would speak to me. But, I beseech you (said I to her) what are really your discontents? In the first place (answer'd she) all men I meet with are nothing but Fortune-tellers concerning me, foretelling the future, but speaking not the least word of the present. All the Girls which are but sixteen years old, scarce take any notice of me at all. Assoon as I come into any place with *Hersilia*, they speak of giving me some edibles to employ me with, and think I would be displeas'd if I did not eat; and as for men, they, as I told you, do nothing but make predictions of me; though these are the most civil, for the others, minding their affairs, look upon me as a little child, to whom they know not what to say. But who are these Fortune-tellers? (said I to her, laughing, and pretending not to understand her.) All men which I know and which you know (answer'd she:) yesterday *Turnus*, only seeing me enter into your house, cry'd, Ha! she will be a dangerous Lass one day. *Periander* the other day said in my presence, I would certainly be very handsome, when I became a little more fatter and taller. *Lycastes* added, I would shortly be of a handsome stature; *Martius*, that when I came to have my Neck longer, I would be much more charming; *Livius*, that assoon as I knew I was handsome, I would be infinitely more amiable; and my Mother also, speaking of me to her particular Friends, says sometimes, I shall one day be witty if I will; so that all my charms are in the future. But if these Prognostications (added she) speak true, and that I prove terrible, hereafter, unless they be dead of age before, I will make them all dye of love, and so ill treat them, that I will be fully reveng'd on them for the little care they have at present to please me. If I be not deceiv'd (said I to her) it will one day be in your power to revenge your self. Well (answer'd she hastily) do not you make Predictions of me too as well as the rest. Thereupon I laught heartily at the choler I had put *Plotina* into unawares; for indeed she never lov'd that kind of commendation which regarded only the time to come. You may judge by what I tell you that *Plotina* had a forward wit, and was already very agreeable. But in a little time she made it appear sufficiently, and most of those that had made such advantageous predictions were in a condition to speak to her only of the present time, and of the torments her beauty caus'd them to suffer.

This passage (said *Amilcar* interrupting her) puts me into the greatest fear in the world; for I am ready to dye out of conceit that you are going to tell me *Plotina* has been lov'd by many more deserving persons than my self; and I am afraid too, you will inform me she has lov'd some one of my Rivals more than she loves me.

Do not fear so much as you pretend (answer'd *Cesonia*) lest I tell you *Plotina* has had more worthy Lovers than your self; and for the rest, you may judge what you ought to believe of it, when I come to the end of my relation. I shall therefore proceed to tell you (added she) that the merit of *Plotina* soon made a great report, and she saw all those makers of predictions speak to her only of the time present. Yet it must be said to the honour of *Plotina* that she did not suffer her self to be dazled with the applause of the World, but with very great modesty receiv'd the first praises that were given her. And indeed she was very debonair without folly, pleasant without extravagance, young without imprudence, witty without pride, and handsome without affectation. Then it was that I began to converse with her as with a true Friend; I first intrusted little trifling secrets to her, and perceiving she us'd them discreetly, I imparted to her the greatest secrets I had in my heart. Whereby our friendship became so great and intimate, that in speaking of us people were many times pleas'd to mention us by the name of the two Friends. At that time there were very many worthy persons at *Ardea*; for besides *Turnus*, *Periander*, and divers others, there were three of undoubted merit. The first was named *Martius*, the second *Lycastes*, and the third *Clorantus*. This last has a noble, but very sweet and civil aspect, though sometimes his air seem a little cold and careless. He has brown hair, a very handsome head, somewhat a long visage, a pale complexion, black and small eyes, but nevertheless his looks are very ingenious, and even his silence speaks him such; for in discourse, he hears, like one who admirably well understands that which is spoken to him, and who could speak more than he does. All his deportments are such as become a man of his quality, and his mind is perfectly fram'd for converse with the world: he loves ingenious compositures, and their Authors; he has a melancholy aspect, and nevertheless loves all pleasures. His Soul is naturally passionate; and though the outside of his person and his mind speak him one of those faithful Lovers which the world so rarely affords, yet he is always a serious wanton, or if you will, a tolerable inconstant; for no doubt some are not such. However he maintains confidently that he is faithful, because he says he never deserted any woman who gave him not cause of complaint. He is one of those who account it no infidelity to make little affections occasionally by the by, which arise in their heart during their greater passions. But this is constantly true, where he loves, he loves ardently, he minds nothing but his passion, he is very inclinable to jealousie,

jealousie, he resents the least unpleasing things with a strange vehemence; and, in fine, is acquainted with the greatest delights and the extremest rigours of love. As for *Martius*, he was a man who lov'd very passionately, was incapable of relinquishing one Mistress to love another, but whose affections could only abate by time. He was very handsome, infinitely ingenious, and endu'd with a pleasing kind of wit. And then for *Lycastes*, he was a very agreeable person, but he was naturally so inconstant, that it was reckon'd amongst the wonders of Love, if any one could engage him to love constantly once in his life. Being we were known to all the virtuoso's of *Ardea*, and there were few in the City more consider'd than *Plotina*, and I, we were present at all the Gallant Feasts which were made. One was made at that time in honour of *Circe*, who is termed Goddess in *Homer*, in which were represented divers of those prodigious transformations which are attributed to her, and in which *Plotina* appear'd so charming, that her beauty and debonarity made the discourse of all persons. That day she made two remarkable conquests, which caus'd her to be call'd for some time after the new *Circe*. For she who sometimes wrought such extraordinary changes by the vertue of simples whose proprieties she so admirably understood, never did any more deserving wonder. But to manifest this, you must know, that till that time *Lycastes* had made publick profession of being inconstant, and that *Martius* had formerly been very amorous of a very fair Lady by whom he was also lov'd; yet afterwards according to the general course of the world, it was believ'd this passion was grown so temperate, that it could be call'd love no longer without doing him a favour. So that when she was dead, he appear'd very much afflicted first, but suffer'd himself to be comforted by time and his Friends; and indeed it was thought he lamented her rather like a Friend than a Lover. 'Tis true, after her death he had not appear'd amorous; yea, he seem'd very indifferent; but at length on the day of this famous Feast of *Circe*, *Lycastes* and *Martius* ceas'd to be what they had been before; that is, the first learnt to love constantly, and the other ceas'd to be insensible, and began to love again. But such beginnings of love being usually not so discernible as to be known the first moment they attaeque the heart, *Lycastes* and *Martius* did not believe they could be very amorous of *Plotina*, and their Friends perceiv'd it before themselves. Now *Plotina* being of a free and merry humor, these two Lovers were sufficiently at a loss for an occasion to give her seriously to understand they lov'd her, when they perceiv'd it: for she so handsomly put off all that they said to her, that it might seem their love was nothing but a piece of Gallantry, in which their hearts were unconcern'd. But at length they found that they lov'd ardently. For their passion began to manifest it self by jealousie: they could no longer endure one another but with trouble, they minded nothing but *Plotina* and how to please her. They frequented none but her, abandon'd all their acquaintances, and in brief had nothing but their passions in their heads. On the other side, *Plotina* having always been averse to Marriage, and now unwilling to commit a criminal Gallantry, did certainly all she could to deprive these two Lovers utterly of hope: but this rigour augmented their love in stead of diminishing it. Wherefore *Plotina* being loth to trouble her self longer to no purpose, left them to follow their own inclinations, without being kind or favourable, or considering one more than the other. Yet one day she gave *Lycastes* a severe check in the presence of *Martius*, *Persander*, and *Lucia* (who is a very amiable Lady) for she profess'd it absolutely impossible for her to love a Lover that has been inconstant. If any of those rambling Lovers (answer'd *Lycastes*) should become a faithful adorer of you, wherefore would you not love him, provided he have otherwise desert? Because (reply'd she hastily) that which has hapned once may happen a hundred times, and nothing would be more insupportable to me than to be abandon'd by a man to whom I had given permission to love me. Therefore, not to venture that mischief, 'tis best avoid giving it to any: for the world is so full of inconstant Lovers who dissemble fidelity, that it is easie to be mistaken. *Plotina* spoke this with an air that intimated to *Lycastes*, it would be a hard matter for him to win her heart. Nevertheless, he found he had so well shaken off his old inconstancy, and that he should love *Plotina* faithfully, that he hop'd time would mollifie her. For my part, I confess my inclination then led me to favour *Lycastes*; and though *Martius* was a very worthy, handsome, and agreeable person, yet I was more concern'd for his Rival. But I perceiv'd one day *Plotina* was not of the same mind, but had a little more inclination for *Martius* than for *Lycastes*. However, she carefully conceal'd it; but for all her care, not only I, but *Lucia*, *Lycastes*'s Kinswoman and Friend perceiv'd it too. This person had formerly seem'd an intimate friend of *Martius*'s Mistress, she saw the beginning, progress, and end of this love, in which she had an interest, which I shall tell you presently. As we were both one day with *Plotina*, we hapned unwittingly to speak of the power of inclination. For my part (said *Plotina*) I do not believe it so powerful as 'tis reported, at least I am perswaded I never yet lov'd any thing without reason. You believe this (answer'd *Lucia* smiling) and yet at the same time I am speaking to you, your inclination prepossesses your reason, to the disadvantage of one of my friends. Perhaps, 'tis yours (reply'd she) which is prepossels'd. If you will let *Cesonia* be judge (said *Lucia*) I will explain my self more clearly. I assure you (said I to them both) I am very equitable. 'Tis a great vanity in you to believe your self so (answer'd *Plotina*) for I know nothing more difficult than to please others and ones self too, and 'tis observable that such as speak best of Justice are usually most unjust. But I beseech you, why do you accuse me of suffering my self to be prepossessed by my inclination? Is it not true (said *Lucia*) that I have heard you say a hundred times, you could never endure the affection of a man that has been inconstant? I confess it (answer'd she) and 'tis for that reason I am not mov'd with the merit of your Kinsman, and never shall be. But wherefore (said *Lucia*) will you suffer *Martius* more favourably? I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) I do not treat *Martius* much better than *Lycastes*: but if I did, I could maintain it were out of reason and not through inclination; for *Martius* has never been inconstant. *Martius* never inconstant? (reply'd *Lucia* hastily) Ha! *Plotina*, you are but badly skill'd in inconstancy, if you believe as you say; for I maintain on the contrary, that that inconstancy, which *Martius* may be reproacht with, is more criminal than that whereof *Lycastes* has been accus'd before he lov'd you. But I do not remember (said I

then to *Lucia*) I ever heard it ſaid that *Martius* lov'd any perſon but *Plotina*, ſince the death of *Lyſimira*, of whom he was ſo amorous, and who was indeed infinitely amiable. 'Tis true (anſwer'd *Lucia*) but after *Martius* had lov'd that amiable perſon five or ſix years, and receiv'd a thouſand teſtimonies of innocent affection from her, he came by degrees to have only ſo luke-warm an amity for her, that ſhe is dead with grief, although he was not perfidious to her, but preſerv'd his formalities to her. Perhaps (reply'd *Plotina*) that perſon as lovely as ſhe was, had ſome bad humor, which caus'd the Love in *Martius*'s heart to be extinguiſh'd: but though it were not ſo, yet I ſhould not conclude that *Martius* ought to be call'd inconſtant; for 'tis ſo ordinary to ſee time abate Love, that I ſtill make a great difference between *Lycaſtes* and *Martius*. For my part (ſaid I) I confeſs I term all changing, inconſtancy; and 'tis a miſtake not to call any inconſtant but ſuch as love ſeveral perſons. For is not that luke-warmneſs which comes after an ardent love, a kind of inconſtancy? and is it not ſufficient to deſerve the name of inconſtant, if we ceaſe to love that which we once affected? I know not very well whether you have reaſon and I am miſtaken (anſwer'd *Plotina*) but I know well, I do not regard *Martius* and *Lycaſtes* alike. That's it (reply'd *Lucia*) you are unjuſt in. Should you ſay (added ſhe) *Martius* is more ingenious, deſerving, and agreeable, I ſhould be patient; but to treat *Lycaſtes* ill for inconſtancy, and to ſuffer *Martius*, who ceas'd to love one of the moſt charming perſons in the world, is a thing which I cannot approve. But *Lycaſtes* (ſaid *Plotina*) has forſaken a hundred. I grant it (anſwer'd *Lucia*) but ſhould he have forſaken a thouſand, he would be leſs culpable than *Martius* who has deſerted but one. For *Lycaſtes* never did more than begin to love, till now; his heart no ſooner inclin'd on one ſide, but it was ſway'd to the other by ſome new inclination; wherefore having promis'd ſcarce any thing, nor lov'd long enough to cauſe himſelf to be lov'd, his inconſtancy ſeems to be free from a Crime, though it may be referr'd to levity. But as for *Martius*, he lov'd, divers years together, he was lov'd again, and that ardently, and poſſeſs'd her heart whom he lov'd. A thouſand reſpects ought to have faſtned the tyes of his affection; and nevertheleſs, without cauſe, reaſon, or pretext, his paſſion has ceas'd to be paſſionate; that which formerly delighted him no longer affects him, his Miſtreſs is ſcarce his friend; and ſo changing his ſentiments without any extrinſecal cauſe, he becomes in my opinion, the moſt criminal of all inconſtants. But, perhaps you will except, that he was not lov'd correſpondently as he lov'd; to prove what the paſſion of that unfortunate Beauty was, read, I beſeech you, an Elegy, which that charming perſon made under feigned names, during a ſhort abſence of this *Martius* whom you would excuſe. And that you may judge her more paſſionate, know, that after *Martius* had given a thouſand teſtimonies of Love for ſeveral years, and receiv'd as many from that incomparable perſon, he came by degrees to have an unequal Love (if I may ſo ſpeak) that is, to do things ſometimes which denoted a violent paſſion, and ſometimes others which might make him ſuſpected of having almoſt an indifference in his ſentiments. Yet he lov'd her all this while, and ſometimes even unto fury; but after all, there were times in which his paſſion lay hid, and wherein he was willing to find occaſion to complain. During one of thoſe intervals of his Love and his abſence, the Elegy I am going to repeat to you was made.

ELEGY.

HEnce, diſmal melancholy from my breaſt,
Which haſt too long my quiet diſpoſſeſt.
Thoſe pangs I feel, I can no longer bear:
My pleaſures paſt but cauſe my preſent fear.
And my afflicted Soul, ſince hope is gone,
Sees and preſages nought but griefs to come;
Griefs, which diſtract me, and continue ſtill
To murder daily what they cannot kill.
Love! cruel Love! the ſource of all my tears;
Unhappy they in whom thy power appears.
But happy he, in whoſe untroubled breaſt
No ſtorms of Love diſturb his Halcyon reſt;
Not bleſt with pleaſures, yet ſecure from woe,
And jealouſie and rage that with it go.
We ſhould not then by dear experience ſee,
What fits of heat and cold in Love there be;
How near the brink of death and dire deſpair,
Th'imagin'd ſweets of Love and pleaſure are:
Nor thoſe eternal torments ſhould we know,
Which who leaſt merits moſt ſhall undergo.
'Tis true, a ſad and cold indifference
Makes us behold the World with negligence;
That without love there no deſires can be,
Without deſires too, no felicitie.
That even with fortune we are drunk; and cloy'd
With plenty, which by ſurfeit is enjoy'd.
But 'tis a poor and deſpicable grief,
So light, from tears it ſeeks for no relief.
Slight cares, which the wild notes of birds allay,
And purling ſtreams that o'er the pebbles play.
But yet that jewel liberty is kept,
And the lull'd Soul of too quick ſenſe bereft.
The headlong paſſions huſh'd in careleſs dreams,
Fall from the force of their too fierce extremes.
Then 'tis the pleaſure of the day's our own,
The glorious Sun, and all he ſhines upon.
But yet is this a life depriv'd of love;
And can the Soul a greater torment prove,
Than not to love, or not belov'd to be,
And all its paſſions circumſcrib'd to ſee
Within it ſelf? without the joy to know
The price of ſighs and tears that gently flow,
Of amorous regards and thouſand charms
That change to pleaſures, griefs moſt fierce alarms?
Ev'n ſorrows have their pleaſures, tears their time
Of joy: Vain Fools, that think ſweet love a crime.
A conſtant love will ſtill a'vertue be.
Then let us Daphnis *ſtill affect, though he*
All cool and temperate, with equal fires,
Meets not my flames; my more refin'd deſires
Feed on thoſe pleaſures which my love inſpires.
Wretch that I am! but is it juſt my love
On ſwifter meaſure than his paſſion move?
Suffering ſuch ills his careleſs heart can ne'er
Reſent, that heart which ought thoſe ills to ſhare:
Whom duty binds for me alone to live,
And no juſt cauſe for my complaints to give.
He that a thouſand ſolemn Oaths hath ſwore,
He knew no bliſs, but only to adore;
That time and age ſhould find him ſtill the ſame,
His heart for ever burning in my flame;

Nor

Nor ſhould his paſſion ever know an end,
Or any elſe to love ſo well pretend:
Yet this ingrate my abſence can ſupport,
Whilſt my weak ſpirit makes its laſt effort,
To bear his want; would he my ſorrows weigh,
Obdurate as he is, he could not ſtay.
But judging Eliſmena's *heart by his,*
He ne'er can underſtand her miſeries.
Inſenſible, he never feels my woe,
Though yet, methinks, he cannot chuſe but know
The griefs I bear; careleſs of my complaint,
Perhaps he makes a Court to ſome new Saint.
His abſence ſhews he muſt inconſtant be;
That day, kind powers, let me never ſee.
Obliging fate firſt end my days, before
I hear the perjur'd Daphnis *loves no more.*
Away fond jealouſie; he cannot prove
A faithleſs lover to a faithful love.
An amorous heart can ne'er forego its chains;
Since for his ſake I ſuffer amorous pains.
Daphnis, *my cauſleſs jealouſie forgive.*
Daphnis *for me, and I for him do live.*
Our faith ſhall late poſterity approve,
And ours ſhall be the meaſure of their love.
Yet (ſpight of hope) ſuſpicion and deſpair,
By turns my hearts divided Empire ſhare.
But ſtill thoſe chagrins, doubts, deſpair, and fears,
Injurious words, hard thoughts, and ſighs and tears
Are loves effects, and with one voice they cry,
Daphnis, *for thee,* Daphnis, *for thee I dye.*

Aſſoon as *Lucia* had done repeating theſe Verſes to *Plotina*, Ha! *Lucia* (ſaid this amiable Virgin) if you think you have hurt *Martius* by repeating theſe Verſes to me, you are miſtaken; for, I find them ſo dear and paſſionate, that I am perſwaded he that could inſpire a very excellent perſon with ſuch amorous ſentiments, muſt needs be ſuch himſelf, and one that knows how to love; for ſuch Verſes as theſe would never have been made for an indifferent. How? *Plotina* (cry'd *Lucia*) can you reaſon in this manner? and eſteem a man, who has been capable of changing his ſentiments, and having only a faint and languiſhing affection for a rare perſon whom he ardently lov'd, and by whom he was always dearly affected? For a perſon, I ſay, who had abſolutely given him her heart, and who (as you may ſee by the Verſes I have recited to you) had the moſt tender ſentiments in the world for this inconſtant Lover? Be it how it will (ſaid *Plotina*) I cannot place a Lover who ceaſes to have an ardent love, in the rank of inconſtants. If you account him not in that rank (anſwer'd *Lucia*) then you muſt reckon him amongſt the perfidious; for as I conceive, 'tis perfidiouſneſs to ceaſe to love a perſon who always loves you with the ſame ardency. For my part (ſaid I) I am perſwaded all change may be term'd inconſtancy; and though a man become not ſervant to another Miſtreſs, yet if he ceaſe to love the firſt without cauſe, he is inconſtant. I know not very well (reply'd *Plotina*) whether according to exact reaſon, that which you ſay be inconſtancy; but I know the cuſtome of the world calls ſuch a man as *Lycaſtes* unconſtant, who has lov'd ſeveral Miſtreſſes one after another, and ſometimes ſeveral together; but ſuch a one as *Martius* is not ſo term'd, who has only diminiſh'd his diligences. But would you like well (ſaid *Lucia*) that *Martius* ſhould ceaſe to love, after you had married him? I ſhould not (anſwer'd ſhe) but I conceive the Lovers who ceaſe to be ſuch after they have married their Miſtreſſes, are not always in fault; for indeed moſt women, when they are married, are negligent, refractory, and perverſe towards their husbands, and many times too guilty of levity and cauſleſs jealouſie. So that it is not to be wonder'd, if the husband finding them ſo different from what they were before marriage, change their ſentiments towards them. Flatter your ſelf, *Plotina*, flatter your ſelf (ſaid *Lucia* with ſome earneſtneſs) 'tis the cuſtome of all fair and young perſons to believe their charms will have more power than thoſe of others; but let me tell you once more, *Martius* is an inconſtant perſon, and more dangerous than *Lycaſtes*. In truth, *Lucia* (anſwer'd *Plotina*) I do not much fear either of them, for marriage is ſo much fear'd by me, that I hope that thought will help me to defend my heart againſt the merit of theſe two Rivals, and I dare ſay too, againſt any light inclination I have for *Martius*.

Thus you ſee what *Plotina*'s ſentiments were, and how ſhe defended *Martius* to the diſadvantage of *Lycaſtes*. In the mean time they both lov'd her extreme paſſionately; nevertheleſs, they durſt not declare it openly to her: but without having ſuch deſign, they did this office one for another, although there was now as great a ſecret hatred between them as there had been formerly friendſhip. For it hapned one day that theſe two Lovers were in a garden amongſt many other perſons of Quality, and both of them by the inſtinct of their affections endeavour'd to approach to *Plotina*: but *Lucia* meeting them fell into diſcourſe with *Martius*, that ſo ſhe might oblige *Lycaſtes* whoſe friend ſhe was. On the other ſide a Kinſwoman of *Martius* obſerving the cunning of *Lucia*, made as if ſhe had ſome important affair to ſpeak to *Lycaſtes* about; ſo that theſe two Rivals were alike unhappy for more than an hour; but at length *Martius* quitting himſelf ſomething rudely from the converſation of *Lucia*, came to find *Plotina* with whom I was walking and another of my Friends: but being the walk we were in was very narrow, *Martius* ſoon became alone with his Miſtreſs; for I ſtopt to entertain that friend I mention'd, though we ſtay'd ſtill in the ſame Walk. *Plotina* being of a very pleaſant humor, at firſt fell to tell *Martius* ſeveral divertiſing things ſhe had obſerv'd in the company. For my part (ſaid he maliciouſly to her) I have ſeen nothing more remarkable, than *Lycaſtes* ſo employ'd in ſpeaking to a friend of mine in a place where the amiable *Plotina* is preſent. But perhaps (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) *Lycaſtes* does not talk to your Friend, but your Friend to *Lycaſtes*. Be it how it will (reply'd *Martius*) if he lov'd you as much as he would have you believe, he would be as incivil to the Lady who entertains him, as I was but now to *Lucia* who held me in diſcourſe. But to ſpeak truth (added he) profeſſed inconſtants, ſuch as *Lycaſtes*, have no violent affections. But who told you *Lycaſtes* is in love with me? (demanded *Plotina*) I have not perceiv'd it. Being I know no perſon whatſoever (anſwer'd *Martius*) who does not or has not lov'd you, I ſuppoſe a man who is accuſtom'd to love, out of inconſtancy only, cannot fail but love the moſt charming perſon in the World. And moreover, amiable *Plotina* (added he) the eyes of a Rival, and a conſtant Rival, diſcover things much better than thoſe of other people. I aſſure you (reply'd ſhe making as if ſhe did not hear *Martius*)

I have not perceiv'd that *Lycaſtes* loves me more than the other Ladies he converſes with. However (anſwer'd *Martius*) I know if he does love, he will not love you very long, for it is not poſſible for him to love the ſame perſon any conſiderable time: and I remember I have heard he once writ to a Lady in the Countrey to deſire a private conference with her; but when the anſwer arriv'd, and permiſſion to go ſee and ſpeak with her in private was granted him, he had no longer any thing to ſay to her, becauſe he had chang'd his ſentiments towards her. Ha! *Martius* (cry'd *Plotina*, bluſhing, as if ſhe had been angry it could be believ'd that any one could not love her long) that which you ſay can never come to paſs.

I ne'er inſpire but an immortal love,
And ſuch, (if any) will Lycaſtes *prove.*

Then I am very miſerable, Madam (anſwer'd *Martius*) by being out of all hope ever to be cur'd of the ill which torments me. But where had you thoſe two Verſes which denounce to me not only that I ſhall love you as long as I live, but always have not one but a thouſand Rivals as dangerous as *Lycaſtes*? I aſſure you (reply'd ſhe) they came into my mind without thinking of them, and I ſpoke them unawares, for I would have you know (added ſhe, minding to turn the diſcourſe into railery) I do not at all pretend to Poetry, but to ſpeak truth, I could not allow you to believe that I cannot keep a heart when I have conquer'd it. And beſides (continued ſhe ſmiling) I take ſo little care in conquering them, that I am ſomething jealous of my power. After this, ſhe ſtood ſtill and call'd me; ſo *Martius* could diſcourſe with her no longer, but was oblig'd to go and entertain himſelf with other Ladies. By this time *Lycaſtes*, having diſengag'd himſelf from her that talkt with him, came to us, and that ſo opportunely, that *Plotina* going to paſs over a little Bridge which lay croſs a Brook, gave him her hand, and ſo he continued leading her afterwards. Being a perſon infinitely ingenious, and ſubtle to prejudice a Rival, I know not (ſaid he to *Plotina* looking upon her) whether the converſation you have had with *Martius*, was very diverting, but be talkt with you in a place, where what paſſion ſoever he has for you, he ought rather to have ſigh'd out of grief than love; for I have been told, that the firſt time the fair and charming perſon whom he deſtroy'd declar'd ſhe was very willing he ſhould love her, it was in this very place, where perhaps he entertain'd you with the love he has for you. I know not whether *Martius* loves me or no (anſwer'd *Plotina*) but I know how to make my ſelf ſo much reſpected as that none dare ſpeak any thing to me but what I am willing to hear. What? Madam (cry'd he) can you eternally hinder ſuch as adore you from declaring it to you? No, no, (added he) if *Martius* has not yet told you he loves you, he ought to have done it. But I confeſs to you, that to prove to you, that he knows how to love, it behov'd him to entertain you only with ſad diſcourſe in this place. I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina*) tell me in what place of the World you have had opportunity to ſpeak of Love, and have not done it? you, I ſay, who are accus'd of having made a thouſand declarations of love! But, Madam (anſwer'd he) I have lov'd only women that did not love me; but as for *Martius*, he has been lov'd again, and lov'd conſtantly, and the abatement of his affection has caus'd the death of the perſon whom he lov'd ſo much. As for what you ſay (reply'd *Plotina*) that you have never been lov'd again, it is not much to be wonder'd at, for you do not give your Miſtreſſes leiſure to love you. Ha! As for you, amiable *Plotina* (cry'd he) I promiſe to give you all the leiſure you can deſire; for I perceive I ſhall love you as long as I live. If it be ſo (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) I ſhall not be much diſpleas'd, becauſe it will give me occaſion to revenge all thoſe that you have deſerted, and to manifeſt that there may be eternal rigour as well as eternal love. *Plotina* ſpoke this with a certain deriding air, which ſenſibly afflicted *Lycaſtes*, ſo that he could ſpeak to her no more all the reſt of the day, becauſe ſhe joyn'd and continued with the reſt of the company. After that time *Martius* and *Lycaſtes* neglected nothing which they thought fit to do, to pleaſe *Plotina*; yet they continu'd a civil reſpect one towards another, becauſe they knew ſhe deſir'd it, and nevertheleſs us'd all artifices to their mutual diſadvantage. *Lycaſtes* knowing *Lucia* had ſeveral Letters of *Martius* to his firſt Miſtreſs, and from her to him, importun'd her to ſhew them to *Plotina*, as ſhe had the Elegy before. And accordingly *Lucia* going to viſit her one afternoon, and finding her alone, acted ſo cunningly that ſhe made her curious to ſee the Letters ſhe pretended to have. I will ſhew you them (ſaid *Lucia* to *Plotina*) but if you profit no better by them than by the Elegy which you have ſeen already, no doubt I ſhall repent of it. For is there any thing more ignoble, than after the death of a perſon infinitely amiable, and infinitely vertuous, to ſee the moſt ſecret teſtimonies of her affection become publick through his negligence who receiv'd them? I confeſs (ſaid *Plotina*) if people could always think of being liable to this danger, they would never write any thing but what might be ſeen by all the World; but the miſchief, at the time ſuch obliging Letters are pen'd, they have ſo good an opinion of them to whom they are written, that they fear not the falling out of ſuch a miſadventure. There are ſome women no doubt who write all that they think, through the reaſon you mention (anſwer'd *Lucia*) but there are others, who out of natural imprudence and the deſire to have flattering and courting Letters, write not to one alone but to many men, and ſpend one half of their lives in writing Love-letters, and the other in receiving thoſe of their gallants. There are ſome too that know how to diſguiſe their hands ſeveral ways, and others who never write in their own, that ſo they may deny all when they pleaſe. As for theſe women (ſaid *Plotina*) I allow that their Letters be ſhewn to all the World, for certainly they are not worthy to be diſcreetly dealt withal. But as for a vertuous perſon, in whoſe heart is nothing but an innocent affection, 'tis inhumanity to publiſh ſuch things of theirs as may be ill interpreted. Yet this comes to paſs ſo frequently, that I think to refrain from writing any thing too kind, 'tis beſt to forbear to love; for prudence is not much liſtened to by ſuch as love, and diſtruſt is ſo contrary to perfect love, that ſcarce any thing which is not criminal can be refus'd to a perſon that is lov'd. I believe alſo, that the more an affection is innocent, the more the Letters are obliging; for they that rely on their own innocence, write with more liberty: therefore to avoid being expos'd to ſuch a great unhappineſs, and to forbear writing, it is requiſite for me (as I ſaid before) to keep my ſelf from loving. But that I may be confirm'd in this ſentiment (added ſhe) ſhew me in what manner *Martius* writ to *Lyſimira*, and how *Lyſimira* writ to *Martius*. I will

Madam

Madam (said *Lucia*) and the better to manifest to you how deceitful or inconstant men are, I will shew you Letters written at divers times, from *Martius* to *Lysimira*. See here then a Letter which *Martius* writ to *Lysimira* some time after she had permitted him to love her, and he had requested some slight favour of her which she refus'd him, at which he seem'd angry, and left her rudely. And so *Lucia* read to *Plotina* that which I am going to read to you, for I kept copies of all *Martius*'s Letters, because they appear'd to me very amorous.

Martius to *Lysimira*.

I Do not defer, Madam, to acknowledge, repent of, and beseech your pardon for my fault, till you reproach me for it. I have offended, I confess, I am culpable, I cannot plead any thing in excuse of my capricio, but excess of love. For who am I, Madam, that I should not be contented that the divine Lysimira *knows I love her, though she give me no testimony of an affection equal to my own? Have I deserv'd the other kindnesses you have had for me? would not a thousand persons of greater merit than I be satisfied with the condition you permit me to enjoy? Alas! I cannot deny it: But, I beseech you Madam, be not offended with me, and add not more rigorous and cruel punishments to those I cause to my self. If ever person lov'd more tenderly, more respectfully and more ardently than I, I am willing that you refuse the pardon to me which I desire of you: but since that cannot be, grant it me, Madam, and believe I shall with eternal fidelity own the command you have laid upon me to be faithful. Yet I cannot divine wherefore you recommended it more to me the other day than at any time before; but can you divine that I am more so this day, than ever I was in my life? when you tell me your secret, I will tell you mine. But, alas! whe shall I have the joy to speak to you? I know I shall this day have the honour to see you, but in a place where I can do nothing less than entertain you with my love. Pity me therefore, Madam, pity me, and imagine how great a torment it would be to you, if you were oblig'd to hide the most violent and innocent passion in the World.*

I confess (said *Plotina*) *Martius*'s Letter is very amorous, and 'tis hard to conceive how a man that writ in this manner, could cease to love without cause. See this other Letter (answer'd *Lucia*) for 'tis something more passionate than the first: and accordingly *Plotina* read this following.

Martius to *Lysimira*.

HOw I love you, Madam! what an amiable person you are! and from how great pains has your Letter of this morning deliver'd me! What can I do to repay you as much joy as it has given me? Tell me, Madam; for if no more but dying for your service be requisite, I will not refuse it. Nothing can equal the delight of being lov'd by the most excellent person of the World; and being I love you as I do, I am sometimes extremely sorry, you cannot receive a pleasure equal to mine. But I beseech you, Madam, let this pleasure accompany me to the grave, let Fortune never ravish it from me, but make her learn there is a felicity greater than all she can give, over which she has no power. In acknowledgment of such a multiply'd goodness, Madam, there is nothing which I refuse, not even the constraining of the violent passion I have in my soul, though it be altogether innocent, if at least it be any thing displeasing to you. Let us not then afflict our selves before the time; Fortune perhaps will favour our love, and we shall not be so unhappy as you apprehend. And though we should, you know what I told you in the beginning of my passion; I am not now capable of denying, that it is the most predominant of all my faculties, and is to me instead both of soul and life; Only love Martius, *who will be eternally yours, in spite of all obstacles in the World; and let his great love Madam supply his want of merit: pardon him if he dares speak to you of the goodness of the divine* Lysimira, *he does not therefore esteem himself less unworthy of it; and this confidence diminishes nothing of his respect, though it infinitely augments his love.*

Ha! *Lucia* (cry'd *Plotina*) I will not have *Martius* write to me; for certainly he writes too passionately and too well for me; but I beseech you shew me one of *Lysimira*'s Letters. I am going to shew something more (said *Lucia*) for I will let you see the Verses she made during *Martius*'s absence, who a little while before he departed gave her a flourishing Myrtle set in one of those earthen pots which are so admirably made at *Rome*. For using to entertain her melancholy near that Myrtle, to which she address'd thus.

Fair Myrtle, often water'd with my tears;
Fair Myrtle, witness of my griefs and fears;
Upon thy wounded Bark let Daphnis *see*
An heart more wounded than thy Bark can be.
Tell him what fears my Love-sick heart have rent,
What griefs I suffer'd since my Daphnis *went;*
Tell him I feel whatever torments Love,
And joyn'd with absence, strong desires can move.
Then if thou canst my amorous flames express,
May happy Lovers characters still bless
Thy sacred Rinde; no tears be ever known
To water thee, but what Heavens sheds alone.

These Verses are undoubtedly of a very passionate strain (said *Plotina*) but how came they to *Martius*'s hands?

hands? At the return of this Lover (answer'd *Plotina*) he found the excellent *Lysimira* had so favourably spoken of him during his absence, that all her other Lovers were jealous of him. So that the first time that he visited her, this amiable person was attaqued with railery by some of the company in his presence. Which at first she put off very pleasantly; but, truth being a thing of powerful operation, she was at length constrain'd to pretend she had forgot something in her Closet, that so the disturbance of her mind might not be observ'd in her countenance. On which occasion *Martius* desiring to speak a few words to her, follow'd her and jesting with her, as he was going, because she could not endure the railery made to her. But as he follow'd her, he took up these Verses which she had let fall unwillingly; and so getting them without her knowledge, he folded them up, and did not read them till the evening. You may imagine what joy they gave him, and the next morning he writ *Lysimira* the following Letter.

Martius to *Lysimira*.

THe jealousie of many Friends and Rivals, has no other effect, Madam, but increases my love; and my joy is great beyond expression, when I consider I possess a heart, in which so many illustrious persons esteem me happy to have a place; a heart, the most generous and noble in the world. Ah! Madam, is not this too much for Martius? *Yet I swear to you he had rather dy than be content with less, and should infallibly dye, if any other could have as much honour as he. No, Madam, that unhappiness shall never befal me, your admirable Verses assure me of it, and I cannot forbear to give a thousand kisses to those favourable testimonies of the tenderness of your heart. Should I undertake to render you the most humble thanks I ow you, it would be impossible for me. I shall only tell you, or to speak better, I shall swear to you, that I will eternally love the divine* Lysimira, *but so as she desires and deserves to be lov'd. Moreover, to return you two Verses in stead of your own, which I account for a hundred thousand, be pleas'd to know that whilst my journey lasted, I said a hundred and a hundred times.*

'Tis a weak love which absence can deface;
Mine is immutable by time or place.

Ha! *Lucia* (cri'd *Plotina*) I can no longer believe *Martius* loves me, because whatever you say, I cannot think he has ceas'd to love *Lysimira*, as dead as she is. Yet you see him very pleasant in your presence (answer'd *Lucia*) had but he been unfaithful only to the ashes of *Lysimira*, the practice of vulgar Lovers might be alledg'd to excuse him. But, in fine, after a thousand Letters more obliging than those I have shew'd you, his love could insensibly abate, though he continu'd civil to her. But certainly by becoming happy he absolutely ceas'd to be a Lover; and since the loss of *Lysimira*, which notwithstanding he sensibly regretted, then, you see your eyes have afforded him sufficient consolation. In good earnest, *Lucia* (said *Plotina*) you are a cruel person, and I will be reveng'd upon *Lycastes* for all the mischief which you do to *Martius*. You will be unjust if you do so (answer'd *Lucia.*) Believe me (reply'd *Plotina* smiling) injustice is something agreeable in certain occasions. However, I declare to you (added she) I will see no more of those Letters, for they would force me either to love or hate *Martius*, and I am resolv'd to do neither. There is no great resemblance between those two passions (added *Lucia.*) I grant it (answer'd *Plotina*) but yet I feel my mind capable of both. That you may avoid both (reply'd *Lucia*, smiling) love the poor *Lycastes*, who adores you, and have only indifference for *Martius*, who has too much merit to be hated; and too little constancy, to be lov'd. As for *Lycastes* (answer'd *Plotina*) I declare to you that I can neither love nor hate him; for he is too agreeable a person to cause hatred, and too inconstant to excite my love. If it be so (said *Lucia*) infallibly you will love *Martius*. I should be very sorry then (answer'd *Plotina*) for I desire to love nothing but honour, my friends, and my self. They that love themselves well (reply'd *Lucia*) sometimes love others too for their own sakes. I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) I am perswaded that such as understand their own interests well, affect no person in the way of love; but as for friendship, our lives would be irksome without it. 'Tis so difficult to have Friends at your age (repli'd *Lucia*) that you are very prone to have disguis'd Lovers, and be of the humor of those women who are not offended but with apparences, and admit of love under the name of friendship. For my part (said *Plotina*) I am not oblig'd to examine the hearts of my Friends so narrowly, provided they tell me nothing that displeases me. But I am not gone so far yet (added she) and but hitherto I have had only acquaintances, and would not yet make choice of Friends. Nevertheless I perceive my heart inclin'd to have some; and if my reason did not oppose it, I should have one already. However (said *Lucia*) take heed of the disguised Lovers I speak of, for there is nothing more agreeable or more dangerous than a lover that resembles a Friend. I shall endeavour to make use of your Counsels (answer'd *Plotina.*)

Thus you see, *Amilcar*, how the mind of this amiable Virgin stood affected towards her two Lovers. The next day after this conversation, *Martius* hapning to be at a Walking where *Plotina* was, and from which *Lycastes* was absent, found an opportunity to speak to her a little more openly of his love than he had done. At first *Plotina* rejected him with sufficient rigour; No, no, *Martius* (said she to him) do not conceive that your merit shall hinder me from forbidding you to speak to me of your pretended passion; for if you love me not, you do me an injury to tell me so; and if you do, I have such a respect for you, as not to cherish you in a fruitless hope. But, do you think, Madam (answer'd he) 'tis in your power to extinguish the passion you have excited in me, or so much as to hinder me from hoping? Love is far more capricious than you imagine (added he) it entertains hope against reason; and you attempt in vain to keep me from believing that one day you will love me, whether you will or no. Yes, Madam, the greatness of my passion, and my perseverance will infallibly mollifie your heart. There is much boldness in your words (reply'd *Plotina:*) I assure you, Madam (answer'd he)

he) there is more love than boldneſs, ſince I truſt only in the greatneſs of my paſſion. But, *Martius* (ſaid *Plotina*) think you I can ever love a man that could ceaſe to love a very amiable perſon, by whom he was ardently lov'd? Who told you, Madam (ſaid he) I ever ceas'd to love the charming perſon whom I have loſt? All the World (anſwer'd ſhe) and beſides, I gather it by my own obſervance; for if you had not ceas'd to love her, you would love nothing but your grief. Ha! Madam (cri'd *Martius* ſighing) why will you force me to reveal a ſecret to you which I had reſolv'd never to diſcover? I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Plotina*) I have no intention to force you to tell me any thing of private concernment. Yet you force me to it (repli'd *Martius*) by reproaching me that I have ceas'd to love the perſon whom I have loſt, thereby to have a pretext to forbid me to love you. Nevertheleſs it is certain, if I had not lov'd her beyond the grave, perhaps I ſhould not have been your Lover. But, Madam, believe me upon my word, without obliging me to give you a particular account of things. *Plotina* being then ſufficiently curious to know what *Martius* meant, treated him ſo fiercely, that he became conſtrain'd to tell her more than he was otherwiſe willing to do. I beſeech you charming *Plotina* (ſaid he to her) hearken to an unhappy perſon who adores you. Yet I find much regret to relate what I am going to inform you of; for I muſt renew all my ſorrows, and cannot avoid bringing my ſelf into danger of being ſuſpected of vanity and little diſcretion. Know then, that I was undoubtedly lov'd by *Lyſimira*, who was one of the moſt amiable perſons in the World; and I can ſwear to you, I have not ceas'd to love her a moment; 'tis true, after our affection was ratifi'd by a thouſand Oaths, I chang'd my deportment towards her, becauſe decency and her ſelf requir'd it: but as for my heart, it continu'd immutable. Nevertheleſs (ſuch was my unhappineſs) *Lyſimira* believ'd *Lucia* had formerly not hated me, and did not hate me ſtill; ſo that by degrees ſhe came to be poſſeſs'd with a ſecret jealouſie which deſtroy'd her. How? (interrupted *Plotina*) has *Lucia*, whom I know, lov'd you, and does ſhe love you ſtill? At preſent (anſwer'd *Martius*) I believe *Lucia* hates me, but at that time *Lyſimira* believ'd ſhe did not, and fear'd I lov'd her, though 'tis moſt certain my affection to her was no more but a certain civility which a ſincere man may diſpenſe with where he thinks he is not hated. In the mean time *Lyſimira* being willing to diſſemble her diſcontent, and keep me from converſing with *Lucia* alone, choſe rather to ſee her every day though ſhe hated her, than not to ſee her and be in fear leſt I viſited her in private; ſo that ſhe became inſeparable from *Lucia*. I will not ſtay to tell you, Madam, how great diſcontents the poor *Lyſimira* endur'd, without communicating any thing to me (for ſhe had a great mind, and car'd not to complain) and how great diſquiets I caus'd her innocently by the civility I ſhew'd to *Lucia*, who as you know, has a very commendable Wit. 'Tis ſufficient to ſignifie to you, that *Lyſimira* by little and little became very languiſhing and melancholy. At which I was much afflicted, and enquiring the cauſe of her, I underſtood her mind was as ſick as her body. I entreated her, I begg'd her to let me know the cauſe of her diſcontent; but ſhe would never tell it me. The Gods are witneſſes, I omitted nothing I believ'd might pleaſe, cure or comfort her. I did one thing too of no ſmall difficulty; for having at length underſtood by an intimate friend of *Lyſimira* the true cauſe of her ſadneſs, I never ſaw *Lucia* but when I could not avoid it, and I gave her all the aſſurances of my affection I could expreſs. But (to her own unhappineſs) ſhe doubted the ſincerity of my Oaths, and fell into a ſickneſs which ſhortly after ended her days; at her death ſhe perſiſted in her jealouſie to her laſt breath, and left me written with her own hand in the Tablets which her Friend gave me after her deceaſe, the ſad words which I am going to recite to you.

'I have liv'd enough *Martius*; ſince I have teſtifi'd 'to you that I lov'd you more than my life; 'But if I have had any power over you, uſe your ut-'moſt endeavours to marry *Plotina* when time ſhall 'have dry'd up your tears. She is the only perſon whom 'I can ſuffer to ſucceed me in your heart. Do not refuſe 'me this laſt favour which I deſire of you. And if you 'cannot win her affection whom I have nam'd to you, 'love nothing but my memory, I conjure you.

But, *Martius* (ſaid *Plotina*) can this which you ſpeak be true? I will let you ſee it, Madam, when you pleaſe (anſwer'd *Martius* ſighing) I aſſure my ſelf (added he) you conceive well the unfortunate *Lyſimira* deſign'd principally to hinder me from loving *Lucia*, by commanding me to uſe my utmoſt endeavours to marry you; for ſhe did not know you intimately. But ſhe needed not to fear it; for conſidering *Lucia* as the cauſe (though innocent) of *Lyſimira*'s death, I went no more to viſit her after I had loſt that amiable perſon, whom I regretted with a ſenſibility of heart which I am not able to expreſs. Indeed I reſolv'd never to love any perſon more; and though ſhe had commanded me to do what I could to marry you, yet I made a determination to be faithful to her aſhes, ſpend the reſt of my days with very great indifference. But (as deſtiny is inevitable) after time had diminiſh'd my grief, your beauty, the charms of your mind, and a thouſand agreeable qualities which all the World admires in you, diſpos'd my heart to obey *Lyſimira*; ſo that finding my duty conjoyn'd with my inclination, I have lov'd you, and I love you both for the ſake of *Lyſimira* and your own. And judge now, charming *Plotina*, whether I am an unfaithful Lover; for I ſwear to you with all the ſincerity of a man of honour, that beſides your ſelf I ſhould never have lov'd any thing but the aſhes of *Lyſimira*; and unleſs *Lyſimira* had permitted me to love you, I ſhould have ſo timely oppos'd the paſſion I have for you, that perhaps it would not have overpower'd my reaſon. Moreover, one unhappineſs there befel me which afflicted me ſenſibly; for amidſt the diſorder whereinto *Lyſimira*'s death had brought my reaſon, I was rob'd of a Casket, in which *Lyſimira* and I had put all that we had written to one another, becauſe ſhe durſt not keep my Letters: and for my part, I have ever believ'd *Lucia* caus'd it to be ſtoln from me, that ſo I might be depriv'd of everything which ſhould put me in remembrance of *Lyſimira*. I expreſs'd ſo great ſorrow for this loſs, that my intimate Friends know well that I am not an unfaithful perſon. *Martius* related this with ſo paſſionate an air; and ſo like a man that ſpoke truth, that the novelty of this adventure made a ſufficient impreſſion upon *Plotina*'s mind. She call'd to mind then all that *Lucia* had ſaid to her againſt *Martius*, and in favour of *Lycaſtes*; ſo that not doubting but that it proceeded from the ſecret inclination ſhe always had for *Martius*, *Plotina* became a little leſs ſevere to this Lover. Nevertheleſs ſhe did not permit him to love her, but yet did not ſo abſolutely forbid him as to make him deſpair of obtaining her permiſſion one day. And accordingly he us'd

so much care to please *Plotina*, that she suffer'd him sometimes to tell her something of the sentiments he had for her, which yet was always in such a manner as engag'd her to nothing; for being of a merry humor, she easily evades all difficulties. Now after her conversation with *Martius*, *Lucia* became wholly out of her favour; and whereas she conceal'd nothing from me which befel him, she told me all she had learnt from *Martius*, and I perceiv'd by the air with which she spoke, that this Lover was happier than he thought. Not that *Plotina* had a great passion in her heart, but he had always the advantage to be better thought of than any of his Rivals: and therefore she told me he was her first Friend. In the mean time *Lycastes* was very unhappy, and if *Lucia* had not comforted him, and continually encourag'd him with hope, I believe he would have cur'd himself. But this person designing to serve *Lycastes*, chiefly that she might prejudice *Martius*, omitted nothing to bring her purpose to pass; for though *Plotina* lov'd her no longer, yet out of prudence she continu'd to visit her. *Martius* became more chearful as he became more happy; so that he took care every day only to give *Plotina* new divertisements. Nevertheless, he was sometimes discontented to see he made no more progress in the heart of this fair person: but the unhappiness of *Lycastes* was a very efficacious consolation to him. About this time divers pleasant things fell out; but because I do not love long narrations, I will shorten this as much as I can. Yet, I must not omit to tell you, that *Plotina* and *Martius* having laid a Wager, my Friend lost, and gave *Martius* a very prety Seal, which he receiv'd with joy; but how careful soever he was to keep it, he dropt it once as he was walking in a Meadow with some Ladies; but it was his happiness that I found it again and restor'd it to him. Some days after he lost the Writing-Tablets which I gave him, and which had been *Plotina*'s; but he was so happy as that *Plotina* found them and return'd them to him; but she sent him these Verses with them which had reference to a conversation they had together the day before, in which *Plotina* maintain'd that a lost friendship might be reviv'd, but never a lost Love for the same person. The Verses were these,

'Tis true, good fortune is your constant friend,
And what you lose, still back again doth send.
Howe'er 'tis fit henceforth more care you show;
Remember that Plotina *told you so.*
For if an Heart in Love's Realm goes astray,
Poor Heart, 'tis lost for ever and a day.

Martius answer'd to this gallantly, with very much wit; but because I do not well remember either his Verses or his Letter, I will not attempt to repeat them to you. Shortly after, being these Verses were not made any secret, they made *Lycastes* so jealous, that he quarrell'd with *Martius*; and that in so high a degree, that it came to a Duel. So they fought, and were both wounded; *Martius*, but slightly; but *Lycastes* so dangerously, that it was presently judg'd he would die. Whereupon, though he had been the Challenger, *Martius* was forc'd to flee from *Ardea*, and that without bidding adieu to *Plotina*, who would not grant him a private conference. So that he was fain to be contented with writing to her, and receiving only an Answer of some Lines. Some days after his departure, *Lycastes* dy'd without being lamented by any of his Mistresses excepting *Plotina*, who piti'd him, and was very sorry he dy'd, chiefly because his death banisht *Martius*. During his absence, he writ very diligently to *Plotina*: but being *Lucia* knew that in love, absence is the fittest time to prejudice a Lover, especially when it is long, and the Mistress is very young, and loves mirth and pleasures, she did not despair of being able at length to ruine *Martius* in the heart of *Plotina*. Now it hapned that a Brother of hers returning from a long Voyage, and having seen *Martius* for some time in the place which he chose for his retreat, she oblig'd him to gratifie her by committing a wickedness. He was young, and of no very good nature; he did not love *Martius* neither, he delighted to cause disturbances, he did not hate lying, and had lov'd *Plotina* a little from his Childhood: Wherefore *Lucia* having plotted with him what he should say concerning *Martius*, he came to make me his first visit; and being told I sate for my picture that day to give it to *Plotina*, he came to the place where I was; but because it was at the house of no ordinary Painter, and the Conversation which was made there chang'd *Plotina*'s mind toward *Martius*, I must tell you something concerning that excellent man.

His reputation (said *Amilcar*) has no doubt arriv'd at me; for if I am not deceiv'd, he is a man that makes pictures in black and white Crayon, and in little, and his name is *Nelanthus*. 'Tis the very same (answer'd *Cesonia*.) But is it possible for such pictures (said *Amilcar*) to be as like & as lively as those that are drawn in colours? I assure you (answer'd *Cesonia*) a Looking-glass does not more exactly represent those it reflects, than the Crayons of this excellent man; for he dives into the very hearts of people, to animate their pictures. He makes their minds and humors visible, he expresses even the least motions of their souls in their eyes, the smallest observable Action does not escape him; he preserves too the perfect resemblance of the cloathing, with his black and white he makes brown hair distinguishable from fair, lively colors from pale complexions; and, in fine, all his portraits are inimitable: he knows so well how to dispose light and shadows, and so perfectly represents the air and life with his Pencils, that all the skilful in Painture are amaz'd at his work. The heads he makes are so round (or rising) that the eyes are mistaken in them, and they are drawn with a certain softness which so admirably imitates Nature, that he cannot be sufficiently commended. As for his person, *Nelanthus* is tall, well proportioned, and of a good presence; he speaks well of every thing, he delights those he draws with the variety of his discourse; he loves ingenuity extreamly, and has written the precepts of his Art very commendably. Moreover, he makes very agreeable and exquisite Verses, when he draws a person that pleases him, and whom he would commend; but which is strange, at the same time he makes his admirable Crayons, which deserve to be admir'd by all the world, he talks with the same jollity and freedom of mind, as if he had nothing to do but to divert the company; and nevertheless there is nothing more handsom and exact than that which he is doing. And therefore he has drawn all the persons of high quality, illustrious and learned in *Italy*. And this is the man at whose house I was one day with *Plotina* to sit for my picture, when *Lucia*'s Brother I told you of came to find me. Being it is an usual custom to make questions to a man who comes from a long voyage, I set my self to enquire divers things of *Celius* (for so is *Lucia*'s Brother call'd) but *Plotina* having a secret design,

ſign, made mockery of my demands, and counſell'd *Celius* not to anſwer me at all; or if he did, not to tell me the truth. For indeed (ſaid ſhe to him) me thinks there is nothing more troubleſome than to be oblig'd to give an account of your Travels, to every one that you meet. For is there any thing more tedious than to meet ſuch people as deſire to know even the leaſt Circumſtances of the Country which you have ſeen, who expect you ſhould know the difference between the Piſmires of *Egypt* (ſo fam'd for bigneſs) and the Piſmires of *Italy*, and who raiſing queſtions upon queſtions know not wherefore they would know that which they enquire of. But for my part, who care neither for the Elephants of *Aſia*, the Piſmires of *Egypt*, nor the Crocodiles of *Nilus*, I will only ask *Celius* whether the women of *Italy* are as lovely as thoſe he has ſeen elſewhere; and whether the honeſt men of this Country do not equal thoſe of other. Being to ſpeak to the two moſt charming perſons in the world (anſwer'd *Celius*) I have not liberty to ſay there are any elſewhere that equal them; but if I were to ſpeak in another place, having firſt excepted you, I would freely acknowledge that the *Greek* Ladies have ſomething very attractive, and that their glances are ſo amiable, that his heart cannot ſee them much without loving them, unleſs the heart be otherwiſe pre-engag'd. Then you have lov'd ſome *Greek* beauty? (reply'd I.) Having been ſo long abſent (anſwer'd he) 'tis eaſie to imagine that I cannot but have lov'd in ſome place of the world; for certainly people become amorous more eaſily in other Countries than in their own; for ſuch as are abſent, are always free from buſineſs; and idleneſs is a great preparative to love. Yet I know ſome Abſents (reply'd I looking upon *Plotina*) who I dare ſwear are not amorous in the place of their baniſhment. In truth (ſaid ſhe, bluſhing) that is not to be ſpoken ſo affirmatively; for few know how to deport themſelves in abſence as they ought. And yet I know nothing more obliging than to do as I mean. But to ſpeak truth, I do not find many perſons but who accuſtom themſelves to diſpenſe with ſeeing ſuch as they love beſt. Which nevertheleſs is that which would diſpleaſe me moſt of any thing in the world (added ſhe) for as many as I eſteem, I am confident time could not accuſtom me to want patiently the ſight of a perſon whom I lov'd much, but I ſhould be always more ſad and careleſſly dreſs'd, deſire his preſence every moment, have no delight in thoſe very places where others find moſt, and every day would encreaſe my melancholy. For all this, we uſually ſee, two days after a Lover is out of his Miſtreſs's ſight, he is comforted, he decks himſelf as formerly, he walks, converſes, diverts himſelf, every day leſs remembers the perſon he loves, and is no longer afflicted than while he is writing to her. I confeſs (anſwer'd *Celius*) moſt men do thus; but you muſt confeſs too that moſt women comfort themſelves as ſpeedily as men. I confeſs it ſincerely (ſaid *Plotina*) but according to the humor I am of, if I were ſo unhappy as to love one of thoſe contented or comforted Abſents (if I may ſo ſpeak) and knew it, I ſhould ſo well comfort my ſelf with his loſs, that perhaps I ſhould in time render him incapable of Conſolation; for moſt of ſuch abſent perſons ſpeak at their return, as if they had been all the while the moſt miſerable men in the world. 'Tis true (ſaid *Nelanthus* then continuing his work too) moſt part of Travellers are great Lyars; for one day I ſaw an abſent Lover who oblig'd me to copy in little, a great picture of his Miſtreſs whom he left at *Volaterra*, whence he was. And being he took ſome pleaſure in ſeeing me work, he came very frequently to viſit me; and I remember one day among the reſt, I beheld him very merry. He related ſundry divertiſements to me, at which he had been preſent in the preceeding days; he ſung, he made pleaſant Verſes upon a picture which I had drawn, as I did alſo in my turn, and feign'd my ſelf an *African* to divert him and my ſelf: after which, he remembring it was the day on which to write to *Volaterra*, he ask'd me what he ſhould write about. When he had half done his Letter, one came to ſeek him to go to a walking appointment; whereupon he left his Letter half finiſht, and went to walk with certain Ladies, without minding the finiſhing of his Letter, though he could not have the like opportunity till four days after. When he was gone I took the Letter which he had begun, and withal, I confeſs I read it. But I was ſurpriz'd to find that he was writing to his Miſtreſs, as the moſt ſad, melancholy and afflicted man in the world by reaſon of his abſence. For he told her, he avoided the world, took pleaſure in nothing, and led the moſt irkſom life that ever was. And which was rare, at his return from the walk he came to my houſe again, and without thinking of his Letter, deſir'd me to lay aſide the picture I had begun, and the next morning to begin that of one of the Ladies he had been walking with that afternoon. And therefore ever ſince, I have not given much credit to the Letters of abſent perſons. For my part (ſaid *Celius*) I never yet ſaw an abſent perſon long melancholy. Yet I know one (anſwer'd I) whom you cannot have ſeen very chearful; for being he is baniſht about an unhappy affair, I imagine you muſt have found him ſad. I perceive (reply'd *Celius*) you mean *Martius*; but ſince they report (added he maliciouſly) his heart is a Conqueſt which the amiable *Plotina* has rejected, I ſhall not fear to ſay that I have ſeen a fair perſon in the place where he is who boaſts of being greatly lov'd by him. I ſay, who boaſts, becauſe ſhe is a woman, that eaſily enough publiſhes the Conqueſts which ſhe makes. They who boaſt ſo eaſily of taking hearts (ſaid *Plotina* bluſhing) ſeem not to underſtand the art of conquering them. Be it how it will (anſwer'd he) ſhe ſhew'd ſome very pleaſant Letters, and I ſtole one from her without her perceiving it. *Martius* writes ſo well (reply'd *Plotina*) that I have a great curioſity to ſee ſome of his Letters, eſpecially concerning love, for I have not ſeen any. *Celius* ſeeing *Plotina*'s mind ſo diſpos'd as he deſir'd, ſhew'd her accordingly a Love-Letter of *Martius* which *Lucia* had given him, for ſhe had a hundred in her keeping which had no names to them. So that *Plotina* knowing *Martius*'s his hand and ſtile, believ'd he was inconſtant, and did not ſuſpect *Lucia* of this guile of *Clelius*. Wherefore being of quick reſentment, and high-minded, ſhe regretted this adventure more than you can imagine. But ſhe reſented it with indignation; and inſtead of complaining to *Martius* of his inconſtancy, ſhe took a reſolution to do all ſhe could to drive him out of her heart. And the next day ſhe anſwer'd only in theſe few words to a very obliging Letter he had writ to her.

Plotina to *Martius*.

THey who divert themſelves very well in the places wherein they reſide, need not ſeek pleaſures elſewhere. Therefore for your own conveniency and mine, forbear to give your ſelf the trouble of writing to me any more; but forget not, I conjure you, that I told you heretofore,

That when an heart in love's Realm goes aſtray,
That heart is loſt for ever and a day.

You may judge how extreamly this Letter ſurpriz'd *Martius*, who was really very faithful. Not but that there was a fair perſon in the place where he reſided, who gave pretext to the lie of *Celius*; for ſhe was one of thoſe goſſiping women who have a thouſand little inventions to force virtuous men to ſay more to them than they would, and than they think. *Martius* nevertheleſs writ ſeveral times again to *Plotina*, but ſhe anſwer'd him no more. And therefore I often told her ſhe was unjuſt to condemn *Martius* upon the bare report of a man who was a kind of Lover, and who beſides was Brother to *Lucia*, who ſought only to prejudice *Martius*. I believe perhaps more than you (anſwer'd *Plotina*) *Martius* is not ſo culpable, as I make ſemblance to believe: but to ſpeak truth, being I ſhould be loth to have a great paſſion in my ſoul, now my reaſon is a little ſtronger than it was, I ſeek my ſelf to accuſe *Martius*, and to improve my anger. I thought heretofore (continued ſhe bluſhing) it was poſſible to be lov'd by a virtuous man without loving him more than was convenient; but I have now undeceiv'd my ſelf, and I find that unleſs I take care, I ſhould come perhaps to love *Martius* more than he lov'd me. Therefore to avoid ſo great an unhappineſs, I conjure you never to tell me any thing that may ſerve to juſtifie *Martius*. He is abſent, I may ſuſpect him of inconſtancie, I am ſenſible of my honour, I love liberty and joy; ſo that there needs not much more to cure me. *Plotina* ſpoke this with a certain fierce and angry air, which made me believe ſhe would have more difficulty to drive *Martius* out of her heart than ſhe thought. However, I did as ſhe deſir'd, and ſpoke no more to her concerning *Martius*.

After this, many alterations hapned in *Plotina*'s fortune (which I will not detain you with relating) both by reaſon of his abſence whoſe Daughter ſhe believ'd her ſelf, and by the death of her whom ſhe took to be her Mother. But at length, when I chang'd my condition, *Plotina* came to live with me, a little before *Tarquin* came to beſiege *Ardea*. This adventure ſo amaz'd our City, that I cannot repreſent to you how great a terror there was at firſt amongſt the people. But for that the inhabitants of *Ardea* are very couragious, they ſoon took heart again, and reſolv'd to make a ſtout defence. As things were in this poſture, *Martius* making uſe of this occaſion, and knowing an attempt was to be made to bring a ſupply into the City, he put himſelf in the head of thoſe that guarded it, and did ſuch brave exploits, that it may be ſaid 'twas he alone that procur'd the entrance of the Convoy into *Ardea*. Aſſoon as he came thither, he went to the Governors of the City, and with much eloquence and boldneſs told them he was come to deſire to die for his Country. This Action ſeem'd ſo noble, that in ſpight of *Lycaſtes* Relations, *Martius* had liberty to ſtay in *Ardea*, where there was great need of ſuch perſons as he. Whereupon he addreſſed again to *Plotina*, but found not ſuch reception as formerly. At that time *Horatius* had brought *Clelia* to *Ardea*, and all the world was ſo charm'd with her beauty and virtue, that though ſhe was very melancholy, ſhe caus'd her ſelf to be ador'd. *Plotina* and I were the two perſons to whom ſhe teſtifi'd moſt goodneſs, ſhe made us privy to all her unhappineſs, and we promis'd to ſerve her in every thing we could, though *Horatius* guarded her very carefully. *Martius* in the mean time was in deſpair, becauſe he could not regain *Plotina*'s heart, though he ſufficiently manifeſted his innocency. For *Celius* himſelf, who was not over-valiant, fearing to be treated like *Lycaſtes*, and being at feud with his Siſter, juſtifi'd him whom he had accus'd; for his love for *Plotina* was one of thoſe young peoples affections who believe their honour loſt unleſs they counterfeit themſelves Lovers. Nevertheleſs though *Plotina* perceiv'd well enough that *Martius* was innocent, her heart was not affected towards him as it had been. But wherefore, Madam, (ſaid he to her one day) do you not reſtore me that beginning of affection you had for me before? Becauſe I will not, and cannot (anſwer'd ſhe.) As for my eſteem, I give it you entire again; but that kind of affection full of I know not what diſquieting tenderneſs, I cannot recal into my heart if I would. Anger expell'd it thence, and my reaſon being become more ſtrong, will hinder it from returning. Ah! unjuſt perſon that you are! (cry'd *Martius*) you cauſe me to undergo the moſt cruel adventure that ever was, and *Lyſimira*'s death was not more grievous to me. She dy'd loving me, ſhe commanded me to love you, ſhe took nothing from me; I cannot but commend her conſtancy, her memory is ſtill dear to me: but as for you, I loſe you without any fault of mine. I ſee you more amiable than ever, but I ſee you without hope of being lov'd. Yet if I had never had hope, I ſhould be patient; but you have confeſs'd your ſelf, you have had ſome kindneſs for me. I confeſs it again (anſwer'd *Plotina*) and if I had had leſs, perhaps I ſhould have had it ſtill; but to ſpeak truth, after I found my heart ſo near engag'd that I ſhould have been no longer Miſtreſs of it, if I had continu'd but a little longer to love you, I am beholding to my anger which has cur'd me. But, Madam, that anger was ill grounded (reply'd he.) But, *Martius*, (excepted ſhe) we are not bound to love all thoſe that have not betray'd us. 'Tis true (anſwer'd he) but I conceive they that have begun to love any perſon, ought always to love him. If I had promis'd you ſo (reply'd *Plotina*) I would have kept my word; but I never acknowledg'd to you that I lov'd you till now I lov'd you no longer, and reſolve not to do ſo. Ha! Madam (cry'd he) you carry your cruelty too far, and I believe never any adventure was like mine. In good earneſt (ſaid *Plotina*) nothing prejudices you in my heart but your merit, and the tenderneſs which I have had for you: and I confeſs to you ingenuouſly, you are the only man I have ſeen whom I have judg'd worthy of my affection. But I aſſure you at the ſame time, I was ſo much aſham'd to underſtand my own weakneſs, when I believ'd you lov'd another, that I am not reſolv'd to return ever into the like condition. But in acknowledgment of the affection you have had for me as far as I can, I aſſure you

you alſo that I am reſolv'd to defend my heart as long as I live, & therefore never to marry, for to marry and not love thoſe we marry, is in my judgment the moſt fooliſh and miſchievous thing in the world; and to aſſure ones ſelf of the affection of any one, is the greateſt raſhneſs poſſible. Therefore Liberty is the ſafeſt courſe; and if you believe me, my example will be of uſe to you. Beſides, 'tis very juſt that you be faithful to the Aſhes of *Lyſimira*. Alas! (anſwer'd *Martius*) 'tis eaſie for an indifferent perſon to adviſe indifference. But how comes it that having not hated me before, you hate me now? If I hated you (reply'd ſhe) I could love you again; but, *Martius*, I eſteem you, and I can have a certain ſolid friendſhip for you, which may engage my mind, but not much more my heart. Ah! Madam, I deſire not that friendſhip (anſwer'd *Martius*) and I like hatred a thouſand times better. 'Tis in vain that you would be hated (reply'd *Plotina*) for I eſteem you too much. How? Madam, (ſaid he haſtily) is it an equal impoſſibility for me to obtain your hatred and your love? Yes, (anſwer'd *Plotina*) and as I love my ſelf too much to love you, I eſteem you too much to hate you. But to diſcover the bottom of my heart to you, know, I have the greateſt Obligation to you in the world, for that you will be the cauſe that I ſhall without difficulty reſiſt the affection of all thoſe who perhaps may hereafter have a deſign to pleaſe me; for after the danger whereto you have expos'd my Liberty, I ſhall provide ſo timely for it, that it will be no more in hazard. What? Madam, (cry'd the afflicted *Martius*) will you deprive me of hope for ever? Ah! Madam, (added he) you do not know your ſelf well, and perhaps your heart will do me juſtice even againſt your will. No, no, *Martius*, (anſwer'd ſhe with a very ſerious air) you will never ſee me engag'd in an affection of that nature; I love joy, quiet and glory, and I will preſerve them as long as I live. After this, ſay no more to me, for I ſhall not anſwer you. *Martius* would have diſobey'd her, but ſhe hindred him from ſpeaking; and from thenceforward ſo carefully avoided to give him occaſion to entertain her apart, that he could not find any. He knew well ſhe ſpoke her mind, and when ſhe ſhun'd him, ſhe told him ſmilingly that ſhe fear'd him; ſo that he was an hundred times more miſerable. For it was true, that at that time *Plotina* more countenanced *Damon*, *Sicinius* and *Acriſius*, who were become amorous of her, though ſhe neither lov'd nor eſteem'd them, than ſhe did *Martius*, for whom ſhe had a very great eſteem. And this was matter of no ſmall joy to *Lucia*. But wherefore do you not ſhun *Acriſius*? (ſaid I to her one day.) Becauſe he is too great a talker (anſwer'd ſhe) and ſo I cannot fear that he will ever pleaſe me. Why then do not you decline *Sicinius*? (reply'd I.) Becauſe he ſpeaks ſo little (added ſhe) that I cannot apprehend he is likely to perſwade me; and as for *Damon*, I have as little reaſon to fear that he will cauſe me to change my ſentiments towards him. But how comes it (ſaid I) that you heretofore ſo much reſiſted thoſe that endeavour'd to divert you from following the inclination you had for *Martius*, and now you have more reaſon to love him, you love him no longer? Becauſe at that time (anſwer'd ſhe) my inclination was ſtrong, and my reaſon weak; but anger having cur'd me of my pre-conceiv'd opinion, I have taken a wiſe reſolution to ſpend all my life in liberty. I will indeed entertain a certain free friendſhip (added ſhe) which ſhall not perplex, but divert me no leſs than love: but as for great affections, I will not admit of any at all, for they cannot be entertain'd without diſquiet. The way you intend to take (ſaid I to her) is perhaps as dangerous as that you would avoid: for many of thoſe friendſhips of gallantry approach very eaſily to wantonneſs, if heed be not taken to them. You ſhall ſee (ſaid ſhe) I know how to avoid ſo dangerous an extream, and underſtand better than you think, the bounds of all the ſeveral ſorts of friendſhip that can be had. But wherefore have you not one of theſe kinds (ſaid I) for the poor *Mortius*, for whom I now intercede? Ah! *Ceſonia*, (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) do you not know there is a Proverb which ſays,

That in the Seas of love, on the ſame ſhelf,
No dextrous Saylor 'twice ere ſplits himſelf?

You ſpeak ſo little ſeriouſly (reply'd I) that I care not to ſpeak any more to you. In good earneſt (anſwer'd ſhe) I declare clearly what I think, and profeſs that I will have no kind of affection as long as I live, which may diſturb my quiet. When I began to have an inclination for *Martius*, I was ſo young that I wanted ſtrength to oppoſe it, but at preſent I am aſſur'd I ſhall defend my heart better. For, in fine, I am ſo reſolv'd to love my ſelf, and conſequently to love quiet, liberty and glory, (as I ſaid at another time) that I will never love any of thoſe people who cannot be lov'd without hazarding thoſe three things which undoubtedly are the moſt agreeable in the world. But could not you marry *Martius*? (ſaid I.) If I would marry any one (anſwer'd ſhe) I confeſs *Martius* might oblige me thereto; but, *Ceſonia*, I have ſo great an averſion from marriage, that I cannot conſider him as one that is to be my husband: and I am ſo reſolv'd never to marry, that I believe nothing can make me change my ſentiments. For I judge nothing better, than to reſolve to live free; and when I conſider all the conſequences, which almoſt infallibly attend a wedded life, they make me to tremble. Not but that I conceive there may be ſome marriage happy; but, *Ceſonia*, where ſhall we find two perſons, who have wit, conſtancy, goodneſs enough one for another, and a ſufficient reſemblance of natures to live always well together? Some there may be, but they are few; and I do not think my ſelf fortunate enough to meet with ſo great a felicity. 'Tis therefore more eaſie for me to take a reſolution to live in liberty. As ſhe was ſpeaking this, by a ſtrange chance, all her Lovers came one after another to ſee me, and were together in my Chamber. So that *Plotina* being in her jolly humor, told me ſmilingly, that ſhe had a deſire to undeceive all perſons, and make a publick Declaration of her ſentiments. And thereupon in a very delightful way of raillery, ſhe told them all ſhe had abſolutely reſolv'd not to love any perſon much, and never to marry at all; and that the moſt which could be hop'd from her, was to pleaſe her, to obtain her eſteem, and to have ſome part in a kind of calm friendſhip which ſhe was reſolv'd to have as long as ſhe liv'd. For in truth (ſaid ſhe) I will never run the venture of meeting with indiſcreet, unfaithful, capricious, lukewarm, inequal and deceitful Lovers, nor bring my ſelf in danger of having a jealous, covetous, prodigal, humorſome, imperious, ſurly, fooliſh, or little virtuous Husband, nor conſequently of having deformed, vicious, ingrateful and wicked Children; and I incomparably prefer to ſpend my whole life with the liberty of having ſuch Friends of either Sex as I pleaſe. For I find that if I ſhould marry, I

ſhould

ſhould be ſo good a Wife that I ſhould thereby be miſerable. All *Plotina*'s Lovers oppos'd her ſentiments, and eſpecially *Martius*; but ſhe anſwer'd them ſo well, that they knew not what more to ſay to her. And ſo ſhe continu'd firm in her reſolution.

But now, there being no great pleaſure in living in a beſieged City, three or four of *Plotina*'s friends and mine reſolv'd together with us to make uſe of *Clelia*'s occaſion to go out of *Ardea*; for *Horatius* would not ſtay there, out of a belief that *Tarquin* would take the City. So that *Plotina*, without conſidering what grief ſhe ſhould cauſe *Martius*, imploy'd him to manage this affair, and to bring it to paſs that, we might be guarded by the ſame convoy which attended on *Clelia*. The converſation of *Plotina* and *Martius* was very extraordinary, and I know not how *Plotina* was able to be ſo inflexible as ſhe was. For he us'd all imaginable blandiſhments and endearing expreſſions to move her heart, but ſhe continu'd inalterable in her ſentiments; and all he could draw from her, was, that he ſhould never ſee her love any perſon more than himſelf, and that ſhe would never marry as long as ſhe liv'd. And indeed if the poor *Martius* had liv'd, I declare to you, that you would have had leſs intereſt in *Plotina*'s heart; but you muſt know that when we went out of *Ardea* with *Clelia*, this generous Lover, notwithſtanding his regret, came himſelf to conduct us; and deported himſelf with ſo heroical and paſſionate an air, that *Plotina* eſteem'd him much the more for it. Now being it was fear'd that we ſhould be ſooner diſcover'd by the enemies if we had any conſiderable number of people with us, *Horatius*, *Martius* and eight of their Friends took upon themſelves alone the charge of conducting us. But, ſuch was our ill fortune, we met with *Hellius*, one of the Miniſters of *Tarquin*'s cruelty, who came in the head of a Party of twenty to ſet upon *Horatius*, *Martius* and their Friends.

How? (interrupted *Amilcar*) was *Martius* amongſt thoſe whom *Hellius* fought with, when *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Celer* (from whom *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and I parted that morning) arriv'd and carri'd away *Clelia* who was at the foot of a Tree with you? Yes (anſwer'd *Ceſonia*) and the unfortunate *Martius* was ſlain by *Hellius* in the beginning of the Fight, though he was very valiant. And indeed 'twas his courage occaſion'd his death; for he charg'd with too great violence into the midſt of thoſe who came to take *Plotina* and her Friends. I will not tell you the particular paſſages of this encounter, for you have underſtood from the mouth of *Aronces* how *Horatius* and *Hellius* perceiving others were carrying away *Clelia*, joyn'd together to recover her; and how *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Celer* reſiſted ſo many enemies at the ſame time. Yes, generous *Ceſonia* (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I know all that paſs'd in that great occaſion. I know what *Clelia* did, putting her ſelf couragiouſly before thoſe that would aſſault her three protectors, I know how terrible a Combate it was, in what manner *Aronces* fought with *Horatius*, and how the generous *Herminius* defended both his life and liberty, and ſpoke to *Hellius*, and with what generoſity *Aronces* aſſiſted the wounded *Horatius*, whom he found by night in a Wood: but I know in what manner *Plotina* lamented *Martius* when you were taken, and carried to *Tarquin*. Do not enquire ſo much of her grief (reply'd *Ceſonia*) for perhaps you will think it too violent; for in good earneſt, no greater affliction can be reſented by any than was by *Plotina* for the death of *Martius*. But at length (conſtitution prevailing) ſhe comforted her ſelf with the thought, that perhaps if *Martius* had liv'd, ſhe might have had the weakneſs as not to be able to defend her heart; and ſince that (you know) your converſe has reviv'd joy in her ſoul.

Ceſonia having done ſpeaking, *Amilcar* thank'd her, for having related to him that which he had ſo long deſir'd to know. Not but that I am almoſt troubled (added he) that *Plotina* could never begin again to love *Martius*; for if ever I ſhould unwittingly incur her diſpleaſure, and ſhe ſhould deprive me of her friendſhip, I ſee ſhe would never reſtore it to me again any more than ſhe did to *Martius*. In my opinion (anſwer'd *Ceſonia*) you are ſo little accuſtom'd to be ill-treated, that you do not fear ſo much as you pretend, that you could not make your peace with *Plotina* if you ſhould happen to be out of her favour. On the contrary (repli'd *Amilcar*) I have ſcarce ever been very happy, and I am not ſo now; *Plotina* has certainly only a tenderneſs of friendſhip for me. But is it poſſible (ſaid *Ceſonia*) that *Amilcar* has been almoſt perpetually ill-treated? Since I am not capable of falſe boaſting, (anſwer'd he) I confeſs ſincerely, I have ſeldom been much lov'd. I have many times had the advantage to be acceptable even to thoſe women who have ill-treated me: but my merry and jovial humor has done me more injury in ſerious gallantry than I can expreſs to you. However, ſince it has caus'd me as much delight as the favours of my Miſtreſſes could have done, I do not complain of my deſtiny. Yet I would know (ſaid *Ceſonia*) whether any very intelligent perſon has ill-treated you? I lov'd one in *Greece* (anſwer'd he) who is one of the moſt amiable Women in the World. She is brown then (repli'd *Ceſonia*) being ſhe is a *Greek*. That conſequence is not always infallible (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but it is true the amiable *Nerintha* I ſpeak of has hair of the goodlieſt black that ever was ſeen; a black ſhining and bright, which becomes her admirably well. She is of a very handſome tallneſs, and well proportion'd; her Eyes are black, ſparkling, full of fire and ſpirit; and though ſhe has no wantonneſs in her looks, but on the contrary has a very modeſt air, yet when ſhe ſmiles, ſhe has an amiable aſpect which pleaſes infinitely. *Nerintha*'s viſage is oval and of good ſymmetry, her mould handſome, her cheeks agreeable, her noſe well ſhap'd, and ſhe has an air of beauty which renders her very graceful and lovely; and though her complexion is of no extraordinary whiteneſs, yet her beauty is lively and capable to excite love. But beſides all this, *Nerintha* is infinitely ingenious, and of ſo clear a perception as keeps her from ſpeaking things at random. She is gentle, civil, good and obliging, ſhe is ſerious and debonaire together without inequality; and though ſhe is perfectly virtuous and even ſevere, yet ſhe converſes gallantly with her Friends, and ſufficiently loves all reaſonable divertiſements. She is a good friend and very generous, very regular in all her actions, and very careful to ſatisfie all the duties of civility and friendſhip. She never jeſts dangerouſly, ſhe blames no perſon; and having a mind naturally ſociable, ſhe never ſpeaks that of another which ſhe would not have ſpoken of her ſelf. *Nerintha* has a very ſweet and pleaſing voice, ſhe ſings very agreeably, though ſhe does not much care for it. She ſpeaks exactly, writes handſomly, and in brief is ſo charming, that though ſhe would not accept my heart, yet ſhe ſhall have my eſteem and friendſhip as long as ſhe lives. Perhaps (ſaid *Ceſonia*) ſhe had had neither the one

nor

nor the other, if ſhe had accepted your affection. I am not of your opinion (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but I confeſs to the glory of *Nerintha*, I am always her Friend though ſhe would not have me for her Lover. There are ſo few people amiable (ſaid *Ceſonia*) that methinks ſuch as are ſo, ought to be always lov'd. It has been a complaint in all paſt ages (anſwer'd he) and will be in all to come, that there are not virtuous people enough: And yet I believe the number is almoſt equal in all times. I am not of your opinion (reply'd *Ceſonia*) for I think there never were fewer than at preſent, of ſuch as make reckoning of perſons of merit. No, believe me (ſaid *Amilcar*) the World is not yet ſo poor of virtuous people as they report, and there is alſo more liberality and gallant generoſity than is imagin'd. For during the time I was at *Syracuſa*, there hapned many things to a young Lady of that place, which prove that which I ſay. Know then that this perſon is of noble birth, but her fortune is ſufficiently bad; her heart is generous, ſhe makes profeſſion of being good, and without oſtentation of wit has gain'd a greater reputation than ſhe ſought; know, I ſay, this perſon has had divers adventures which prove that virtue is yet in requeſt. For (not to reckon up the number of Friends ſhe has) many preſents were made to her after a particular manner; and becauſe it was known that ſhe delighted more to give than to receive, an unuſual contrivance was practis'd. For one morning while ſhe was yet aſleep, a crafty man deceiv'd the ſlave that open'd the gate to him without telling who ſent him, and left a compleat furniture for a Chamber (the moſt agreeable and gallant that could be ſeen) in her Court; and though great ſearch was made to find out the author of this liberality, yet he could not be diſcover'd. Yet the perſon who receiv'd it imagin'd ſhe knew by whom ſhe was thus oblig'd, but one of her friends ſo perſwaded her that it was forbidden her to conjecture, that ſhe was forc'd to ſuppreſs her gratitude and confine it within her heart, without daring to publiſh the glory of her Benefactor. To this ſame Lady a great Princeſs of a very remote Country (who is both illuſtrious, of a great beauty, wit, and heart) has written divers times very eloquently in a language which is not natural to her, and ſent her a Bracelet of her Hair which is the goodlieſt in the World, with a claſp of Diamonds the richeſt that ere was ſeen. The chief Veſtal has alſo made her ſeveral agreeable preſents after a very ingenious and obliging manner; ſo have the generous *Amalthea*, the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, a noble ſtranger, and divers of her Friends of either Sex. 'Tis true, all theſe liberalities do not make her Fortune; but her humor is ſuch that ſhe likes them better than if they were of another nature, I have known as much as this (anſwer'd *Ceſonia*) but four or five perſons make no great number in a great Country. After this, *Amilcar* and *Ceſonia* talkt very ſadly of the pitiful condition in which the twenty fair *Roman* Ladies were, who were to be ſent back to *Porſenna*. Yet there was nothing to be fear'd from that King but only in reſpect of *Clelia*, who he believ'd eſcap'd from his Camp only becauſe ſhe knew ſomething of the pretended conſpiracy of *Aronces* and *Mutius*. But the next morning it hapned that *Publicola* was inform'd that a certain man had met *Mutius* very melancholy upon the way to *Praneſte*, and therefore he believ'd that this deſpairing Lover, knowing that the great Feſtival of Fortune was to be celebrated within two days, was gone to that famous Temple, to ſee whether the Lots were more favourable to him; for 'tis reported that on that day the Deciſions were more infallible than on any other of all the year. Wherefore he determin'd to requeſt *Amilcar* to go thither, who accordingly accepted of this Commiſſion. Yet he did not depart till after he had ſeen *Clelia* and all her companions gone, to be reconducted to the Camp; but to the end the people might not tumult at ſo ſad a ſpectacle, they were caus'd to paſs through the moſt unfrequented ſtreets that was poſſible. No doubt they were very ſad in the bottom of their hearts, eſpecially *Clelia*; but their ſadneſs was diſcreet, and *Clelia* amongſt the reſt teſtifi'd an admirable conſtancy. All their Lovers follow'd them as far as they could; but at length it behov'd them to take leave. *Horatius* would have gone to preſent them to *Porſenna*, thinking to ſpeak ſomething which might conduce to their ſafety; but *Publicola* thought not convenient, and made choice of a Kinſman of *Clelius*, who was more advanc'd in years, and was both prudent and reſolute. So theſe fair Virgins took the way towards the Camp, and *Amilcar* that towards *Praneſte*. As he was going thither he met with *Theanor* and *Æmilius* the Lovers of *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*, who had at length reſolv'd to refer their fortunes to the Lots of the Temple of Fortune. *Amilcar* being a perſon known to all *Porſenna*'s Court, they were very joyful to light upon him, and he (being no lover of ſolitarineſs) was as well ſatisfi'd to meet with ſuch agreeable company. Their firſt diſcourſe was a melancholy reflection upon the misfortunes of *Aronces* and *Clelia*; but as the moſt generous eaſily enough turn away their minds from the unhappineſſes of others, they came by degrees to talk of matters indifferent. *Theanor* ſet himſelf to extol *Hetruria* above all other Countries, *Æmilius* to commend *Greece* where he had liv'd a long time, and *Amilcar* to praiſe and diſparage all the Countries he had ſeen. For as there is no beauty ſo perfect (ſaid he) in which ſomething is not to be deſir'd, ſo there is no Country but has its defects. In a place where the Climate is temperate, the people are light and inconſtant; in another, the people have much wit, and are accus'd of little fidelity: in one Country many times we find Sciences and Vices, in another innocence and ruſticity. In one place nothing is to be ſeen but Cottages, in another nothing but Palaces. So that as a hundred Beauties are requiſite to make up a perfect one, ſo you muſt ſelect the excellencies of a hundred Countries to form one accompliſh'd. You muſt take the mildneſs of the Climate of one, the Rivers and Seas of another, the Flowers and Fruits of another, yea the very Birds and Butter-flies; you muſt fetch the Sciences and Arts from one place, Valour from another, Honeſty from amongſt people of leſs nimble Wits, and exact juſtice from Heaven (for in truth there is not much to be found upon earth.)

Amilcar, no doubt, has reaſon (ſaid *Theanor*) but however I dare affirm *Hetruria* has almoſt every thing that can be found elſewhere. The Climate is gentle, mens manners good, ignorance begins to be baniſh'd from it, and excellent Arts to be carefully promoted. As for excellent Arts (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I much doubt whether you can prove that they flouriſh as much in *Hetruria* as in *Greece*; for I confeſs with ſincerity to the ſhame of my Country, that *Africa* poſſeſſes them but imperfectly, and the proud *Carthage* yields in this to the leaſt Cities of *Greece*. Then you have not ſeen that ſtately Tomb which *Porſenna* is

building

building (said *Theanor*?) I have heard of it (answer'd *Amilcar*) but whatever has been told me of it, I have not fanci'd it to be an extraordinary piece. Yet it is such (repli'd *Theanor*) that I question whether the Labyrinth of *Crete* and the Pyramids of *Egypt* excel it; for, in fine, it is a Master-piece of Architecture. All the statelineſs which the imagination can conceive, is seen in it. This proud Tomb is above three hundred foot on each side, the form of it is square, the stones are of a prodigious greatneſs, and admirably well poliſhed. In the base of this Monument is a Labyrinth greater and more intricate than that of *Crete*, for it is impoſſible to expedite your self out of it, unleſs he that built it give you one of his servants to guide you; and there are so many turnings and windings, and so many places which go one into another, of which all the ornaments are uniform, that 'tis impoſſible to find the right way. Upon this spacious base of above twelve hundred feet square, stand five great Pyramids one at each corner and the fifth in the midſt. They are triangular, and are sixty feet broad at the base, and a hundred and fifty high. Upon the point of every of these Pyramids is plac'd a Copper-Globe of prodigious greatneſs, contriv'd so artificially, that the wind entring into it at several holes which are seen in it, makes a sufficiently agreeable harmony, which is heard at a good distance. Upon the top of each Globe is a kind of Obelisk, and upon it is seen another harmonious Globe like the former, according as the wind moves that which makes the harmony: and upon this Globe appear four other Pyramids of a hundred feet in height. But do not think I am at the end of my description; for these four Pyramids support a great terras, upon which stand five other Pyramids as high as all the rest of the Tomb, so that the points of them seeming to touch the Skie, make a very magnificent spectacle. 'Tis true (said *Æmilius*) this Tomb is the statelieſt thing in the World, and 'tis true also that the gallant house of the illuſtrious *Cleonymus* will be the goodlieſt place of the earth when it shall be finiſh'd. As for *Cleonymus* (answer'd *Amilcar*) I know he is a man of extraordinary merit, whose birth is very noble, whose imployments are the moſt considerable in *Hetruria*, whose heart is perfectly great, virtue sublime, and capacity infinite. But I confeſs I have not given too much credit to all that *Lucilius* and *Theomenes* told me once concerning the fair house you speak of. Nevertheleſs 'tis true (reply'd *Theanor*) that there is nothing handsomer in the world. As they were discoursing thus, they arriv'd at a place where they were to refreſh their horses, so that they were constrain'd to stay there. This place was so wild, the prospect of it so bounded and little agreeable, and the reception so incommodious, that having taken but a slight repaſt, they went to seat themselves on certain stones which were at the foot of a steep mountain near that place. They were no sooner there, but *Amilcar* beginning to speak, I beseech you, *Theanor*, (said he) fill my imagination with handsome idea's, by the description of the goodly house of *Cleonymus*: for my eyes are so little delighted with what they behold, that I have great need of your help: beſides, I love nothing more than the representation of handsome objects, and I assure you I shall be much oblig'd to you for it. For the generous *Melintha* being friend to *Cleonymus*, I intereſt my self already in every thing which relates to him, I shall tell you then that *Valterra* (said *Theanor*) — But *Volterra* (interrupted *Amilcar*) is, as I conceive, a great city sufficiently remote from *Cluſium*. You say true (answer'd *Theanor*) but I said *Valterra*, and not *Volterra*: 'Tis true, these two names are near alike, and *Valterra* bears a name resembling that of that famous City you speak of, (which was founded by the Tyrrhenians, as well as *Areſſa* and *Cluſium*) because this City has so many waters about it, that there is no gate or place in which there are not fountains; so that the conformity of the waters has occasion'd the resemblance of the names. But to proceed: when you require the description of *Valterra*, you demand a thing of greater difficulty than you imagine; because this place has so many surpriſing beauties, that they cannot be conceiv'd without being seen, nor represented well after having admir'd them. It was begun and finiſh'd by a man who does nothing but what is great, and the vaſt extent of whose mind is not capable of framing small designs: by a man, I say, who devoting his whole life to the service of his King, will have even his pleasures serve to the embelliſhment and glory of his country. But though he employ in the building of *Valterra* only such hours as are neceſſary to recreate his mind from great cares, to which the welfare of the State engages him; yet at the same time he is making a thing which one would believe could not but take up his whole life. For it is not to be imagin'd that *Valterra* is one of those places which are embelliſht almost by Nature alone; but 'tis no hyperbole to say *Cleonymus* has absolutely chang'd it, and there is no part of it to which he has not added some new grace. He has divided a River into a thousand fountains, he has re-united a thousand fountains into torrents, and he has so judiciously contriv'd every thing which he has done at *Valterra*, that the judgment of him cannot be sufficiently extoll'd, who knew so well how to intermingle the beauties of Art with those of Nature, and so induſtriously to divertiſe all the ornaments of so goodly a place. 'Tis true, this handsome Desart being design'd for the habitation of one of the faireſt persons in the world, ought to be such as it is, to be worthy of her; for you muſt know, the prudent *Artemira* wife of the illuſtrious *Cleonymus* has one of those grand Beauties which continually encrease admiration: and that which I esteem moſt, is, her virtue redoubles the price of her beauty; for, as wanton a person as you are, I am confident you will grant that these two things suit admirably well together. I confeſs it (answer'd *Amilcar*) therefore tell me a little more particularly what you know of the fair *Artemira*. Ha! *Amilcar* (reply'd *Theanor*) I tremble only in thinking that I have undertaken to describe Gardens and Fountains to you; judge then what I should do if I should undertake to tell you all the Grand qualities, and all the virtues of one of the moſt accompliſh'd persons in the World. Be contented therefore if I perform my promiſe to describe *Valterra*. But before I tell you, what it is at present, I muſt relate a little adventure to you, which is neceſſary that you know, to underſtand the description I am to make.

Know then, that a fair and young person, Kinswoman to the King of *Hetruria* and much lov'd by him, sometimes hapned to excite love in a man of Quality, of a violent and imperious humor; who judging that he could never be favour'd, resolv'd to carry his Miſtreſs away by force. Which accordingly he did one day as she was walking in a Grove; and diverting her self by causing a Squirrel to follow her from tree

tree to tree, which she had kept from a little one, and which lov'd her with more ardour than a Dog can have for his Master, though the Dog is an Emblem of Fidelity amongst all Nations. This violent act much surpris'd the whole Court, and especially an honourable person of *Clusium*, whose name was *Cleoranthus*, and from whom the illustrious *Cleonymus* who built *Valterra* is descended; for you must know, he was very amorous of her, though he durst not declare it by reason of the King. But in this unexpected occasion, he could not hide his sentiments. Wherefore suddenly gathering together some of his Dependants, he went to seek this stoln Lady. The King also sent out most of his Court to the same purpose, and went himself; but this search was made unprofitable, and *Cleoranthus* had been as unhappy as the rest, if the Chance which guided him to a Cottage of Shepherds had not shew'd him the little Squirrel which his Mistress lov'd so much, and which stuck to her in spight of her Ravishers. At first he believ'd it was another; but the little Animal knowing him, skipt down from the window where it was with that nimbleness which is natural to it. Whereby *Cleoranthus*, believing his Mistress might be there, or at least had pass'd by that way, askt a young Shepherdess where she was to whom this pretty Animal belong'd. He had no sooner made this question, but he who had carry'd away that fair Virgin (coming from enquiring the way he was to take, because he had fail'd to meet his guide) appear'd with his Sword in his hand, follow'd by six of his Attendants; and at the same time four men, who had stay'd to guard that fair person, issu'd out of the Cottage with their Swords drawn too. But *Cleoranthus*, instead of being terrifi'd by so many enemies, became thereby more fierce and couragious. And so he attacqu'd his Rival with such valour, that notwithstanding the inequality of number, he slew his enemy, and three others, and put the rest to flight. After which, to compleat his happiness, he understood by one of those he wounded who lay upon the place, the secret of a great Conspiracy against the Prince. Thus *Cleoranthus* deliver'd his Mistress, and saved all *Hetruria* by his valour. But which was remarkable, at the end of the fight, the Squirrel made him a thousand caresses, and would not part from him. Wherefore when the King was inform'd of all the Circumstances of the business, and of *Cleoranthus* passion for this fair person (whom notwithstanding he restor'd into his power without signifying any thing of his love) was so mov'd with his Virtue, that he suppress'd the inclination himself had for her, and caus'd her to marry him. But to eternize the memory of this generous action, as *Hector*, *Æneas*, and many others since, caus'd Lyons, Roses, Doves, and divers other things agreeing either to their valour, merit, virtue or fortune, to be painted upon their shields, he order'd that *Cleoranthus* and his Descendants should bear a Squirrel for their Arms. And accordingly they of this Family bear a Squirrel in their shields to this day. I desire your pardon for having amus'd you with speaking of this adventure; but you will see in the sequel of my discourse, that I have not related it altogether impertinently. I am next to tell you that *Valterra* is situated half a days journy from *Clusium*, that the way between them is very pleasant, and that to encrease the surprize, the beauty of it is not perceiv'd till you arrive at the fore Court, which is stately, fair and spacious. It hath four great Pavilions at the four Corners, with other Courts on the two sides. The two faces which stand upon the stately Moats of *Valterra*, end in three great Archades of Architecture, through which are discover'd two large low Wings of Building, which have been built for Offices to the House, and two Gardens which lie on the side of those two Wings. When you are in the fore Court, you behold the front of the Palace, which is built upon a Mountain of Architecture (if I may so speak) for the Perroon which takes up the whole breadth of the second Court, has four seats, and rises above twenty steps. So that this gives much Majesty to the Structure. Which before I describe to you, I must lead you back again into the fore Court, and tell you, that after you have pass'd through it, you come to the Bank of the Moats which are large, handsome, and the water of them clear as Crystal, and arises from a Spring. These Moats are beset with Rails on both sides; and near the Bridge which lies over them, are seen the Muzzles of Lyons casting out water into three Scalop Basins, which shed it one into another till it fall into the Moats. When you have pass'd the Bridge, and come into the midst of a little half Moon adorn'd with Rails, you may see that the second Court, which is very large and handsom, has a terrass on two sides rais'd three steps, upon which are plac'd two spirting Fountains, which make a very handsom shew in that place. For when you are at the end of the Bridge, there is nothing more stately and magnificent than to see those handsome Moats full of water, the second Court the Balustrades, the spirting Fountains, and that great and magnificent Perroon which crosses the whole Court, rising so Majestically, and upon which is seen in the middle of the Palace a great Porch of three stately Arches supported by six Pillars, which suffer the sight to penetrate through the whole thickness of the Palace by three other Arches opposite to the three first, and three other likewise opposite to the second; so that the Skie appearing at several overtures, this sight is the more agreeable. In the midst of the Porch are seen two very handsome Statues of young Children taming Lyons, to imitate that innocence atchieves every thing; and the Arms of *Cleonymus*, such as I have represented them to you by relating the glorious adventure of one of his Ancestors. The Cupolo which arises in the midst of the Building, is very magnificent, and so are the Busts, and the carv'd works wherewith this Palace is adorn'd in divers places. But when you have ascended the Perroon, and are arriv'd at the Porch, you find it handsomer than you imagin'd; for the proportion of it is exact and noble, it is supported by twelve pillars of a very handsome order of Architecture. From thence you behold with pleasure the two fair Courts you pass'd through: but, which is a greater grace, you enter upon an even pavement into the goodliest Hall that ever was. For its greatness astonishes the imagination, its height surprises, and its beauty is so great, that it takes away the boldness to commend it. The Cupolo is supported by sixteen stately Arches, whereof six are open, namely three towards the Porch, and three toward the Gardens, which are admirable. But how rare soever they are, I must stay you a little in the Hall, and at least shew you the first apartment of this proud Fabrick. I must also tell you that for the glory of this great design, *Cleonymus* has been so happy as to find an excellent man capable to execute his great intentions, and happily to invent whatever might serve to the embellishment of so goodly a place. He I speak of, is call'd *Meleander*, and is the same that painted the

Cabinet of the generous *Melintha*. He was born with a great wit, an exquisite fancy, and an admirable judgment. His Idea's are noble and natural, there is grandeur in his designs, and reason always in what he makes. Therefore he was chosen by *Cleonymus* to paint this proud Hall, and all the several apartments of his Palace; and also to use his inventions and counsels for all such things as might imbellish *Valterra*. But since his aim is always to work for the glory of him that employs him, see what the design of the Hall is, of which I will unfold to you the hidden sense after I have given you the description. The Sun is represented there in his Palace with all the Ornaments Poets attribute him; the whole Base of the Piece is encompass'd with a great Serpent representing the year; upon this Serpent move the months, the weeks and the days; every season is accompani'd with the months, weeks and days which agree to it; and all the Stars are seen there, which the Sun visits in making his course. But in the midst of this proud Palace of the Sun (the Architecture of which is admirable, and the Pillars resemble precious stones, and the Basis and Chapters gold) is seen upon a proud arch a Throne of Gold rais'd several steps, upon which the Hours, daughters of the Sun mount and descend. They are represented like young fair persons, habited in different and light dresses. This luminous God is cloathed with a cloak of cloath of Gold, he is crown'd with an immortal Laurel, he leans with one hand upon his harp, and with the other he makes a sign to *Aurora* as if he commanded something; for his eyes are turn'd towards her. This fair harbinger of the Sun has a garland of Flowers and Pearls upon her head; she has wings painted with fine colours; with one hand she scatters flowers in divers places, and with the other she holds a torch, which she makes use of to illuminate a New Star by the command of the Sun. This new Star is plac'd in the midst of the Heaven in form of a Squirrel, three higher stars give it their most favorable influences. *Saturn* bearing his sickle encompasseth it with his Serpent beset with Stars, which denotes the eternity of its glory. *Jupiter* sitting upon his Eagle with a very noble action and Majestical air gives it a Crown of gold, to signifie the Authority which it is to have. *Mars* on the other side with his fierce aspect gives it a Helmet and a Lyon. Below the Sun appears the Season which represents Summer, crown'd with ears of Corn, her Complexion is a little Sunburnt, her hair is guilded, her air is very agreeable; she carelesly sits and leans upon such fruits as are suitable to her, and near her are seen several instruments necessary to Agriculture. She holds a sheaf of Wheat in her hand, and is supported by a swarthy man who represents the South Wind. About her stand the Moneths which belong to her, represented by young persons crown'd with flowers and fruits; they have Wings, their Attires are different, and they present fruits to this lovely Season, as well as the weeks and days which are represented by little children who seem to move along as they play near her. In another place *Mercury* appearing with all the marks that particularize him, lifting up his arm wherewith he holds his Caduce, seems as if he would give all his eloquence and knowledge to the New Star I mention'd, he looks upon it so favourably. About this God are seen several instruments necessary for excellent Arts, and likewise divers little Cupids denoting the various inclination which Nature gives. The Moon, not being able to behold her Brother, appears through the shadow of a Cloud, and about her is seen a great hunting equipage, as dogs, bugles, bows, arrows, and divers other things, and in many places little *Genii* agreeably represented; this fair Star regards the new Star as favorably as *Mercury*. On another side *Venus* follow'd by Sports and Laughter appears lying upon a bed of Roses; and near her are seen divers things which agree to her, and which are always inseparable from pleasures. She holds a golden Apple in her hand, seeming to offer it to this new Star, as if she meant, that it was such amongst the Stars as her self amongst the Goddesses. Also several little *Cupids* are seen playing near her. The Spring is represented by a Young fair Girl, with a fresh and smiling air, her hair is brown and curl'd, she has a crown of flowers upon her head, her attire is green; the Months which are near her, present flowers to her, *Zephyrus* flatters her, and the weeks and days busie themselves in embellishing her. Autumn is figur'd by a good lusty man, crown'd with Vine-leaves, he lies amongst fruits which are proper to him, and leans upon a Tyger, the Moneths which accompany him offer him their fruits also, they are attended likewise with their weeks and days, and the Wind of this Season is represented there also, but more fierce than the rest, and the drapery of the figure shews that he inconveniences him by his impetuous blast. On the side opposite to Summer is represented the Bow of *Iris* with all the Colours that render it so agreeable. Under this Bow appears Winter represented by a rough old man, crown'd with mists, snow, and icycles. The Moneths, weeks and days which accompany him offer him nothing but unpleasing presents, except some of those days which are very little, and offer him fire. On the side of the Bow I mentioned, are *Castor* and *Pollux*, who mount and descend upon the Horizon: but I must not forget to tell you that in all places where that famous Squirrel is represented, either in a Star, or in its natural form, there is a device added to it which is very graceful in the language in which it was made; and the sense of it is, That there is nothing so high whereto it cannot mount. But now to expound to you the hidden meaning of all these Pictures, I am to tell you that the Sun represents *Cleonymus*, who according to the amplitude of his great employments, operates and shines every where, does good to all, and labours continually for the benefit and embellishing of the Universe. By the four Seasons of the year, *Meleander* has pretended to represent the several States of *Hetruria* which are tributary, and attribute the honour to *Cleonymus* of receiving and rendring all, because he has the management of the Princes treasures. The new Star in the top of the Skie, shews that there is nothing more sublime than the glory of *Cleonymus*; and that Starry Serpent I spoke of, denotes the prudence of this Heroe: so that the Pictures of this proud Hall, satisfie together both the Eyes and the Reason, and serve at the same time both to the glory of this Heroe, and that of the excellent *Meleander*, who has so well found out the art to commend him by his Pencils more than Poetry could do. But to pass from the Hall to the anti-Chamber, upon the top of the sieling you see *Hercules* carried into the heavens in a Chariot of gold, under which is a slain Serpent. Reason (represented by a fair young person of a sage aspect) guides him; she has a helmet on her head, and holds a sword wherewith she seems to menace: two fierce and heady horses withdraw the chariot that carries him, and by their impetuous posture intimate that they represent the Passions,

Paſſions, who in ſpight of their violence are nevertheleſs ſubjected to Reaſon. They have both a duskie brightneſs in their eyes. But there is one eſpecially, whoſe mane ſtands erected, and who lifts up his head fiercely, whoſe piercing, lively and furious eyes caſt a fiery glance which aſtoniſhes and ſurpriſes ſuch as have skill in Painture. Fame is painted flying there, and ſeeming as if ſhe would deſcend to the earth; and in a very bright part of the heaven appears *Jupiter* and the other Gods preparing to receive this Heroe, who is follow'd by Glory, putting an Oaken Garland upon his head. But what is rare in this Piece, is, that in whatever part of the chamber you ſtand, this *Hercules* ſeems to behold you as naturally in one place as in another. But I do not conſider that I trouble you by not being able to repreſent theſe admirable Pieces but imperfectly. Yet I would further tell you ſomething of the principal chamber: but to ſpeak truth, I have ſeen ſo handſome and admirable a deſcription of it, that I cannot but tremble to attempt it. For indeed I never ſaw any thing ſo handſome as that which a certain Virtuoſo has writ upon this Subject; deſcribing things ſo to the life, that you would think you beheld them with your eyes; and though he imploys almoſt all the terms of Art, yet his diſcourſe is clear, florid, eloquent and natural.

Oh! I beſeech you, (ſaid *Amilcar*) tell me all that you have ſeen in that magnificent Palace; for I never ſaw the handſome deſcription you commend ſo much; and if I return into *Africa* ſhortly, (as I expect) I ſhall not ſee it in a long time. If you were to ſee it, (anſwer'd *Theanor*) I would reſolve not to content your curioſity; for beſides that the deſcription I ſhall make of it will be much leſs exact and ample than that, being I have the ſame things to deſcribe, and Painture has certain peculiar terms which cannot be omitted, you would accuſe me of a crime which I have no deſign to commit, and preſently imagine that I intended only to copy it out, and deprive him of the commendations he has ſo juſtly merited. But however, ſince you deſire it (continu'd he) I ſhall tell you, that the famous *Meleander* aiming always at the glory of his Heroe, has in the roof of this chamber repreſented Fidelity carry'd up by her powerful Genius into heaven. This Figure is very handſome, habited in white with a blew Robe, and has ſeveral marks which make her known: Prudence conducts her, Virtue and Reaſon are of each ſide of her admirably repreſented; the latter ſeems to perſonate *Apollo* ſhooting with his Bowe againſt Envie and divers other monſters which hide themſelves in the thickneſs of the clouds. Under theſe Figures is *Clio*, one of the moſt famous Muſes; ſhe ſeems to bear her ſelf up in the air with great wings diſplay'd; ſcarce any thing is ſeen of her but her back; her Robe is of the colour of Gold, and beneath it another flying clothing of a different colour. This Muſe helps to carry up Fidelity into heaven, and holds a Trumpet to publiſh that there is nothing whereto the fidelity of *Cleonymus* cannot attain. This Piece being in the midſt of the chamber, is the principal deſign of the Painter; all the reſt which encompaſs it, ſuit with it, and depend of it. The moſt ingenious contrivance is, that this excellent Painter has by his Art made the whole roof of the chamber appear a great and ſtately body of building, with the goodlieſt ornaments that Painture and Sculpture have invented. For having drawn five large overtures, one in the midſt, and the others on the four ſides, five admirable Pieces are repreſented in them, which perfectly embelliſh the room. But beſides theſe Pieces, the Figures plac'd upon this ſeeming ſtructure are the handſomeſt in the world. For the eight famous ſiſters of *Clio* are painted on the four ſides of the chamber, and ſeem to make a concert of praiſes in honour of him whom Fidelity repreſents. But they are ſo exquiſite, that nothing can be ſeen in the world more admirable. All their heads have different airs, their actions correſpond with what they repreſent, and they have a certain aſpect of divinity which excites reſpect. Theſe Figures are plac'd near four baſe-reliefs of the colour of braſs, beſet with ſeveral magnificent ornaments. For in this place are ſeen four different Poems repreſented by different figures. The Satyrical is repreſented by a Satyre lying along; he leans upon a great Urn, and has a young child before him, who ſhews him three words written upon a Table which declare what he is. Below this baſe-relief are ſeen divers excellent ornaments, wherein the Squirrel and the Device are conveniently plac'd: for there is an antique Urn of *lapis Lazuli*; upon that an Eagle, upon the Eagle a Squirrel, and on both ſides of the Urn very jolly *Cupids* and Garlands, which falling down upon the Eagles back, ſlide from thence very gracefully. The other baſe-reliefs are like, excepting the Poems. That which treats only of Ruſtical things, is repreſented by the God *Pan*; the Heroick, by a ſtately and handſome man holding a Trumpet in his hand; the Lyrick, by a fair Virgin holding a Harp. Each of theſe Figures has a little *Cupid* like the firſt, and each Poem has two Muſes which accompany it. *Melpomene* and *Thalia* are near the Satyrick. The former (to whom the invention of Tragedy is attributed) has fierceneſs and melancholy in her eyes: her attire is ſuitable to her quality, and her geſture and air ſpeak her mind employ'd about great thoughts and events: and to denote her chief ſubject, Trumpets, Helmets, Shields and Crowns (mingled together with a confuſion more agreeable than order) are ſeen near her. As for the Muſe deſign'd for Comedy, ſhe has a pretty, ſcornful, chearful and ſmiling air. Her head is crown'd with Ivie, and her neck bare; ſhe has rich bracelets, and a large blew robe, which is very graceful to her. She holds a Vizard in her hand, and has another at her feet which reſembles a Satyre, and near her lie like Trophies all the inſtruments proper for Bacchanals. Near the Poem deſtinated to country-matters, ſtand *Terpſichore* and *Euterpe*; one holding a kind of harp, the other a flute, on which ſhe ſeems to play. The former has a noble air, the other ſomewhat ruſtick and wild: their habits are agreeable, and the variety of colours does not interrupt that union which is requiſite to all good Pictures. Near theſe Muſes are ſeen books, maps, hoboys and bagpipes. The Heroick Poem has *Calliope* and *Urania* by it: the former having a book in her hand, and the latter leaning upon one of thoſe Globes which a Diſciple of the wiſe *Thales* invented, holds a pair of Compaſſes in the other hand. *Calliope* has a ſage and majeſtical air; and *Urania* fixing her eyes upon the heavens, ſeems to obſerve the courſe of the Stars, and mind nothing elſe. *Polyhymnia* and *Erato* are plac'd near the Lyrick Poem; the firſt chiefly deſtinated to Painture, has near her all the inſtruments requiſite to that excellent Art: her habit is mix'd of ſeveral colours; ſhe has a nobler air, and the geſture of a perſon ſtudying to enterprize ſome great work in Painture. *Erato* has piercing eyes, & a very pleaſant aſpect; at her feet are ſeen divers Muſical inſtruments, and a

little *Cupid* crown'd with flowers, holding before her an ancient fashion'd harp, such as they report *Orpheus* sometimes made use of to save himself. But to manifest the ingenuity of the Painter, I must tell you they have no wings, as *Clio* has who helps to conduct Fidelity into heaven; because he would intimate hereby, that they ought to stay eternally in the glorious sanctuary *Cleonymus* has given them. The Painter has also feign'd that they made two Pieces of needle-work representing their two Victories over the *Pierides* and the *Syrens*; but this is done with so much art that it cannot be sufficiently commended. Besides, all that I have related, all the ornaments which Painture and Sculpture have invented are seen in this place. For in divers places, where the order of Architecture permitted, are vizards, garlands, urns, sphinxes, and several other things. But it is remarkable that there is not one but has some Mystery, intimating the virtues or glory of *Cleonymus* to such as understand the meaning given to such various figures. So that the Painter cannot be too much commended who has so well fanci'd and finished so good a design, wherein appears Invention, Judgment, Boldness, and good Sense. It is manifest throughout that he is not only a great Imitator of Nature, but also understands the Art of embellishing; and that his imaginations surpass her Productions. All that is seen in these rare Pictures alike delight the Eyes and the Reason. Never were Light and Shadow so judiciously dispos'd, never was the sight deceived after a more agreeable manner. All the little Cupids are excellently done, the Head-tires of the Muses are admirable, the Draperies are perfectly well suted, Modesty is visible even in the Figures, which the Painter has habited very negligently. The Objects which appear nearest, deceive the Eyes; the more remote surprise the Imagination: in fine, all the workmanship both of the Hall and the two Chambers, deserves more commendations than can be given it. But now not to stay to tell you of the Cabinet, or all the other apartments of this proud Palace, wherein are a thousand handsome objects, with which the famous *Meleander* has embellisht it, either by his workmanship or a thousand ingenious inventions which cannot be expres'd, I must return into the stately Hall, and describe to you the Gardens of so goodly a Place. But I must tell you first, that the face of the house on this side is very different from the former; so is the Perroon, but withal stately and commodious. The Moats are environ'd with rails too as the other; and from hence you discover so great and vast an extent of several green-plats, so many large and handsome Walks, so many spirting Fountains, and so many delightful objects which become confused by their distance, that you scarce know what you see, because the multitude of agreeable sights amazes the imagination, and hinders the eyes from fixing upon any at first. For curiosity being a natural sentiment, we do not so much mind that which we might easily discern, as that which we cannot distinguish; so true it is that we love to discover things to our selves. 'Tis to be observed that this Garden lies between two Groves which agreeably arrest the Eyes: but to describe it to you part by part, I must tell you, that when you are at the end of the Bridge, you see at a good distance towards the right hand and the left two spirting Fountains standing in two very solitary corners, and seeming to hide themselves; and before you, great Green-plats with Fountains, a round Pond in the middle, and on either side in the nearest squares three Fountains, whose artificial water-works agreeably divert the eyes, especially one towards the left hand, where is seen a crown of fruit bushes (if I may so speak.) The Basin of it is rustick enough, but you would say it is sufficiently adorn'd with its own agreeableness. About the round Pond I mention'd are four little Cupids holding scallop-lavers upon their heads, from which the water falls with a continual murmur into little squares environ'd with green. On each side of the Pond are seen great green squares which reach to the two Groves, and have fountains in them also. On the right hand is seen at a good distance a cullis'd-Gate leading into a rustick Orchard, and on the left a Cascade representing a kind of grate of Water, to correspond to the true grate which is opposite to it. Beyond the Pond you descend by another Perroon, and have two conduits casting forth water on the right hand. In this place at the crossing of a Walk stand four handsom Statues; but to increase the delightfulness, a little further in that Walk are two little Torrents with Jets of water at several distances one into another which look like a Balustrade of crystal running on both sides of the Walk. And nothing is more pleasant than to hear the murmurs of all these Jets of water, whose equality of delightful harmony is very apt to produce an agreeable amusement. When you are at the end of this Walk, you find a large square of water, and discover a little solitary place, above which stands a small wild Grove. Directly before you, you see a great and handsom spectacle which I shall describe to you by and by, and on the right side of the Mount which I am to describe, Vines and divers other Country objects. Beyond that great square of water you see an object perfectly surprising. For standing upon the Perroon which leads further downwards, you see a fair stream of water from which a hundred Jets issue with an equal force, and falling again into the Channel make an agreeable murmur. And a little beyond, you see another less, which may be call'd a Walk of Crystal. For there are an infinite number of Jets of water in a double rank, which crossing one another make an extreme delightful shew. Nevertheless, this is not the goodliest ornament of this place; for below this Walk of Crystal you see a long Terrass of good height, four long rows of scallop-lavers full of water, of unequal bigness, which exonerating one into another make you see a hundred torrents at once, and at length discharge themselves into a great stream of water, from whence issue fifty other Jets with violence. Next you come to see a great and large Channel made by a River which was scarce known before *Cleonymus* chose this admirable Desart for a retreat to recreate his mind from his honourable employments. It precipitates it self like a mighty torrent, and then having calmly pass'd through the whole breadth of the Garden of *Volterra*, it goes forth by a Cascade, and afterwards loses it self in the Meadows. So that in a very little space it is a River, Torrent, Channel, Cascade, and Brook. But to render this place more marvellous, you see beyond, an Abyss of water (if I may so speak) in the midst of which by the directions of *Meleander* has been plac'd a figure of *Galatea* with a *Cyclops* playing on a bagpipe, and divers *Tritons* round about him; all these figures cast forth water, and make a very handsome sight. There are also other water-works in this

this place; and ſeveral ſpirting fountains. But which is moſt agreeable, all this great extent of water is cover'd with little painted and guilded Boats, and from thence you enter into the Channel. Now you muſt know that on the ſide oppoſite to the Caſcade I mention'd, there is cut out a great Mount in a direct line, which is made in a Terraſs with a Baluſtrade, ſupported by ſix Terms or Pillars. Between which are artificial Rocks always cover'd with water, and at the foot of theſe Rocks is a kind of little Chanel into which that water trickles agreeably. On the right ſide of theſe Rocks the *Tyber* is repreſented, as Rivers uſe to be, that is, half lying along and leaning upon his Urn; but he ſeems melancholy, as if he were diſcontented for being ſurpaſs'd by the River of the place, which is ſeen repreſented on the other ſide with a chearful and pleaſant aſpect. But I muſt not forget to tell you that in theſe Chanels and the abyſs of water are ſeen Statues upon great Pedeſtals repreſenting the ſeveral parts of the world, having in them the moſt precious things of the Countrys which they repreſent, which they carry as it were to pay tribute; to denote that the whole earth has contributed to embelliſh this place. But the better to enjoy the ſight and admire ſo many handſome objects at once, you muſt aſcend up the Mount by two ſtately Perroons made like an Amphitheatre, which have alſo ſix very goodly fountains of different forms. About the midſt, at the Baſe of the Baluſtrade are ſeen two great Lyons, which by *Meleander*'s contrivance ſhew after a particular manner the Arms of *Cleonymus*; for the Squirrel is ſeen betwen the paws of the Lyons, but ſo that 'tis manifeſt theſe cruel Animals have nothing but gentleneſs and kindneſs for it. When you come to the end of the Mount a large green round of water ſurpriſes you, in the midſt of which ariſes as by miracle a Jet of water fifty feet high, of ſo prodigious and extraordinary a greatneſs, that it would ſeem a thick pillar of Cryſtal, if the motion did not convince the eyes. And to denote that it is the laſt piece of this great and excellent workmanſhip, there is plac't beyond it a handſome ſtatue of *Hercules* reſting himſelf after all his Labours which are repreſented in ſculpture upon the Pedeſtal. In this place ſeats are built to behold ſo many rare things the more commodiouſly, which appear ſo much the more excellent, for that from thence alſo divers plain and ruſtick objects are ſeen. For on both ſides you ſee two rude proſpects and a little Temple amongſt the Trees. This Mount has Walks on each ſide, and graſs in the middle, and from thence you have a fairer ſight of the building than from any other place, with the two back-wings which belong to it, the two Garden-plats which are on both ſides, the vaſt compaſs of the great Garden between the two Groves, all the divers ſpirting Fountains, the Chanels, the Squares of Water, the Caſcades, and thoſe too which are on the ſide of the Garden for Flowers, which is before one of the Wings. Hence alſo is diſcovered a thing which has been happily invented by the famous *Meleander*; for whereas *Cleonymus* has ſeveral ancient rarities, and eſpecially two Figures of Stone, which are ſaid to have ſerv'd for the Sepulture of the firſt Kings of *Libya*; in a little irregular corner of ground he has caus'd two Pyramids to be built, in imitation of thoſe which are near *Memphis*; to the end to place in them all ſuch kind of rarities as he poſſeſſes. So that the ſight of theſe Pyramids together with that of ſo many excellent and different objects takes away all thought of regretting that this place has not one of thoſe proſpects in which Rivers and Seas are diſcover'd, and in which the eyes are oftner wearied than diverted. For every thing that is ſeen in this admirable Deſart is agreeable, the eyes cannot ſtray but with delight. Nevertheleſs, you muſt not imagine that I have deſcribed all the Beauties of this place to you; for I am confident I have omitted very many; and beſides, to ſpeak truth, *Valterra* is but in its infancie (if I may ſo ſpeak) and there will be ſo much difference between what it is now, and what it will be one day, as there is between a fair Virgin when ſhe is but twelve years old and when ſhe is eighteen. And yet 'tis hard to imagine that any thing can be added to it; and when any-one walks there, he ſo forgets himſelf that he cannot retire. Indeed (as it is fit to return to the ſource of things) in this Garden one cannot but think with pleaſure on the worth and virtue of him that has render'd it ſuch as it is, who in his great employments has diſplay'd all the grand Qualities of his wit and courage, and who by his juſtice, humanity, and magnificence has found the art to oblige the happy and miſerable, and to be the Protector of all virtuous perſons, ill-treated by fortune, as well as of the Sciences and excellent Arts.

Ha! *Theanor* (ſaid *Amilcar* perceiving he had done ſpeaking) I am infinitely oblig'd to you for having ſo well deſcrib'd *Valterra*; I confeſs, I am charm'd with it; the beauties of the Vally of *Tempe* are not comparable to thoſe you have deſcrib'd, the Country of *Elis* has nothing that approaches them; *Athens*, *Corinth*, *Thebes*, *Carthage*, *Babylon*, and *Rome* have nothing ſo admirable; nor does all the Earth afford a more excellent place. But how rare ſoever it be, I ſhould rather chuſe to have the mind and capacity of *Cleonymus* than his fair Houſe.

After this, *Æmilius* having confirm'd that which *Theanor* had related, they went to Horſe again. But becauſe they had ſtay'd a very long time in that place they were overtaken by night. So that in the midſt of a thick Wood *Amilcar* unawares ſeparated himſelf from *Theanor* and *Æmilius*. He ſtray'd two or three miles; but at length the Moon riſing, he found the right way again, and ſaw he was not far from *Preneſte* which he perceiv'd upon the top of a hill. Which hill has this particularity, that being environ'd with divers others leſs high, all their tops ſeem to form a kind of a Crown, which makes a very handſom ſight; and therefore ſome affirm that this place was heretofore call'd *Stephane* which ſignifies a Crown; and others *Polyſtephane* which ſignifies in *Greek* many Crowns; for *Preneſte* was of a *Greek* foundation, and built (as the inhabitants pretend) by a ſon of *Ulyſſes* and *Circe*: but others aſcribe its foundation to another cauſe. But be it how it will, *Amilcar* arriving there obſerv'd the hope of Peace began to revive commerce; for there was an infinite number of ſtrangers there, and all places appointed for the lodging of ſuch as came to conſult the Lots were ſo full, that he could not be entertain'd there. So he went to the Quarters of *Telantus*, who receiv'd him very civilly, and there he found one of the moſt intimate Friends of the illuſtrious *Amalthea*, whoſe name was *Cleontus* ſon of the ſage *Timantus*, and who by his virtue and a thouſand excellent Qualities deſerv'd the eſteem of all that knew him. And therefore *Amilcar* was very joyful to ſee him and embrace him. I did not think (ſaid *Telantus*, obſerving in what manner they convers'd together) two perſons of ſo contrary humors,

humors, could have been ſuch pleaſant company together. No, no (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) do not deceive your ſelf by apparences: *Cleontus* has indeed a ſerious air, a wiſe, and ſufficiently melancholy deportment; but for all this ſeeming coldneſs, if you conſider his eyes well, you will oftentimes ſee a judicious ſmile there, which will convince you that he does not hate mirth in another ſo much as you believe. I know well (added he) he is more Philoſopher than I, he paſſes better with ſolitude, he would Sacrifice all the pleaſures of the world for glory, and will have Reaſon be abſolute Miſtreſs of his life. But for all this he complyes with ſuch a friend as I; and though he ſuffers not folly in his own heart, yet he ſuffers it in that of a Friend, provided it be innocent and agreeable; in a word, it may be ſaid *Cleontus* is capable of being whatever he pleaſes. He would be very apt to be extremely amorous if he pleas'd, he would be ambitious if he were minded, he is learned becauſe he would be ſo, he makes Verſes as well as *Anacreon*, he is able to make Laws of Friendſhip; and, in fine, I know nothing which he could not diſcharge with applauſe. But wiſdom (added *Amilcar*) is his Maſter-piece. He might be even as violent as *Timantus*, though he appears always ſerene, but he likes better to preſerve an even and an equal temper, which indeed is very amiable. You ſee (anſwer'd *Cleontus* ſmiling) that to verifie what you ſay, I hear my own praiſes quietly; but to divert you from them, I will inform you that the charming Niece of *Amalthea* is married, and I was at a little Feaſt which preceeded her Nuptials, and was the moſt jovial one in the world. I beſeech you (ſaid *Amilcar*) make me underſtand all that you know of that charming perſon. She has married (anſwer'd *Cleontus*) a man of high Quality, who is tall, well proportion'd, and has a very good aſpect; he is call'd *Perianthus*; he began to go to the War in the fourteenth year of his age, ſo that though he is yet but two and twenty, he has ſerv'd eight Campagnes already with honor. In the firſt encounter he was preſent at, he was wounded and taken priſoner; but this did not diſcourage him, but on the contrary, he lov'd glory the better. But it is not to be wonder'd that he is couragious, of a brave genius, and mov'd with a great number of excellent Qualities, for he is ſon of a man whoſe reputation for Valour and Gallantry is known over all the World; and in fine, that fair *Clariſta* could not have a better match. I am very glad to underſtand this agreeable news (reply'd *Amilcar*) but to ſpeak freely, I cannot believe that a Marriage-Feaſt could have been agreeable; therefore you will do me a pleaſure to tell me the manner of that you ſpeak of. I will content your curioſity (anſwer'd *Cleontus*) Imagine then, that there was a Galeot painted, guilded, and adorn'd with Streamers, in which there was an Anti-chamber and a Chamber curiouſly painted and guilded. The pavement of the Chamber of the Poope was white blew, the Tapiſtry green and ſilver. The Company was in theſe three places, and the Muſick was towards the Prow. We departed from the City about evening, and went to a fair Houſe belonging to the Young Prince of *Syracuſa*; where we arriv'd a little before night. There we were entertain'd with a ſumptuous feaſt, in which was both order and abundance; after which we walk'd in the Gardens by the noiſe of fountains which was mix'd with Muſick and Diſcourſe; and for a happy preſage of this Love, it thunder'd and lightned as long as the Company was upon the way returning home: and which was remarkable, aſſoon as we were arriv'd, there follow'd a terrible rain; ſo that it may be ſaid Heaven had a kind reſpect for us. The great commendation of this Feaſt was, it had nothing at all of Ceremony, no more than the Marriage-day. For this ſecond Feaſt was made with ſuch order and magnificence in the ſtately Palace of *Amalthea*, that never was any ſeen better contriv'd. Since that admirable Lady had the ordering of it (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I believe all that you ſay; for ſhe can never do any thing but what is worthy to be admir'd. But I admire her chiefly for the choice of her friends, for certainly the ſentiments of people are beſt known thereby; and according to the humor I am of, I ſhould more glory in being the friend of *Amalthea*, than the Favorite of a great King, that had no exquiſite judgment.

After this *Amilcar* inquir'd concerning *Bereliſa*, *Clidamira*, and *Anacreon*, and then of *Mutius* who was the occaſion of this journey. As for *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* (anſwer'd *Telantus*) they are in perfect health; but they have not conſulted the Lots yet, becauſe 'tis the cuſtom to Sacrifice firſt. And as for *Anacreon*, he was made an Ode ſince he came hither, which is without doubt a very excellent one; the ſubject of it, is, That riches avail nothing againſt death. But, for *Mutius*, I can give you no information concerning him: not that 'tis impoſſible that he may be here without my knowing it; for ſo great a number of people have arriv'd within theſe two days, that he may eaſily be here and I not know ſo much. But if he is (added he) I ſhall ſoon know it; for to morrow all that would know their Deſtinies write their names; and ſo I promiſe you to give you an account in a little time. After this, *Telantus* thank'd *Amilcar* for having given him the knowledge of *Bereliſa*, *Clidamira*, and *Anacreon*; for ſince Fortune firſt drew unhappy perſons to *Praneſte*, there never arriv'd any here, whoſe converſation has been more charming; ſo that *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* have already been viſited by all the Virtuoſo's of the City. *Amilcar* then having a new impatience to ſee theſe two amiable perſons, motion'd to *Telantus* to go thither after ſupper; and he not oppoſing the propoſal, they went together to viſit them. By the way, they met with *Anacreon*, who joyn'd himſelf with them: but when *Amilcar* enter'd into *Bereliſa*'s chamber, he was much ſurpris'd to ſee ſo fair and great a company there; for there were eight or ten very amiable women, and almoſt as many men of quality, whoſe air and phyſiognomy ſpoke them ingenious, and in a corner an old *Thuſcan* Soothſayer, who was entertaining himſelf amongſt this great company. *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* were very joyful to ſee *Amilcar*, and teſtifi'd as much to him in words extreme obliging. Their looks no doubt at firſt askt him news of *Artemidorus*; but their mouths enquir'd of the generous action of *Clelia*, of which they had already heard ſome confus'd report. *Amilcar* ſatisfi'd their curioſity; and to content them abſolutely, he employ'd his diſcourſe ſo, as that he many times nam'd *Artemidorus*, and that in ſuch a way, as gave them to underſtand that he was in better health than when they left *Rome*; he alſo found means to deliver a Letter of that Prince to *Bereliſa* without being obſerv'd. But after this, *Amilcar* a little more exactly conſider'd all this fair company than he had done: 'Tis certainly my good fortune which brought me hither (ſaid he) and I account it ſo much the better (added he) becauſe I find more than I expected.

expected. For I imagin'd, none but unfortunate people with melancholy faces were to be found at *Praneſte*; and yet I ſee fair perſons here, who have bright and ſparkling eyes, and agreeable aſpects; and men who have not the countenances of the unhappy. If all unfortunate perſons had pale complexions, ſunk eyes, and a melancholy air (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) not only this company which appears to you ſo fair, would not be ſuch, but all the world would ſeem terrible. For they who have no infelicities make themſelves ſome; and from the greateſt Kings in the world to the moſt miſerable ſlaves, all complain and murmure againſt Fortune: 'tis in vain that ſhe makes preſents to men; they turn her favours into poyſon, they have that within themſelves which deſtroys their felicity, and ſeeking it always without, they take no care to find it in their own hearts. Yet methinks (ſaid *Amilcar*) all that is needful to make men happy is in the Univerſe: but 'tis certainly (added he) their extravagant deſires tranſpoſing the order of things, cauſe them to be diſguſted with what they enjoy, and to wiſh that which they have not. That which you ſee is true (anſwer'd *Telantus*) but yet ſomething further muſt be added to it: for the cauſe that there are ſo few people happy, is, becauſe men make deſires to themſelves which Nature alone does not give them. What I ſay to you (added he) I ſay to my ſelf, and againſt my ſelf; ſince 'tis true that almoſt all men do not buſie themſelves only in ſeeking ſuch things as they have need of, and are fit for them, but chiefly ſuch as they believe the opinion of the world requires them to ſeek. So that without confining themſelves to follow Reaſon alone, they deſire to content that famous Chimera call'd Opinion, and mind more what will be ſaid of them if they do not advance themſelves above their Anceſtors, than their own quiet. How many men are there which would be contented with the patrimony of their fathers, if they did not think that their relations, their neighbours, and all that knew them, would eſteem them leſs in an indifferent than in a high fortune? and nevertheleſs theſe people who ſeek ſo much to content the opinion of others, deſire a thing impoſſible. For Opinion is the moſt mutable thing in the world; and if you would know how different the opinions of men are, it needs only to oblige all that are preſent to make Wiſhes; and I am confident, if all thoſe that compoſe this company, ſpeak ſincerely, you will obſerve ſo great a diverſity of opinions amongſt them, that you know it is ſufficiently difficult to be capable of happineſs. But ſeeing there is ſo great a variety of ſentiments (ſaid *Bereliſa*) how then can there be any certain opinion which is eſtabliſht in the world, and thenceforth holds the place of a Law? 'Tis becauſe the multitude of men (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) is ſo great, that there cannot be ſo great a number of contrary opinions as of men. So that ſuch as reſemble one another being united, there reſults from them a certain general opinion in every Nation, which prevails over the reſt. But this does not hinder but that even they who compoſe this opinion have opinions in a manner peculiar to themſelves. For my part (ſaid *Clidamira*) I do not believe that if all the company were oblig'd to wiſh ſomething, you would find ſo great a diverſity of wiſhes as you imagine: for I am perſwaded all the Ladies would wiſh for great beauty, and almoſt all the men to reign in ſome part of the world, and to be Kings. I do not agree to what you ſay (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) for as for my part, I ſpeak ſincerely, I would not be a King; and I ſhould account it more noble to wiſh to be worthy to be one; beſides, I know Royalty has a thouſand conſequences enemies to liberty, which would ſtrangely diſguſt me. For it muſt be had in mind, that Kings can never do any thing but what will be known, that the leaſt of their actions is publick, that they can ſcarce ever diſcern thoſe who love their condition from ſuch as love their perſons, that they ſeldom know the truth unleſs they divine it; that ceremony attends them every where; that they are always encompaſſed with ſelf-intereſted flatterers; that they never have any great pleaſures but openly, which to prudent perſons are many times great troubles: not to reckon the cares requir'd to the well-governing of a State, or the ſhame there is in governing it ill. But, which chiefly makes me averſe to be a King, is the thought, that it would never be permitted me to be idle. And yet an idle life has ſomething ſo ſweet in it, that I could never reſolve to renounce idleneſs, as I ought to do, to reign with glory. For if an idle Gallant were a King, and enjoy'd the ſame idleneſs, he would be a good-for-nought, unworthy of his dignity. Wonder not then, amiable *Clidamira*, if I am not of your mind. For my part (ſaid *Anacreon*) if I may adviſe, every one of us ſhall wiſh ſomething according to our inclinations, and we will leave *Amilcar* the liberty to condemn or approve the wiſhes we ſhall make; and after every one has declar'd their wiſhes, he ſhall tell his own. I account this propoſal of *Anacreon* a very agreeable motion (ſaid *Bereliſa*.) After which, all the company having approv'd it, *Amilcar* ſaid he would do as he was deſir'd; and turning himſelf towards a man of quality of *Tarquinia*, who was next him towards his right hand, he ask'd him what he wiſht. To be as rich as I would (anſwer'd he) for we have no deſires but we may ſatisfie with riches. You ſhould have added, (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) to be rich without being covetous: for without this circumſtance, your wiſh, inſtead of rendring you happy, would render you the ſlave of your treaſures. For my part (ſaid *Clidamira*) I am in haſte to tell that I would wiſh to be without contradiction the handſomeſt perſon in the world. You ought withal to have wiſh'd to be always ſuch (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) for I think there is nothing more difficult than for a perſon that has been perfectly a Fair, to inure her ſelf to bear contentedly the decay of her beauty: and beſides, you wiſh a thing impoſſible, when you wiſh to be without contradiction the handſomeſt perſon in the world; for every body judges of beauty according to their particular fancie; ſo that none can be univerſally acknowledg'd for the handſomeſt perſon in the world: moreover, amiable *Clidamira*, you would have a reign of too few years; for the greateſt beauty paſſes very ſwiftly away; and I account you more happy, to be infinitely charming, than to be infinitely handſome. You ſee (added he, ſmiling) I believe your words more than my own eyes; for if I gave credit to them, I ſhould tell you that you enjoy what you wiſh'd, and are the handſomeſt perſon in the world. However it be (ſaid ſhe) if you pleaſe, ask *Bereliſa* what ſhe wiſhes. To be very well lov'd, and not to love at all, or not much (anſwer'd ſhe, beholding *Clidamira*.) Ha! charming *Bereliſa* (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) you make the moſt unjuſt wiſh in the world: for what pleaſure would you have in being lov'd, if you did not love? conſider therefore, I beſeech you, and make a more equitable wiſh. For my part (ſaid a man of condition of *Valterra*, who had a pale countenance and a languiſhing air)

I ſhould wiſh to be always in moſt perfect health. Your wiſh is aſſuredly very good (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) for health is the beginning of all pleaſures: but when it is alone, 'tis a benefit we are not too ſenſible of, and ſometimes ſerves only to cauſe us more ardently to wiſh all the other pleaſures which we cannot enjoy. For my part (ſaid one of his friends who was next him, and had the meen of a brave man) I ſhould like well enough to be one of thoſe ſubduers of Monſters, like *Hercules*, who run through all the world with their ſwords in their hands, deſtroy Gyants, fight with Lyons, deliver raviſht Ladies, conquer Cities, relieve Kingdoms, and who though they travel without train or equipage, never have need of any thing. This is no doubt ſufficiently pleaſant (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and if *Herminius* were here, he would be of this ſentiment; for he loves to do good to all the world; and he hates injuſtice ſo much, that he would take great delight in cauſing equity to reign every where, without having need of any thing beſides himſelf. But having well thought upon it, I find it ſufficiently difficult; and he is not a ſubduer of Monſters that deſires it, for all Monſters will not always ſuffer themſelves to be ſubdu'd. As for me (ſaid a Lady who had a very agreeable countenance and a melancholy air) I ſhould wiſh to be always with perſons whom I love, and never to ſee others. I perceive, Madam (ſaid *Amilcar* to her) you cannot but have a tender heart, and I aſſure my ſelf you would not have been ſorry that theſe Verſes had been made for you.

Let me my lovely Iris *ſighs but hear,*
And circumſcribe all my deſires in her;
Let me in gentle peace with her abide,
I care for nought the Sun ſurveys beſide.

I confeſs it (anſwer'd ſhe) for I know nothing ſo ſweet as always to ſee what we love, and nothing ſo troubleſome as ſcarce ever to ſee thoſe who ſenſibly affect our hearts. I cannot ſay (reply'd *Amilcar*) but your wiſh is very agreeable; however, a little variety does very well. For my part (ſaid *Anacreon*) I will include a thouſand wiſhes in one, and wiſh to be ſenſible of all pleaſures without exception, ſince without this life has no ſweetneſs, the ſource of all pleaſures being in the heart of thoſe that receive them. For in vain ſhould an excellent Muſician ſing, if his hearers have not delicate ears to underſtand him well. For my part (ſaid *Amilcar*) I think it would have been better to deſire to enjoy all pleaſures, than to wiſh to be barely ſenſible or capable of them; but every one wiſhes according to his fancie. As for me (added *Telantus*) I am conſtrain'd to confeſs that I am ſenſible only of glory and pleaſure, and between the two, if my Reaſon is for one, my heart is for the other; therefore not being able to determine my ſelf, I would only deſire nothing. This wiſh is very Philoſophical (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and one would think it were the moſt reaſonable in the world; becauſe he that deſires nothing has need of nothing. But after having well conſider'd it, I conclude that a man that ſhould deſire nothing, would paſs his life in ſuch exceſſive tranquillity, that it ſomething approach near inſenſibility. Therefore this wiſh ſhall never be mine. As for me (ſaid a perſon of the Country roughly, who had a quick imagination and a rude briskneſs) I ſhould wiſh to have the beſt wit in the world. Alas! (anſwer'd *Amilcar* haſtily) you know not well what you deſire, when you wiſh to be a fine wit; there is nothing more decry'd in the world at preſent, and I had rather be a ſlave than a rare wit. They that are ſuch with judgment, conceal it; they who have not wherewith to ſupport this Quality, are ſo impertinent in it, that except ſuch as laugh at them, no body deſires their converſation. Not but that I conſent with all my heart thereto if you are deſirous to be ſuch (added *Amilcar*, looking upon him who made this wiſh) and it is only requiſite that you tell us what kind of fine wit you would be; for there ſome of the firſt order, others ſecundary; ſome of the Court, others of the City and the Country, and ſome fine wits too among the meaner people. Speak then if you pleaſe, to the end I may underſtand your wiſh, and know a little more preciſely whether I ought to approve or condemn it. For being I am at this time Cenſor of the wiſhes of the Company, it behoves me to acquit my ſelf punctually of the Office. *Amilcar* ſpoke this with a certain ſerious air which caus'd all that heard him to laugh, and which ſo ſtruck the poor wit out of countenance, that he anſwer'd ſo ſoftly as no body ſcarce heard his anſwer. Wherefore *Amilcar* turning towards a man of *Peruſia* of a handſome perſonage, ask'd him what he wiſht? Not to be in love (anſwer'd he.) Believe me (reply'd *Amilcar* roughly) you had better wiſh to be dead; for to ſpeak truth, to live without Love is a very uncomfortable life. I believe that which you ſay (anſwer'd another man of *Cluſium*) and I know it by experience; and therefore I would with all my heart be always amorous. But I have endeavour'd it theſe four years unprofitably, and I have ſu'd above a hundred times to a perſon whom I once lov'd;

Give me my Love and my deſires again,
And I therewith my pleaſures ſhall regain.

But he that is amorous (reply'd the other) cannot ſpend one day without diſcontent. But he that loves nothing (ſaid the man of *Cluſium*) is incapable of any ſenſible pleaſure. Be it how it will (ſaid *Amilcar*) I account the laſt wiſh more reaſonable than the other; becauſe the firſt overthrows the order of the World, and oppoſes Nature which inſpires Love into all the Univerſe. But to proceed (added *Amilcar*, addreſſing to a handſome Lady of *Præneſte*) What is your wiſh? To have many true Friends (anſwer'd ſhe) for I imagine there is nothing ſo ſweet. You ſhould have deſir'd (ſaid *Amilcar*) that there were ſuch, and then that you had them: therefore, if you believe me, deſire rather to have many Lovers; for with thoſe eyes of yours it will be eaſier for you to have Lovers than friends. But when we have Lovers (anſwer'd ſhe) they forſake us. But when we believe we have Friends (reply'd *Amilcar*) we find oftentimes that we have not; but to ſpeak truth (added he) there is deceit in every thing. As for what concerns me (ſaid another Lady) I would wiſh to ſee that which is in the hearts of all the world. No doubt there would be pleaſure enough (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) in penetrating into the hearts of ſuch as have an outſide of wiſdom, and a thouſand follies hidden in their Souls; of thoſe hypocrites who make ſemblance of having virtue, and make uſe of it only to hide their vices; of thoſe coy Goſſips in apparence who are unfaithful to their husbands; of thoſe deceitful Friends, who intend to deſtroy thoſe they Careſs moſt; and of thoſe

Wantons

Wantons who have a thouſand little Loves at a time: but withal you would ſee ſo many follies, wickedneſſes, frauds, and treacheries, that I think it better to wiſh to know ones own heart well than thoſe of others. For my part (ſaid a man with a fierce aſpect) I ſhould wiſh to be the moſt valiant man in the world; And I to be the moſt eloquent (added another.) Eloquence and Valour (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) are two excellent things; but 'tis good to wiſh at the ſame time to know how they ought to be us'd; for to ſpeak truth, they are a ſtrange ſort of people who underſtand nothing but killing of men; and I am much of the ſentiment of thoſe of *Agrigentum*, who have a Proverbial ſaying amongſt them, That Valour is like ſalt, good for nothing by it ſelf, and yet good for almoſt all things. But as for Eloquence, it is not leſs neceſſary to know the right uſe of it: for an Eloquent perſon who declaims always in converſation is very troubleſome; and as often as any one wiſhes Eloquence, he ought to remember to wiſh judgment with it. As for me (ſaid a *Greek* who was preſent) I ſhould much deſire to write ſuch excellent things as I might believe would deſcend to Poſterity, and that with glory; and I am aſſur'd, if *Anacreon* who hears me would ſpeak truth, he would confeſs that the thought of being one day tranſlated into various Languages and commended in ſeveral Ages, is infinitely ſweet to him. I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Anacreon* ſmiling) if you knew that pleaſure by experience, you would not account it ſo great as you imagine; for at the ſame inſtant that I think perhaps my Works will live a long time, I think perhaps I ſhall not, but ſhall infallibly live leſs than they. So that this chagrin ſtrangely troubles the pleaſure of this pretended immortality. *Anacreon* is very equitable in ſpeaking as he does (ſaid *Amilcar*) for thoſe pleaſures are properly the pleaſures of fancy; not but that I know well 'tis almoſt a general weakneſs to affect to have our names live; but to ſpeak truth, upon a ſerious conſideration 'tis but a folly: for cannot we judge by what is ſaid of thoſe that have written before us, what will be ſaid after us of thoſe that write at this time? 'Tis true, they are ſometimes commended, but yet they are blam'd at leaſt as much as they are prais'd. They are robb'd, and ill tranſlated, and beſides, though it were not ſo, what concernment can we take in things which ſhall happen when we are no longer concern'd amongſt the living? Believe me then, let us be contented with preſent pleaſures, let us enjoy our glory whilſt we live, let us ſeek to obtain the praiſes of ſuch as are alive, and let us not care for being commended by people not yet in being, whom we know not and never can know. No doubt there are a thouſand agreeable things in the Odes of *Anacreon*, which will not be underſtood two thouſand years hence, becauſe Manners, Cuſtoms, and Gallantry will be chang'd with the Ages. Nevertheleſs, I allow that people may by the by comfort themſelves in ſome manner againſt Death, which the thought of having ſome priviledge above the Vulgar, and leaving a name which does not die with them; but let us not account this amongſt the moſt exquiſite pleaſures, nor ſo affirmatively aſcribe to our ſelves an imaginary immortality, which perhaps poſterity will not give us: for I aſſure you, every one does not live in this manner who deſires it, and many people think they write for immortality, whoſe works will die. As for me (ſaid a very amiable Virgin who was ſiſter to that Lady of *Praneſte* who had ſpoken before) I am confident my wiſh will pleaſe all the Company. Tell it quickly then (ſaid *Amilcar.*) 'Tis to be inviſible (anſwer'd ſhe.) Ha! Madam (reply'd *Amilcar*) this is the firſt time no doubt that ſo fair a perſon as you made this wiſh. In good earneſt (added ſhe) I know nothing more agreeable than this. But what would you do with your inviſibility? (ſa'd *Amilcar* ſmiling.) I would make uſe of it (anſwer'd ſhe) to know the ſecrets of all the World, and eſpecially to know truly what they who do not love me ſpeak of me. As for my part (reply'd *Amilcar*) I have no curioſity to know what my Enemies ſay, for I eaſily imagine it. But I confeſs to you, I ſhould be raviſht to know that my Friends ſpoke of me in the ſame manner when I am not with them as when I am. For experience has taught me, there are few people but upon ſome occaſions make railery upon their Friends, or at leaſt endure to hear it made in their preſence. Yet this is very culpable (anſwer'd *Bereliſa.*) But when we have Friends (ſaid *Clidamira*) who have certain natural defects which cannot be conceal'd (as deformity, or the like) what ought we to do? Never ſpeak of them (anſwer'd *Bereliſa.*) But if others ſpeak of them (reply'd *Clidamira*) 'tis neceſſary to agree with them. When we cannot contradict them (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) we muſt blame them of injuſtice in accuſing vertuous perſons of defects not in their power to amend, rather than to commend them for a thouſand good Qualities they are indu'd with: and thereupon we ought to take occaſion to praiſe them, and exaggerate all that is commendable in them; for there is nothing more unworthy and unjuſt than to upbraid any one with his natural defects. However it be (ſaid *Amilcar*) let us return to inviſibility, of which various uſes may be made. One might thereby be preſent at all the Counſels of Kings, and Maſter of the ſecrets of all the world; and nothing beſides the thoughts alone could eſcape the knowledge of an inviſible perſon. It would be good in affairs of State and War, but chiefly in Gallantry, for we might deceive all Husbands, Mothers, Aunts, and Rivals: but being by ill hap, this wiſh is one of the moſt difficult wiſhes in the world to be accompliſht, let us ſee what the remainder of the Company wiſhes. For my part (ſaid a man of *Ardea*, who was very rich and ingenious) I would wiſh to have no Envyers. You would then (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) have no vertue, be poor, deformed, and miſerable; for whoever has good fortune, merit, and virtue, has Envyers infallibly. As for me (ſaid an amiable perſon, who ſate next *Bereliſa*) I ſhould wiſh more to be an accompliſht man than an accompliſht woman. As for this wiſh (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I find nothing to ſay againſt it; for though women are infinitely more amiable than men, and I love them a thouſand times better, yet, I judge, Madam, that you have wiſh'd very judiciouſly: for were there no other reaſon than that which allows us to uſe Courtſhip and Gallantry, and forbids it you, I ſhould account your wiſh very juſt. For my part (added another Lady) I ſhould like well of immortality. I am wholly of your mind (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and this wiſh is the beſt of all; for it would be great pleaſure to ſee the whole Univerſe continually change, being unalterable ones ſelf. But to ſpeak truth, this happineſs appears ſo impoſſible, that I have not the power to wiſh it; and all that I can ſay, is, that this immortality is to be prefer'd to that of Writings. You have reaſon (reply'd a man who had the whole air

of a profeſs'd Scholar of which the world is full) therefore without wiſhing immortality which belongs to the Gods alone, I ſhould wiſh only to be very learned, and to be able to underſtand all Nature. For there would be great pleaſure in a perfect knowledge of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, in penetrating into the Centre of the Earth, there to the production of gold, in knowing the Qualities and Virtues of Minerals, Plants, Herbs, and being skill'd even in the knowledge of the leaſt Cockles in the Sea, and the leaſt Flies upon the Earth: great trees, ſhrubs, monſters, domeſtick Animals, Seas, Rivers, Brooks and Fountains, and to be ignorant of none of all Natures operations. That which you ſay is admirable (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but though this wiſh is one of the beſt that can be made, yet it ought not to be abus'd. For I once knew a man, who underſtood as well as poſſible the ſituation and courſe of the Stars, who admirably knew Simples, who diſcours'd very well of the nature of Winds, who had obſerv'd that the ſalt of *Agrigentum* contrary to the manner of all other ſalt of the world, hardens in the Water, and melts in the Sun; that there are Piſmires in certain Countries like Elephants; who diſcours'd very well of the Rainbow, who knew even the particularities of the love of Crocodiles; and who for all this, was a ſottiſh man, his mind was always in Heaven, or the Abyſs of the Earth, or the bottom of the Sea, to find out the ſecrets of Nature, and never was where it ought to be. He knew a hundred thouſand things which were not neceſſary, but knew not that his wife was a wanton; and in fine, he was ignorant in morality and the art of living decently in the world; which is a thouſand times more neceſſary to be known than the love of Crocodiles. All the Company having laugh'd at what *Amilcar* ſaid, ſome time paſs'd without any wiſhing; but at length a very accompliſht man of *Ceres* ſaid his wiſh was more reaſonable than that of all the reſt, ſince he wiſht nothing but to be lov'd by that which he lov'd. This wiſh is very reaſonable (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but being you ſeem ſufficiently worthy to be lov'd, you might rather have made another wiſh, and left it to your merit to cauſe you to obtain that which you deſire. As for me (ſaid a ſprightly young perſon) I would wiſh to be able to live without ſleep, for tis a great loſs of time. I confeſs it (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but however, though all the World ſleeps every day, yet they have time enough to be weary, and therefore ſleep, if you will take my Counſel. But that you may ſleep with pleaſure (added he ſmiling) and have delightful Dreams, ſuffer an accompliſht man who does not diſpleaſe you, to ſay to you every day, I love you, and no doubt you will find no cauſe to complain of ſleep more. For my part (ſaid a man of good years) I ſhould greatly deſire to be a wiſe Law-giver, like *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, *Zamolxis*, and divers others. This wiſh is ſomething commendable (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but I confeſs, if I were a great and illuſtrious Maker of Laws, I ſhould have great regret in foreſeeing that infallibly they would be ill obſerv'd; for there is ſuch a great perverſneſs amongſt men, that aſſoon as a Law is made, all that ought to follow it, ſeek only how to infringe it with impunity. And beſides, to ſpeak truth, I account it more glorious to obey the Law than to have made it; for it is much eaſier to command in ſuch occaſions than to obey; and moreover 'tis a general maxime, that good actions are worth more than good words. After this, there remain'd only *Amilcar* and the old *Tuſcan* Soothſayer who had wiſhes to make. But this venerable old man would make no wiſh at all, and ſaid men were too blind to know what good was fit for them: after which he continu'd to hear attentively what was ſaid in the Company. It was then requir'd of *Amilcar* to make his wiſh as others had done. I will (anſwer'd he) but I muſt firſt ſee whether all the Company have wiſh'd: and ſo he taking writing-Tables, he ſet down on one ſide all the wiſhes of the Ladies, and on the other all thoſe of the men, in this manner.

The *Wiſhes* of the *Ladies*.

To be the handſomeſt Perſon in the world.
To be extremely lov'd, and not love at all, or very little.
To be always with Perſons one loves, and to converſe with no others.
To ſee what is in the hearts of all the World.
To be inviſible.
To be an accompliſht man inſtead of being an accompliſht woman.
To be immortal.
To be able to live without ſleep.

The *Wiſhes* of the *Men*.

To be a King.
To be as rich as one would.
To be always in health.
To be a ſubduer of Monſters like Hercules, *and a Deliverer of Kingdoms and raviſh'd Ladies.*
To be ſenſible of all pleaſures without exception.
To deſire nothing.
To be the beſt Wit in the World.
Not to be amorous.
To be always in love.
To be the moſt valiant man in the World.
To be the moſt eloquent.
To be the author of ingenious compoſures which may deſcend to poſterity.
To have no Enviers.
To be very Learned.
To be lov'd by whom we love.
To be a wiſe Law-giver.

When *Amilcar* had writ down all theſe Wiſhes, he firſt counted them, and then the whole company, and found there was none but himſelf to wiſh: wherefore being much urg'd to ſpeak, he anſwer'd, that it was not a thing to be done with precipitation: for ſince (ſaid he) the buſineſs is to make a Wiſh, I will make

make one so great, that imagination cannot go beyond it, for to think to desire one thing which may suffice to render a man happy, is a strange mistake. Therefore to make a handsome Wish, I will make a handsome story, and tell you in particular how I would be if I were master of my Destiny and events. Assuredly (said *Clidamira*) he is going to wish to be lov'd by an hundred thousand fair persons at once. Pardon me, Madam (answer'd *Amilcar*) I am not; and I declare to you, that I renounce my debonair humor for an hour only, and am going to speak sincerely to you, and in the greatest earnestness in the world. Know then, that for a more noble reason than that I mention'd at the beginning of this conversation, though I could dispose my lot as I pleas'd, I would not be born a King: for I account it no great glory to do no more but succeed a father, and I think it is something more sweet for a man to be the builder of his own grandeur, and to owe nothing but to himself. You would then be a conqueror (reply'd *Clidamira*) which many times signifies an Usurper. By no means (said *Amilcar*) and I have at present a greater fancy than that: but I beseech you suffer me to speak, my friend, and then let the company judge of my Wish. Know then, I would be neither King nor conquering Usurper; but as for birth, I would be of a Royal race, and that the changes which arrive successively in the world, had my family, and left me scarce any other advantage besides nobility of bloud; I would be also descended of vertuous Parents, and be indu'd with great vertue my self. I confess too I would be a handsome personage, have a noble air, a happy physiognomy, and a very high aspect. As for Wit, I would have an infinite portion, but especially of that of the chief order, capable of great things, of governing Nations, counselling Kings, and knowing all the interests of Monarchies, the means to manage great Wars, and the art of grand Negotiations, of penetrating into the secrets of all hearts; and above all, I would have the faculty of perswading, which is almost the most necessary of all, for one that is in the highest imployments. I would also in the beginning of my life go to the War, and give proofs of my courage: and to raise my self a reputation on the sudden, I would have Fortune by some extraordinary way cause me to be between two Armies ready to joyn Battel; and that for the first essays of my address and eloquence, I had the pleasure to cause these two enemy-Armies to lay down their Arms, and the glory to establish peace between two great Princes. In the next place, I would wish there were a Kingdom which were the sanctuary of the Sciences and excellent Arts, in which there were a great and excellent Minister, who by a thousand glorious actions had merited the admiration of all the earth, to the end that being lov'd and esteem'd by him, I might of a sudden come to be consider'd in that great state. Moreover, I should take an extreme pleasure (if the Gods pleas'd that he di'd before me) that he left me to the King his Master as a faithful servant, and capable of assisting him to support the burden of affairs: and, to complete my happiness, I would that that King at his death left me the government of the young Prince which were to succeed him, together with that of the whole State. But to signalize my Government the more, I would have a great War to manage; and that shortly after the death of the King, there were divers Cities taken, and many Battels won. Yet I would not have Fortune always favourable to me, and have none but easie successes, and without obstacles. On the contrary, I would see my Victories on a sudden interrupted by some great Insurrection of the people: I would, I say, that the Commotion beginning in the heart of the State, I saw almost the whole Kingdom risen against me, and had a foreign and a civil War to manage at once. But in making this Wish, I would at the same time perfectly understand the art to yield sometimes to the Tempest, thereby to save the Ship from perishing; and be able to re-establish a general calm, and cause the young Prince I serv'd to reign with glory, without employing that bloudy policy which is always follow'd with terrour and dread. But after I had calm'd this great storm within the State, I would win a thousand new advantages over the foreign enemies, take many important Cities, and gain divers Battels; and then to crown all these grand actions with the most heroick action that ever was, I would after so many happy successes form the design of a Peace upon the field of Victory. But the more agreeably to surprise all the earth, I would make a great secret of this important negotiation, which should pass only between my self and the Minister of the King against whom the War was; and at length, when the Nations durst scarce hope a Peace, they should understand it was made. But for the conclusion of this peace, I would not be unwilling to be a while in some small Island conferring with the Minister of the enemies; to the end I might in that place see Nations, Princes and Kings await with ardency the resolutions which should be taken in that little corner of earth. Moreover, I would corroborate this Peace by a happy Marriage of the young King I serv'd, and a fair Princess daughter of the enemy-King; that so thenceforth I might see peace, plenty and pleasures return together, establish safety both on Land and Sea, reconcile to the interests of the State some illustrious Heroe whom Fortune had separated from them, and finally render the whole world happy. And to accomplish my own felicity, I would not marry at all, but I would there were a State in the world where the Prince reign'd by the election of the greatest and the wisest; and that I were advanc'd to that place, to reign there all the rest of my life. But I would also that that Soveraignty had some kind of authority over all others, and that I had power then to continue peace amongst all the Kings of the world. Thus not being born a King, I should reign innocently, and boast of having enjoy'd glory in all the different manners it can be possest.

Ah! *Amilcar* (cry'd the old sage Soothsayer, who had scarce spoken before) it belongs to you only to wish; I think you are inspir'd by heaven: for having consulted the Lots, to know what will be the destiny of *Rome* now *Tarquin* is expell'd thence, I have found that it will one day be subject to a man of the same name with one of the first ancestors of *Romulus*, to such a man as you desire to be, who shall be descended from the ancient Kings of *Sicily*. But this will not come to pass till a long time after *Rome* shall have been a triumphant Common-wealth, and shall have been once again govern'd by Soveraigns, amongst which many Heroes shall be counted. This man spoke thus with such Majestie, that himself seem'd really inspir'd, and his discourse made such an impression upon the minds of all that heard him, that they doubted not but what he said would one day be accomplish'd; and all the company confess'd that it was not possible to wish any thing more great and glorious, and that all their own wishes together deserv'd not to be compar'd to the destiny of that great man.

But whilſt they were ſpeaking thus, the old Soothſayer ſate down again in his place, and return'd to his ordinary ſilence, without concerning himſelf longer in what the company diſcours'd of, which ſoon after broke up and retir'd. The next morning *Amilcar* went to the Temple of Fortune, of which he admir'd the beauty and magnificence. In divers parts of this Temple, this Goddeſs was ſeen repreſented in many various manners, and all round about it were ſeen great Tables in which all the events ſhe uſes to cauſe were pourtray'd, ſometimes advancing the little, and depreſſing the great. In one place deſtroying Empires, in another founding Kingdoms, and appearing always very powerful and capricious. *Amilcar* guided by an old Prieſt, ſaw alſo a certain place at the bottom of the Temple, where through a door of grates he was ſhew'd a ſtatue of *Jupiter* in his childhood ſitting with *Juno* between the arms of Fortune, to which marry'd women paid great devotion. He was told that heretofore a man of great vertue was inſpir'd to go break a huge ſtone, which after long deferring he did, though all the world laugh'd at him; and that he had no ſooner touch'd the ſtone, but miraculouſly a great breach was made in it, at which iſſued forth the famous Lots which decide the Deſtinies of men. He was alſo told, that at the ſame time there was an Olive-tree from whence iſſu'd forth abundance of honey; from which Omens the Soothſayers foretold that theſe Lots would become very famous. It was added too, that the Soothſayers caus'd a Coffer to be made of that Olive-tree, wherein to incloſe the Lots, which were nothing but a great number of little Oaken Tablets, ingrav'd with ſeveral diſtinct words in ancient Characters. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Amilcar* to him he convers'd with) what courſe do they take to conſult theſe Lots? Firſt, a Sacrifice is offer'd to Fortune (ſaid he who inſtructed *Amilcar*) to requeſt her to forget all the reproaches the perſons have ſpoken againſt her; for it is preſuppos'd men are ſo unjuſt, that there is not one, even of thoſe to whom ſhe gives moſt of the favours which are in her power, but ſometimes in his life complains of her. 'Tis true (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) there is no Deity towards whom reſpect is ſo often loſt, as this; and for my part, I confeſs, I have utter'd reproaches againſt her in four or five Languages, both in Verſe and in Proſe, and ſo I have great need of the Sacrifice you ſpeak of. But what further is to be done, to conſult the Lots? I have already told you (anſwer'd the other) that they are kept in a Coffer made of the Sacred Olive-tree I mention'd, and I ſhall add that this Coffer is plac'd at the feet of that Statue of Fortune which embraces young *Jupiter*, and that after the perſon has ſignifi'd what he deſires to know, a young Boy draws at a venture ſeveral of theſe Tablets upon which the diſtinct words are written. After which, the Child having placed them in a row, the Soothſayer who is to unfold the Lots, reads them, and there finds the ſence which he unfolds, but with ſuch exactneſs that it is miraculous.

Amilcar having thank'd him that had ſo well inſtructed him, obſerv'd that the Temple was divided by a great Baluſtrade or Rail; on one ſide of which were all the men, and on the other all the women, and at the upper end ſtood two Prieſts who writ the names of ſuch as intended to conſult the Lots concerning their Fortune. Now whereas *Telantus* had promis'd *Amilcar* to give him an account whether *Martius* would cauſe his name to be written, he did not ſtay to behold the men, but only the Ladies to whom he might ſpeak any thing over the Baluſtrade, it not being forbidden to ſpeak in this Temple when the Sacrifice was not in hand. Wherefore he ſet himſelf to conſider the number of fair Strangers whom he ſaw in that place: and being he ſtood ſomewhat near him who inquir'd and writ down the names, he could hear thoſe which they pronounc'd; ſo that after having heard a very great number, he beheld a lovely Woman who arreſted his eyes agreeably; and thereupon giving her ear, he heard that ſhe was nam'd *Aretaphile*, and that ſhe ſaid ſhe was of the Principality of *Elis*; for they are oblig'd to tell what Countrey they are of. Being deſirous then to have ſome converſation with her, he obſerv'd ſhe went and plac'd her ſelf by the Baluſtrade about ten paces from him; and ſo he chang'd his ſtation and went to ſalute her very civilly. I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid he to her in *Greek*) be pleas'd to give me liberty to ask you news of the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, and I deſire you tell me whether ſhe be ſtill as fair as ſhe was on the day ſhe gave the prizes at the *Olympick* Games. That Princeſs is ſtill ſo young (anſwer'd *Aretaphile*) that her beauty cannot be diminiſhed; and ſo I can aſſure you, ſhe was never more fair and charming, and when I came away ſhe was at a fair houſe belonging to the Prince of *Elis*, which is call'd the Valley of Cupids. After this *Amilcar* obtain'd the permiſſion of this fair perſon to go and viſit her. But when he turn'd his head, he was much aſtoniſht to ſee *Lucilius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, and *Spurius* entering into the Temple; for when he departed from *Rome*, they made no account to go to *Preneſte*. He approach't towards them, and underſtood that *Lucilius* was ſent by *Porſenna* to conſult the Lots of *Preneſte* concerning the preſent ſtate of affairs; and he learnt by *Herminius*, that *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, and himſelf being upon the point to have a Quarrel, *Publicola* had hinder'd them from fighting, and engag'd them to come to this place, declaring to them nevertheleſs, that he left *Valeria* abſolute Miſtreſs of her own deſtiny, and that he was ſo confident ſhe would chuſe equitably, that he believ'd the Gods would approve his choice and make their will known. After this theſe New-comers went to cauſe their names to be written; but at the ſame time *Amilcar* beheld a man of a good perſonage and in mourning attire enter into the Temple, and obſerv'd that *Clidamira* chang'd colour thereat, and *Berelisa* ſeem'd amaz'd to ſee him. In effect it was *Meleontus*, who having paſs'd through *Rome* to ſee the Prince *Artemidorus* was come to *Preneſte*, and accordingly caus'd his name to be written. Next, *Amilcar* beheld the jealous *Damon* with *Acriſius*; for *Sicinius* would not conſult the Lots at *Preneſte*. But at length when this great number of Strangers of both Sexes had caus'd their names to be written, a Sacrifice was offer'd by way of preparation to know the ſecrets of Fate the next day. As they were going out of the Temple, *Telantus* advertis'd *Amilcar* that the wicked *Tullia* had ſent a man with great ſums of money to corrupt him that was to expound the Lots, and cauſe him to give *Lucilius* ſuch an anſwer as might perſwade *Porſenna* to put *Aronces* and *Clelia* to death; but he aſſur'd him at the ſame time that nothing was to be fear'd, and that he to whom the addreſs was made was a man of the moſt firm probity in the world. *Amilcar* trembled at this wickedneſs of *Tullia*, but he hop'd to draw advantage from it. He acquainted *Herminius* with the matter, and having underſtood by

Telantus

Telamira that *Manius* did not present himself at the Temple, he went to the lodgings of *Clidamira* and *Berelisa*, where *Meleontus* arriv'd a moment after, for he did not think fit to accost them as they were going out of the Temple. Assoon as he enter'd, *Berelisa* askt him for whom he were mourning? For the Prince of *Leontium*, Madam (answer'd he.) How (reply'd *Clidamira* wholly surpris'd) is the Prince of *Leontium* dead? He is certainly (said *Meleontus*) but with so great regret for not having well enough treated *Artemidorus* and the Princess *Lysonice*, that he commanded me at his death to come and testifie his last sentiments to them. And accordingly I came to *Rome* to obey him, and to conjure the Prince *Artemidorus* to go and take possession of his Principality, to forget all things past, and to be my Protector. As he is very generous (added he) he has granted me all I desir'd of him, and charg'd me with two Letters which I deliver to you. In speaking this *Meleontus* gave one Letter of *Artemidorus* to *Clidamira*, and another to *Berelisa*. They both blusht as they receiv'd them, and could not refrain from beholding one another with an air a little jealous. But *Berelisa*'s doubts excited by jealousie were soon dispell'd; for the Letter of the Prince *Artemidorus* was conceiv'd in these terms.

Artemidorus to *Berelisa*.

THough the Prince my Brother had ill-treated me, I am notwithstanding much affected with his death: but now, Madam, that the Gods have given me power to testifie to you how much I love you, I declare to you that I will not reign at Leontium *but with you, and no other shall ever reign in my heart. I have writ to* Clidamira *in such a strain as will cure you of all your unjust jealousies. However, I desire you to promote* Meleontus *interest with her; he has so well deported himself since the prince's death, that he deserves that you and I forget all the mischief he has done us. I beseech you, return to* Rome *assoon as you can; that when we have seen what will be the destiny of* Aronces, *I may go and cause you to be acknowledg'd princess of* Leontium.

As *Berelisa* read this Letter, joy diffus'd it self from her eyes over all her countenance; and *Clidamira*, as she read hers, could not contain from blushing with choler; for it was almost in these words.

Artemidorus to *Clidamira*.

YOu have reason, Madam, to have made choice of Meleontus *for the object of your affection; therefore I will do him what service I can to gain your favour towards him. I have understood from his mouth what I knew before, that he is not so unacceptable to you but that he may hope to be happy if I protect him. I do so, Madam, and desire of you for him all the favours he is worthy of. I have formerly complain'd of it, and now I rejoyce at it; but there arrive so many other changes, that this ought not to surprize you. His fortune is sufficiently good, to render yours happy. Do not therefore resist his affection and my requests; but believe I can never be more oblig'd to you than I shall be, if you reward his affection in the manner I desire.*

Clidamira made as if she read this Letter over again, but in truth, she only took time to calm the trouble of her mind, and to deliberate what she should do. During which she concluded that *Berelisa* was going to be Princess of *Leontium*, and that *Artemidorus* being fully perswaded that she had had a beginning of Courtship with *Meleontus*, no longer believ'd that it was only for his sake, as she had endeavour'd to perswade him. Wherefore, considering that if she rejected *Meleontus* she would be without all support, and being an admirable dissembler, she recollected her self suddenly, and beholding *Meleontus* with an aspect something confus'd but not at all rude, The Prince speaks so obligingly of you (said she to him) that it is manifest he will obtain what he desires; but however we shall speak of it at a little more leisure. In the mean time *Herminius* and *Amilcar* were speaking to *Berelisa*, who shew'd them *Artemidorus*'s Letter, as being her dearest Friends at *Rome*. So that they were very joyful to see that Fortune had at length done justice to her merit. But after *Meleontus*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar* were gone away, *Clidamira* not being able to suppress her sentiments, I imagine (said she to *Berelisa*) you care no longer for consulting the Lots of *Praneste*, and the Prince's Letter has given you whatever you account agreeable to your desires. 'Tis true (answer'd *Berelisa*) *Artemidorus*'s Letter is such as I could desire, but I conceive that which you have received ought not to displease you; for, to give you what you made choice of, is as I conceive to do all that can be acceptable to you. Being you are yet but my sister in Law (reply'd *Clidamira*) and not Princess of *Leontium*, I must once in my life speak plainly to you, before I be oblig'd to bear you a respect which will not allow me to offend you.—— But, no (added she) the manifestation of my anger will but augment your joy, and therefore I change my mind, and will never more speak to you of *Artemidorus*, whom I will endeavor to hate, or at least not to love longer. As I can never cease to consider you as the wife of my Brother (said *Berelisa*) I will answer you without passion. Joy wonderfully sweetens the mind (answer'd *Clidamira*) and you have not been always so gentle when you were discontented. But however (added she, as she was going from her into a Closet in the same Chamber) if I cannot be contented, I will at least make such shew of being so, that perhaps you who are really so, shall not seem so much. *Berelisa* smil'd at *Clidamira*'s passion, and went into the Chamber which was assign'd to her.

The next morning *Amilcar* diligently enquir'd for *Manius*, and could learn no tidings of him; only he understood that there was an unknown person who had sent to desire the favour that his name might not be written amongst the rest, but to be heard last, when the

the whole Ceremony of the multitude was finish'd; which could not be done in one day, there being too great a number of people this year in *Praneſte*. At break of day the Temple of Fortune was open, and two hours were by favour allotted for ſuch as would cauſe their names to be written in order to conſulting the Lots, during which the Temple was fill'd with people to hear a kind of Hymn ſung by a very excellent voice to the glory of Fortune. Whilſt this was doing, a certain noiſe was heard about the Gate. *Amilcar* who had an univerſal curioſity turn'd his head and beheld a little Machine painted, gilded, and cover'd with a kind of little Canopy. It was ſurrounded with Curtains, and carried by two ſlaves. Upon the top of this Canopy was the Pourtraict of a young and handſome man. He had a round Viſage, blew eyes, neat, and agreeable, a carnation, and freſh Complexion, and a cheerful and ſprightly aſpect. At the bottom of this Pourtraict were ſeen theſe Verſes:

Youthful and fair, this Picture courts your eye.
Youthful and fair as this, ſo once was I.
But envious Fate (by whoſe ſevere decree,
No happineſs can great and laſting be)
So chang'd both face and body; there remains
Of both but one dire Magazine of pains.
A thouſand ills my vexed limbs diſtort,
But I unmov'd ſuſtain their rude effort.
And though confin'd in this ſad place I lie,
Yet round the ſpacious Globe my name doth flie.

The novelty of this Machine having ſurpriz'd all the Aſſembly, two Prieſts at the Gates of the Temple would have hindred the ſlaves that carried it, from paſſing, and requir'd him that was within it to deſcend and enter into the Temple. But a moment after, the Curtains were ſeen to open a little, and a voice ſomething ſhrill but impetuous was heard to ſpeak thus, No, no (ſaid this Unknown) do not go about to cauſe me to deſcend, for 'tis in vain; and as people of high quality are ſeen to enter in Chariots into the Courts of Kings Palaces, ſo I have the priviledge to enter into the Chambers of Queens and Temples; for that you may know me well, I am the prime ſick perſon in the World, and he alone that has been able to reconcile pain with joy. The Unknown ſpoke this with ſo fierce a tone, that he ſilenc'd the Prieſts, and they ſuffer'd the Machine to enter, which drew the eyes of the whole Aſſembly. But indeed a moment after, it was minded no more; becauſe there appear'd a perſon ſo infinitely fair, that ſhe attracted the general view. It was known by the livery of the ſlaves who follow'd her that ſhe was the Wife of him that was in the Machine. She was young, admirably fair, and of a good ſtature; her name was *Lyriana*, ſhe was of very noble Birth, and Fortune having been adverſe to her Parents, ſhe was in her infancy led by them into the remoteſt parts of *Libya*; from whence ſhe return'd ſo fair and charming, that ſcarce any could be compar'd to her without doing her injury. *Lyriana* was tall and well proportion'd, but of that tallneſs which does not affright, but only adds to the grace of the perſon. She had a very clear and ſmooth Complexion, her hair was of a bright and agreeable cheſnut, her Noſe was well ſhap'd, and her Mouth well cut, ſhe had a Noble, ſweet, ſprightly, and Majeſtical air; and to render her beauty more perfect and charming, ſhe had the handſomeſt Eyes in the world, for they were black, ſparkling, ſweet, paſſionate, and full of ſpirit; their brightneſs had ſomething I know not what, which cannot be expreſs'd; a ſweet melancholy ſometimes appear'd in them amongſt all her charms, yet mirth was viſible in them at times, with all the attractives which joy can inſpire. As for her mind, it ſeem'd made correſpondent to her beauty; ſhe ſpoke with a good grace naturally, and without affectation. Yet her beauty though tranſcendent, made her not vain and proud: but joyning the charms of her vertue to thoſe of her beauty and Wit, it might be ſaid ſhe deſerv'd all the admiration which was had of her when ſhe enter'd into the Temple of Fortune. *Amilcar* was charm'd aſſoon as he beheld her, carefully inquir'd of thoſe next him the name of this fair perſon, who was ſo advantageouſly ſpoken of to him. As for him that has married her (added he) I ask no news of him, for I do not doubt but he in the Machine is the famous *Scaurus*, who from a very goodly perſon in his youth, has been ſo chang'd by ſickneſſes that he cannot be known for the ſame man, and who by the pleaſantneſs of his humor and the firmneſs of his mind makes health to himſelf in ſpight of Nature, and preſerves a joy which has render'd him capable of writing a thouſand ſprightly and divertiſing Compoſures, which ſerve for the pleaſure of the illuſtrious *Cleonymus* and all accompliſht perſons; and laſtly, whoſe converſation is ſought by a great number of Honorable people who frequent his houſe. 'Tis the very ſame (anſwer'd one of thoſe *Amilcar* was talking to) he lives at *Cluſium*, where all illuſtrious Strangers go to viſit him, as well as all the Perſons of Quality of that Court. But, which is remarkable, he is never at a loſs for ſubjects to divert himſelf and others. And whether he commends or blames, he always does it pleaſantly, and with as much facility as wit. He confirms what you ſay of his merry humor (reply'd *Amilcar*) by coming in his Machine into the Temple of Fortune: but to ſpeak truth, I am very deſirous to know what he will conſult the Lots about. After this *Amilcar* beheld the ſlaves who carried the Machine, ſet it down before the Prieſt who writ the names. And then a ſlave drawing a curtain which hid *Scaurus*, it was ſeen that he did not at all reſemble his Picture; and nevertheleſs, through all the alteration that had befallen him, he ſeem'd ſtill to have a certain laughing air which promis'd Wit. But, in fine, having caus'd his own name to be writ, and that of the fair *Lyriana*, he pull'd down his Curtain, and was carried away again in his Machine; for the two hours were juſt by this time expir'd; ſo that it behov'd all the multitude to go forth of the Temple, to the end the Anſwers might be render'd with more ſecrecy. The names of thoſe which were written being to be drawn at a venture, it hapned that *Porſenna*'s name was drawn firſt, to conſult the Lots; and the order being ſo, that the explication of the Lot was deliver'd only to ſuch as were concern'd in the buſineſs, this explication was deliver'd ſeal'd to *Lucilius* after all the Tablets which the child drew and ranked at a venture had been well conſider'd.

Next, the names of *Beroliſa* and *Clidamira* were drawn; and the old Soothſayer who had been preſent at the converſation of Wiſhes, and expounded the Lots of *Praneſte* this year, ſpoke theſe very words to *Clidamira*:

Yan

You ſhall be happier by your indifferent humor than any other thing: for being you have never known how to love with ſtedfaſtneſs, therefore you have no reaſon to expect to be lov'd conſtantly: but ſuch as determine themſelves to none, are always moderately afflicted, and never to be much pitied.

Clidamira had ſome indignation at this Anſwer, but a moment after her own humor appeas'd her, and caus'd her to ſay that it was all one to her whether ſhe ow'd her contentment to her indifference or to any thing elſe. As for *Bereliſa*, the Soothſayer ſpoke to her after another ſort.

I have ſcarce any thing to ſpeak to you (ſaid he to her) *for 'tis eaſie for you to foreſee your deſtiny: your Conſtancy is ready to be crown'd, and you are going to reign in one of the moſt delightful Cities of the world, and in one of the moſt generous hearts that ever was.*

In the next place, *Theanor* and *Æmilius* (whoſe names were written together) ask'd what their deſtiny was to be. He who gave anſwers, ſaid to them,

Marry them who love you, though you love not them; and beware of marrying them whom you love, being they do not love you: for according to all apparences, you will at length love thoſe which have lov'd you ſo long time, and perhaps you will not always love thoſe you do, if they can never love you.

Theanor and *Æmilius* were amaz'd, and ſeem'd alike dejected at this Anſwer; and ſo they retir'd with ſufficient ſadneſs, and made way for ſeveral others who follow'd them. After which, that famous Lyar (whom *Bereliſa*, *Clidamira* and *Anacreon* knew, and whoſe Lyes had occaſion'd a long converſation at *Rome* amongſt divers ingenious perſons) preſented himſelf, and ask'd whether it were poſſible there could be one man in the world who were always veracious. But as if the Gods had been offended, the Sooth-ſayer having obſerv'd the Lots according to cuſtom, anſwer'd him in theſe terms:

Raſh man, who ſeekeſt to excuſe thy ſelf with the faults of others, know, that for the puniſhment of thy continual Lyes, thou ſhalt not be believ'd even when thou ſpeakeſt truth. This is all which the Lots of Præneſte *can anſwer thee, which will not ſo diſhonour all men, as to make it credible that ſincere truth is ſcarce found upon earth.*

Next, *Herminius*, *Æmilius* and *Spurius* enquiring of their Deſtinies, receiv'd ſuch an Anſwer:

The firſt-lov'd ought always to be the laſt-lov'd, unleſs he have render'd himſelf unworthy of being ſo: ſhould it be otherwiſe, there would be five perſons unhappy, and in the former manner but three. Moreover, it ſhall come to paſs that Æmilius *ſhall be ſatisfied with his own vertue,* Spurius *cur'd by his anger, and* Mutius *comforted with his glory.*

This anſwer caus'd a very ſenſible joy to *Herminius*, and much afflicted *Æmilius* and *Spurius*; and this latter beginning to ſpeak, The Lots of *Præneſte* have given a true deciſion (ſaid he fiercely) for I begin already to reſent ſuch a horrible indignation, that I doubt not but hatred will cure me of my love. Which ſaid, he went away with a very incenſed aſpect. But *Herminius*, who always lov'd *Æmilius*, ſpoke to him with much generoſity. You ſee (ſaid he to him) the will of the Gods cannot be withſtood. 'Tis true (anſwer'd *Æmilius*) and I ſee too that I muſt be always miſerable; and not being able to find a remedy in hatred as *Spurius* does, ſince generoſity obliges me not to hate my Rival or my Miſtreſs, I muſt ſeek one in death. You will do better (reply'd *Herminius*) to ſeek it in the amity of a generous Friend, and in that of a faithful Friend, who is extremely ſorry he cannot be happy but by rendring you miſerable. Whilſt theſe two Rivals were diſcourſing in this manner, *Meleontius* deſiring to know whether he ſhould be happy, receiv'd this anſwer:

Whoſo would always have ambition and love together, it is abſolutely impoſſible for him ever to be happy; for it is not in the power of Fortune to content a Lover and an Ambitious man in one ſingle perſon.

After this the multitude of Strangers which were at *Præneſte* continu'd enquiring what they deſir'd to know. But for that *Amilcar* was not concern'd there longer, after he had congratulated with *Herminius* for the happy anſwer he receiv'd, he went to entertain himſelf with that Lady of *Elis* whom he had ſpoken to the preceding day, and who was walking in a place beſet with great Trees before the Temple of Fortune, expecting till ſhe ſhould be call'd to go ſignifie what ſhe deſir'd: for the order was, that there ſhould be none in the Temple at that time but they to whom anſwers were given, all the reſt in the mean time attended in that place, whom a young Prieſt came to the door of the Temple to call according to the order of their names. Wherefore *Amilcar* addreſſing to *Aretaphile*, askt her if he might preſume to enquire the cauſe which brought her to *Præneſte*, adding that he believ'd it fit to do in this place as thoſe do who go to the Spaws, who ſcruple not to pretend maladies however which carri'd them thither. I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe to him) I never yet had any ſecret which I could not tell, and it will be eaſie for me to ſatisfie you. Know then, that being one at the Valley of *Cupids* with the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*—— Hold, I beſeech you (cry'd *Amilcar*) and let me not paſs from the Valley of *Cupids* without making ſome ſtay there. Tell me therefore I conjure you whether this place deſerves ſo fair a name, and wherefore it is called ſo. No doubt it deſerves it (anſwer'd ſhe) but it has not always born this name; for it was ſometimes call'd *Teliſangis*; but a great Prince having caus'd a ſtately Palace to be built there to give to his Miſtreſs, it was from thence call'd the Valley of *Cupids*; becauſe Love

was in effect the occaſion that it was built. This circumſtance ſeems ſo extraordinary (reply'd *Amilcar*) that I cannot but conjure you to make me the deſcription of a place which ſeems to have been conſecrated to love, and where a ſecond Mother of *Cupids* is ſeen; for according to the reports of the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, ſhe is a perſon fit to produce ſuch. I will content you (ſaid *Aretaphile*) though I am not very good at making the deſcription of a handſome place. Know then that the Valley of *Cupids* is a place of ſuch particular beauty, that it may with truth be ſaid that it has a thouſand charms which cannot be found elſewhere. Yet its ſituation is wild and ſolitary; but though Nature have not given it the like advantage with places which have proſpects of a vaſt extent, and lie near great Rivers, yet it has a thouſand graces which render it an infinitely delightful habitation. This Valley is very fertile, and the place which I am going to deſcribe to you, is perfectly magnificent and agreeable. It is ſituated upon the brow of a Hill which to make the firſt Court of this houſe. The ways which lead to this Palace are admirably fair, for a Royal Foreſt is to be paſs'd through, the great and handſome Waſtes of which make the goodlieſt and moſt ſolitary Walks in the World; eſpecially in a certain place where the Trees ſeem to reach up to Heaven, they are handſome, ſtraight, and ſo thick ſet with verdant leaves that their ſhade is infinitely agreeable. As you arrive at the Valley of *Cupids* you find a very fair fore-court which has a face of ruſtick edifices on the right hand, and a baluſtrade on the left, from whence is diſcover'd an agreeable Valley. From thence you paſs into another Court which has the ſame Baluſtrade on the left hand and a Walk of Trees on the right. From this place you ſee the ſtately front of the Palace which is of a particular ſtructure; the middle advances towards the Court, as well as the two ſides of this building, all the Windows whereof are great arches which made a goodly ſight; and on the ſide of the teraſs'd Garden, the face of which reſembles that of the Court, are ſeen two *Cupids* without fillets which ſeem to conſider all the beauties of the proſpect. But to return to the Court from whence I have led aſide your fancie, I muſt tell you that you aſcend from it by a proud perroon up to a great and magnificent terraſs with a Baluſtrade which runs quite round the Palace, all the apartments of which are ſtately, and the ſtair-caſe which is in the midſt of the building is of very great magnificence. There are great Halls pav'd with black and white Marble, very fair Chambers and delightful Cabinets; in one and the ſame apartment there are convenient places both for heat and cold, converſation and ſtudy. For there is a Cabinet from whence is ſeen not only a pleaſant Valley environ'd with little Hills which rather arreſt the ſight than bound it, but alſo a great Garden, the ſquares of which are divided by rivulets which croſs one another, ſo that the midſt of the Garden inſtead of being adorn'd with a Statue, like moſt others, has a Bridge in it made in faſhion of a Croſs, which makes the loveliеſt ſight in the World. The rivulet oppoſite to the building continues between two handſome Groves of equal greatneſs, which makes an admirable ſhew. For the Groves being green from the bottom to the top, and reflecting in that amiable rivulet, whoſe banks are cover'd with graſs, there is nothing ſeen but verdure and water, which renders the place ſo fit to muſe in, that the moſt indifferent cannot refrain from it. But beſides all this, on the right and left ſide of theſe two lovely Groves are ſeen two Meadows ſurrounded with Brooks and border'd with Willows, which make an admirable object. Beyond which is ſeen on the right hand a Town among the Trees, and on the left a Village, little Hills of unequal height, other Meadows and a little corner of a plain. But I ſhould be too tedious to you if I ſhould deſcribe to you all the various beauties of this place, and therefore I ſhall omit them, and tell you that the admirable perſon which inhabits this rare Deſart is become infinitely more amiable and charming than ſhe was when ſhe gave the prizes at the *Olympick*-Games, for ſhe has improv'd in fatneſs, and has a clearer complexion, and her mind alſo is more embelliſh'd; ſo that 'tis not poſſible even for the moſt averſe from love to ſee her now without loving her; and therefore the Prince of *Elis* who is a perſon undoubtedly worthy of all ſorts of happineſs, loves her always very conſtantly. Ha! Madam (cry'd *Amilcar*) if I knew as well how to deſcribe to my Miſtreſs the torments which I endure, as you deſcribe the Valley of *Cupids*, I ſhould be leſs unhappy than I am. But being I believe you relate all things alike well, tell me I beſeech you, what has brought you hither. I will ſatisfie you (anſwer'd *Aretaphile*) Know then I was one day at the Valley of *Cupids* with ſome Ladies my Friends, who had a curioſity to ſee that houſe; and as ſuch divertiſements uſe not to be without the company of ſome vertuous perſons to conduct the Ladies, there were two very accompliſht men in ours, though they were not much known to me, but came attending one of the Ladies. You muſt know alſo that they lov'd two Virgins which were of this company; but for that they would do like diſcreet Lovers, they talkt as much to me as to their Miſtreſſes. But I cannot tell you how it came to paſs, but I pleas'd them well enough that day. As for this particular (ſaid *Amilcar*) you may diſpenſe with it, for I ſee in your eyes wherewith you touch'd their hearts; and if mine were as it us'd to be, and were not reſolv'd to be conſtant, it would be yours already. Since 'tis ſo (anſwer'd *Aretaphile* ſmiling) I will only tell you that without deſigning it, I caus'd theſe two Lovers to prove unfaithful; yet I did not perceive it at that time, but ſome days after all the Town came and told me two men had forſaken their Miſtreſſes and lov'd me. Wherefore making more narrow obſervation, I ſaw it was true, and found my ſelf incumbred at the ſame time with the love of two men whom I did not affect, and the hatred of two Virgins whom I did not hate. Yet I thought then, that there needed only a little of my ſeverity to return theſe unfaithful Lovers back again to their Miſtreſſes. But being (as I conceive) they did not forſake them but only becauſe they were two of thoſe good perſons whoſe exceſſive gentleneſs cloys rather than diverts, my ſeverity augmented their Love. Since that, I confeſs without vanity, I have been lov'd by divers others; But I muſt acknowledge, never by any man whom I could believe worthy of my love. Yet I confeſs too that I ſaw a paſſenger at *Syracuſa* whom I could love, and whom I judge perfectly worthy to be lov'd. But he has not lov'd me, and never will; for according to all probabilities, we ſhall never ſee one another again as long as we live. Ah! Madam (ſaid *Amilcar*) may I not preſume to ask you what manner of perſon it was whom you could love? I will content you (anſwer'd ſhe) for I aſſure you I always take delight in ſpeaking of him. Know then, the illuſtrious *Cleander* (ſo is he call'd that pleaſes me) is of one of the

the most illustrious families of the Kingdom where he lives, which has maintain'd it self most gloriously in repute, either by the great actions of such as have been descended of it, or by illustrious alliances. He is tall, and of a good proportion, he has also been admirably handsome in his first youth, and at present he has an extraordinary good aspect, and perfectly the air of a man of high Quality, such as he is. And though he has receiv'd a wound with an arrow under his eye in a very dangerous occasion, yet he is very little alter'd by it. He has flaxen hair, blew eyes, the form of his visage is agreeable, and all the lineaments regular enough; he has a certain serious air, accompani'd with a sweetness perfectly noble, which causes a good opinion of him at first sight. His looks are sometimes very passionate when he pleases, and there are handsomer eyes than his which are not so proper for a certain mute language which love alone has the priviledge to teach. Moreover, *Cleander*'s very silence is so ingenious, that never any person seem'd so much with speaking so little. And indeed he has a great Wit, which being facile and easie, he complies with the most ignorant and tedious without appearing such himself. So that they who have not a very discerning judgment, would suspect him not able to do much hurt with it. But this facility is an effect of the highest prudence and understanding in the world. He has the most free and civil deportment that ever was, yet his civility does not hinder him from preserving a high and noble way of carriage which renders him more agreeable to others and more worthy of his condition. All his Gestures have a certain gallant air which pleases infinitely; so that having a Soul by Nature perfectly passionate, he is very apt both to be sensible of and to excite great passions; for he knows all the violence, delicacy, and Mystery of Loves better than Vulgar Lovers. But to pass from agreeable to Heroical Qualities, he is Honorable, sincere, generous, and as good a friend as is possible to be; and whoso has oblig'd him to promise his friendship, may be assur'd he will never fail in it. Moreover, his heart is fill'd with the most true and solid glory in the World. So that in occasions where it is to be obtain'd, or that which he has already gotten is to be upheld, this man whom I have represented to you so gentle, so facile, and so complacent, is the most fierce and resolute in the World. As for his courage, he has as much as any man; so that this being joyn'd to his wit and other accomplishments, makes it apparent that there is no imployment how great soever of which he is not capable and worthy; and he gives cause to believe that if there be any man in the world who would not alter his deportment towards his Friends in an extraordinary advancement of fortune, it is certainly himself. His conversation is not only agreeable, but charming; for he enters into the sentiments of those to whom he speaks without any affectation, and conforms thereto with address; by which means he insensibly insinuates into the hearts of people; and such a person as sometimes believ'd he was only an acquaintance, has found soon after that he had a great interest in his affection. He is courteous even in the least concernments, and his gentleness, pity, and gratitude extend even to the smallest Animals. For he loves to observe their natures, goodness, and agreeableness, and industry; he admires that rational instinct which guides them so accurately, he is delighted with their kindness, he has compassion of those that are miserable, because whatever suffers, excites his pity. He is alike fit for the conversation of Ladies and men, and he writes so admirably well, and in so elegant and gallant a strain, and so much becoming a man of Quality, that his Letters cause such as see them to wish they could write the like. In fine, his merit is so great that the charming *Clarista* niece of the admirable *Amalthea* (whose name you cannot but know) minding to use railery with him and to disparage his conversation, could only reproach him that he sometimes lov'd to recount things past rather than to speak of things present. Thus I have given you such an account as I could of this illustrious Friend of *Amalthea*, whom I could have lov'd, if he had lov'd me. However, having affairs in *Sicily*, and a brother who after several adventures is come to live at *Praneste*, I took a journey to see him, and I am resolv'd to demand, Whether I shall never be lov'd but by people whom I cannot love. *Aretaphile* spoke this so gracefully, that if at the same moment one had not call'd her to go know what she desir'd to understand, *Amilcar* could scarce have contain'd from speaking some kind of blandishments to her, though he had resolv'd to love *Plotina* eternally. But *Aretaphile* left him and went to inquire her Destiny of him who perform'd the Ceremony and expounded the Lots, who said to her,

Thank the Gods, Daughter; for if you were lov'd by one whom you could love, you would be the most miserable person in the World; because you would always love more than you would be lov'd again. Therefore prepare your self to love nothing but liberty if you desire to be happy.

Anacreon was call'd next, and askt Fortune whether he should live always in joy. The Soothsayer having consider'd the several Tablets, answer'd him. And accordingly the event verifi'd the prediction of the Lots, for *Anacreon* dy'd afterward at a Feast, where he was choak'd by the grain of a Grape. After *Anacreon*, *Scaurus* was caus'd to enter with his Machine, who with an air serious and mocking together, askt if there were any means for him to become such a person as his Picture, and to resemble his Picture once again. Being the Priests were oblig'd to answer to all Questions, the Lots were drawn, and the old Soothsayer interpreting them, answer'd him in these terms:

You know not what you ask when you desire to become again what you have been. Which if you were, you would be young and handsome, you would dance well, you would be an excellent Painter, you would be active and agreeable, but withal, you would be nothing but a Gallant wanton, who had only made Sonnets upon Iris *or* Clymene, *and your Reputation would be circumscrib'd in the number of your Friends. But by the change hapned in your person, your mind, being excited to make amends for the loss of your beauty, is become such as you now enjoy, and has now so exalted you above the common sort of men, that you are the Phœnix of your Species. Your Works please the whole World by their ingenious mirth and elegancy. Desire therefore only to be such as you are, and be contented that the*

Gods in giving you Lyriana *have given you a thouſand times more than they have taken from you, even though you had been more amiable than* Paris.

After this *Scaurus* retir'd, ſaying, the Lots of *Praneſte* taught him nothing, and he knew before all that they told him. Then the fair *Lyriana* was call'd, who would propound no Queſtion though her name was written. For having well conſider'd (ſaid ſhe to the Prieſt) If it be decreed for me to be happy, I ſhall be ſo infallibly; and if any infelicity is to befall me, I will not know it before it happen. What you ſay is ſo well reaſon'd (anſwer'd the ſage Soothſayer) that I doubt not but you will always be as happy as you deſerve to be. Next came *Amilcar*'s turn, who demanded, whether he ſhould dye in *Africk* or in *Italy*; and the Soothſayer anſwer'd him,

In Italy.

Whereupon he was very joyful, imagining that the voyage which he deſign'd to make into *Africk* would not be long. After this, *Acriſius* askt whether he ſhould ever poſſeſs *Plotina*: and the Soothſayer having conſider'd the Tablets, told him,

Such as ſpeak too much, never perſwade.

Then *Damon* the conſtant *Pythagorean* propos'd two queſtions. One, whether his Miſtreſs would always ſlight him; and the other, what he ſhould become firſt of all when he dy'd. But after the Child had drawn the Tablets, the Soothſayer expounded them in this ſort.

Your Miſtreſs will always do you juſtice; you ſhall dye but once, and you ſhall be as all other men are when they depart this life; for the Diſciples of Pythagoras *have no particular privilege.*

Damon ſeem'd ſo offended with this anſwer, that he ſaid aloud as he went forth of the Temple, *Amilcar* had brib'd the Soothſayer, and the Lots of *Praneſte* were nothing but a cheat. *Amilcar* laugh'd at his choler, and made pleaſant railery upon the diſcontent which *Damon* reſented, for that it was told him he ſhould dye but once. Yet he went to ſupper with *Damon*, who invited him, for he was ſo ſcrupulous an obſerver of all the Documents of *Pythagoras*, that he would not go to bed with a ſentiment of hatred in his heart towards his Rival; at leaſt he profeſs'd ſo. *Herminius*, *Anacreon*, *Theanor*, and *Æmilius* were preſent at this entertainment. *Amilcar* was very jovial this evening; yet now and then he ſeem'd a little penſive. An hour after the repaſt, he began to be indiſpos'd, but in ſo violent a manner that he dy'd the next day, but with admirable conſtancy, ſending commendations to all his Friends, and particularly to *Plotina*. He encharg'd *Herminius* with many generous expreſſions to all thoſe he had lov'd, and a thouſand dear commendations unto his Miſtreſs. And thus dy'd the agreeable *Amilcar*, regretted by all who had known him. *Herminius*, and a Lady that was his Friend, and another Perſon of Quality undertook to gather together all the ingenious Compoſures which he had written; and ſome time after he erected a monument for him, whereon was engrav'd an Epitaph made upon this Illuſtrious Deceaſed, by a Lady who was Friend to *Amilcar* and *Herminius*.

EPITAPH.

THis Tomb the fam'd Amilcar *doth enſhrine,*
Who to a ſprightly Genius Art did joyn;
Whoſe lofty Soul to unfathom'd heights could fly,
Yet fall as low as complacence can lie.
But what's moſt ſtrange, he that rare talent got
To pleaſe, he pleas'd even thoſe who lov'd him not.

All ſuch as had only ſeen him at the Temple of Fortune, regretted him with a ſenſible ſorrow. *Anacreon* lamented him (though he did not think himſelf capable of grief) and profeſs'd he never knew a more agreeable Wit in any place of the World. *Acriſius* too (as much his Rival as he was) ſeem'd mov'd with his loſs. But as for *Damon*, he was ſo unhappy as to be ſuſpected of having caus'd him to be poyſon'd. But however, *Amilcar* dy'd and confirm'd the credit of the Lots of *Praneſte*, which told him he ſhould not dye in *Africk*, and which he conſtru'd to his own advantage. Yet it was but a bare ſupicion: for the Friends of *Amilcar* did not judge fit raſhly to ſearch into ſuch a buſineſs as this, which ſhould it have been true, would have nothing profited the illuſtrious Deceaſed. But whilſt things paſs'd thus at *Praneſte*, and *Amilcar* and *Lucilius* were expecting to ſee whether he that deſir'd to conſult his fortune in private were *Mutius* or no, *Aronces* was very unhappy in his priſon, and in a deſperate condition; *Sextus* was much diſcontented for having fail'd of his deſign to carry *Clelia* away, and ſtudi'd only to find ways for a ſecond attempt; *Tullia* was contriving to deſtroy *Aronces* and *Clelia*, *Tarquin* only to find means to recover his Throne, *Galerita* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* how to ſerve *Aronces* and *Clelia*, *Artemidorus* thought only of his happineſs and to protect *Aronces*, *Zenocrates* of nothing but his jealouſie, *Themiſtus* of returning aſſoon as *Aronces* ſhould be out of danger, *Publicola* of aſſuring the Peace, and *Horatius* of his love. In the mean time the prudent *Roman* who went to conduct the twenty fair *Roman* Ladies to *Porſenna*, being on the way to the Camp, ſaw himſelf attaqu'd by *Sextus*, who with a hundred Horſe attempted a ſecond time to carry away *Clelia*. The convoy of theſe fair Virgins conſiſted of fifty men, ſo that the number was very unequal. Beſides, he who commanded them being an old man could not encourage his Party by his own example with the ſame ardour as *Sextus* did, whoſe courage too was augmented by his love. Yet this Prince was diſguis'd, for the enterpriſe was made with *Tullia*'s conſent, who in giving ſatisfaction to *Sextus* intended to perſwade *Porſenna* that the Friends of *Aronces* had convey'd away this fair Lady for fear ſhe ſhould bear witneſs againſt *Aronces*; and conſequently by this artifice to haſten the ruine of this great Prince. And indeed *Sextus* had the ſucceſs he deſir'd at firſt; for whilſt thoſe fifty *Romans* were fighting againſt his men, he caus'd him to be ſlain who drove the Chariot in which *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, and *Plotina* were, and then ordering a man deſign'd for that purpoſe to take his place, he made the Chariot be driven into the way leading to *Tarquinia*, himſelf with twenty others guarding it, whileſt the reſt of his followers detain'd the *Romans* in fight to amuſe them. And this deſign ſucceeded accordingly; for the *Romans* ſeeing the whole body of Chariots ſtopt, did not miſs that in which *Clelia* was. *Sextus* now believing nothing

nothing could obſtruct his happineſs, *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and *Hermilia* were forc'd to cry out; but their cries were not heard. But though *Sextus* was ſufficiently diſguis'd, yet *Clelia* did not doubt but that it was he who carri'd her away. Wherefore courageouſly reſolving upon death, ſhe only devis'd how to effect it, ſo to prevent all the unhappineſſes which ſhe had cauſe to fear. On the other ſide the fight was ſufficiently ſharp in the place where the reſt of the *Roman* Ladies were, who were ſo terrifi'd that they did not perceive *Clelia* was carri'd away. In the mean time the wiſe *Roman* who conducted the Hoſtages having ſent to *Rome* to deſire ſuccour, it hapned that he who was ſent thither met *Horatius* ſtanding at the Gate with *Octavius*. Who being advertis'd of the buſineſs ſent to give notice of it to the Conſuls; but themſelves not waiting for the ſuccour which they preſum'd would be ſent, immediately took Horſe and ſpeeded to the place where the fight was. But as they were going thither, they beheld upon a little hill the Chariot in which *Clelia* was guarded by *Sextus*, who was by this time a good diſtance off. Wherefore imagining that this might be the Chariot that carried the Perſons they lov'd, they went firſt to the Chariots which were ſtopt, where not finding what they ſought, they haſtned to the place of the fight; but inſtead of ſtaying there, I beſeech you (ſaid *Horatius* to four or five *Romans* who were neareſt him) come help us to deliver the Daughters of *Clelius*, ſhe of *Publicola*, and the ſiſter of *Brutus* out of the hands of their Raviſhers. At theſe words theſe *Romans* without delay follow'd *Horatius* and *Octavius*, and left their Companions ſufficiently employ'd in ſuſtaining the charge of the *Tarquinians*. But though *Horatius*, *Octavius*, with theſe five *Romans* rid with full ſpeed, they could not have overtaken *Sextus* if it had not by good hap fell out that in the haſte this violent Prince made his Party to march, they miſtook one way for another. So that being engag'd in a place where great Trees had been by chance beat down, which obſtructed the paſſage, he was neceſſitated to return back again and come towards them who purſu'd him. Nevertheleſs, when he ſaw they were few in number, he was not much dejected, but leaving four of his men to guard the Chariot, he came up to them which purſu'd him with a reſolution which his confidence in the inequality of number made ſomething Heroical. *Clelia* and her companions lookt out with great grief and ſmall hope upon thoſe who came to ſuccour them. But their ſentiments were very confus'd, when they knew *Horatius* and *Octavius*; for in what danger ſoever *Clelia* was, death would have been ſweeter to her than to have an obligation to *Horatius*; and on the other ſide, ſeeing her Brother in ſo eminent a jeopardy, ſhe could not but reſent great inquietude. *Hermilia* (as indifferent as ſhe was to all things) was troubled at it; and *Valeria* and *Plotina* without much deliberating, made Vows for their Protectors. *Horatius* beholding *Sextus* diſguis'd, did not doubt but it was he who was the Ringleader of the enterpriſe. Wherefore approaching him with his ſword drawn, Who are you? (cry'd he) I am come to puniſh you for your villany. And with theſe words he made ſuch a paſs upon him, that if he had not avoided it by retiring back, he had been ſlain by the firſt blow. But immediately this valiant *Roman* ſaw himſelf engag'd in the midſt of half *Sextus*'s party, whilſt *Octavius* encountred the reſt with incredible Valour. It was not long before two of thoſe who follow'd *Horatius* and *Octavius* were ſlain, ſo that there were but five left againſt a number three times as great. 'Tis true, *Horatius* kill'd two, and *Octavius* wounded three of them; but one of *Sextus* followers who aim'd only to make his Maſter victor by what way ſoever it were, endeavour'd chiefly to kill or at leaſt to wound the horſes of *Horatius* and *Octavius*. So that in a little time theſe two courageous perſons not doubting ſuch a baſeneſs, and minding only the aſſailing of their enemies and their own defence, perceiv'd that their horſes fail'd them, and ſaw themſelves diſmounted and conſequently in great danger, eſpecially *Horatius*, whoſe ſword was broken by the fall of his horſe. However, in this condition he did prodigious things; and *Octavius* having diſentangled himſelf diſputed both his life and his liberty. But fifteen or ſixteen horſemen againſt two on foot being a number too unequal (for the three others who remain'd fled, when they ſaw them fall) they were at length over-power'd. Yet they were wounded but very ſlightly; but the ſword of *Horatius* being broken off at the hilt, he was taken priſoner by *Sextus*. So that *Octavius* being now all alone, was no longer able to reſiſt the force of the enemies, but was diſarm'd and taken as well as *Horatius*. *Sextus* being over-joy'd with his victory took his Vizard off his face, and ſhew'd himſelf to them he had overcome, as it were inſulting the more over their misfortune. Ah, Villain! (cri'd *Horatius* when he knew him) is it poſſible that I am overcome by thee! However, do not hope to enjoy thy Victory (added he) the Gods are too juſt; and theſe ſtones ſhall ſooner be chang'd into Soldiers than heaven will permit thee to be maſter of the deſtiny of *Horatius* and ſo many vertuous perſons. *Sextus* ſmil'd at this ſpeech of *Horatius* without anſwering to it, and inhumanely caus'd this generous Heroe to be ty'd behind one of his men; treating *Octavius* a little better becauſe he was *Clelia*'s brother: after which he began to proceed on his way.

The grief of *Clelia* and her companions was now ſo vehement, that they were not able to complain; but *Sextus* had ſcarce time to think that he was going to have the joy to put *Horatius* into the power of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, that he had *Clelia* in his hands, and that this carrying her away would haſten the death of *Aronces*, but he beheld this Prince at the entrance of a little Wood through which he was to paſs, and beheld him in the head of ten men of quality, amongſt which was *Telanus*, *Plotina*'s Lover. This fight ſo ſurpriz'd him, that he caus'd his men to make a halt. On the other ſide when *Horatius* (who was extremely dejected for having been overcome in the ſight of *Clelia*) ſaw *Aronces*, he was ſtrangely abaſh'd to be ſeen in this condition, by a Rival whom he was ſo jealous of. Nevertheleſs a ſentiment of love caus'd him to wiſh that he might deliver *Clelia*; but the ſame love at the ſame time caus'd him to deſire death, as imagining nothing could be more advantageous to him. *Clelia* (who believ'd *Aronces* in priſon) was much ſurpriz'd to ſee him; and fearing he might have the ſame deſtiny with *Horatius*, ſhe had ſuch confus'd ſentiments that ſhe could not tell what to hope or wiſh. As for *Aronces*, he was not aſtoniſh'd to meet *Sextus* or ſee *Clelia*; for he had broke priſon only to deliver her, upon notice given him by one of his Guards that *Sextus* deſign'd to carry her away when the Senate ſent her back to the Camp. But he was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to ſee *Horatius* priſoner to *Sextus*. After this great and generous Heroe had beheld *Clelia* at a good

distance, as if to receive addition to his valour by a favourable glance, he went up to those who guarded *Horatius* as he was bound; (for *Sextus* retir'd from the first rank to give orders to his men) and fiercely accosting them, Ha, caitifs! (said he to them) do you thus treat the bravest man in the world? In speaking which, he kill'd one of them, and wounded two; and then causing his Rival to be unbound, commanded his Squire to give him a sword and a horse, which was led in hand; and speaking to him, Come, *Horatius* (said he) come help me to deliver *Clelia*; for since I see *Porsenna* has resolv'd upon my death, I know none but your self in the world (when I am dead) worthy to serve her, and capable to defend her. Ha! *Aronces* (cri'd *Horatius*) 'tis worse to be deliver'd by you than to be overcome by *Sextus*. After which *Aronces* espying *Octavius*, set him also at liberty in spite of the resistance of *Sextus*, who being return'd from his astonishment, and having given orders to his men, fought like a desperate Tyger. But *Aronces* being animated by the love he had for *Clelia*, the hatred he had for *Sextus*, the esteem he had for *Horatius*, and the desire to surpass him, perform'd such prodigious things in this occasion, that *Horatius* and *Octavius* were astonish'd, though they were two of the most couragious men in the world. Yet they seconded him as vigorously as they could; but being they were both wounded sufficiently with the former fall of their horses, they were not able to shew all their courage: for *Horatius* right arm was half out of joynt, and *Octavius* was so wounded in the knee that he could scarce keep himself stedfast upon his horse. So that *Aronces* almost alone sustain'd the brunt of this sharp fight. *Telanus* also highly signaliz'd himself. But this Combate became yet more dangerous to *Aronces*; for they who had stay'd behind fighting with the *Romans* to amuse them, believing *Sextus* was got at a good distance, retreated and follow'd him; and when they beheld *Sextus* engag'd with *Aronces*, they joyn'd with him. But for that the *Romans* had slain some, and some had given over the encounter, this re-enforcement (though very considerable) rather augmented *Aronces* courage, who judging that to defeat his enemies at a blow it was requisite to kill *Sextus*, he open'd his way to him by killing such of his men as would have withstood him; and then there began a furious Combate between these two Rivals. *Aronces* at first wounded *Sextus*, who discharging a great blow at him, might perhaps have slain or dangerously wounded him, if he had not warded it off with addresses, and if without losing time he had not discharg'd another at him upon the head, which was so weighty that it amaz'd him. In the mean time all *Sextus*'s men taking care only to defend him, *Aronces* was continually assail'd by many together; but he so well quitted himself of so many enemies, and kill'd so many, that being seconded by *Horatius*, *Octavius*, *Telanus*, and all the rest who had follow'd him, *Sextus* perceiv'd he had not many more men than *Aronces*; wherefore feeling himself wounded, despairing to overcome, and much fearing to fall into the power of *Porsenna* or the *Romans* after this action of his, he resolv'd upon flight, knowing that he had a very swift horse. And accordingly beginning to give ground as he fought, on a sudden he turn'd about and fled with all his men after him into the Wood and by ways which were known to himself but not to *Aronces*. Who having lost sight of him was recall'd by love from the pursuit to *Clelia* notwithstanding the ardent desire he had to kill *Sextus*. But for that *Horatius* knew this wood better than *Aronces*, he took a way into it, being follow'd by *Octavius* and *Telanus*, and hoping to intercept *Sextus* by a short turn; during which *Aronces* going directly to *Clelia*'s Chariot, was receiv'd with a thousand testimonies of kindness by her and her companions, who gave him a thousand praises. That which I have done, Madam (said he to *Clelia*) is so small a matter, that it is not fit to lose the moments which are precious to us in commending me more than I deserve. Therefore it is requisite that I conduct you to *Rome*, and after that go and satisfie the King my Father that I have not broke my prison as a parricide who would avoid the punishment he deserves, but as an unfortunate and faithful Lover, who would defend the person he adores. How? my Lord (answer'd *Clelia*) are you come forth of prison only to succour me? and may I believe you are constant to me? I beseech you (added she) tell me what course you took to do it. I was advertis'd by a trusty soldier of my guards (repli'd he) that *Sextus* design'd to carry you away. Whereupon I brib'd some, broke through the rest, and having found *Telanus* and a Squire, they in a moment got together these which follow'd me, and I came happily enough to do you perhaps the last service of my life; for as I told you, Madam, it behoves me to return to prison, assoon as I have conducted you to *Rome*. Ah! my Lord (answer'd *Clelia*) this generosity is extreme cruel; but to imitate you in some sort, do not carry me back to *Rome*, but lead me to the Camp, to the end I may serve to justifie you. No, no Madam (said he to her) it does not belong to me to return the Hostages to the King, to whom perhaps they would no longer be inviolable. Therefore 'tis absolutely necessary that I conduct you to *Rome*, from whence the Consuls will remit you hither if they please: but if you will take my counsel, Madam, do not return hither though it should be resolv'd to remand you; and all the favour I desire of you, if I die, is, that you would believe that I have never lov'd any but your self, that I have lov'd you more than any other person in the world can love, and that I shall regret you alone at my death.

As *Aronces* was speaking this, *Horatius*, *Octavius* and *Telanus* came to them, without having found *Sextus*. After which taking the way towards *Rome*, they met those the Consuls sent to the succour of the Hostages coming to seek *Clelia* and her companions. *Aronces* understood by them that the rest of the fair *Romans* were carri'd back into the City till it were known what this adventure was, and who had committed this violent and unjust attempt. However he would conduct *Clelia* till within two hundred paces of *Rome*. Upon the way there was a discourse between *Horatius* and him which was not heard by any other person, and wherein it appear'd both of them constrain'd themselves and that *Horatius* was much dejected for owing his life so often to his Rival: but at length *Aronces* being oblig'd to depart, he took leave of *Clelia* and her companions, after a manner which mov'd the hearts of all that beheld it; for there appear'd an heroical resolution in his countenance, though his eyes withal discover'd an extreme sadness, which manifestly proceeded from love. As for *Clelia*, never was seen so sad a person as she in this occasion; but her melancholy was accompani'd with so much discretion, that it caus'd the greater compassion. *Plotina* desir'd *Telanus* to dissuade *Aronces* from returning into prison; but he answer'd her, that the Prince was too great a Lover of glory, to leave himself under the suspicion of being culpable,

culpable, *Aronces* and *Horatius* parted with civility, Remember (said the Prince of *Hetruria* to him) what you have promis'd me, I will not fail (answer'd *Horatius*) but do you remember also that in some occasions one may be excusable in being ingrateful. *Aronces* embrac'd *Octavius* with much dearness, and having once again bid *Clelia* adieu with the most passionate air in the World, he took the way to the Camp, where all things were in strange confusion. For *Porsenna* understanding *Aronces* had broke prison, became absolutely confirm'd in his opinion that he was culpable, and had conspir'd against his life. Wherefore out of this prejudice, he said there needed no other proofs, and commanded some to pursue and bring him back, that he might cause him to be punish'd as a parricide, there being no necessity of more evidence. Moreover, that wise *Roman* who was encharged with the conduct of the Hostages, having sent to advertise him that he could not bring them to the Camp that day, because *Clelia* was carri'd away, he believ'd *Aronces* was he that had done it; so that assembling all his conjectures together, he fram'd an immutable purpose in his mind to destroy both *Aronces* and *Clelia* if he could get them into his power. Neither *Galerita* nor the Princess of the *Leontines*, nor any of *Aronces* friends could make any thing appear probable to him contrary to these two surmises; for they knew nothing of the truth. So there was an universal consternation in the minds of all; for the flight of *Aronces* caus'd a very bad effect amongst the Soldiers who were most affectionate to him.

On the other side *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were in their quarter impatiently expecting what would happen from the correspondence they had in *Rome*, the carrying away of *Clelia*, *Porsenna*'s accusation of *Aronces*, and the design of bribing him who expounded the Lots of *Praeneste*; and in whatever cases, their forces had order to be ready to march, if it were requisite.

But if there were a tumult in the Camp, there was a greater at *Rome*; for some said, the Hostages ought not to be return'd more, because it was probable *Porsenna* knew of *Sextus* attempt, and that certainly he would have had *Clelia* in his power without appearing to have broken the publick faith. *Publicola* nevertheless persisted still firm in his opinion, and so much the more, because *Horatius* and *Octavius* could not go abroad this day by reason of their wounds; for perhaps love would have oblig'd them to oppose it. On the other side, *Clelia*, with the consent of her companions demanded that they might return to *Porsenna*, to the end to accuse *Sextus* and justifie *Aronces* as much as she could; for her jealousie was now much diminish'd. At the same time also the intelligence which *Tarquin* and *Tullia* had in *Rome* was discover'd, and one was seiz'd on who had promis'd to deliver the gate *Nevia* to the *Tarquinians*. So that all this together caus'd so great a disorder in the City, that the Senate was assembled extraordinarily, to advise what was fitting to be done. The result of their debate was, to send back the Hostages with a strong guard, to acquaint *Porsenna* with *Sextus* enterprise to carry away *Clelia*, and that of *Tarquin* upon *Rome* after a treaty of peace.

But whilst all was in confusion both at *Rome* and the Camp, and the infamous and criminal *Sextus* was retir'd to *Tarquinia* wounded and desperate for having fail'd of his attempt, the generous *Aronces* overwhelm'd with discontents was going to re-enter into his prison. Upon the way he met some of those who made shew of going to seek him and take him, but they sought him only to advertise him of *Porsenna*'s fury; but whatever they could say to him, he would not alter his purpose; he also desir'd *Telanus* to leave him, for fear he might incur *Porsenna*'s displeasure; but *Telanus* would not. When he came to the Camp, he went directly to his Prison, and finding no guards there he sent *Telanus* to the King his Father to desire them again, and to conjure him to permit him to see him; to the end to give an account of his action. But *Porsenna* was so incens'd, that instead of hearing *Telanus*, he caus'd him to be arrested and carried to the same prison where *Aronces* was, whither also he speedily dispatcht guards; for in his fury, he believ'd the Prince his Son return'd only because he saw he could not escape apprehending; or that perhaps he had oblig'd some of those whom he sent after him, to say he return'd of his own accord. So that he was fully resolv'd to punish *Aronces*.

The next day *Galerita* follow'd by the Princess of the *Leontines*, the charming *Herfilia*, and the generous *Melintha* enter'd into his Tent to intercede with him for *Aronces*. But before the Queen of *Hetruria* could speak any thing to him, word was brought to the King that the *Romans* had sent the Hostages back. Whereupon being surpris'd to see that after what had hapned, these twenty fair Virgins were remanded to him, he seem'd sufficiently perplex'd, though he wish'd to have *Clelia* in his power, to the end to make use of her to convince *Aronces*.

The Senate (said he roughly) relies much upon the Publick Faith, in sending back to me a person who has at least been privy to a conspiracy made against my life. Ah! my Lord (cry'd *Galerita*) the Prince most assuredly is not culpable. You shall see that, Madam (said he to her) you shall see that. In the mean time (added he with a grim air) let the Hostages be brought hither. This Order being given, the *Roman* who conducted them, and who was nam'd *Celius*, enter'd in the head of these twenty fair *Romans*. But because entrance was not prohibited, the Prince *Artemidorus*, *Themistus*, *Theomenes*, *Zenocrates*, divers Officers, and many others enter'd at the same time. The sight of these fair Virgins whom he would not see when they were in his Camp, surpriz'd *Porsenna*. They enter'd with a good grace, they saluted him with a civility perfectly noble, and carrying a modest confidence in their countenances, they forc'd him to behold them less fiercely than he would. Yet he strove against this first sentiment which he could not restrain, and recalling his fury, Which of you (said he to them, without hearing *Celius* who was beginning to speak) was so rash as to contrive that unjust design of violating the Law of Nations, by departing out of my power without my permission, and rather to endanger perishing in the *Tyber* than stay in the Camp? That generous design (answer'd *Valeria* readily, being unwilling all *Porsenna*'s choler should fall upon *Clelia*) is so glorious, that all my Companions and my self will have part in it. No, no, too generous Friend (said *Clelia* beholding *Valeria*) it is not fit that you should unjustly expose your self to the indignation of a great King. Therefore, my Lord (added she, addressing to *Porsenna*) understand the truth from my mouth, and know, that that glorious design belongs to me alone, and I us'd all means I could to perswade my Companions to it, who knowing the just ground I had to undertake it, were so generous as to hazard their own lives for the preservation of my honour. You ought rather to say (reply'd *Porsenna*) that the fear of being compel'd

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by force to accuſe a Criminal whom you love, oblig'd you to fly. Ah! my Lord (anſwer'd *Clelia*, without being daunted or tranſported) did I believe the Prince your ſon capable of ſo horrid a Crime as that you accuſe him of, I ſhould hate rather than love him; for my parents have taught me to hate vice, even upon the Throne. But, my Lord, I went out of your Camp for no other cauſe but for that I was advertis'd *Sextus* deſign'd to carry me away. So that believing nothing ought to be ſo dear to me as the preſervation of my honour, I ſlighted death which ſeem'd ſo aſſur'd, and attempted to paſs the *Tyber*. But to confirm that which I ſpeak, you need only admit the trouble to hear what *Celius* has order to ſay to you from the Senate. *Clelia* ſpoke this with ſo noble an air, that *Porſenna* was aſtoniſht at her great Beauty, Wit and Confidence. Wherefore fearing his heart might become inclinable to pity, if ſhe ſpoke more, he commanded *Celius* to diſcharge his Commiſſion. My Lord (ſaid this wiſe *Roman*) I have order from the Senate to render the Hoſtages to your Majeſty, and to tell you that whilſt *Rome* keeps her word ſo exactly, thoſe whom you protect againſt her, outrage you with all the injuſtice imaginable. For *Sextus* yeſterday attempted to have carri'd away *Clelia*, and with a hundred Horſe attaqued thoſe that guarded her under my command. At firſt he appear'd diſguis'd, but afterwards he made himſelf known. *Horatius* came to ſuccour this vertuous Lady and three of her Companions whom he had got into his power; but the valour of *Horatius* and *Octavius Clelia*'s Brother was forc'd to give way to number, ſo that they were taken priſoners; and if the valiant and generous *Aronces* had not arriv'd to their relief, *Clelia*, *Horatius* and *Octavius* would have continued under the power of that unjuſt Prince. But to let you ſee that he is not the ſole perſon of the *Tarquins* who outrages you, there is diſcover'd a Conſpiracy of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* in *Rome*, the principal Plotters of which we have in cuſtody, whom the Senate is willing to refer to your juſtice. All which you ſay (anſwer'd *Porſenna*) ſurpriſes and confounds me; but ſhould all which you ſay, be true, it would not juſtifie *Aronces*; and if *Clelia* would declare the truth ſhe might accuſe and convict him. If he were culpable (anſwer'd *Clelia*) and his crime were come to my knowledge, I would not accuſe him, though I ſaw certain death before me. But, my Lord, my hatred would accuſe him, and I ſhould ſo abhor him, that all I could do would be to forbear hurting him. However, my Lord, ſuffer me to tell you for your own honour, that the Prince cannot be culpable, and you cannot without injuſtice treat him as a criminal. I know well (added ſhe) that you hate him becauſe he does me the honour to love me; but, my Lord, this hatred is unjuſt (if I may preſume to ſpeak ſo.) I knew not that he was the Son of a King when he began to love me, nor did he know it himſelf; and ſince we have known it, I never led him to diſobey you. No doubt he has not been able to ceaſe to love me, nor I to take away an affection from him which I gave him by the command of my Father. But, my Lord, fear nothing from this innocent paſſion, and be aſſur'd it can never induce to Criminal actions. I am not indeed Daughter of a King; but, my Lord, I am a *Roman*, and daughter of a *Roman* who prefers vertue above all things. Beware therefore, I conjure you, to blemiſh your glory by an injuſtice. I do not ask of you to reign in *Hetruria* (continu'd ſhe) I only deſire you would pleaſe to give the Prince time to juſtifie himſelf. I have been accuſtom'd to misfortunes, I ſhall know how to live as I have done; and if the Gods ſhall ſo pleaſe, I ſhall know how to die too with ſufficient courage. *Porſenna* beheld *Clelia* attentively whilſt ſhe was ſpeaking, and being unable to hinder himſelf from admiring her, Would to the Gods (cry'd this offended Prince) you could have as well perſwaded me of the innocence of *Aronces* as of your own. For I confeſs (added he) I find ſomething of ſuch grandeur in what I have now heard, and in what you have done, that to imitate the generoſity of the *Romans*, I will ſend you back again to *Rome*, and oblige you to ask ſome reward of me for the daring action you have done; for, excepting the life and liberty of *Aronces*, I promiſe you whatever you ſhall demand of me. Since 'tis ſo, my Lord (anſwer'd ſhe) I deſire only the favour of you, that you will take time to examine well the vertue of the Prince, and the wickedneſs of *Tullia*, and that you will ſend back all the Hoſtages as well as my ſelf. I grant you that which you demand of me (reply'd *Porſenna*) and if my Son were worthy of you, nothing could hinder you from being one day Queen of *Hetruria*; ſo charm'd I am with your courage and vertue. After this, *Porſenna* ſpoke many things to *Celius*, that he might underſtand more clearly the enterpriſe of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* againſt *Rome*. Which done, he caus'd the goodlieſt Horſe he had to be given to *Clelia*, to teſtifie that he judg'd ſhe had the courage of a Heroe; for it was a cuſtome of the Kings of *Hetruria* to make the like preſent to ſuch as had ſignaliz'd themſelves by ſome heroical action.

But after theſe fair *Romans* were departed, *Lucilius*, *Herminius*, *Theanor*, *Æmilius* the old Soothſayer who expounded the Lots at *Praneſte*, and *Celer* (who had been priſoner ſo long at *Tarquinia*) arriv'd. Aſſoon as they came into the Tent, *Mutius* approach'd, and addreſſing to the King of *Hetruria* and ſhewing him the hand which he had ſo couragiouſly ſuffer'd to burn in his preſence, Is it poſſible my Lord (ſaid he to him) that a man whom you ſaw ſo ſtout as to endure the fire unmov'd in your preſence, ſhould be the complice of a Parricide? No, no, my Lord (added he) true *Romans* are not capable of committing ſuch crimes as that. I would have deſtroy'd you for the good of my Country, but I ſhould never have done it to promote your Son to the Throne. Be pleas'd therefore to command thoſe who pretend I treated with them by *Aronces* order, to be brought into my ſight, to the end I may cover them with confuſion; and if it be needful I will put my hand a ſecond time into the fire without fearing to be burnt, to atteſt this truth. Moreover, let not my departure from *Rome* be interpreted flight, my particular unhappineſſes caus'd me to go to *Praneſte*, there to conſult the Gods ſecretly; and though they have not been favourable to me, and I had reſolv'd to go hide my diſcontent in ſome remote place from *Rome*; yet I no ſooner heard by *Herminius* that the Prince your Son was accus'd and my ſelf too, but I came hither for his juſtification and my own; and if you pleaſe to hear *Celer* who has eſcap'd out of the priſon of *Tarquinia* where *Tullia* kept him, he will inform you of ſundry things more which juſtifie *Aronces*. And what can you inform me of? ſaid (*Porſenna* haſtily to *Celer*.) My Lord, I ſhall inform you (anſwer'd he) that they which depoſe againſt the Prince were priſoners with me, and to obtain their liberty, promis'd *Tullia* to bear that falſe witneſs. They told me ſo themſelves when they endeavor'd

to

to perſwade me on the behalf of *Tullia*, to help to deſtroy *Aronces*; and I was ſometimes threatned with death, and ſometimes promis'd my liberty, to bring me to what they deſir'd; and if they were preſent, I aſſure my ſelf they would not dare to contradict me. But, my Lord, if this ſage Soothſayer whoſe honeſty you know, ſpeak to you, he will tell you things more important. 'Tis true, my Lord (ſaid the Soothſayer who had dwelt long at *Cluſium*) that *Tullia* ſent a man to me at *Praneſte* on the day of the great Feſtival of Fortune, to offer me conſiderable rewards if I would betray the Gods, and render a falſe anſwer to *Lucilius*, who came to conſult them on your behalf. But being I am uncapable of committing an impiety, I deliver'd it ſeal'd up to *Lucilius*, as it was found in the Lots of the moſt redoubtable of all the Deities. And to make good what I alledge againſt *Tullia*, I have caus'd him to be arreſted who would have ſuborn'd my fidelity. *Lucilius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Theanor*, and *Mutius*, having confirm'd that which this ſage Soothſayer ſaid, *Porſenna* took the ſeal'd-up anſwer which *Lucilius* brought him, and having open'd it with a countenance which manifeſted the agitation of his mind, he found theſe words.

Thy ſon is innocent; thou canſt not deſtroy him without thy own deſtruction; his love is well-pleaſing to the Gods; and if thou hindereſt him from being happy, thou ſhalt always be unfortunate.

Porſenna was much mov'd at this anſwer, but would not expreſs it yet; and commanded ſome perſons to go forthwith to the Quarters of *Tullia* to require thoſe men of her who were to maintain before *Mutius* that *Aronces* was a partaker in his deſign to kill him. But he had ſcarce given this Order, when word was brought him that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were diſcamp'd, and had ſet men at work to break the bridge, which ſerv'd for the communication of the Quarters, to the end they might not be follow'd ſo ſpeedily; becauſe though *Porſenna* had another, yet it was very remote from the road to *Tarquinia*. And to compleat the diſcovery of all theſe wickedneſſes, two men were brought to him whom *Tullia* had commanded to be firſt ſtab'd, and then caſt into the *Tyber*. But being ſhe had been but ill-obey'd in the tumult caus'd by ſudden diſcamping, and they to whom the order was given pityed them, they were permitted to fly whither they could. But not knowing whither to fly either towards *Rome* or the Camp, the remorſe of their Crimes brought them to ſeek their ſafety in the clemency of *Porſenna*. And ſo cauſing themſelves to be preſented to him, they caſt themſelves at his feet, lay'd open the accurſed contrivance of *Tullia*, and implor'd his pity to pardon two unhappy perſons, who to avoid perpetual impriſonment had promis'd to commit a crime.

Aronces being now fully juſtifi'd, *Porſenna* was ſo confounded for his own injuſtice, that he commanded ſome to go and fetch the Prince immediately. Who accordingly coming, follow'd by *Telanus* and a great number of Officers, *Porſenna* went to him aſſoon as he ſaw him, and embracing him with tenderneſs, The Gods and men have juſtifi'd you (ſaid he to him) and 'tis I at preſent who am the Criminal. But, my Son, I will ſhortly make you ſatisfaction, and I have ſo ill us'd my Authority that I will reſign it into your hands. In the mean time, go forthwith in the head of the Cavalry and endeavor to overtake the Forces of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; for inſtead of their Protector I am become their mortal Enemy, and at your return you ſhall know my intentions. *Aronces* anſwer'd *Porſenna* with as much reſpect as if he had not been injured by him; and obeying him at the ſame hour, he went forth with *Artemidorus*, *Themiſtus*, *Mutius*, *Herminius*, *Theanor*, and all the reſt to ſummon the Troops together; and left *Porſenna* with *Galerita*, the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, *Herſilia*, *Melintha*, and the ſage Soothſayer who confirm'd him in his good ſentiments. But now all the Camp beholding *Aronces* at liberty and in the head of the Troops, teſtifi'd an inconceivable joy. The Prince wiſhing ardently to overtake *Tarquin*'s Forces, made ſuch diligence that though the diſtance were great, he came upon them in diſorder, they having not gone very faſt, becauſe they were retarded by their baggage. Whereupon *Aronces* charging vigorouſly upon them, cut them in pieces, and put them into ſuch diſorder, that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* (fearing to fall into the power of *Porſenna*, and that he ſhould deliver them up to the *Romans*) forſook their Forces, left *Titus* to command them, and fled away by unfrequented ways, and went to ſeek Sanctuary with the Tyrant of *Cuma*, where they were ill enough receiv'd, and in proceſs of time dy'd very miſerable, as well as the infamous *Sextus*. But the Prince *Titus* ſoon ſaw the reſt of his Troops cut in pieces, and he was known by *Aronces* who could have ſlain him, if he would; but this generous Prince conſidering him as a Friend and a vertuous Prince, favour'd his retreat, which he made only with five others. And ſo ſeeing there were no more enemies to overcome, nor any hope of taking *Tarquin* or *Tullia*, *Aronces* return'd to the Camp; but upon the way he met *Octavius* in the head of two hundred *Roman* horſe, who underſtanding that *Tarquin* was purſu'd, was going to help *Aronces* to overcome him. Aſſoon as *Aronces* beheld him, he went civilly to him; and having in two words told him what had paſs'd, he ſeparated himſelf at ſome diſtance from all the reſt, and addreſſing to him, conjur'd him to be ſtill favourable to him, and to ſweeten the mind of *Clelius* as much as he could. Whereby falling to ſpeak of *Clelia*, as they were croſſing a Wood they unawares left the great way in which the Troops march'd, and took a by-path which led them away from them. And out of reſpect there was none follow'd them but one of the Squires of *Aronces*. They had ſcarce gone a quarter of an hour, but *Aronces* thought he heard the voice of *Horatius*, and a noiſe of the claſhing of ſwords. Whereupon haſtning through the trees towards the place whence the voice came, he ſaw ten or twelve men dead whom his redoubtable Rival had ſlain, and ſaw him encompaſs'd by ten or twelve more who endeavor'd either to take or kill him. He had no more but the Trunchion of a ſword in his hand, his Shield was broken, and he would have infallibly been taken if *Aronces* had not arriv'd. For as *Horatius* had ſeiz'd one of the mens ſwords to wreſt it from him, another was going to thruſt his through his body, when *Aronces* beholding him in this condition, reſolv'd to reſcue him. What? (cry'd he as he advanc'd with his ſword drawn towards thoſe who attaqu'd *Horatius*) are there ſtill any *Tarquinians*, who dare attaque a *Roman*, after *Tarquin* is defeated and overcome, and fled? And ſo the Prince, *Octavius* and his Squire made ſuch a fierce charge upon thoſe that were ready to deſtroy *Horatius*, that they chang'd their deſign of killing him into that of defending themſelves. But *Horatius* knowing the voice of *Aronces*, ſeem'd more afflicted to ſee that he was once more his deliverer, than he had been daunted at the danger he was lately in. Nor was it long before he beheld *Aronces* kill one of his enemies,

enemies, wound many, and sustain the effort of the rest. Whereupon taking new heart, he kept to the ground to take a fresh view of the slain, and remounting his horse, set himself to defend *Aronces*; but there was no need; for having slain one, and *Octavius* wounded some others, the rest betook themselves to flight. After which *Aronces* civilly accosted his Rival whilst his Squire was redressing something about the bridle of his horse. You know (said he to him, preventing him from speaking) when I saw you last, I oblig'd you in the secret conversation we had together, to promise me that if I dy'd you would never force *Clelia* to marry you, that you would make use of nothing but entreaties, and if you could not move her, not to cease to protect her all your life against such as would constrain her. You promis'd this in consideration of the small service I had then done you; and I promis'd you again that I would never marry *Clelia*, till I had offer'd you to win her by a Combate with you. I acquit my self of my word (added *Aronces*) for though I am not certain whether I am likely to be happy, yet there have lately fallen out so many changes in my fortune, that I have some ground to hope it; wherefore before we go to the Camp, I will hide my self in the Wood we are to pass through, and satisfie you if you desire it. But, my Lord (answer'd *Horatius*) what would you say of me, if owing my life and liberty more than once to you, I should draw my sword against you the same moment that you have imploy'd yours in my defence? I would say (repli'd *Aronces*) that a Rival is not so oblig'd to gratitude as other persons are. Ha! my Lord (cry'd *Horatius* hastily) I should not be satisfi'd of that, and therefore 'tis best that I yield a felicity to you which you alone can merit, and the Gods themselves have decreed to you; nor was I going but to seek my death in helping you to overcome *Tarquin* when I met those that assaulted me. But to compleat your happiness (added he) know, that as I beheld *Clelia* enter into *Rome*, she spoke so rigorously to me, that I am convinc'd nothing but death can comfort me. That which you say, is so worthy of your courage (answer'd *Aronces*) that if you will be my friend, I shall with joy be yours as long as I live. Alas! my Lord (reply'd *Horatius*) I know not my own Will, but for fear my vertue abandon me, permit me to leave you and return to *Rome*. And accordingly *Horatius* departing from *Aronces* went to relate to the Romans the Victory of his Rival. *Clelia* in the mean time had been receiv'd there in triumph with all her companions. But *Horatius* (to carry his generosity further) went to *Clelius* and shew'd him the answer the Lots of *Praneste* had given him; for he had sent one of his Friends thither, who brought it him back, and which was so exact that nothing could be more clear; for it was in these terms. *Clelius and Clelia to Aronces, the Gods decree so, and you cannot pretend to her without displeasing them.* *Aronces* being by this time return'd to the Camp, was receiv'd with joy by *Porsenna*, *Galerita*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, all the Army and the whole Court. And (to accomplish his felicity) the King of *Hetruria* told him, that to testifie to *Rome* that he desir'd to hasten the peace, he would discamp the next day, and send Ambassadors to demand *Clelia* of the Senate. *Aronces* thank'd with a joy surpassing all expression. And accordingly the King of *Hetruria* made good his word, discamping the day following, and sending to demand *Clelia* of the Senate for the Prince his Son, to the end she might be the confirmer of the peace. The Senate receiv'd this proposition with joy, and requir'd *Clelia* of *Clelius*, who after he understood the truth of all things, deliver'd her to them with the consent of *Horatius*. Whereupon without further delay, the Princess of the *Leontines* went to fetch *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* to conduct them to *Clusium* where the ceremony was to be accomplish, and whither *Clelius* went too accompani'd by *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Zenocrates*, *Anacreon* and his particular Friends. As for *Clelia*, she was accompani'd by *Berelisa* and *Clidamira*, who were return'd from *Praneste*, and *Valeria*: for *Plotina* was so afflicted for the death of *Amilcar*, that she fell sick upon it, and could not go thither. Assoon as *Porsenna* and all this noble and fair company were arriv'd at *Clusium*, the Nuptials of *Aronces* and *Clelia* were celebrated in the the proud Temple of *Juno the Queen* with incredible magnificence. But to the astonishment of all the spectators, as *Aronces* and *Clelia* were upon their knees before that famous Statue of *Juno*, *Porsenna* plac'd his Scepter upon the Altar, as resigning his authority to the Gods from whom he held it; and *Galerita* put a Crown of Flowers upon *Clelia*'s head, as declaring her Queen. After which the Priest taking the Scepter presented it to *Aronces*, who modestly refus'd it: Nor would he accept the Soveraign Power which *Porsenna* hereby resign'd to him. So that by this great action he made himself compleatly worthy of all the felicity he enjoy'd by the possession of the most vertuous person that ever was. In the midst of this publick joy, *Amilcar* had the honour to be much regretted; *Anacreon* made Verses upon this happy Marriage; and after eight intire days were spent in feasting and rejoycing, *Themistus*, *Merigenes* and their Friend went to seek *Lindamira*, *Artemidorus* return'd to *Leontium* to make *Berelisa* his Princess there, and to cause *Lysimira* to marry *Zenocrates*, who recover'd the Principality of *Herbisa* which had belong'd to his Ancestors. As for *Clidamira*, though she was assur'd to marry *Meleontus*, yet she was not so well contented as she seem'd; *Theanor* and *Æmilius* obey'd the Gods, and were happy; the other Lover went to travel to cure himself of his passion. And as for *Herminius*, at his return to *Rome*, *Publicola* gave him *Valeria*, notwithstanding all the obstacles which oppos'd his happiness. *Hermilia* had a great friendship for *Octavius*, and *Octavius* for her, but married not: *Collatina* dy'd with sorrow for the the misfortunes of *Titus*, and *Plotina* declar'd to all her Lovers that she would never marry. It was known that the Prince who persecuted *Cleraniubes* was dead: and *Horatius* as unhappy as he was, nevertheless was so generous as to take care to cause *Clelia*'s Statue to be erected according to the Vote of the Senate in the upper part of the sacred street, near his own, having this sad consolation, to see that the tokens of their glory were at least in the same place. But in acknowledgment of his generosity, *Aronces* and *Clelia* sent to offer him their friendship, so that after so many misfortunes these two illustrious persons saw themselves as happy as they had been unfortunate, and saw nothing that could equal their felicity besides their virtue. *Clelia* had a Statue at *Rome*; *Porsenna* also caus'd one to be made for her before the stately Tomb which he had built, and *Anacreon* put these Verses upon the pedestal of the Statue.

Tyber, although a God, amazed stood
At that great Soul that durst attempt his flood,
And cry'd, This sure must some new Venus be,
Born from my waves as she was from the Sea.
Thy form and courage Fame alike shall blow,
Till Rome to stand, and Tyber cease to flow.

THE END.